

















J. H. P. 1840

THE COMPLETE  
POETICAL WORKS OF  
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW  
Cambridge Edition



*Longfellow's Home in Cambridge*

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By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, AND  
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**GIFT**

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE Riverside Edition of the writings of Mr. Longfellow was published in 1886. It contained a complete collection of the prose and verse, including translations; several hitherto uncollected pieces were brought into the various groups, and the aim was to make it definitive. The editor, H. E. Scudder, relying largely upon the biography by the poet's brother, the Reverend Samuel Longfellow, provided a considerable apparatus of introductions and notes, bibliographical and illustrative. Reference was had also to the original issue of the several poems, and variations from the text were indicated in foot-notes. No subsequent publication has added materially to the history of the writings, and no works unknown at that time have been discovered since. The Riverside Edition, therefore, will doubtless remain as authoritative and complete. It is published in eleven volumes, two being given to prose, six to verse, and three to the translation of Dante.

The present edition of Mr. Longfellow's poetical writings is based upon the Riverside. It contains the entire text as published in the six volumes of verse, and such condensed bibliographical and other notes as seem desirable for the general reader and compatible with the limitations of a one-volume edition. A biographical sketch introduces the volume. The poems are given as nearly as may be in their chronological order, but a table at the end of the volume indicates this order more precisely.

BOSTON, 4 PARK STREET, *October 1, 1893.*

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, whose descent is traced from William Longfellow of Byfield, Massachusetts, an English immigrant of the third quarter of the seventeenth century, was the son of Stephen and Zilpha (Wadsworth) Longfellow. He was born in a house still standing at the corner of Fore and Hancock streets, Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was trained for college at the Portland Academy, and in 1821 entered Bowdoin College (founded but twenty years before), was graduated in 1825, and immediately received an invitation to teach the modern languages in his Alma Mater, with leave of absence for travel and study in Europe.

He sailed for France in May, 1826, where he spent the rest of that year. Early in 1827 he went to Spain for eight months. A year followed in Italy; and after six months in Germany, he returned to America in the summer of 1829. In September of that year he entered upon his duties at Brunswick as Professor of Modern Languages. In September, 1831, he was married to Mary Storer Potter, second daughter of Judge Barrett Potter of Portland. His study and his writing during his residence at Brunswick made him at last feel restricted in opportunity; and he was casting about for some more congenial position, when he received, in December, 1834, an invitation to succeed Mr. George Ticknor as Smith Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard University, and at once accepted the offer with enthusiasm.

The invitation gave an intimation that he might, if he chose, spend a year or eighteen months in Europe for the purpose of perfecting himself in German; and in April, 1835, he made a second journey of study and observation. He spent the remainder of the year in England, the Scandinavian countries, and Holland, where he was detained by the illness of his wife, who died at the end of November in Rotterdam. Thence he passed to Germany, where he wintered in Heidelberg, occupying himself closely in study. Near the end of June, he went to the Tyrol, spent the summer in Switzerland, and by slow stages made his way to Havre, whence he sailed for home in October, 1836.

In December of this year he established himself in Cambridge, and took up his college duties. In the summer of 1837 he found quarters in the historic house which had been Washington's headquarters during the siege of Boston, where he had for a while as co-tenant Dr. Joseph Worcester, the lexicographer. The house at the time was owned and occupied by Mrs. Andrew Craigie, widow of a commissary officer in the American army, who bore the distinguished title Apothecary-general. Here Mr. Longfellow lived during the remainder of his life, except that he had also for many years a summer cottage at Nahant. In 1843 he became owner of the estate through the gift of Mr. Nathan Appleton of Boston, whose daughter, Frances Elizabeth, he married July 13 of that year.

Mr. Longfellow held his professorship in Harvard University from 1836 to 1854, when he resigned the position. Once only, in 1842, did he take a long vacation of six months, which he spent mainly at Marienberg on the Rhine, for the sake of its waters. In July, 1861, he met with a terrible loss in the distressing death, by fire, of his wife. He led after this a somewhat secluded life; but in May, 1868, he went to Europe for a fourth time, with members of his family, and remained abroad, receiving academic honors and everywhere accorded such distinction as his great fame won him and his sensitive nature would permit him to receive. He returned to his home in September, 1869, and died March 24, 1882, leaving two sons and three daughters.

Besides the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him by his Alma Mater, Bow-

doin College, Mr. Longfellow received the same decoration from Harvard University and from Cambridge, England, the degree of Doctor of Civil Law from the University of Oxford, and was member, among other societies, of the Royal Spanish Academy.

In such brief terms may be recorded the external incidents of the life of a man whose name is probably more widely known both in America and in Europe than that of any other American man of letters. The more important and distinguishing record of his life lies in a statement respecting his literary career, and especially the succession of his poetical writings, for his services to his countrymen were only incidentally through his academic avocation; his real vocation was that of a poet, and in that word must be included the notion of an interpreter.

Setting aside the boyish verses on the "Battle of Lovell's Pond" with their faint echo of Moore, the first disclosure of poetic gift was in the period when he was closing his college course and immediately after, in the winter which intervened between his appointment at Bowdoin and his first European visit. About twenty-five poems were published in various journals at this time; and seven of them the poet included under the heading "Earlier Poems" in his first collection of original verse, "Voices of the Night," a dozen years later. In this group of early poems, there are a few touches which indicate the spark of poetic fire; but for the most part they are derivative, imitative, and merely exercises upon a slender poetic reed. Their chief value is in showing how the author's mind, before he travelled or partook freely of the larger literature, turned instinctively to subjects and to modes of treatment which permitted the artistic use of the reflected forms of nature and human life; he was seeking for color and richness and decorative grace rather than penetrating to the elemental significance.

During this brief period of poetic activity, Mr. Longfellow wrote and printed probably as much prose which has not been preserved. In truth, he was seeking expression through literary form, and was conscious rather of the literary spirit than of a controlling poetic power. It was during his last year in college that he wrote to his father:—

"I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There may be something visionary in this, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely there never was a better opportunity offered for exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered. To be sure, most of our literary men thus far have not been profoundly so, until they have studied and entered the practice of theology, law, or medicine. I do believe that we ought to pay more attention to the opinion of philosophers, that 'nothing but nature can qualify a man for knowledge.' Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has, at any rate, given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits; and I am almost confident in believing that if I can rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say that I am unwilling to engage in the study of the law. . . . Let me reside one year at Cambridge; let me study *belles-lettres*, and after that time it will not require a spirit of prophecy to predict with some degree of certainty what kind of a figure I could make in the literary world."

In this interesting letter there is the note of a young man pleading with his father, and using the argument which he thinks may prevail; but there is, more distinct than any assumed bravado, an eagerness to try the calling which answers most completely the demands of his nature. Through all the vicissitudes of his professional life, he seems never to have missed the road which his intellectual and emotional endowment pointed out. His life-long friend, Mr. George Washington Greene, in the moving dedication to the poet prefixed to his "The Life of Nathanael Greene," recalls a day spent by the two young men in Naples in 1828, when, under the splendor of an Italian sunset, and with the beautiful bay of Naples spread out before them, they reflected on the pageant of history, and then turned their thoughts in upon themselves and their own purposes in life.

"We talked and mused by turns," says Greene, "till the twilight deepened and the

stars came forth to mingle their mysterious influences with the overmastering magic of the scene. It was then that you unfolded to me your plans of life, and showed me from what 'deep cisterns' you had already learned to draw. From that day, the office of literature took a new place in my thoughts. I felt its forming power as I had never felt it before, and began to look with a calm resignation upon its trials, and with true appreciation upon its rewards."

There is no corresponding record by the poet himself to which we can turn for the expansion of these words; but there are hints in his letters as well as suggestions from his studies at this time, which make it pretty certain that the entrance he then found into the literatures of Southern Europe through the medium of a quick acquaintance with the several languages was the disclosure to him of the interpreting power of literature; and it is interesting to note that one of the indications at this time of his own adventures in literature pointed to the use of the native, familiar material of New England life. In the midst of his enthusiastic absorption of foreign art, literature, and life, he wrote to Carey & Lea, the Philadelphia publishers, proposing a series of sketches and tales of New England life. He was qualifying himself for the post of an instructor in modern languages; but neither in his purpose then, nor in his pursuit of this calling afterward at Brunswick and Cambridge, could he be regarded as taking an academic attitude. He taught by methods which were designed to initiate the student as early as possible into an apprehension of the interesting revelation of life which literature held; and his choice of forms of literature for translation into the English tongue led him straight to those poems which embodied human experience in its most sympathetic guise.

There was a period of a little more than ten years from the time when Mr. Longfellow returned from Europe which was marked by literary production and the work of a teacher, blended and interchanged, but expressive of a single controlling passion. Just before his return after a three years' absence, he wrote to his father: "My poetic career is finished. Since I left America I have hardly put two lines together." Both his note-book and his letters show that his mind was occupied mainly with plans for work in prose. In fact, the new world opened to him by his introduction to historic and contemporaneous romantic literature pressed for expression. There was an outlet through teaching, and there was an outlet through writing; and in his eagerness to give form to the impressions crowding upon him, he used his profession for the opportunities it gave him, and wrote lectures and articles for periodicals in which he sought to classify and arrange the wealth which his study and sojourn in foreign lands had heaped before him. Yet the artistic impulse native to his genius impelled him to use his material in more artistic form. Shortly after his return to America, he began the publication in Buckingham's "The New England Magazine" of a series entitled "The Schoolmaster," in which a slight framework of fictitious assumption of personality is employed in which to set pictures of foreign life. The series continued for eighteen months, and then was recast and enlarged to be published in book form in 1833, under the title of "Outre-Mer: A Pilgrimage beyond the Sea." It was in effect the harvest of his first years of travel. In 1839 appeared "Hyperion," which followed upon his second residence abroad, and in its form and treatment was more distinctly a work of constructive art. The material which he had amassed was now more completely mastered, and in the freedom of his mastery he employed it for an ulterior artistic purpose, interfusing a lyrical and romantic strain of human sentiment. The book marks the close of what may be regarded as the poet's period of training for his distinct vocation.

Yet, during this entire period, he had not failed to exercise himself in poetic form as well as in the poetical treatment of the prose form. His function as an interpreter of foreign literature, both as teacher and writer, drew him into metrical versions of the poems which formed for him so essential a part of that literature. His first book, indeed, aside from school-manuals, was his translation of *Coplas de Manrique*; and his two prose volumes were lighted by lyrics in which his own poetic genius was a transparent medium for the beauty of the originals. As his first great discovery of himself

was in the loss of himself in large study and observation, so his appropriation of European literary art was the occasion for a fineness of literary expression quite beyond his earlier independent poetic trials. These translations have a quality which make them distinctively his, while still faithful rescripts of the originals.

The period of this special form of production extended beyond the decade of which we have been writing, and culminated with the publication of "The Poets and Poetry of Europe" in 1843, an anthology which contained a number of his own translations. From 1830 until 1843 he wrote more than sixty such poems, and in this last year made his first experiments in the translation of Dante. But the most prolific years were, precisely, those from 1829 to 1839, when he was most busily engaged in assimilating and ordering all that material for art which had been put into his possession by his acquaintance with foreign literature and life.

It was when he had discharged his obligation to this inheritance by the publication of "Hyperion" that he began almost simultaneously his long and noble career as a poet, singing in his own voice the songs which were the overflow of his native genius, enriched and expanded by the years of study and experiment. In the flush of his intellectual manhood, established in what promised to be a permanent position in Harvard College, and with his days of wandering over, he turned again to poetry. He was still a student, but the urgency of the student mood was passed; the riches of human thought had become in a measure his possession; his personal experience had been enlarged and deepened; he no longer saw principally the outside of the world; youth with its surrender to the moment had gone, and manhood with its hours of reflection had come. So we may interpret the poet's mood as it discloses itself in the verses which introduce his first volume of original poetry.

The conclusion of one period of his intellectual growth, as instanced in the writing of "Hyperion," melts into the beginning of a new period, which is indicated by the several Psalms, so called by himself, written and published at the end of 1838 and during 1839. In the latter year Mr. Longfellow gathered these recent poems with those belonging to earlier stages into a volume to which he gave the title "Voices of the Night." It comprised three groups of poems,—those recently written and published in the "Knickerbocker Magazine;" a selection from his poems published in periodicals during and immediately after his college days; and translations, together with a Prelude and an Envoi. The publication seems to have been a sudden thought coming to him in the exhilaration of his busy life. He writes in his diary, under date of September 11, 1839: "I have taken to the Greek poets again, and mean to devote one hour every morning to them. Began to-day with Anacreon. What exquisite language! Why did I ever forget my Greek?" and the next day he notes: "I mean to publish a volume of poems under the title of 'Voices of the Night.' As old Michael Drayton says,—

'I will; yea, and I may!  
Who shall oppose my way?  
For what is he alone  
That of himself can say  
He's heire of Helicon?'"

It was, perhaps, at the suggestion of his renewed interest in Greek that he gave the title he did to the volume, with a motto from Euripides, the lines in a chorus in "Orestes" beginning *πόρνια πόρνια νύξ*.

The success of the volume was marked; and the tone in which the author speaks of it in his diary and letters, as well as the joyousness which pervades his life at this period, indicates how sincere was this new birth of song, and what promise it gave of endurance. Nevertheless, he was not so conscious of his destiny that he could not outline, a few days later, a plan of literary work which embraced a history of English poetry, a novel, a series of sketches, and only one poem, which may have been a paraphrase of Scandinavian verse. This efflorescence of intellectual life was, however, only a sign of his activity. It serves to show how natural and progressive was his growth:

he had not broken with his past, but he did not distinctly see how almost entirely his literary productiveness was thereafter to be confined to verse. For it is to be noted that after the publication of "Voices of the Night" the succession of volumes of poetry was broken only by "Kavanagh," and the collection of his scattered papers under the title of "Drift Wood." "Kavanagh," published in 1849, at the close of another decade, appears to have been the final form taken by his art of various fancies which had been floating in his mind since the period of his first beginnings in literature. It laid their ghost, we may think; and after that the man of letters ceased to be, and the poet was firmly sealed.

The years immediately following the publication of "Voices of the Night" may be regarded as those of the greatest spontaneity in Mr. Longfellow's poetic work. The title of the next volume of verse, "Ballads and other Poems," hints at the direction his mind was taking. "I have broken ground in a new field," he writes to Mr. Greene, January 2, 1840, "namely, ballads; beginning with the 'Wreck of the Schooner Hesperus,' on the reef of Norman's Woe, in the great storm of a fortnight ago. I shall send it to some newspaper. I think I shall write more. The *national ballad* is a virgin soil here in New England; and there are great materials. Besides, I have a great notion of working upon the *people's* feelings. I am going to have it printed on a sheet with a coarse picture on it. I desire a new sensation and a new set of critics. Nat. Hawthorne is tickled with the idea. Felton laughs and says, 'I would n't.'" The familiar story of his invention of "Excelsior" is most suggestive of the poetic glow which his mind now experienced. "The Spanish Student" was another experiment in literary art struck out of his enthusiasm for Spanish literature, in which his work as a teacher had been engaging him. The volume of "Poems on Slavery" was the contribution which his patriotism, under stress of indignation, made to the rising tide of anti-slavery sentiment; but though he never lessened in his strong hostility to slavery, he kept his expression for letters, and conversation, and public acts; in his art he was commanded by less polemic influences.

The first publication of "The Spanish Student" was in 1842, during the author's absence in Europe. The "Poems on Slavery" were written on the return voyage. Mr. Longfellow was now thirty-five years old; and as he turned back after his six months' vacation and faced homeward, he wrote the autobiographical sonnet, published after his death, entitled "Mezzo Cammin." In this he declares:—

"Half of my life has gone, and I have let  
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled  
The aspiration of my youth, to build  
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.  
Not indolence, nor pleasure, not the fret  
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,  
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,  
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet."

With the familiarity which Mr. Longfellow now had with great art and the consciousness he possessed of his own poetic power, he could scarcely have been content with brief swallow-flights of song. Conceptions of great works often lie unwrought for many years in the mind of the poet; and Mr. Longfellow's habit of jotting down impulses and momentary resolutions in his note-book lets us partly into the secret of the *magnum opus* which dominated his life. The possibly vague aspiration of his youth "to build some tower of song with lofty parapet" clearly took somewhat positive shape at this time. There is an entry in his journal, under date of November 8, 1841, which indicates how intensely and how comprehensively the conception of "Christus" possessed him at the outset:—

"This evening it has come into my mind to undertake a long and elaborate poem by the holy name of Christ; the theme of which would be the various aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle, and Modern Ages."

The summer following this decision was that which he spent at Marienberg, and coincidentally with the writing of the sonnet "Mezzo Cammin" was the memorandum in his note-book :—

"Christus, a dramatic poem, in three parts.  
Part First. The time of Christ. (Hope.)  
Part Second. The Middle Ages. (Faith.)  
Part Third. The Present. (Charity.)"

"The words in parenthesis," his biographer remarks, "are in pencil, and apparently added afterwards."

It was not till 1873 that the work as it now stands was published ; and during those thirty-two years, which represent almost the whole of Mr. Longfellow's productive period, the subject of the trilogy seems never to have been long absent from his mind. The theme in its majesty was a flame by night and a pillar of cloud by day, which led his mind in all its onward movement ; and he esteemed the work which he had undertaken as the really great work of his life. His religious nature was profoundly moved by it, and the degree of doubt which attended every step of his progress marked the height of the endeavor which he put forth. There was nothing violent or eccentric in this sudden resolution. The entry in his journal, his biographer states, is the only one for that year ; but his correspondence and the dates of his poems indicate clearly enough that the course of his mental and spiritual life was flowing in a direction which made this resolve a most rational and at the same time inspiring expression of his personality. He had been singing those psalms of life, triumphant, sympathetic, aspiring, which showed how strong a hold the ethical principle had of him ; he had been steeping his soul in Dante ; he had been moved by the tender ecclesiasticism of "The Children of the Lord's Supper," and in recording a passage in the life of Christ had fancied himself a monk of the Middle Ages ; while the whole tenor of his life and thought had shown how strong a personal apprehension he had of the divine in humanity.

It was nine years from this resolution before he attacked the work in earnest, beginning then, as is well known, with the second part, and publishing it independently and without explanation of his full design, as "The Golden Legend ;" but it is fair to suppose that the scheme itself in its entirety was one of those spiritual eintures which bind the days of man, each to each. It is not at all improbable also that the exactions of his professional occupation had something to do with breaking the continuity of his poetical labor, and making him shrink from a task which called for great absorption of power. Certain it is that when in the winter of 1845-46 he was engaged upon his most sustained flight of verse up to this time, the poem of "Evangeline," his diary bears witness to the impatience of the distractions of his daily life incident to his position, which constantly withheld him from a task which gave him the greatest delight.

The three poems—"Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish"—have superficially a more distinct place as expression of the larger sweep of Mr. Longfellow's poetical genius, but they bear no such relation to his more intimate life as the "Christus." They serve well to emphasize that ardent interest in American themes which was early illustrated by his eagerness to write of New England life, when he was in the flush of his enthusiasm for the art which Europe opened to his view. They illustrate also his technical skill and his instinctive sense of fitness of form. Regarding his period of poetical production as not far from sixty years, these three poems occupy, roughly speaking, the midway decade, and they are in the minds of most the central pieces about which the poet's shorter poems are grouped. Yet those shorter poems which have become most securely imbedded in the memories and affections of readers, those songs which he breathed into the air and found again in the heart of a friend, were freely sent forth with no long intervals up to the very end of his life. Perhaps the longest interval was during that withdrawal which followed the tragedy of his domestic life.

When he began to lift his head after the calamity which befell him in the death of his

wife, "he felt the need," says his biographer, "of some continuous and tranquil occupation for his thoughts ; and after some months he summoned the resolution to take up again the task of translating Dante." This was no new study with him ; in one form or another it had been a familiar pursuit since he made his first adventure in European literature, and his first collection of poems, "Voices of the Night," contained examples of translation from Dante ; but now he pushed the work through to completion, and in the final publication in three volumes left on record a notable expression of an important phase of his intellectual endowment. As translation was one of the earliest signs of his appropriation of the art disclosed to him in foreign literature, after he had completed the tale of his greater works he resumed with distinct pleasure this form of communion with other poets. Indeed, throughout his life he recognized the gracious part which this exercise of translation played in the intellectual life. He found in such work a gentle stimulus to his poetic faculties, and resorted to it when wishing to quicken his spirit. "I agree with you entirely," he writes to Freiligrath, November 24, 1843, "in what you say about translations. It is like running a ploughshare through the soil of one's mind ; a thousand germs of thought start up (excuse this agricultural figure), which otherwise might have lain and rotted in the ground. Still, it sometimes seems to me like an excuse for being lazy, — like leaning on another man's shoulder."

It is when one enlarges the conception of the word "translation" that one perceives how well it expresses a pervasive element of Mr. Longfellow's art. He was a consummate translator because the vision and faculty divine which he possessed was directed toward the reflection of the facts of nature and society rather than toward the facts themselves. He was like one who sees a landscape in a Claude Lorraine glass ; by some subtle power of the mirror everything has been composed for him. Thus, when he came to use the rich material of history, of poetry, and of other arts, he saw these in forms already existing ; and his art was not so much a reconstruction out of crude material as a representation, a rearrangement in his own exquisite language of what he found and admired. He was first of all a composer, and he saw his subjects in their relations rather than in their essence. To tell over again old tales, to reproduce in forms of delicate fitness the scenes and narratives which others had invented, — this was his delight ; for in doing this he was conscious of his power, and he worked with ease.

"The Divine Tragedy" was finished in 1870. It marks a characteristic of the poet that he must have always by him some comprehensive task ; and on the day when he finished "Judas Maccabeus," which was in a sense an offshoot of "The Divine Tragedy," he recorded in his diary : "A new subject comes into my mind." This was, no doubt, the subject of "Michael Angelo." Two months later he wrote : "February 26, 1872. I have more definitely conceived the idea of a dramatic poem on Michael Angelo, which has been vaguely hovering in my thoughts for some time. Can I accomplish it ?" In May he finished his first draft, but the poem never was completed. The author kept it by him, occasionally touching it, writing new scenes, rejecting portions, and seemingly reluctant to have it leave his desk. He wrote upon the first page, "A Fragment ;" and a fragment it remains, even though it has the smoothness and apparent roundness of a finished work. It is possible, also, that in calling it a fragment Mr. Longfellow had in mind the fact that the time of the poem embraced but a small fraction of the artist's life ; and this consideration may have led him to throw aside the concluding scene of Michael Angelo's death-bed as indicating too positive and final a close. It is certain that there is but slight attempt at the development of a drama, with its crises and denouement ; the form adopted was that of a dramatic poem which permitted expansion and contraction within the natural limits of three major parts, and depended for its value in construction upon the skilful selection of scenes, chronological in their sequence, and yet indicative of the relations subsisting between the principal characters introduced.

There is an interest, however, attaching to this work which grows out of its place in Mr. Longfellow's history. It was found in his desk and published after his death, ten years from the time when it was first composed, and bearing the marks of his occasional

revision. When Michael Angelo holds discourse from the vantage-ground of age with the volatile Benvenuto Cellini, his counsel to the younger man is mingled with pathetic reflections upon his own relation to art. He cannot leave Rome for Florence; he is under the spell which affects one like malaria, —

“Malaria of the mind  
Out of this tomb of the majestic Past;  
The fever to accomplish some great work  
That will not let us sleep. I must go on  
Until I die.”

So he speaks; and to Benvenuto's reminder of the memories which cluster about the pleasant city upon the Arno, he replies, musing: —

“Pleasantly  
Come back to me the days when, as a youth,  
I walked with Ghirlandajo in the gardens  
Of Medici, and saw the antique statues,  
The forms august of gods and godlike men,  
And the great world of art revealed itself  
To my young eyes. Then all that man hath done  
Seemed possible to me. Alas! how little  
Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved!”

The caution against mistaking a poet's dramatic assumption for his own character and expression is of less force when applied to one in whom the dramatic power was but slightly developed; and the whole poem of “Michael Angelo,” taken in connection with the time and circumstances of its composition, may fairly be regarded as in some respects Longfellow's *apologia*. Michael Angelo rehearsing his art is dramatically conceived, and there is no lapse into the poet's own speech; for all that, and because of that, the reader is always aware of the presence of Longfellow, wise, calm, reflective, musing over the large thoughts of life and art. “I want it,” the poet says in his diary, “for a long and delightful occupation;” and he treated himself to the luxury of keeping the work by him, brooding over it, shaping it anew, adding, changing, discarding.

“Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones,” he says in his Dedication; and it may easily be believed that with no great scheme of verse haunting him, with no sense of incompleted plans, he would linger in the twilight of his poetic life over the strong figure of the artist thus called up before him, and be kindled with a new poetic glow as he contemplated the great artist. For Michael Angelo in the poem is the virile character of the robust Italian seen in a softened, mellow light. We are not probably far astray when we say that Longfellow, in building this poem and reflecting upon its theme during the last ten years of his life, was more distinctly declaring his artistic creed than in any other of his works, and that the discussions which take place in the poem, more especially Michael Angelo's utterances on plastic or graphic art, had a peculiar interest for him as bearing upon analogous doctrines of the art of poetry.

The great sculptor is made to speak in his old age of —

“The fever to accomplish some great work  
That will not let us sleep.”

If there was any such fever in Mr. Longfellow's case, — and possibly the writing of “Michael Angelo” is an evidence, — there certainly was from the beginning of his career a most healthy and normal activity of life, which stirred him to the achievement of great works in distinction from the familiar, frequent exercise of the poetic faculty.

“We have but one life here on earth,” he writes in his diary; “we must make that beautiful. And to do this health and elasticity of mind are needful; and whatever endangers or impedes these must be avoided.” This last entry lets a little light into the poet's temperament. That calm sweetness of spirit, which is so apparent in Longfellow, was an acquisition as well as an endowment. He deliberately chose and refrained

according to a law in his members, and took clear cognizance of his nature and its tendencies. In a word, he was a sane man. There was a notable sanity about all his mode of life, and his attitude towards books and Nature and men. It was the positive which attracted him, the achievement in literature, the large, seasonable gifts of the outer world, the men and women themselves who were behind the deeds and words which made them known. The books which he read, as noted in his journals, were the generous books ; he wanted the best wine of thought, and he avoided criticism. He basked in sunshine ; he watched the sky, and was alive to the great sights and sounds, and to all the tender influences of the seasons. In his intercourse with men, this sanity appeared in the power which he showed of preserving his own individuality in the midst of constant pressure from all sides ; he gave of himself freely to his intimate friends, but he dwelt, nevertheless, in a charmed circle, beyond the lines of which men could not penetrate. Praise did not make him arrogant or vain ; criticism, though it sometimes wounded him, did not turn him from his course. It is rare that one in our time has been the centre of so much admiration, and still rarer that one has preserved in the midst of it all an integrity of nature which never abdicates.

H. E. S.



## VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ,  
ὑπνοδύτεια τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,  
Ἐρεβόθεν ἰθι' μόλε μόλε κατὰπτερος  
Ἀγαμεμόνιον ἐπὶ δομον'  
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς  
δοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.

### PRELUDE

The title *Voices of the Night* originally was used by Mr. Longfellow for the poem *Footsteps of Angels*; then he gave it to the first collected volume of his poetry with special application to the group of eight poems following *Prelude*. Here it is confined to this group.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go ;

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose sloping eaves  
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground ;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound ; —

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings  
The feelings of a dream,  
As of innumerable wings,  
As, when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,  
Bright visions, came to me,  
As lapped in thought I used to lie,  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
Where the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage  
Ere Fancy has been quelled ;  
Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,  
Even in the city's throng  
I feel the freshness of the streams,  
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,  
Water the green land of dreams,  
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings  
The Spring, clothed like a bride,  
When nestling buds unfold their wings,  
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,  
Musing upon many things,  
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;  
It was a sound of joy !  
They were my playmates when a child,  
And rocked me in their arms so wild !  
Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,  
"Come, be a child once more !"  
And waved their long arms to and fro,  
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;  
Oh, I could not choose but go  
Into the woodlands hoar, —

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere !  
Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer !  
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue

Of tall and sombrous pines ;  
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,  
And, where the sunshine darted through,  
Spread a vapor soft and blue,  
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,  
Like a fast-falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back again, —  
Low lisps of the summer rain,  
Dropping on the ripened grain,  
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, oh, stay !  
Ye were so sweet and wild !  
And distant voices seemed to say,  
“It cannot be ! They pass away !  
Other themes demand thy lay ;  
Thou art no more a child !

“The land of Song within thee lies,  
Watered by living springs ;  
The lids of Fancy’s sleepless eyes  
Are gates unto that Paradise ;  
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise ;  
Its clouds are angels’ wings.

“Learn; that henceforth thy song shall be,  
Not mountains capped with snow,  
Nor forests sounding like the sea,  
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
Where the woodlands bend to see  
The bending heavens below.

“There is a forest where the din  
Of iron branches sounds !  
A mighty river roars between,  
And whosoever looks therein  
Sees the heavens all black with sin;  
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

“Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
Soft rays of sunshine pour ;  
Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;  
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast ;  
Pallid lips say, ‘It is past !  
We can return no more !’

“Look, then, into thine heart, and write !  
Yes, into Life’s deep stream !  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn Voices of the Night,  
That can soothe thee, or affright, —  
Be these henceforth thy theme.”

## HYMN TO THE NIGHT

Ἀσπασίη, τριλλιστος

Composed in the summer of 1839, “while sitting at my chamber window, on one of the balmy nights of the year. I endeavored to reproduce the impression of the hour and scene.”

I HEARD the trailing garments of the  
Night  
Sweep through her marble halls !  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with  
light  
From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o’er me from above ;  
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the  
Night,  
Like some old poet’s rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose ;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows  
there, —  
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before !  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this  
prayer !  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the  
most fair,  
The best-beloved Night !

## A PSALM OF LIFE

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN  
SAID TO THE PSALMIST

Mr. Longfellow said of this poem: “I kept it some time in manuscript, unwilling to show it to any one, it being a voice from my inmost heart, at a time when I was rallying from depression.” Before it was published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, October, 1838, it was read by the poet to his college class at the close of a lecture on Goethe. Its title, though used now

exclusively for this poem, was originally, in the poet's mind, a generic one. He notes from time to time that he has written a psalm, a psalm of death, or another psalm of life. The "psalmist" is thus the poet himself. When printed in the *Knickerbocker* it bore as a motto the lines from Crashaw :—

Life that shall send  
A challenge to its end,  
And when it comes say, Welcome, friend.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream !—  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act,—act in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

In his diary, under date of December 6, 1838, Mr. Longfellow writes : "A beautiful holy morning within me. I was softly excited, I knew not why, and wrote with peace in my heart, and not without tears in my eyes, *The Reaper and the Flowers, a Psalm of Death*. I have had an idea of this kind in my mind for a long time, without finding any expression for it in words. This morning it seemed to crystallize at once, without any effort of my own." This psalm was printed in the *Knickerbocker* for January, 1839, with the sub-title *A Psalm of Death*, and with the familiar stanza from Henry Vaughan, beginning :—

Dear beauteous death ; the jewel of the just !

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair ?" saith  
he ;

"Have naught but the bearded grain ?  
Though the breath of these flowers is  
sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets  
gay,"

The Reaper said, and smiled ;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day ;  
'T was an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

## THE LIGHT OF STARS

"This poem was written on a beautiful summer night. The moon, a little strip of silver, was just setting behind the groves of Mount Auburn, and the planet Mars blazing in the southeast. There was a singular light in the sky." H. W. L. It was published in the same number of the *Knickerbocker* as the last, where it was headed *A Second Psalm of Life*, and prefaced by another stanza from the same poem of Vaughan : —

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest  
After the sun's remove.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven  
But the cold light of stars ;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?  
The star of love and dreams ?  
Oh no ! from that blue tent above  
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain ;  
Thou becomest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light  
But the cold light of stars ;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,

Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

The poem in its first form bore the title *Evening Shadows*. The reference in the fourth stanza is to the poet's friend and brother-in-law George W. Pierce, of whom he said long after : "I have never ceased to feel that in his death something was taken from my own life which could never be restored." News of his friend's death reached Mr. Longfellow in Heidelberg on Christmas eve, 1835, less than a month after the death of Mrs. Longfellow, who is referred to in the sixth and following stanzas.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,

Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

## FLOWERS

"I wrote this poem on the 3d of October, 1837, to send with a bouquet of autumnal flowers. I still remember the great delight I took in its composition, and the bright sunshine that streamed in at the southern windows as I walked to and fro, pausing ever and anon to note down my thoughts." H. W. L. It was probably the first poem written by Mr. Longfellow after his establishment at Cambridge.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,

One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
As astrologers and seers of eld ;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,

God hath written in those stars above ;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world of ours ;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the self-same, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
Flaunting gayly in the golden light ;

Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming,  
Workings are they of the self - same powers,

Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,  
We behold their tender buds expand ;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

## THE BELEAGUERED CITY

Mr. Samuel Longfellow states that the suggestion of the poem came from a note in one of the volumes of Scott's *Border Minstrelsy* : "Similar to this was the *Nacht Lager*, or midnight camp, which seemed nightly to beleaguer the walls of Prague, but which disappeared

upon the recitation of [certain] magical words." The title of the poem served also as that of a remarkable prose sketch by Mrs. Oliphant.

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Besieged the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;  
The mist-like banners clasped the air  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far  
The troubled army fled ;  
Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
Besieged the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,  
In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,  
In the army of the grave ;  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,

The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled ;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

### MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR

Published in the *Knickerbocker* as *The Fifth Psalm* ;  
the author also calls it in his diary *An Autumnal  
Chant*.

YES, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared !  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely, sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow ;  
Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll ;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray, pray !"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers ;  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond Old Year,  
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king, a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice !  
His joy ! his last ! Oh, the old man gray  
Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,  
"Pray do not mock me so !  
Do not laugh at me !"

And now the sweet day is dead ;  
Cold in his arms it lies ;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain !

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
" Vex not his ghost ! "

Then comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,

The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away !  
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O soul ! could thus decay,  
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
There shall be a darker day ;  
And the stars, from heaven down-cast  
Like red leaves be swept away !  
Kyrie, eleyson !  
Christe, eleyson !

## EARLIER POEMS

"These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers ; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion : ' I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in

lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb.' " This note was prefixed by Mr. Longfellow to the following group of poems when published in *Voices of the Night*. "The first five" of the following, Mr. Longfellow says elsewhere in a manuscript note, "were written during my last year in college, in No. 27 Maine Hall, whose windows looked out upon the pine groves to which allusion is made in *L'Envoi*." In the appendix may be found a fuller collection of poems of this class.

## AN APRIL DAY

WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where  
springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with bright  
forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell  
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance, and  
thrives ;  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's  
cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored  
wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves  
along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope  
throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching  
far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her  
horn,  
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide  
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shad-  
ows throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side by  
side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April ! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn  
brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.

## AUTUMN

With what a glory comes and goes the year !  
 The buds of spring, those beautiful har-  
 bingers  
 Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy  
 Life's newness, and earth's garniture  
 spread out ;  
 And when the silver habit of the clouds  
 Comes down upon the autumn sun, and  
 with  
 A sober gladness the old year takes up  
 His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
 A pomp and pageant fill the splendid  
 scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
 Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
 And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
 Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
 And dipping in warm light the pillared  
 clouds.  
 Morn on the mountain, like a summer  
 bird,  
 Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
 The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate  
 wooer,  
 Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
 Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crim-  
 soned,  
 And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
 Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits  
 down  
 By the wayside a-weary. Through the  
 trees  
 The golden robin moves. The purple  
 finch,  
 That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
 A winter bird, comes with its plaintive  
 whistle,  
 And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud  
 From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird  
 sings,  
 And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
 Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy  
 flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put  
 on  
 For him who, with a fervent heart, goes  
 forth

Under the bright and glorious sky, and  
 looks  
 On duties well performed, and days well  
 spent !  
 For him the wind, ay, and the yellow  
 leaves,  
 Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent  
 teachings.  
 He shall so hear the solemn hymn that  
 Death  
 Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
 To his long resting-place without a tear.

## WOODS IN WINTER

When winter winds are piercing chill,  
 And through the hawthorn blows the  
 gale,  
 With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
 That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
 Through the long reach of desert woods,  
 The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
 And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
 The summer vine in beauty clung,  
 And summer winds the stillness broke,  
 The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute  
 springs  
 Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
 Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
 And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,  
 When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
 And winds were soft, and woods were  
 green,  
 And the song ceased not with the day !

But still wild music is abroad,  
 Pale, desert woods ! within your crowd ;  
 And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
 Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear  
 Has grown familiar with your song ;  
 I hear it in the opening year,  
 I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN  
NUNS OF BETHLEHEMAT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S  
BANNER

The historical basis of the poem is discussed in a note at the end of this volume.

WHEN the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowl'd head ;  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The crimson banner, that with prayer  
Had been consecrated there.  
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the  
while,  
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner ! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave ;  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner ! and, beneath  
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,  
Guard it, till our homes are free !  
Guard it ! God will prosper thee !  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner ! But when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him ! By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him ! he our love hath shared !  
Spare him ! as thou wouldst be spared !

"Take thy banner ! and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud !

## SUNRISE ON THE HILLS

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's  
wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning  
march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me ; bathed  
in light,  
They gathered midway round the wooded  
height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shat-  
tered lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade ;  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,  
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,  
The woods were bending with a silent  
reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills ;  
And the wild horn, whose voice the wood-  
land fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout  
That faint and far the glen sent out,  
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin  
smoke,  
Through thick-leaved branches, from the  
drinkle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will  
keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from  
sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills ! No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

## THE SPIRIT OF POETRY

This and the following poem were written in Portland immediately after Mr. Longfellow left college in the autumn of 1825.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south-wind  
blows ;  
Where, underneath the white-thorn in the  
glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the  
soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms out-  
spread.  
With what a tender and impassioned voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,  
When the fast ushering star of morning  
comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden  
scarf ;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandalled  
Eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the western  
gate,  
Departs with silent pace ! That spirit  
moves  
In the green valley, where the silver brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white cas-  
cade ;  
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,  
Slips down through moss-grown stones with  
endless laughter.  
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself  
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,  
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And  
here, amid  
'The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from  
earth,  
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air  
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence  
gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and quiet  
shades.  
For them there was an eloquent voice in  
all  
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,  
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its  
way,  
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle  
winds,  
The swelling upland, where the sidelong  
sun

Aslant the wooded slope, at evening,  
goes,  
Groves, through whose broken roof the  
sky looks in,  
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny  
vale,  
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty  
trees,  
In many a lazy syllable, repeating  
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth  
fill  
The world ; and, in these wayward days of  
youth,  
My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
As a bright image of the light and beauty  
That dwell in nature ; of the heavenly  
forms  
We worship in our dreams, and the soft  
hues  
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush  
the clouds  
When the sun sets. Within her tender  
eye  
The heaven of April, with its changing  
light,  
And when it wears the blue of May, is  
hung,  
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her  
hair  
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,  
When twilight makes them brown, and on  
her cheek  
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,  
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her  
breath,  
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,  
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it  
comes  
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy  
To have it round us, and her silver voice  
Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
Heard in the still night, with its passionate  
cadence.

## BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,  
The shadowed light of evening fell ;  
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came down,  
The glory, that the wood receives,  
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light  
 Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,  
 Around a far uplifted cone,  
 In the warm blush of evening shone ;  
 An image of the silver lakes,  
 By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
 Where the soft breath of evening stirred  
 The tall, gray forest ; and a band  
 Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,  
 Came winding down beside the wave,  
 To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers  
 He stood, in the last moon of flowers,  
 And thirty snows had not yet shed  
 Their glory on the warrior's head ;  
 But, as the summer fruit decays,  
 So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
 Covered the warrior, and within  
 Its heavy folds the weapons, made  
 For the hard toils of war, were laid ;  
 The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
 And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
 Chanted the death dirge of the slain ;  
 Behind, the long procession came  
 Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
 With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,  
 Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,  
 Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
 With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
 And heavy and impatient tread,

He came ; and oft that eye so proud  
 Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief ; they freed  
 Beside the grave his battle steed ;  
 And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
 To his stern heart ! One piercing neigh  
 Arose, and, on the dead man's plain,  
 The rider grasps his steed again.

## L'ENVOI

This poem was written as a poetical summary of the volume *Voices of the Night*, which it closed, referring in its three parts to the three divisions of that volume.

YE voices, that arose  
 After the Evening's close,  
 And whispered to my restless heart repose !

Go, breathe it in the ear  
 Of all who doubt and fear,  
 And say to them, "Be of good cheer !"

Ye sounds, so low and calm,  
 That in the groves of balm  
 Seemed to me like an angel's psalm !

Go, mingle yet once more  
 With the perpetual roar  
 Of the pine forest, dark and hoar !

Tongues of the dead, not lost,  
 But speaking from death's frost,  
 Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,  
 Amid the chills and damps  
 Of the vast plain where Death encamps !

## BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

The volume of *Ballads and other Poems* was published December 19, 1841, and contained all the verse which Mr. Longfellow had written since the publication of *Voices of the Night*, with the important exception of *The Spanish Student*. Besides the pieces here included under this division, the original volume contained two ballads translated from the German, and also *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, which will be found under the general division *Translations* near the close of this volume. The historical basis of *The Skeleton in Armor* is discussed in the *Notes*. This ballad, when first published in the *Knickerbocker* for January, 1841, was furnished with marginal notes after the manner of Cole-

ridge's *The Ancient Mariner*, but in reprinting it in this volume the poet wisely discarded an apparatus, which, unlike Coleridge's, was merely a running index to the poem.

"SPEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !  
 Who, with thy hollow breast  
 Still in rude armor drest,  
 Comest to daunt me !  
 Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
 But with thy fleshless palms  
 Stretched, as if asking alms,  
 Why dost thou haunt me ?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
 Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
 As when the Northern skies  
   Gleam in December ;  
 And, like the water's flow  
 Under December's snow,  
 Came a dull voice of woe  
   From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old !  
 My deeds, though manifold,  
 No Skald in song has told,  
   No Saga taught thee !  
 Take heed, that in thy verse  
 Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
 Else dread a dead man's curse ;  
   For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,  
 By the wild Baltic's strand,  
 I, with my childish hand,  
   Tamed the gerfalcon ;  
 And, with my skates fast-bound,  
 Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
 That the poor whimpering hound  
   Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair  
 Tracked I the grisly bear,  
 While from my path the hare  
   Fled like a shadow ;  
 Oft through the forest dark  
 Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
 Until the soaring lark  
   Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,  
 Joining a corsair's crew,  
 O'er the dark sea I flew  
   With the marauders.  
 Wild was the life we led ;  
 Many the souls that sped,  
 Many the hearts that bled,  
   By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout  
 Wore the long Winter out ;  
 Often our midnight shout  
   Set the cocks crowing,  
 As we the Berserk's tale  
 Measured in cups of ale,  
 Draining the oaken pail,  
   Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee  
 Tales of the stormy sea,  
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
   Burning yet tender ;  
 And as the white stars shine  
 On the dark Norway pine,  
 On that dark heart of mine  
   Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
 Yielding, yet half afraid,  
 And in the forest's shade  
   Our vows were plighted.  
 Under its loosened vest  
 Fluttered her little breast,  
 Like birds within their nest  
   By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
 Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
 Loud sang the minstrels all,  
   Chanting his glory ;  
 When of old Hildebrand  
 I asked his daughter's hand,  
 Mute did the minstrels stand  
   To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,  
 Loud then the champion laughed,  
 And as the wind-gusts waft  
   The sea-foam brightly,  
 So the loud laugh of scorn,  
 Out of those lips unshorn,  
 From the deep drinking-horn  
   Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,  
 I but a Viking wild,  
 And though she blushed and smiled,  
   I was discarded !  
 Should not the dove so white  
 Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
 Why did they leave that night  
   Her nest unguarded ?

"Searce had I put to sea,  
 Bearing the maid with me,  
 Fairest of all was she  
   Among the Norsemen !  
 When on the white sea-strand,  
 Waving his armed hand,  
 Saw we old Hildebrand,  
   With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,  
 Bent like a reed each mast,  
 Yet we were gaining fast,  
 When the wind failed us ;  
 And with a sudden flaw  
 Came round the gusty Skaw,  
 So that our foe we saw  
 Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale  
 Round veered the flapping sail,  
 'Death !' was the helmsman's hail,  
 'Death without quarter !'  
 Mid-ships with iron keel  
 Struck we her ribs of steel ;  
 Down her black hulk did reel  
 Through the black water !

"As with his wings aslant,  
 Sails the fierce cormorant,  
 Seeking some rocky haunt,  
 With his prey laden, —  
 So toward the open main,  
 Beating to sea again,  
 Through the wild hurricane,  
 Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,  
 And when the storm was o'er,  
 Cloud-like we saw the shore  
 Stretching to leeward ;  
 There for my lady's bower  
 Built I the lofty tower,  
 Which, to this very hour,  
 Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years ;  
 Time dried the maiden's tears ;  
 She had forgot her fears,  
 She was a mother ;  
 Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
 Under that tower she lies ;  
 Ne'er shall the sun arise  
 On such another !

"Still grew my bosom then,  
 Still as a stagnant fen !  
 Hateful to me were men,  
 The sunlight hateful !  
 In the vast forest here,  
 Clad in my warlike gear,  
 Fell I upon my spear,  
 Oh, death was grateful !

"Thus, seamed with many scars,  
 Bursting these prison bars,  
 Up to its native stars  
 My soul ascended !  
 There from the flowing bowl  
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skool !* to the Northland ! *skool !*"  
 Thus the tale ended.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

Originally published in Park Benjamin's mammoth sheet, *The New World*. Of the composition of the ballad Mr. Longfellow writes as follows in his diary, under date of December 30, 1839: "I wrote last evening a notice of Allston's poems. After which I sat till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write *The Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus*; which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas."

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
 That sailed the wintry sea ;  
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
 His pipe was in his mouth,  
 And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
 The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailör,  
 Had sailed to the Spanish Main,  
 "I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
 For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
 And to-night no moon we see !"  
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
 A gale from the Northeast,  
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
 The vessel in its strength ;  
 She shuddered and paused, like a frightened  
 steed,  
 Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little  
 daughter,  
 And do not tremble so ;  
 For I can weather the roughest gale  
 That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
 Against the stinging blast ;  
 He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
 And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,  
 Oh say, what may it be ?"  
 "'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !" —  
 And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,  
 Oh say, what may it be ?"  
 "Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
 In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,  
 Oh say, what may it be ?"  
 But the father answered never a word,  
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
 With his face turned to the skies,  
 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming  
 snow  
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and  
 prayed  
 That saved she might be ;  
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the  
 wave,  
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and  
 drear,  
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
 Tow'rd the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
 A sound came from the land ;  
 It was the sound of the trampling surf  
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
 She drifted a dreary wreck,  
 And a whooping billow swept the crew  
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
 Looked soft as carded wool,  
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
 With the masts went by the board ;  
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
 A fisherman stood aghast,  
 To see the form of a maiden fair,  
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
 The salt tears in her eyes ;  
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-  
 weed,  
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
 In the midnight and the snow !  
 Christ save us all from a death like this,  
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

In the autumn of 1839 Mr. Longfellow was writing psalms, as seen above, and he notes in his diary, October 5th : "Wrote a new Psalm of Life. It is *The Village Blacksmith*." A year later he was thinking of ballads, and he writes to his father, October 25th : "My pen has not been very prolific of late ; only a little poetry has trickled from it. There will be a kind of ballad on a Blacksmith in the next *Knickerbocker* [November, 1840], which you may consider, if you please, as a song in praise of your ancestor at Newbury [the first Stephen Longfellow]." It is hardly to be supposed, however, that the form of the poem had been changed during the year. The suggestion of the poem came from the smithy which the poet passed daily, and which stood beneath a horse-chestnut tree not far from his house in Cambridge. The tree, against the protests of Mr. Longfellow and others, was removed in 1876, on the ground that it imperilled drivers of heavy loads who passed under it.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree  
 The village smithy stands ;  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands ;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
 His face is like the tan ;  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
 He earns whate'er he can,  
 And looks the whole world in the face,  
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
 You can hear his bellows blow ;  
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
 With measured beat and slow,  
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
 Look in at the open door ;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
 And sits among his boys ;  
 He hears the parson pray and preach,  
 He hears his daughter's voice,  
 Singing in the village choir,  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
 Singing in Paradise !  
 He needs must think of her once more,  
 How in the grave she lies ;  
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,  
 Onward through life he goes ;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close ;  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught !  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought.

## ENDYMION

THE rising moon has hid the stars ;  
 Her level rays, like golden bars,

Lie on the landscape green,  
 With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,  
 As if Diana, in her dreams  
 Had dropt her silver bow  
 Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,  
 She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
 When, sleeping in the grove,  
 He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
 Love gives itself, but is not bought ;  
 Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
 Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, — the beautiful, the free,  
 The crown of all humanity, —  
 In silence and alone  
 To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep  
 Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
 And kisses the closed eyes  
 Of him who slumbering lies.

[O weary hearts ! O slumbering eyes !  
 O drooping souls, whose destinies  
 Are fraught with fear and pain,  
 Ye shall be loved again !]

[No one is so accursed by fate,  
 No one so utterly desolate,  
 But some heart, though unknown,  
 Responds unto his own.

Responds, — as if with unseen wings,  
 An angel touched its quivering strings ;  
 And whispers, in its song,  
 "Where hast thou stayed so long ?"]

## IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño.  
*Spanish Proverb.*

THE sun is bright, — the air is clear,  
 The darting swallows soar and sing,  
 And from the stately elms I hear  
 The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
 It seems an outlet from the sky,

Where, waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new ; — the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves ; —  
There are no birds in last year's nest !

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight !  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For oh, it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest ;  
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest !

### THE RAINY DAY

Written at the old home in Portland.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering  
wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering  
Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the  
blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

### GOD'S-ACRE

"I would like to be *burned*, not *buried*," Mr. Longfellow notes, and in a letter to Mr. Ward, who had the poem in his hands for publication, he writes: "I here add a concluding stanza for *God's-Acre*, which I think

improves the piece and rounds it off more perfectly than before,—the thought no longer resting on the cold furrow, but on the waving harvest beyond : —

Green gate of Paradise ! let in the sun !  
Unclose thy portals, that we may behold  
Those fields elysian, where bright rivers run,  
And waving harvests bend like seas of gold.

The poem was published with this additional stanza in *The Democratic Review* for December, 1841, but when it came to be added to the volume the stanza was dropped.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which  
calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is  
just ;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping  
dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name im-  
parts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have  
sown  
The seed that they had garnered in their  
hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their  
own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's  
blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and  
grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal  
bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers, which never bloomed  
on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn  
up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we  
sow ;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests  
grow.

### TO THE RIVER CHARLES

The three friends hinted at in the eighth stanza were Charles Sumner, Charles Folsom, and Charles Amory.

RIVER ! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and free,

Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feeling,  
Half in rest, and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing  
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River !  
Many a lesson, deep and long ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver ;  
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ; — thy name reminds me  
Of three friends, all true and tried ;  
And that name, like magic, binds me  
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !  
How like quivering flames they start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'T is for this, thou Silent River !  
That my spirit leans to thee ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.

### BLIND BARTIMEUS

Written November 3, 1841. Mr. Longfellow writes under that date to Mr. Ward: "I was reading this morning, just after breakfast, the tenth chapter of Mark, in Greek, the last seven verses of which contain the story of blind Bartimeus, and always seemed to me

remarkable for their beauty. At once the whole scene presented itself to my mind in lively colors, — the walls of Jericho, the cold wind through the gateway, the ragged, blind beggar, his shrill cry, the tumultuous crowd, the serene Christ, the miracle ; and these things took the form I have given them above, where, perforce, I have retained the striking Greek expressions of entreaty, comfort, and healing ; though I am well aware that Greek was not spoken at Jericho. . . . I think I shall add to the title, 'supposed to be written by a monk of the Middle Ages,' as it is in the legend style."

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;  
He hears the crowd ; — he hears a breath  
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth !"   
And calls, in tones of agony,  
*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !*

The thronging multitudes increase ;  
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !  
But still, above the noisy crowd,  
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;  
Until they say, "He calleth thee !"   
*Θάρσει· ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε !*

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands  
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my  
hands ?"

And he replies, "Oh, give me light !  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight."  
And Jesus answers, *Ἵπαγε·*  
*Ἦ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !*

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three,  
*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !*  
*Θάρσει· ἔγειραι· ὕπαγε !*  
*Ἦ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !*

### THE GOBLET OF LIFE

Mr. Longfellow, writing to Mr. Ward, November 3, 1841, says: "I shall send him [Mr. Benjamin] a new poem, called simply *Fennel*, which I do not copy here on account of its length. It is as good, perhaps, as *Excelsior*. Hawthorne, who is passing the night with me, likes it better." He afterward changed the title to that which the poem now bears.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim ;  
And though my eyes with tears are dim,  
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
And chant a melancholy hymn

With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, — no garlands green,  
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,

Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,  
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between  
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
Is filled with waters, that upstart,  
When the deep fountains of the heart,  
By strong convulsions rent apart,  
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,  
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned  
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,  
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood ;  
And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
Mingled it in their daily food ;  
And he who battled and subdued,  
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the colored waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New light and strength they give !

And he who has not learned to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe,  
With which its brim may overflow,  
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;  
Through all that dark and desperate  
fight,  
The blackness of that noonday night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light, — for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

☞ Suffering, sad humanity !  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie

Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf !  
The Battle of our Life is brief,  
The alarm, — the struggle, — the relief,  
Then sleep we side by side.

### MAIDENHOOD

When writing to his father of the appearance of his new volume of poems, Mr. Longfellow said : " I think the last two pieces the best, — perhaps as good as anything I have written." These pieces were the following and *Excelsior*.

MAIDEN ! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

Oh, thou child of many prayers !  
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares !  
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ; —  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

### EXCELSIOR

The original manuscript of *Excelsior*, showing the several drafts and interlineations, is preserved in the library of Harvard University. It was written on the back of a note from Mr. Sumner, and is dated at the close : "September 28, 1841. Half past 3 o'clock, morning. Now to bed." The suggestion of the poem came to Mr. Longfellow from a scrap of newspaper, a part of the heading of one of the New York journals, bearing the seal of the State, — a shield, with a rising sun, and the motto *Excelsior*. The intention of the poem was intimated in a letter from Mr. Longfellow written some time after to Mr. C. K. Tuckerman : —

"I have had the pleasure of receiving your note in regard to the poem *Excelsior* and very willingly give you my intention in writing it. This was no more than to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is *Excelsior* — 'higher.' He passes through the Alpine village — through the rough, cold paths of the world — where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is in an 'unknown tongue.' He disregards the happiness of domestic peace and sees the glaciers — his fate — before him. He disregards the warning of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all, 'Higher yet !' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes ; without having reached the perfection he longed for ; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward. You will perceive that *Excelsior*, an adjective of the comparative degree, is used adverbially ; a use justified by the best Latin writers." This he afterwards found to be a mistake, and explained *excelsior* as the last word of the phrase *Scopus meus est excelsior*.

Five years after writing this poem, Mr. Longfellow made the following entry in his diary : "December 8,

1846. Looking over Brainard's poems, I find, in a piece called *The Mocking-Bird*, this passage : —

Now his note  
Mounts to the play-ground of the lark, high up  
Quite to the sky. And then again it falls  
As a lost star falls down into the marsh.

Now, when in *Excelsior* I said,

A voice fell, like a falling star,

Brainard's poem was not in my mind, nor had I in all probability ever read it. Felton said at the time that the same image was in Euripides, or Pindar, I forget which. Of a truth, one cannot strike a spade into the soil of Parnassus, without disturbing the bones of some dead poet."

Dr. Holmes remarks of *Excelsior* that "the repetition of the aspiring exclamation which gives its name to the poem, lifts every stanza a step higher than the one which preceded it."

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass !" the old man said ;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !" —  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior !

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast !" —  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !  
Beware the awful avalanche !" —  
This was the peasant's last Good-night,  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior !

## POEMS ON SLAVERY

In the spring of 1842 Mr. Longfellow obtained leave of absence from college duties for six months and went abroad to try the virtues of the water-cure at Marienberg on the Rhine. When absent in Europe in the summer of 1842 Mr. Longfellow made an acquaintance with Ferdinand Freiligrath, the poet, which ripened into a life-long friendship. It was to this friend that he wrote shortly after his return to America [on leaving Bristol for New York] : " We sailed (or rather, paddled) out in the very teeth of a violent west wind, which blew for a week, — '*Frau die alte sass gekehrt rückwärts nach Osten*' with a vengeance. We had a very boisterous passage. I was not out of my berth more than twelve hours for the first twelve days. I was in the forward part of the vessel, where all the great waves struck and broke with voices of thunder. There, 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' I passed fifteen days. During this time I wrote seven poems on slavery ; I meditated upon them in the stormy, sleepless nights, and wrote them down with a pencil in the morning. A small window in the side of the vessel admitted light into my berth, and there I lay on my back and soothed my soul with songs. I send you some copies."

He had published the poems at once on his arrival in America in December, 1842, in a thin volume of thirty-

one pages in glazed paper covers, adding to the seven an eighth, previously written, poem, *The Warning*. It is possible that his immediate impulse to write came from his recent association with Dickens, whose *American Notes*, with its " grand chapter on slavery," he speaks of having read in London.

The book naturally received attention out of all proportion to its size. It was impossible for one at that time to range himself on one side or other of the great controversy without inviting criticism, not so much of literary art as of ethical position. To his father, Mr. Longfellow wrote : " How do you like the Slavery Poems ? I think they make an impression ; I have received many letters about them, which I will send to you by the first good opportunity. Some persons regret that I should have written them, but for my own part I am glad of what I have done. My feelings prompted me, and my judgment approved, and still approves." The poem on Dr. Channing was written when the poet was ignorant of the great preacher's death.

" Since that event," he says in his prefatory note to the volume, " the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, in testimony of my admiration for a great and good man."

### TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING

THE pages of thy book I read,  
And as I closed each one,  
My heart, responding, ever said,  
" Servant of God ! well done !"

Well done ! Thy words are great and bold ;  
At times they seem to me,  
Like Luther's, in the days of old,  
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes  
The old and chartered Lie,  
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes  
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side  
Speaking in tones of night,  
Like the prophetic voice, that cried  
To John in Patmos, " Write !"

Write ! and tell out this bloody tale ;  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,  
This dread Apocalypse !

### THE SLAVE'S DREAM

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand ;  
His breast was bare, his matted hair  
Was buried in the sand.  
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  
The lordly Niger flowed ;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode ;  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
Among her children stand ;  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand ! —  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank ;

His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
 And, with a martial clank,  
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of  
 steel  
 Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
 The bright flamingoes flew ;  
 From morn till night he followed their  
 flight,  
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
 And the hyena scream,  
 And the river-horse, as he crushed the  
 reeds

Beside some hidden stream ;  
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,  
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
 Shouted of liberty ;  
 And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,  
 With a voice so wild and free,  
 That he started in his sleep and smiled  
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
 Nor the burning heat of day ;  
 For Death had illumined the Land of  
 Sleep,  
 And his lifeless body lay  
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul  
 Had broken and thrown away !

### THE GOOD PART

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,  
 In valleys green and cool ;  
 And all her hope and all her pride  
 Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air  
 That robes the hills above,  
 Though not of earth, encircles there  
 All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls  
 With praise and mild rebukes ;

Subduing e'en rude village churls  
 By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide  
 Of One who came to save ;  
 To cast the captive's chains aside  
 And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells  
 When all men shall be free ;  
 And musical, as silver bells,  
 Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,  
 In decent poverty,  
 She makes her life one sweet record  
 And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all  
 To break the iron bands  
 Of those who waited in her hall,  
 And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea  
 Their outbound sails have sped,  
 While she, in meek humility,  
 Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,  
 That clothe her with such grace ;  
 Their blessing is the light of peace  
 That shines upon her face.

### THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP

IN dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
 The hunted Negro lay ;  
 He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
 And heard at times a horse's tramp  
 And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms  
 shine,  
 In bulrush and in brake ;  
 Where waving mosses shroud the pine,  
 And the cedar grows, and the poisonous  
 vine  
 Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,  
 Or a human heart would dare,  
 On the quaking turf of the green morass

He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,  
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;  
Great scars deformed his face ;  
On his forehead he bore the brand of  
shame,  
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,  
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,  
All things were glad and free ;  
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing air  
With songs of Liberty !

On him alone was the doom of pain,  
From the morning of his birth ;  
On him alone the curse of Cain  
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,  
And struck him to the earth !

#### THE SLAVE SINGING AT MID- NIGHT

LOUD he sang the psalm of David !  
He, a Negro and enslaved,  
Sang of Israel's victory,  
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,  
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,  
In a voice so sweet and clear  
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,  
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,  
When upon the Red Sea coast  
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion  
Filled my soul with strange emotion ;  
For its tones by turns were glad,  
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,  
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen.  
And an earthquake's arm of might  
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel  
Brings the Slave this glad evangel ?  
And what earthquake's arm of might  
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night ?

#### THE WITNESSES

† In Ocean's wide domains,  
Half buried in the sands,  
Lie skeletons in chains,  
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,  
Deeper than plummet lies,  
Float ships, with all their crews,  
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,  
Freighted with human forms,  
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs  
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves ;  
They gleam from the abyss ;  
They cry, from yawning waves,  
" We are the Witnesses ! "

Within Earth's wide domains  
Are markets for men's lives ;  
Their necks are galled with chains,  
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite  
In deserts makes its prey ;  
Murders, that with affright  
Scare school-boys from their play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;  
Anger, and lust, and pride ;  
The foulest, rankest weeds,  
That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves ;  
They glare from the abyss ;  
They cry, from unknown graves,  
" We are the Witnesses ! "

#### † THE QUADROON GIRL

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon  
Lay moored with idle sail ;  
He waited for the rising moon,  
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,  
And all her listless crew  
Watched the gray alligator slide  
Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,  
Reached them from time to time,  
Like airs that breathe from Paradise  
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,  
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;  
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,  
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides  
In yonder broad lagoon ;  
I only wait the evening tides,  
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,  
In timid attitude,  
Like one half curious, half amazed,  
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,  
Her arms and neck were bare ;  
No garment she wore save a kirtle bright,  
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile  
As holy, meek, and faint,  
As lights in some cathedral aisle  
The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren, — the farm is old,"  
The thoughtful planter said ;  
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,  
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife  
With such accursed gains :  
For he knew whose passions gave her life,  
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak ;  
He took the glittering gold !  
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,  
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,  
He led her by the hand,  
To be his slave and paramour  
In a strange and distant land !

## THE WARNING

BEWARE ! The Israelite of old, who tore  
The lion in his path, — when, poor and blind,

He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,  
Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind

In prison, and at last led forth to be  
A pander to Philistine revelry, —

Upon the pillars of the temple laid  
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow  
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made

A cruel mockery of his sightless woe ;  
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,

Expired, and thousands perished in the fall !

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,  
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds  
of steel,

Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,  
And shake the pillars of this Common-  
weal,

Till the vast Temple of our liberties  
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

The first form of this comedy was serial publication in *Graham's Magazine*, September, October, and November, 1842. It was afterward carefully revised and published in book form in 1843, with the following preface : —

"The subject of the following play is taken in part from the beautiful tale of Cervantes, *La Gitanilla*. To this source, however, I am indebted for the main incident only, the love of a Spanish student for a Gypsy girl, and the name of the heroine, Preciosa. I have not followed the story in any of its details.

"In Spain this subject has been twice handled dramatically; first by Juan Perez de Montalvan, in *La Gitanilla*, and afterwards by Antonio de Solis y Rivadeneira in *La Gitanilla de Madrid*.

"The same subject has also been made use of by Thomas Middleton, an English dramatist of the seven-

teenth century. His play is called *The Spanish Gypsy*. The main plot is the same as in the Spanish pieces; but there runs through it a tragic underplot of the loves of Rodrigo and Doña Clara, which is taken from another tale of Cervantes, *La Fuerza de la Sangre*.

"The reader who is acquainted with *La Gitanilla* of Cervantes, and the plays of Montalvan, Solis, and Middleton will perceive that my treatment of the subject differs entirely from theirs."

The book bore upon its title-page a motto from Burns : —

"What 's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what 's resisted."

It had been the poet's intention at first to have the drama put on the stage, but this plan was abandoned. A German version was performed at the Ducal Court-Theatre in Dessau, January 28, 1855.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VICTORIAN	{ . . . . .	Students of Alcalá.
HYPOLITO	}	
THE COUNT OF LARA	{ . . . . .	Gentlemen of Madrid.
DON CARLOS	}	
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.		
A CARDINAL.		
BELTRAN CRUZADO	. . . . .	Count of the Gypsies.
BARTOLOMÉ ROMÁN	. . . . .	A young Gypsy.
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.		
PEDRO CRESPO	. . . . .	Alcalde.
PANCHO	. . . . .	Alguacil.
FRANCISCO	. . . . .	Lara's Servant.
CHISPA	. . . . .	Victorian's Servant.
BALTASAR	. . . . .	Innkeeper.
PRECIOSA	. . . . .	A Gypsy Girl.
ANGELICA	. . . . .	A poor Girl.
MARTINA	. . . . .	The Padre Cura's Niece.
DOLORES	. . . . .	Preciosa's Maid.
		Gypsies, Musicians, etc.

## ACT I

SCENE I. — *The Count of LARA's chambers. Night.*  
*The Count in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with DON CARLOS.*

*Lara.* You were not at the play to-night,  
 Don Carlos ;

How happened it ?

*Don C.* I had engagements elsewhere.  
 Pray who was there ?

*Lara.* Why, all the town and court.  
 The house was crowded ; and the busy  
 fans

Among the gayly dressed and perfumed  
 ladies

Fluttered like butterflies among the  
 flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina Celi ;  
 The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,  
 Her Lindo Don Diego ; Doña Sol,  
 And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

*Don C.* What was the play ?

*Lara.* It was a dull affair ;  
 One of those comedies in which you see,  
 As Lope says, the history of the world  
 Brought down from Genesis to the day of  
 Judgment.

There were three dnels fought in the first  
 act,

Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,  
 Laying their hands upon their hearts, and  
 saying,

" Oh, I am dead ! " a lover in a closet,  
 An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,  
 A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,  
 Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,

Who looks intently where he knows she is  
 not !

*Don C.* Of course, the Preciosa danced  
 to-night ?

*Lara.* And never better. Every foot-  
 step fell

As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.

I think the girl extremely beautiful.

*Don C.* Almost beyond the privilege of  
 woman !

I saw her in the Prado yesterday.

Her step was royal, — queen-like, — and  
 her face

As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

*Lara.* May not a saint fall from her  
 Paradise,

And be no more a saint ?

*Don C.* Why do you ask ?

*Lara.* Because I have heard it said this  
 angel fell,

And though she is a virgin outwardly,  
 Within she is a sinner ; like those panels  
 Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks  
 Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary  
 On the outside, and on the inside Ve-  
 nus !

*Don C.* You do her wrong ; indeed, you  
 do her wrong !

She is as virtuous as she is fair.

*Lara.* How credulous you are ! Why,  
 look you, friend,

There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,  
 In this whole city ! And would you per-  
 suade me

That a mere dancing-girl, who shows  
 herself,

Nightly, half naked, on the stage, for  
 money,

And with voluptuous motions fires the  
 blood

Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held

A model for her virtue ?

*Don C.* You forget

She is a Gypsy girl.

*Lara.* And therefore won

The easier.

*Don C.* Nay, not to be won at all !

The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes

Is chastity. That is her only virtue.

Dearer than life she holds it. I remem-  
 ber

A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,  
 Whose craft was to betray the young and  
 fair ;

And yet this woman was above all bribes.

And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,

The wild and wizard beauty of her race,  
Offered her gold to be what she made others,

She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,  
And smote him in the face !

*Lara.* And does that prove  
That Preciosa is above suspicion ?

*Don C.* It proves a nobleman may be repulsed

When he thinks conquest easy. I believe  
That woman, in her deepest degradation,  
Holds something sacred, something unde-  
filed,

Some pledge and keepsake of her higher  
nature,

And, like the diamond in the dark, retains  
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial  
light !

*Lara.* Yet Preciosa would have taken  
the gold.

*Don C. (rising).* I do not think so.

*Lara.* I am sure of it.  
But why this haste ? Stay yet a little  
longer,

And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

*Don C.* 'T is late. I must begone, for  
if I stay

You will not be persuaded.

*Lara.* Yes ; persuade me.

*Don C.* No one so deaf as he who will  
not hear !

*Lara.* No one so blind as he who will not  
see !

*Don C.* And so good night. I wish you  
pleasant dreams,

And greater faith in woman. [*Exit.*]

*Lara.* Greater faith !

I have the greatest faith ; for I believe  
Victorian is her lover. I believe  
That I shall be to-morrow ; and thereafter  
Another, and another, and another,  
Chasing each other through her zodiac,  
As Taurus chases Aries.

(*Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.*)

Well, Francisco,  
What speed with Preciosa ?

*Fran.* None, my lord.  
She sends your jewels back, and bids me  
tell you

She is not to be purchased by your gold.

*Lara.* Then I will try some other way to  
win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian ?

*Fran.*

Yes, my lord ;

I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

*Lara.* What was he doing there ?

*Fran.*

I saw him buy

A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

*Lara.* Was there another like it ?

*Fran.*

One so like it

I could not choose between them.

*Lara.*

It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, fol-  
lowed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and  
other instruments.*

*Chispa.* Abernuncio Satanas ! and a  
plague on all lovers who ramble about at  
night drinking the elements, instead of  
sleeping quietly in their beds. Every  
dead man to his cemetery, say I ; and  
every friar to his monastery. Now, here's  
my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-  
keeper, and to-day a gentleman ; yesterday  
a student, and to-day a lover ; and I must  
be up later than the nightingale, for as the  
abbot sings so must the sacristan respond.  
God grant he may soon be married, for  
then shall all this serenading cease. Ay,  
marry ! marry ! marry ! Mother, what  
does marry mean ? It means to spin, to  
bear children, and to weep, my daughter !  
And, of a truth, there is something more  
in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To  
the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax  
vobiscum ! as the ass said to the cabbages.  
Pray, walk this way ; and don't hang down  
your heads. It is no disgrace to have an  
old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look  
you, you are gentlemen who lead the life  
of crickets ; you enjoy hunger by day and  
noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for  
this once be not loud, but pathetic ; for it  
is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to  
the Man in the Moon. Your object is not  
to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and  
bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each  
shall not play upon his instrument as if it  
were the only one in the universe, but  
gently, and with a certain modesty, ac-  
cording with the others. Pray, how may I  
call thy name, friend ?

*First Mus.* Gerónimo Gil, at your ser-  
vice.

*Chispa.* Every tub smells of the wine

that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

*First Mus.* Why so?

*Chispa.* Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

*First Mus.* An Aragonese bagpipe.

*Chispa.* Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?

*First Mus.* No, your honor.

*Chispa.* I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

*Second and Third Musicians.* We play the bandurria.

*Chispa.* A pleasing instrument. And thou?

*Fourth Mus.* The fife.

*Chispa.* I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

*Other Mus.* We are the singers, please your honor.

*Chispa.* You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. — *PRECIOSA's chamber. She stands at the open window.*

*Prec.* How slowly through the lilac-scented air  
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down  
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;  
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade  
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.  
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,  
Answer them from below!

# SERENADE

Stars of the summer night!  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!  
Far down yon western steep,  
Sink, sink in silver light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!  
Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!  
Tell her, her lover keeps  
Watch! while in slumbers light  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

*(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)*

*Vict.* Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

*Prec.* I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!

I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!

Did no one see thee?

*Vict.* None, my love, but thou.

*Prec.* 'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art gone

I chide myself for letting thee come here  
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?

Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

*Vict.* Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.

Erelong the time will come, sweet Preciosa,  
When that dull distance shall no more divide us;

And I no more shall scale thy wall by night  
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

*Prec.* An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

*Vict.* And we shall sit together unmolested,

And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,

As singing birds from one bough to another.

*Prec.* That were a life to make time  
envious !  
*I* knew that thou wouldst come to me to-  
night.

*I* saw thee at the play.

*Vict.* Sweet child of air !  
Never did I behold thee so attired  
And garmented in beauty as to-night !  
What hast thou done to make thee look so  
fair ?

*Prec.* Am I not always fair ?

*Vict.* Ay, and so fair  
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,  
And wish that they were blind.

*Prec.* I heed them not ;  
When thou art present, I see none but  
thee !

*Vict.* There 's nothing fair nor beautiful,  
but takes  
Something from thee, that makes it beauti-  
ful.

*Prec.* And yet thou leavest me for those  
dusty books.

*Vict.* Thou comest between me and those  
books too often !  
*I* see thy face in everything I see !  
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,  
The canticles are changed to sarabands,  
And with the learned doctors of the schools  
*I* see thee dance cachuchas.

*Prec.* In good sooth,  
*I* dance with learned doctors of the schools  
To-morrow morning.

*Vict.* And with whom, I pray ?

*Prec.* A grave and reverend Cardinal,  
and his Grace  
The Archbishop of Toledo.

*Vict.* What mad jest  
Is this ?

*Prec.* It is no jest ; indeed it is not.

*Vict.* Prithee, explain thyself.

*Prec.* Why, simply thus.  
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into  
Spain

To put a stop to dances on the stage.

*Vict.* I have heard it whispered.

*Prec.* Now the Cardinal,  
Who for this purpose comes, would fain  
behold

With his own eyes these dances ; and the  
Archbishop  
Has sent for me —

*Vict.* That thou mayest dance before  
them !

Now viva la cachucha ! It will breathe

The fire of youth into these gray old men !  
'T will be thy proudest conquest !

*Prec.* Saving one.  
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,  
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

*Vict.* The sweetest beggar that e'er asked  
for alms ;

With such beseeching eyes, that when I  
saw thee

*I* gave my heart away !

*Prec.* Dost thou remember

When first we met ?

*Vict.* It was at Córdoba,  
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sit-  
ting

Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.

*Prec.* 'T was Easter Sunday. The full-  
blossomed trees

Filled all the air with fragrance and with  
joy.

The priests were singing, and the organ  
sounded,

And then anon the great cathedral bell.

It was the elevation of the Host.

We both of us fell down upon our knees,  
Under the orange boughs, and prayed to-  
gether.

*I* never had been happy till that moment.

*Vict.* Thou blessed angel !

*Prec.* And when thou wast gone  
*I* felt an aching here. *I* did not speak  
To any one that day. But from that day  
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

*Vict.* Remember him no more. Let not  
his shadow

Come between thee and me. Sweet Pre-  
ciosa !

*I* loved thee even then, though *I* was silent !

*Prec.* *I* thought *I* ne'er should see thy  
face again.

Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

*Vict.* That was the first sound in the  
song of love !

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a  
sound.

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings  
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,  
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear  
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

*Prec.* That is my faith. Dost thou be-  
lieve these warnings ?

*Vict.* So far as this. Our feelings and  
our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.  
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,

(And from below comes a scarce audible sound,  
So fall our thoughts into the dark Here-  
after,

And their mysterious echo reaches us.)

*Prec.* I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!

I cannot reason; I can only feel!

But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.

Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think We cannot walk together in this world!

The distance that divides us is too great!

Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;

I must not hold thee back.

*Vict.* Thou little sceptic! Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman

Is her affections, not her intellect!

The intellect is finite; but the affections

Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.)

Compare me with the great men of the earth;

What am I? Why, a pygmy among giants!

But if thou lovest, — mark me! I say lovest, —

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!

The world of the affections is thy world,  
Not that of man's ambition. In that still-  
ness

Which most becomes a woman, calm and  
holy,

Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,

Feeding its flame. The element of fire

Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its na-  
ture,

But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp

As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

*Prec.* Yes, that I love thee, as the good  
love heaven;

But not that I am worthy of that heaven.

How shall I more deserve it?

*Vict.* Loving more.

*Prec.* I cannot love thee more; my heart  
is full.

*Vict.* Then let it overflow, and I will  
drink it,

As in the summer-time the thirsty sands

Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,

And still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria

Purissima! 'T is midnight and serene!

*Vict.* Hear'st thou that cry?

*Prec.* It is a hateful sound,  
To scare thee from me!

*Vict.* As the hunter's horn  
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of  
hounds

The moor-fowl from his mate.

*Prec.* Pray, do not go!

*Vict.* I must away to Alcalá to-night.  
Think of me when I am away.

*Prec.* Fear not!

I have no thoughts that do not think of  
thee.

*Vict.* (giving her a ring). And to remind  
thee of my love, take this;

A serpent, emblem of Eternity;

A ruby, — say, a drop of my heart's blood.

*Prec.* It is an ancient saying, that the  
ruby

Brings gladness to the wearer, and pre-  
serves

The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the  
pillow,

Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!  
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

*Vict.* What convent of barefooted Car-  
melites

Taught thee so much theology?

*Prec.* (laying her hand upon his mouth).  
Hush! hush!

Good night! and may all holy angels guard  
thee!

*Vict.* Good night! good night! Thou  
art my guardian angel!

I have no other saint than thou to pray to!  
(He descends by the balcony.)

*Prec.* Take care, and do not hurt thee.  
Art thou safe?

*Vict.* (from the garden). Safe as my  
love for thee! But art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight

As well as I. Pray shut thy window close;

I am jealous of the perfumed air of night  
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy

lips.

*Prec.* (throwing down her handkerchief).  
Thou silly child! Take this to blind  
thine eyes.

It is my benison!

*Vict.* And brings to me  
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft  
wind

Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath  
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

*Prec.* Make not thy voyage long.

*Vict.* To-morrow night

Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star

To guide me to an anchorage. Good night !  
My beauteous star ! My star of love, good night !

*Prec.* Good night !

*Watchman (at a distance).* Ave Maria  
Purissima !

SCENE IV. — *An inn on the road to Alcalá.* BALTASAR  
asleep on a bench. *Enter* CHISPA.

*Chispa.* And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body o' me ! what an inn this is ! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Holá ! ancient Baltasar !

*Bal. (waking).* Here I am.

*Chispa.* Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

*Bal.* Where is your master ?

*Chispa.* Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses ; and if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here ?

*Bal. (setting a light on the table).* Stewed rabbit.

*Chispa (eating).* Conscience of Portalegre ! Stewed kitten, you mean !

*Bal.* And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

*Chispa (drinking).* Ancient Baltasar, amigo ! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vinto Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

*Bal.* I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

*Chispa.* And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat and a great deal of tablecloth.

*Bal.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Chispa.* And more noise than nuts.

*Bal.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes ?

*Chispa.* No ; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some ?" to a dead man.

*Bal.* Why does he go so often to Madrid ?

*Chispa.* For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar ?

*Bal.* I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

*Chispa.* What ! are you on fire, too, old haystack ? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

*Vict. (without).* Chispa !

*Chispa.* Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

*Vict.* Ea ! Chispa ! Chispa !

*Chispa.* Ea ! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *VICTORIAN's chambers at Alcalá.* HYPOLITO  
asleep in an arm-chair. *He awakes slowly.*

*Hyp.* I must have been asleep ! ay, sound asleep !

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep !

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,  
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled  
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught !  
The candles have burned low ; it must be late.

Where can Victorian be ? Like Fray Carrillo,

The only place in which one cannot find him  
Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom

Feels the caresses of its master's hand.  
Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument !  
And make dull midnight merry with a song.

*(He plays and sings.)*

Padre Francisco !

Padre Francisco !

What do you want of Padre Francisco ?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins !

Open the door and let her come in,  
I will shrive her of every sin.

*(Enter VICTORIAN.)*

*Vict.* Padre Hypolito ! Padre Hypolito !

*Hyp.* What do you want of Padre Hypolito ?

*Vict.* Come, shrive me straight ; for, if love be a sin,

I am the greatest sinner that doth live.  
 (I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,  
 A maiden wooed and won.

*Hyp.* The same old tale  
 Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,  
 Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come  
 here, my child ;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."  
*Vict.* Nay, listen, for my heart is full ;  
 so full

That I must speak.

*Hyp.* Alas ! that heart of thine  
 Is like a scene in the old play ; the curtain  
 Rises to solemn music, and lo ! enter  
 The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne !

*Vict.* Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou  
 shouldst say ;

Those that remained, after the six were  
 burned,  
 Being held more precious than the nine  
 together.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember  
 The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdoba  
 Dance the Romalis in the market-place ?

*Hyp.* Thou meanest Preciosa.  
*Vict.* Ay, the same.  
 Thou knowest how her image haunted me  
 Long after we returned to Alcalá.  
 She's in Madrid.

*Hyp.* I know it.  
*Vict.* And I'm in love.

*Hyp.* And therefore in Madrid when  
 thou shouldst be  
 In Alcalá.

*Vict.* Oh pardon me, my friend,  
 If I so long have kept this secret from  
 thee ;

But silence is the charm that guards such  
 treasures,

And, if a word be spoken ere the time,  
 They sink again, they were not meant for us.

*Hyp.* Alas ! alas ! I see thou art in love.  
 Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.  
 It serves for food and raiment. Give a  
 Spaniard

His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa —  
 Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell  
 me, lover,

How speeds thy wooing ? Is the maiden  
 coy ?

Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave* ;  
 Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

*Ave! cujus calcem clare  
 Nec centenni commendare  
 Sciret Seraph studio !*

*Vict.* Pray, do not jest ! This is no time  
 for it !

I am in earnest !

*Hyp.* Seriously enamored ?  
 What, ho ! The Primus of great Alcalá  
 Enamored of a Gypsy ? Tell me frankly,  
 How meanest thou ?

*Vict.* I mean it honestly.

*Hyp.* Surely thou wilt not marry her !

*Vict.* Why not ?

*Hyp.* She was betrothed to one Bartol-  
 omé,

If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy  
 Who danced with her at Córdoba.

*Vict.* They quarrelled,

And so the matter ended.

*Hyp.* But in truth

Thou wilt not marry her.

*Vict.* In truth I will.  
 (The angels sang in heaven when she was  
 born !

She is a precious jewel I have found  
 Among the filth and rubbish of the world.  
 I'll stoop for it ; but when I wear it  
 here,

Set on my forehead like the morning star,  
 The world may wonder, but it will not  
 laugh.)

*Hyp.* If thou wear'st nothing else upon  
 thy forehead,

'T will be indeed a wonder.

*Vict.* Out upon thee  
 With thy unseasonable jests ! Pray tell  
 me,

Is there no virtue in the world ?

*Hyp.* Not much.

What, think'st thou, is she doing at this  
 moment ;

Now, while we speak of her ?

*Vict.* (She lies asleep,  
 And from her parted lips her gentle breath  
 Comes like the fragrance from the lips of  
 flowers.)

Her tender limbs are still, and on her  
 breast

The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,  
 Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,  
 Like a light barge safe moored.

*Hyp.* Which means, in prose,  
 She's sleeping with her mouth a little open !

*Vict.* Oh, would I had the old magician's  
 glass

To see her as she lies in child-like sleep !

*Hyp.* And wouldst thou venture ?

*Vict.* Ay, indeed I would !

*Hyp.* Thou art courageous. Hast thou  
e'er reflected

How much lies hidden in that one word,  
now?

*Vict.* Yes ; all the awful mystery of Life !  
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,  
That could we, by some spell of magic,  
change

The world and its inhabitants to stone,  
In the same attitudes they now are in,  
What fearful glances downward might we  
cast

Into the hollow chasms of human life !  
What groups should we behold about the  
death-bed,

Putting to shame the group of Niobe !  
What joyful welcomes, and what sad fare-  
wells !

What stony tears in those congealèd eyes !  
What visible joy or anguish in those  
cheeks !

What bridal pomps, and what funereal  
shows !

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and strug-  
gling !

What lovers with their marble lips to-  
gether !

*Hyp.* Ay, there it is ! and, if I were in  
love,

That is the very point I most should dread.  
This magic glass, these magic spells of  
thine,

Might tell a tale were better left untold.  
For instance, they might show us thy fair  
cousin,

The Lady Violante, bathed in tears  
Of love and anger, like the maid of Col-  
chis,

Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,  
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's  
love,

Desertest for this Glauccè.

*Vict.* Hold thy peace !  
She cares not for me. She may wed an-  
other,

Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,  
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

*Hyp.* (*rising*). And so, good night !  
Good morning, I should say.

(*Clock strikes three.*)

Hark ! how the loud and ponderous mace  
of Time

Knocks at the golden portals of the day !  
And so, once more, good night ! We 'll  
speak more largely

Of Preciosa when we meet again.

Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,  
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,  
In all her loveliness. Good night ! [*Exit.*  
*Vict.* Good night !

But not to bed ; for I must read awhile.

(*Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLYTO  
has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.*)

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch  
The changing color of the waves that break  
Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind !

Visions of Fame ! that once did visit me,  
Making night glorious with your smile,  
where are ye ?

Oh, who shall give me, now that ye are  
gone,

Juices of those immortal plants that bloom  
Upon Olympus, making us immortal ?

Or teach me where that wondrous man-  
drake grows

Whose magic root, torn from the earth with  
groans,

At midnight hour, can scare the fiends  
away,

And make the mind prolific in its fancies ?  
I have the wish, but want the will, to act !  
Souls of great men departed ! Ye whose  
words

Have come to light from the swift river of  
Time,

Like Roman swords found in the Tagus'  
bed,

Where is the strength to wield the arms ye  
bore ?

From the barred visor of Antiquity  
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,  
As from a mirror ! All the means of  
action —

The shapeless masses, the materials —  
Lie everywhere about us. What we need  
Is the celestial fire to change the flint  
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.

That fire is genius ! The rude peasant sits  
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws  
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.

The son of genius comes, foot-sore with  
travel,

And begs a shelter from the inclement  
night.

He takes the charcoal from the peasant's  
hand,

And, by the magic of his touch at once  
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,  
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,

It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,

Rude popular traditions and old tales  
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch  
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering  
bard,

Who had but a night's lodging for his  
pains.

But there are brighter dreams than those  
of Fame,

Which are the dreams of Love! Out of  
the heart

Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,  
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises  
And sinks again into its silent deeps,  
Ere the enamored knight can touch her  
robe! )

'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,  
Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,

Waits for upon the margin of Life's  
stream;

Waits to behold her rise from the dark  
waters,

Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many  
Must wait in vain! The stream flows ever-  
more,

But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!  
Yet I, born under a propitious star,  
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.  
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,  
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,  
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can  
feel

The pressure of her head! God's benison  
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous  
eyes,

Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom  
at night

With balmy lips breathe in her ears my  
name!

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

## ACT II

SCENE I. — PRECIOSA's chamber. Morning. PRECIOSA  
and ANGELICA.

*Prec.* Why will you go so soon? Stay  
yet awhile.

The poor too often turn away unheard  
From hearts that shut against them with a  
sound

That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell  
me more

Of your adversities. Keep nothing from  
me.

What is your landlord's name?

*Ang.* The Count of Lara.

*Prec.* The Count of Lara? Oh, beware  
that man!

Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with  
him!

And rather die an outcast in the streets  
Than touch his gold.

*Ang.* You know him, then!

*Prec.* As much

As any woman may, and yet be pure.

As you' would keep your name without a  
blemish,

Beware of him!

*Ang.* Alas! what can I do?

I cannot choose my friends. Each word of  
kindness,

Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

*Prec.* Make me your friend. A girl so  
young and fair

Should have no friends but those of her  
own sex.

What is your name?

*Ang.* Angelica.

*Prec.* That name

Was given you, that you might be an angel  
To her who bore you! When your infant  
smile

Made her home Paradise, you were her  
angel.

Oh, be an angel still! She needs that smile.  
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.

No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,  
Whom chance has taken from the public  
streets.

I have no other shield than mine own  
virtue.

That is the charm which has protected me!  
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it  
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

*Ang. (rising).* I thank you for this  
counsel, dearest lady.

*Prec.* Thank me by following it.

*Ang.* Indeed I will.

*Prec.* Pray, do not go. I have much  
more to say.

*Ang.* My mother is alone. I dare not  
leave her.

*Prec.* Some other time, then, when we  
meet again.

You must not go away with words alone.

(Gives her a purse.)

Take this. Would it were more.

*Ang.* I thank you, lady.

*Prec.* No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.

I dance to-night, — perhaps for the last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be yours, If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

*Ang.* Oh, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful

For so much kindness?

*Prec.* I deserve no thanks.

Thank Heaven, not me.

*Ang.* Both Heaven and you.

*Prec.* Farewell.

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

*Ang.* I will. And may the Blessed Virgin guard you,

And all good angels. *[Exit.]*

*Prec.* May they guard thee too,

And all the poor; for they have need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquina, My richest maja dress, — my dancing dress, And my most precious jewels! Make me look

Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize

To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

*(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)*

*Cruz.* Ave Maria!

*Prec.* O God! my evil genius!

What seekest thou here to-day?

*Cruz.* Thyself, — my child.

*Prec.* What is thy will with me?

*Cruz.* Gold! gold!

*Prec.* I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

*Cruz.* The gold of the Busné, — give me his gold!

*Prec.* I gave the last in charity to-day.

*Cruz.* That is a foolish lie.

*Prec.* It is the truth.

*Cruz.* Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me? Not to thy father? To whom, then?

*Prec.* To one

Who needs it more.

*Cruz.* No one can need it more.

*Prec.* Thou art not poor.

*Cruz.* What, I, who lurk about

In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes; I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;

I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;

I, who am clothed in rags, — Beltran Cruzado, —

Not poor!

*Prec.* Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

*Cruz.* The gold of the Busné! give me his gold!

*Prec.* Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.

I speak the truth. So long as I had gold, I gave it to thee freely, at all times, Never denied thee; never had a wish But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace! Be merciful, be patient, and erelong Thou shalt have more.

*Cruz.* And if I have it not, Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,

Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food, And live in idleness; but go with me, Dance the Romalis in the public streets, And wander wild again o'er field and fell;

For here we stay not long.

*Prec.* What! march again?

*Cruz.* Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates! Air, — I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,

The feeling of the breeze upon my face, The feeling of the turf beneath my feet, And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.

Then I am free and strong, — once more myself,

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

*Prec.* God speed thee on thy march! — I cannot go.

*Cruz.* Remember who I am, and who thou art!

Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more. Bartolomé Román —

*Prec. (with emotion).* Oh, I beseech thee!

If my obedience and blameless life, If my humility and meek submission In all things hitherto, can move in thee One feeling of compassion; if thou art Indeed my father, and canst trace in me One look of her who bore me, or one tone That doth remind thee of her, let it plead

In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,  
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me  
To wed that man ! I am afraid of him !  
I do not love him ! On my knees I beg  
thee

To use no violence, nor do in haste  
What cannot be undone !

*Cruz.* O child, child, child !  
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird  
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.  
I will not leave thee here in the great city  
To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee  
ready

To go with us ; and until then remember  
A watchful eye is on thee. [*Exit.*]

*Prec.* Woe is me !  
I have a strange misgiving in my heart !  
But that one deed of charity I'll do,  
Befall what may ; they cannot take that  
from me.

SCENE II. — *A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace. The  
ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.*

*Arch.* Knowing how near it touched the  
public morals,  
And that our age is grown corrupt and  
rotten  
By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,  
Beseeching that his Holiness would aid  
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,  
By seasonable stop put here in Spain  
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.  
To all this you know.

*Card.* Know and approve.

*Arch.* And further,  
That, by a mandate from his Holiness,  
The first have been suppressed.

*Card.* I trust forever.  
It was a cruel sport.

*Arch.* A barbarous pastime,  
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself  
Most Catholic and Christian.

*Card.* Yet the people  
Murmur at this ; and, if the public dances  
Should be condemned upon too slight occa-  
sion,

Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.  
As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry  
Among the Roman populace of old,  
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.  
Hence I would not advisedly herein ;  
And therefore have induced your Grace to  
see

These national dances, ere we interdict  
them.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

*Serv.* The dancing-girl, and with her the  
musicians  
Your Grace was pleased to order, wait  
without.

*Arch.* Bid them come in. Now shall  
your eyes behold  
In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape  
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(*Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle thrown over her head.  
She advances slowly, in modest, half-timid attitude.*)

*Card.* (*aside*). Oh, what a fair and min-  
istering angel  
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman  
fell !

*Prec.* (*knocking before the ARCHBISHOP*).  
I have obeyed the order of your  
Grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,  
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech  
Your holy benediction.

*Arch.* May God bless thee,  
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

*Card.* (*aside*). Her acts are modest, and  
her words discreet !  
I did not look for this ! Come hither,  
child.

Is thy name Preciosa ?

*Prec.* Thus I am called.

*Card.* That is a Gypsy name. Who is  
thy father ?

*Prec.* Beltran Cruzado, Count of the  
Calés.

*Arch.* I have a dim remembrance of  
that man ;  
He was a bold and reckless character,  
A sun-burnt Ishmael !

*Card.* Dost thou remember  
Thy earlier days ?

*Prec.* Yes ; by the Darro's side  
My childhood passed. I can remember  
still

The river, and the mountains capped with  
snow ;

The villages, where, yet a little child,  
I told the traveller's fortune in the street ;  
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the  
shepherd ;

The march across the moor ; the halt at  
noon ;

The red fire of the evening camp, that  
lighted

The forest where we slept ; and, further  
back,

As in a dream or in some former life,  
Gardens and palace walls.

*Arch.* 'Tis the Alhambra,  
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was  
pitched.

But the time wears ; and we would see thee  
dance.

*Prec.* Your Grace shall be obeyed.

*(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCH-BISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown ; then make signs to each other ; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited ; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)*

SCENE III. — *The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.*

*Don C.* Holá ! good evening, Don Hypolito.

*Hyp.* And a good evening to my friend,  
Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps this way.  
I was in search of you.

*Don C.* Command me always.

*Hyp.* Do you remember, in Quevedo's  
Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,

Asks if his money-bags would rise ?

*Don C.* I do ;  
But what of that ?

*Hyp.* I am that wretched man.

*Don C.* You mean to tell me yours have  
risen empty ?

*Hyp.* And amen ! said my Cid Campeador.

*Don C.* Pray, how much need you ?

*Hyp.* Some half-dozen ounces,

Which, with due interest —

*Don C.* *(giving his purse).* What, am I  
a Jew

To put my moneys out at usury ?  
Here is my purse.

*Hyp.* Thank you. A pretty purse.  
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña ;  
Perhaps a keepsake.

*Don C.* No, 't is at your service.

*Hyp.* Thank you again. Lie there, good  
Chrysostom,  
And with thy golden mouth remind me  
often,

I am the debtor of my friend.

*Don C.*

But tell me,

Come you to-day from Alcalá ?

*Hyp.*

This moment.

*Don C.* And pray, how fares the brave  
Victorian ?

*Hyp.* Indifferent well ; that is to say, not  
well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances  
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch  
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

*Don C.* And is it faring ill

To be in love ?

*Hyp.* In his case very ill.

*Don C.* Why so ?

*Hyp.* For many reasons. First and foremost,

Because he is in love with an ideal ;  
A creature of his own imagination ;  
A child of air ; an echo of his heart ;  
And, like a lily on a river floating,  
She floats upon the river of his thoughts !

*Don C.* A common thing with poets. But  
who is

This floating lily ? For, in fine, some woman,

Some living woman, — not a mere ideal, —  
Must wear the outward semblance of his  
thought.

Who is it ? Tell me.

*Hyp.*

Well, it is a woman !

But, look you, from the coffer of his heart  
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn  
her,

As pious priests adorn some favorite saint  
With gems and gold, until at length she  
gleams

One blaze of glory. Without these, you  
know,

And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll.

*Don C.* Well, well ! who is this doll ?

*Hyp.* Why, who do you think ?

*Don C.* His cousin Violante.

*Hyp.*

Guess again.

To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm  
He threw her overboard, with all her in-  
gots.

*Don C.* I cannot guess ; so tell me who  
it is.

*Hyp.* Not I.

*Don C.* Why not ?

*Hyp.* *(mysteriously).* Why ? Because  
Mari Franca

Was married four leagues out of Sala-  
manca !

*Don C.* Jestng aside, who is it ?  
*Hyp.* Preciosa.  
*Don C.* Impossible ! The Count of Lara  
 tells me  
 She is not virtuous.

*Hyp.* Did I say she was ?  
 The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife  
 Whose name was Messalina, as I think ;  
 Valeria Messalina was her name.  
 But hist ! I see him yonder through the  
 trees,  
 Walking as in a dream.

*Don C.* He comes this way.  
*Hyp.* It has been truly said by some wise  
 man,  
 That money, grief, and love cannot be hid-  
 den.

(Enter VICTORIAN in front.)

*Vict.* Where'er thy step has passed is  
 holy ground !  
 These groves are sacred ! I behold thee  
 walking  
 Under these shadowy trees, where we have  
 walked  
 At evening, and I feel thy presence now ;  
 Feel that the place has taken a charm from  
 thee,  
 And is forever hallowed.

*Hyp.* Mark him well !  
 See how he strides away with lordly air,  
 Like that odd guest of stone, that grim  
 Commander

Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

*Don C.* What ho ! Victorian !

*Hyp.* Wilt thou sup with us ?

*Vict.* Holá ! amigos ! Faith, I did not  
 see you.

How fares Don Carlos ?

*Don C.* At your service ever.

*Vict.* How is that young and green-eyed  
 Gaditana

That you both wot of ?

*Don C.* Ay, soft, emerald eyes !  
 She has gone back to Cadiz.

*Hyp.* Ay de mí !

*Vict.* You are much to blame for letting  
 her go back.

A pretty girl ; and in her tender eyes  
 Just that soft shade of green we sometimes  
 see

In evening skies.

*Hyp.* But, speaking of green eyes,  
 Are thine green ?

*Vict.* Not a whit. Why so ?

*Hyp.* I think

The slightest shade of green would be be-  
 coming,  
 For thou art jealous.

*Vict.* No, I am not jealous.

*Hyp.* Thou shouldst be.

*Vict.* Why ?

*Hyp.* Because thou art in love.  
 And they who are in love are always jealous.  
 Therefore thou shouldst be.

*Vict.* Marry, is that all ?  
 Farewell ; I am in haste. Farewell, Don  
 Carlos.

Thou sayest I should be jealous ?

*Hyp.* Ay, in truth  
 I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.  
 I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara  
 Lays siege to the same citadel.

*Vict.* Indeed !  
 Then he will have his labor for his pains.

*Hyp.* He does not think so, and Don  
 Carlos tells me  
 He boasts of his success.

*Vict.* How's this, Don Carlos ?  
*Don C.* Some hints of it I heard from  
 his own lips.

(He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,  
 As a gay man might speak.)

*Vict.* Death and damnation !  
 I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,  
 And throw it to my dog ! But, no, no, no !  
 This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.  
 Trifle with me no more. For otherwise  
 We are no longer friends. And so, fare-  
 well ! [Exit.]

*Hyp.* Now what a coil is here ! The  
 Avenging Child

Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,  
 And the great Moor Calaynos, when he  
 rode

To Paris for the ears of Oliver,  
 Were nothing to him ! O hot-headed  
 youth !

But come ; we will not follow. Let us join  
 The crowd that pours into the Prado. There  
 We shall find merrier company ; I see  
 The Marialonzos and the Almagivas,  
 And fifty fans, that beckon me already.  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. — PRECIOSA'S chamber. She is sitting, with  
 a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flow-  
 ers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF  
 LARA enters behind unperceived.

*Prec.* (reads).

All are sleeping, weary heart !  
 Thou, thou only sleepless art !

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.  
I know not what it is makes me so restless!  
(*The bird sings.*)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,  
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon sing-  
est,

Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,  
I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart!  
Thou, thou only sleepless art!  
All this throbbing, all this aching,  
Evermore shall keep thee waking,  
For a heart in sorrow breaking  
Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks  
More hearts are breaking in this world of  
ours

Than one would say. In distant villages  
And solitudes remote, where winds have  
wafted

The barbed seeds of love, or birds of pas-  
sage

Scattered them in their flight, do they take  
root,

And grow in silence, and in silence perish.  
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?  
Or who takes note of every flower that  
dies?

Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.  
Dolores!

(*Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the Count.*)

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me!

Prec. How's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me —

Prec. Dolores!

Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one  
in waiting.

If I have been too bold —

Prec. (*turning her back upon him*). You  
are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara. My dear lady,  
First hear me! I beseech you, let me  
speak!

'T is for your good I come.

Prec. (*turning toward him with indigna-  
tion*). Begone! begone!

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds  
Would make the statues of your ancestors  
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian  
honor,

Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here  
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?

(Oh shame! shame! shame! that you, a  
nobleman,

Should be so little noble in your thoughts  
As to send jewels here to win my love,  
And think to buy my honor with your gold!  
I have no words to tell you how I scorn  
you!

Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!  
Begone, I say!

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything!

Therefore beware! You are deceived in  
me.

In this false world, we do not always know  
Who are our friends and who our enemies.  
We all have enemies, and all need friends.  
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court  
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec. If to this

I owe the honor of the present visit,  
You might have spared the coming. Hav-  
ing spoken,

Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to  
tell you

What strange reports are current here in  
town.

For my own self, I do not credit them;  
But there are many who, not knowing you,  
Will lend a readier ear.

Prec. There was no need  
That you should take upon yourself the  
duty

Of telling me these tales.

Lara. Malicious tongues  
Are ever busy with your name.

Prec. Alas!

I've no protectors. I am a poor girl,  
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jest.  
They wound me, yet I cannot shield my-  
self.

I give no cause for these reports. I live  
Retired; am visited by none.

Lara. By none?  
Oh, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

Prec. How mean you?

Lara. Nay, nay; I will not wound your  
gentle soul

By the report of idle tales.

Prec. Speak out!

What are these idle tales? You need not  
spare me.

Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Par-  
don me;

This window, as I think, looks towards the street,

And this into the Prado, does it not ?

In yon high house, beyond the garden wall, —

You see the roof there just above the trees, —

There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,

That on a certain night, — be not offended  
If I too plainly speak, — he saw a man  
Climb to your chamber window. You are silent !

I would not blame you, being young and fair —

*(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom.)*

*Prec.* Beware ! beware ! I am a Gypsy girl !

Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer

And I will strike !

*Lara.* Pray you, put up that dagger.

Fear not —

*Prec.* (I do not fear. I have a heart.)

In whose strength I can trust.

*Lara.* Listen to me.

I come here as your friend, — I am your friend, —

And by a single word can put a stop  
To all those idle tales, and make your name  
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,  
Fair Preciosa ! on my knees I swear,  
I love you even to madness, and that love  
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,

And force myself unasked into your presence.

*(VICTORIAN enters behind.)*

*Prec.* Rise, Count of Lara ! That is not the place

For such as you are. It becomes you not  
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved  
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled ;

For your sake I will put aside all anger,  
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak  
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,  
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more

Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.  
But if, without offending modesty  
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,  
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart  
To love you.

*Lara.* O sweet angel !

*Prec.* Ay, in truth,  
Far better than you love yourself or me.

*Lara.* Give me some sign of this, — the slightest token.

Let me but kiss your hand !

*Prec.* Nay, come no nearer.

The words I utter are its sign and token.  
Misunderstand me not ! Be not deceived !  
The love wherewith I love you is not such  
As you would offer me. For you come here

To take from me the only thing I have,  
My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends

And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes  
That fill your heart with happiness ; but I  
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,

And you would take that from me, and for what ?

To flatter your own vanity, and make me  
What you would most despise. Oh, sir,  
such love,

That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.

Indeed it cannot. But my love for you  
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.  
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes

Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,  
And bids you look into your heart, and see  
How you do wrong that better nature in you,

And grieve your soul with sin.

*Lara.* I swear to you,

I would not harm you ; I would only love you.

I would not take your honor, but restore it,

And in return I ask but some slight mark  
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,  
As you confess you do, oh, let me thus

With this embrace —

*Vict. (rushing forward).* Hold ! hold !  
This is too much.

What means this outrage ?

*Lara.* First, what right have you

To question thus a nobleman of Spain ?

*Vict.* I too am noble, and you are no more !

Out of my sight !

*Lara.* Are you the master here ?

*Vict.* Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others

Gives me the right !

*Prec. (to LARA).* Go! I beseech you,  
go!

*Vict.* I shall have business with you,  
Count, anon!

*Lara.* You cannot come too soon! [*Exit.*  
*Prec.* Victorian!

Oh, we have been betrayed!

*Vict.* Ha! ha! betrayed!  
'T is I have been betrayed, not we! — not  
we!

*Prec.* Dost thou imagine —

*Vict.* I imagine nothing;  
I see how 't is thou whilst the time away  
When I am gone!

*Prec.* Oh, speak not in that tone!  
It wounds me deeply.

*Vict.* 'T was not meant to flatter.

*Prec.* Too well thou knowest the pres-  
ence of that man

Is hateful to me!

*Vict.* Yet I saw thee stand  
And listen to him, when he told his love.

*Prec.* I did not heed his words.

*Vict.* Indeed thou didst,  
And answeredst them with love.

*Prec.* Hadst thou heard all —

*Vict.* I heard enough.

*Prec.* Be not so angry with me.

*Vict.* I am not angry; I am very calm.

*Prec.* If thou wilt let me speak —

*Vict.* Nay, say no more.  
I know too much already. Thou art false!

I do not like these Gypsy marriages!

Where is the ring I gave thee?

*Prec.* In my casket.

*Vict.* There let it rest! I would not  
have thee wear it:

I thought thee spotless, and thou art pol-  
luted!

*Prec.* I call the Heavens to witness —

*Vict.* Nay, nay, nay!  
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy  
lips!

They are forsworn!

*Prec.* Victorian! dear Victorian!

*Vict.* I gave up all for thee; myself, my  
fame,

My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!  
And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!  
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour  
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,  
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

(*He casts her from him and rushes out.*)

*Prec.* And this from thee!

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE V. — *The Count of LARA's rooms. Enter the  
COUNT.*

(*Lara.* There's nothing in this world so  
sweet as love,

And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!  
I've learned to hate, and therefore am re-  
venged.

A silly girl to play the prude with me!  
The fire that I have kindled —

(*Enter FRANCISCO.*)

Well, Francisco,

What tidings from Don Juan?

*Fran.* Good, my lord;

He will be present.

*Lara.* And the Duke of Lemos!

*Fran.* Was not at home.

*Lara.* How with the rest?

*Fran.* I've found

The men you wanted. They will all be there,  
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind  
Of such discordant noises, that the dance  
Must cease for lack of music.

*Lara.* Bravely done.

Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,  
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not  
close

Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak  
and sword. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *A retired spot beyond the city gates. En-  
ter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*

*Vict.* Oh shame! Oh shame! Why do  
I walk abroad

By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks  
me,

And voices, and familiar sights and sounds  
Cry, "Hide thyself!" (Oh, what a thin  
partition

Doth shut out from the curious world the  
knowledge

Of evil deeds that have been done in dark-  
ness!

Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are  
windows,

Through which all eyes seem gazing.  
Every face

Expresses some suspicion of my shame.

And in derision seems to smile at me!

*Hyp.* Did I not caution thee? Did I  
not tell thee

I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

*Vict.* And yet, Hypolito, we may be  
wrong,

We may be over-hasty in condemning!  
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

*Hyp.* And therefore is she cursèd, loving him.

*Vict.* She does not love him ! 'T is for gold ! for gold !

*Hyp.* Ay, but remember, in the public streets

He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,

A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

*Vict.* She had that ring from me ! God ! she is false ;

But I will be revenged ! The hour is passed.

Where stays the coward ?

*Hyp.* Nay, he is no coward ; A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.

I 've seen him play with swords ; it is his pastime.

And therefore be not over-confident,

He 'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(Enter LARA followed by FRANCISCO.)

*Lara.* Good evening, gentlemen.

*Hyp.* Good evening, Count.

*Lara.* I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

*Vict.* Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared ?

*Lara.* I am.

*Hyp.* It grieves me much to see this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way Left open to accord this difference,

But you must make one with your swords ?

*Vict.* No ! none !

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito, Stand not between me and my foe. Too long

Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count.

(They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.)

Your life is mine ; and what shall now withhold me

From sending your vile soul to its account ?

*Lara.* Strike ! strike !

*Vict.* You are disarmed. I will not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.)

*Hyp.* Enough ! Let it end here ! The Count of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian

A generous one, as ever. Now be friends. Put up your swords ; for, to speak frankly to you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing To move you to extremes.

*Lara.* I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words, Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

*Vict.* Nay, something more than that.

*Lara.* I understand you.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path. To me the door stood open, as to others.

But, had I known the girl belonged to you,

Never would I have sought to win her from you.

The truth stands now revealed ; she has been false

To both of us.

*Vict.* Ay, false as hell itself !

*Lara.* In truth, I did not seek her ; she sought me ;

And told me how to win her, telling me The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

*Vict.* Say, can you prove this to me ?

Oh, pluck out

These awful doubts, that goad me into madness !

Let me know all ! all ! all !

*Lara.* You shall know all.

Here is my page, who was the messenger Between us. Question him. Was it not so,

Francisco ?

*Fran.* Ay, my lord.

*Lara.* If further proof

Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

*Vict.* Pray let me see that ring ! It is the same !

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring !

Thus do I spurn her from me ; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust ! O Count of Lara,

We both have been abused, been much abused !

I thank you for your courtesies and frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours  
gave me pain,  
Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank  
you.

I now can see the folly I have done,  
Though 't is, alas ! too late. So fare you  
well !

To-night I leave this hateful town forever.  
Regard me as your friend. Once more  
farewell !

*Hyp.* Farewell, Sir Count.

[*Ezeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*]

*Lara.* Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !  
Thus have I cleared the field of my worst  
foe !

I have none else to fear ; the fight is done,  
The citadel is stormed, the victory won !

[*Exit with FRANCISCO.*]

SCENE VII. — *A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter  
CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

*Cruz.* And so, Bartolomé, the expedition  
failed. But where wast thou for the most  
part ?

*Bart.* In the Guadarrama mountains,  
near San Ildefonso.

*Cruz.* And thou bringest nothing back  
with thee ? Didst thou rob no one ?

*Bart.* There was no one to rob, save a  
party of students from Segovia, who looked  
as if they would rob us ; and a jolly little  
friar, who had nothing in his pockets but  
a missal and a loaf of bread.

*Cruz.* Pray, then, what brings thee back  
to Madrid ?

*Bart.* First tell me what keeps thee here ?

*Cruz.* Preciosa.

*Bart.* And she brings me back. Hast  
thou forgotten thy promise ?

*Cruz.* The two years are not passed yet.  
Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

*Bart.* I hear she has a Busné lover.

*Cruz.* That is nothing.

*Bart.* I do not like it. I hate him, —  
the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in  
and out, and speaks with her alone, and I  
must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

*Cruz.* Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have  
thy revenge. When the time comes, thou  
shalt waylay him.

*Bart.* Meanwhile, show me her house.

*Cruz.* Come this way. But thou wilt not  
find her. She dances at the play to-night.

*Bart.* No matter. Show me the house.

[*Ezeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. — *The Theatre. The orchestra plays the  
cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes.  
The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the  
attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha.  
Tumult ; hisses ; cries of " Brava ! " and " Afuera ! "  
She falters and pauses. The music stops. General  
confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

SCENE IX. — *The COUNT OF LARA's chambers. LARA  
and his friends at supper.*

*Lara.* So, Caballeros, once more many  
thanks !

You have stood by me bravely in this mat-  
ter.

Pray fill your glasses.

*Don J.* Did you mark, Don Luis,  
How pale she looked, when first the noise  
began,

And then stood still, with her large eyes  
dilated !

Her nostrils spread ! her lips apart ! her  
bosom

Tumultuous as the sea !

*Don L.* I pitied her.

*Lara.* Her pride is humbled ; and this  
very night

I mean to visit her.

*Don J.* Will you serenade her ?

*Lara.* No music ! no more music !

*Don L.* Why not music ?

It softens many hearts.

*Lara.* Not in the humor  
She now is in. Music would madden  
her.

*Don J.* Try golden cymbals.

*Don L.* Yes, try Don Dinero ;  
A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

*Lara.* To tell the truth, then, I have  
bribed her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.

A bumper and away ; for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa.

(*They rise and drink.*)

*All.* Preciosa.

(*Lara (holding up his glass).* Thou bright  
and flaming minister of Love !

Thou wonderful magician ! who hast stolen  
My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of pas-  
sion

Caught from my lips, with red and fiery  
tongue,

Her precious name ! Oh nevermore hence-  
forth

Shall mortal lips press thine ; and never-  
more



*Dol.* It is midnight.  
*Prec.* We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(*She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.*)

*Voice.* Muera !

*Another voice.* O villains ! villains !

*Lara.* So ! have at you !

*Voice.* Take that !

*Lara.* Oh, I am wounded !

*Dol.* (*shutting the window*). Jesu Maria !

## ACT III

SCENE I. — *A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

## SONG

Ah, Love !  
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love !  
 Enemy  
 Of all that mankind may not rue !  
 Most untrue  
 To him who keeps most faith with thee.  
 Woe is me !  
 The falcon has the eyes of the dove.  
 Ah, Love !  
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

*Vict.* (Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,

Is ever weaving into life's dull warp  
 Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian ;

Hanging our gloomy prison-house about  
 With tapestries, that make its walls dilate  
 In never-ending vistas of delight.)

*Hyp.* Thinking to walk in those Arcadian  
 pastures,  
 Thou hast run thy noble head against the  
 wall.

SONG (*continued*)

Thy deceits  
 Give us clearly to comprehend,  
 Whither tend  
 All thy pleasures, all thy sweets !  
 They are cheats,  
 Thorns below and flowers above.  
 Ah, Love !  
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

*Vict.* A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

*Hyp.* It suits thy ease.

*Vict.* Indeed, I think it does.  
 What wise man wrote it ?

*Hyp.* Lopez Maldonado.

*Vict.* In truth, a pretty song.

*Hyp.* With much truth in it.  
 I hope thou wilt profit by it ; and in earnest  
 Try to forget this lady of thy love.

*Vict.* I will forget her ! All dear recollections

Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,

Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds !

I will forget her ! But perhaps hereafter,  
 When she shall learn how heartless is the world,

A voice within her will repeat my name,  
 And she will say, "He was indeed my friend !"

Oh, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,  
 That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,

The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,

And a swift death, might make me deaf forever

To the upbraidings of this foolish heart !

*Hyp.* Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more !

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

*Vict.* Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain  
 I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword  
 That pierces me ; for, like Excalibar,  
 With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.

There rises from below a hand that grasps it,

And waves it in the air ; and wailing voices  
 Are heard along the shore.

*Hyp.* And yet at last  
 Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.

This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.  
 Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,  
 To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,

Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.

Thou art too young, too full of lusty health  
 To talk of dying.

*Vict.* (Yet I fain would die !  
 To go through life, unloving and unloved ;  
 To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul  
 We cannot still ; that longing, that wild impulse,  
 And struggle after something we have not)

And cannot have ; the effort to be strong ;  
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and  
smile,

While secret wounds do bleed beneath our  
cloaks ;

All this the dead feel not,—the dead  
alone !

Would I were with them !

*Hyp.* We shall all be soon.

*Vict.* It cannot be too soon ; for I am  
weary

Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,  
Where strangers walk as friends, and  
friends as strangers ;

Where whispers overheard betray false  
hearts ;

And through the mazes of the crowd we  
chase

Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and  
beckons,

And cheats us with fair words, only to leave  
us

A mockery and a jest ; maddened,—con-  
fused,—

Not knowing friend from foe.

*Hyp.* Why seek to know ?

Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth !  
Take each fair mask for what it gives it-  
self,

Nor strive to look beneath it.)

*Vict.* I confess,

That were the wiser part. But Hope no  
longer

Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,  
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,  
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,  
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands  
cut off,

And sinks again into the weltering sea,  
Helpless and hopeless !

*Hyp.* Yet thou shalt not perish.

The strength of thine own arm is thy salva-  
tion.

Above thy head, through rifted clouds,  
there shines

A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy  
star !

(*Sound of a village bell in the distance.*)

*Vict.* Ave Maria ! I hear the sacristan  
Ringing the chimes from yonder village  
belfry !

A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide  
Over the red roofs of the cottages,  
And bids the laboring hind afield, the shep-  
herd,

Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,  
And all the crowd in village streets, stand  
still,

And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Vir-  
gin !

*Hyp.* Amen ! amen ! Not half a league  
from hence

The village lies.

*Vict.* This path will lead us to it,  
Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows  
sail

Across the running sea, now green, now  
blue,

And, like an idle mariner on the main,  
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten  
on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Public square in the village of Guadara-  
rama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of vil-  
lagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer.  
In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a mer-  
rier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter PANCHO, followed  
by PEDRO CRESPO.*

*Pancho.* Make room, ye vagabonds and  
Gypsy thieves !

Make room for the Alcalde and for me !

*Pedro C.* Keep silence all ! I have an  
edict here

From our most gracious lord, the King of  
Spain,

Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,  
Which I shall publish in the market-place.

Open your ears and listen !

(*Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.*)

*Padre Cura,*

Good day ! and, pray you, hear this edict  
read.

*Padre C.* Good day, and God be with  
you !

Pray, what is it ?

*Pedro C.* An act of banishment against  
the Gypsies !

(*Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.*)

*Pancho.* Silence !

*Pedro C. (reads).* "I hereby order and  
command,

That the Egyptian and Chaldean stran-  
gers,

Known by the name of Gypsies, shall  
henceforth

Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds  
And beggars ; and if, after seventy days,

Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,  
They shall receive a hundred lashes each ;

The second time, shall have their ears cut  
off ;

The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,  
Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."  
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!  
You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

*Pancho.* And if in seventy days you are not gone,

Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

*(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. PANCHO follows.)*

*Padre C.* A righteous law! A very righteous law!

Pray you, sit down.

*Pedro C.* I thank you heartily.

*(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.)*

A very righteous judgment, as you say.

Now tell me, Padre Cura, — you know all things, —

How came these Gypsies into Spain?

*Padre C.* Why, look you;  
They came with Hercules from Palestine,  
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir  
Alcalde,

As the Simoniacs from Simon Magnus.

And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says;  
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor

Is not a Christian, so 't is with the Gypsies.

They never marry, never go to mass,  
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,

Nor see the inside of a church, — nor — nor —

*Pedro C.* Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!

No matter for the other ninety-five.

They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,  
They should be burnt.

*(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.)*

*Padre C.* And pray, whom have we here?

*Pedro C.* More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

*Hyp.* Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

*Padre C.* Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

*Hyp.* We seek the Padre Cura of the village;

And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,

You must be he.

*Padre C.* I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

*Hyp.* We are poor students travelling in vacation.

You know this mark?

*(Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.)*

*Padre C. (joyfully).* Ay, know it, and have worn it.

*Pedro C. (aside).* Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. *[Exit.]*

*Padre C.* Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

*Hyp.* Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld your face, I said within myself, "This is the man!" There is a certain something in your looks, A certain scholar-like and studious something, —

You understand, — which cannot be mistaken;

Which marks you as a very learned man,

In fine, as one of us.

*Vict. (aside).* What impudence!

*Hyp.* As we approached, I said to my companion,

"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"

Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,

"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench, Must be the sacristan."

*Padre C.* Ah! said you so?

Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

*Hyp.* Indeed! you much astonish me!  
His air

Was not so full of dignity and grace

As an alcalde's should be.

*Padre C.* That is true,

He's out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies,

Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.

There's nothing so undignified as anger.

*Hyp.* The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,

If, from his well-known hospitality,

We crave a lodging for the night.

*Padre C.* I pray you!

You do me honor! I am but too happy  
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.

It is not often that I have occasion  
To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores,*  
*Nec sinit esse ferus*, Cicero says.

*Hyp.* 'Tis Ovid, is it not?

*Padre C.* No, Cicero.

*Hyp.* Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid !  
But hang me if it is not ! (*Aside.*)

*Padre C.* Pass this way.  
He was a very great man, was Cicero !  
Pray you, go in, go in ! no ceremony.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A room in the PADRE CURA's house.*  
*Enter the PADRE and HYPOLITO.*

*Padre C.* So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

*Hyp.* And left behind an honored name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace ?

*Padre C.* Gerónimo De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

*Hyp.* Descended from the Marquis Santillana ?

From the distinguished poet ?

*Padre C.* From the Marquis, Not from the poet.

*Hyp.* Why, they were the same.  
Let me embrace you ! Oh, some lucky star  
Has brought me hither ! Yet once more !  
— once more !

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,  
And our professor, when we are unruly,  
Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas !  
It was not so in Santillana's time !"

*Padre C.* I did not think my name remembered there.

*Hyp.* More than remembered ; it is idolized.

*Padre C.* Of what professor speak you ?

*Hyp.* Timoneda.

*Padre C.* I don't remember any Timoneda.

*Hyp.* A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech  
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten ?

*Padre C.* Indeed, I have. Oh, those were pleasant days,

Those college days ! I ne'er shall see the like !

I had not buried then so many hopes !

I had not buried then so many friends !

I've turned my back on what was then before me ;

And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.  
Do you remember Cueva ?

*Hyp.* Cueva ? Cueva ?

*Padre C.* Fool that I am ! He was before your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

*Hyp.* I should not like to try my strength with you.

*Padre C.* Well, well. But I forget ; you must be hungry.

Martina ! ho ! Martina ! 'T is my niece.

(*Enter MARTINA.*)

*Hyp.* You may be proud of such a niece as that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.*  
(*Aside.*)

He was a very great man, was Cicero !

Your servant, fair Martina.

*Mart.* Servant, sir.

*Padre C.* This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

*Mart.* 'T will be ready soon.

*Padre C.* And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas

Out of the cellar. Stay ; I'll go myself.  
Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [*Exit.*]

*Hyp.* Hist ! Martina !

One word with you. Bless me ! what handsome eyes !

To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.

Is it not so ?

*Mart.* There have been Gypsies here.

*Hyp.* Yes, and have told your fortune.

*Mart.* (*embarrassed*). Told my fortune ?

*Hyp.* Yes, yes ; I know they did. Give me your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They said, — they said,

The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,

And him you should not marry. Was it not ?

*Mart.* (*surprised*). How know you that ?

*Hyp.* Oh, I know more than that.

What a soft, little hand ! And then they said,

A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall  
And rich, should come one day to marry you,

And you should be a lady. Was it not ?  
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.*)

*Vict.* The muleteer has come.

*Hyp.* So soon?

*Vict.* I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door,  
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft  
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-  
red wine.

*Hyp.* What news from Court?

*Vict.* He brought this letter only.

(*Reads.*)

Oh, cursed perfidy! Why did I let  
That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,  
Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

*Hyp.* What news is this, that makes thy  
cheek turn pale,  
And thy hand tremble?

*Vict.* Oh, most infamous!  
The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!

*Hyp.* That is no news, forsooth.

*Vict.* He strove in vain  
To steal from me the jewel of my soul,  
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,  
He swore to be revenged; and set on foot  
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.  
She has been hissed and hooted from the  
stage,

Her reputation stained by slanderous lies  
Too foul to speak of; and, once more a  
beggar,

She roams a wanderer over God's green  
earth,

Housing with Gypsies!

*Hyp.* To renew again  
The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd  
swains

Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's  
Diana.

*Redit et Virgo!*

*Vict.* Dear Hypolito,

How have I wronged that meek, confiding  
heart!

I will go seek for her; and with my tears  
Wash out the wrong I've done her!

*Hyp.* Oh, beware!  
Act not that folly o'er again.

*Vict.* Ay, folly,  
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,  
I will confess my weakness, — I still love  
her!

Still fondly love her!

(*Enter the PADRE CURA.*)

*Hyp.* Tell us, Padre Cura,  
Who are these Gypsies in the neighbor-  
hood?

*Padre C.* Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

*Vict.* Kind Heaven,  
I thank thee! She is found! is found  
again!

*Hyp.* And have they with them a pale,  
beautiful girl,  
Called Preciosa?

*Padre C.* Ay, a pretty girl.

The gentleman seems moved.

*Hyp.* Yes, moved with hunger,  
He is half famished with this long day's  
journey.

*Padre C.* Then, pray you, come this way.

The supper waits. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.*

*Chispa.* Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us  
have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chi-  
spa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I  
thought, when I left my old master Victo-  
rian, the student, to serve my new master  
Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too,  
should lead the life of a gentleman; should  
go to bed early, and get up late. For when  
the abbot plays cards, what can you expect  
of the friars? But, in running away from  
the thunder, I have run into the lightning.  
Here I am in hot chase after my master  
and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning  
of the week it is, as he said who was hanged  
on Monday morning.

(*Enter DON CARLOS.*)

*Don C.* Are not the horses ready yet?

*Chispa.* I should think not, for the host-  
ler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there!  
Horses! horses! horses! (*He knocks at  
the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO,  
putting on his jacket.*)

*Mosq.* Pray, have a little patience. I'm  
not a musket.

*Chispa.* Health and pistareens! I'm  
glad to see you come on dancing, padre!  
Pray, what's the news?

*Mosq.* You cannot have fresh horses;  
because there are none.

*Chispa.* Cachiporra! Throw that bone  
to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

*Mosq.* No; she has a beard.

*Chispa.* Go to! go to!

*Mosq.* Are you from Madrid?

*Chispa.* Yes; and going to Estramadura.  
Get us horses.

*Mosq.* What's the news at Court?

*Chispa.* Why, the latest news is, that I

am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(Strikes him round the legs.)

*Mosq.* Oh ! oh ! you hurt me !

*Don C.* Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (Gives money to MOSQUITO.) It is almost dark ; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late ?

*Mosq.* Yes ; and they are still in the neighborhood.

*Don C.* And where ?

*Mosq.* Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [Exit.]

*Don C.* Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

*Chispa.* Are you not afraid of the evil eye ? Have you a stag's horn with you ?

*Don C.* Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

*Chispa.* And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

*Don C.* I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

*Chispa.* Among the Squires ?

*Don C.* No ; among the Gypsies, block-head !

*Chispa.* I hope we may ; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so ? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. — *The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.*

*Gypsies (at the forge sing).*

On the top of a moun'tain I stand,  
With a crown of red gold in my hand,  
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,  
Oh how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee ?  
Oh how from their fury shall I flee ?

*First Gypsy (playing).* Down with your John - Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John - Dorados, and let us make an end.

*Gypsies (at the forge sing).*

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,  
And thus his ditty ran ;  
God send the Gypsy lassie here,  
And not the Gypsy man.

*First Gypsy (playing).* There you are in your morocco !

*Second Gypsy.* One more game. The

Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

*First Gypsy.* Have at you, Chirelin.

*Gypsies (at the forge sing).*

At midnight, when the moon began  
To show her silver flame,  
There came to him no Gypsy man,  
The Gypsy lassie came.

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

*Cruz.* Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros ; leave work, leave play ; listen to your orders for the night. (Speaking to the right.) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

*Gypsies.* Ay !

*Cruz.* (to the left). And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

*Gypsies.* Ay !

*Cruz.* As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear ?

*Gypsies.* Ay !

*Cruz.* Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended ?

*Gypsies.* Ay ! ay !

*Cruz.* Away, then !

(Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.)

*Prec.* How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees,  
The red light of the forge ! Wild, beckoning shadows

Stalk through the forest, ever and anon  
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,

Then flitting into darkness ! So within me  
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,

My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being

As the light does the shadow. Woe is me !  
How still it is about me, and how lonely !

(BARTOLOME rushes in.)

*Bart.* Ho ! Preciosa !

*Prec.* O Bartolomé !

Thou here ?

*Bart.* Lo ! I am here.

*Prec.* Whence comest thou ?

*Bart.* From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,  
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,

And fever ! Like a wild wolf to the sheep-  
fold

Come I for thee, my lamb.

*Prec.* Oh, touch me not !  
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands !  
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul !  
Do not come near me ! Pray, begone from  
here !

Thou art in danger ! They have set a price  
Upon thy head !

*Bart.* Ay, and I've wandered long  
Among the mountains ; and for many days  
Have seen no human face, save the rough  
swineherd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole com-  
panions.

I shouted to them from the rocks thy  
name,

And the loud echo sent it back to me,  
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from  
thee,

And I am here ! Betray me, if thou wilt.

*Prec.* Betray thee ? I betray thee ?

*Bart.* Preciosa !  
I come for thee ! for thee I thus brave  
death !

Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm !  
Fly with me !

*Prec.* Speak of that no more. I cannot.  
I'm thine no longer.

*Bart.* Oh, recall the time  
When we were children ! how we played  
together,

How we grew up together ; how we plighted  
Our hearts unto each other, even in child-  
hood !

Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.  
I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf !  
Fulfil thy promise.

*Prec.* 'T was my father's promise,  
Not mine. I never gave my heart to  
thee,

Nor promised thee my hand !

*Bart.* False tongue of woman !  
And heart more false !

*Prec.* Nay, listen unto me.  
I will speak frankly. I have never loved  
thee ;

I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,  
It is my destiny. Thou art a man  
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou  
with me,

A feeble girl, who have not long to live,  
Whose heart is broken ? Seek another  
wife,

Better than I, and fairer ; and let not  
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her  
from thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.  
I never sought thy love ; never did aught  
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,  
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,  
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of  
blood.

Beware, beware of that.

*Bart.* For thy dear sake  
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me  
patience.

*Prec.* Then take this farewell, and depart  
in peace.

Thou must not linger here.

*Bart.* Come, come with me.

*Prec.* Hark ! I hear footsteps.

*Bart.* I entreat thee, come !

*Prec.* Away ! It is in vain.

*Bart.* Wilt thou not come ?

*Prec.* Never !

*Bart.* Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee !  
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt  
die. *[Exit.]*

*Prec.* All holy angels keep me in this  
hour !

Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me !  
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me !  
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me !  
Yet why should I fear death ? What is it  
to die ?

To leave all disappointment, care, and sor-  
row,

To leave all falsehood, treachery, and un-  
kindness,

All ignominy, suffering, and despair,  
And be at rest forever ! O dull heart,  
Be of good cheer ! When thou shalt cease  
to beat,

Then shalt thou cease to suffer and com-  
plain !

*(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)*

*Vict.* 'T is she ! Behold, how beautiful  
she stands

Under the tent-like trees !

*Hyp.* A woodland nymph !

*Vict.* I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

*Hyp.* Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

*Vict. (disguising his voice).* Hist ! Gypsy !

*Prec. (aside, with emotion).* That voice !  
that voice from heaven ! Oh, speak  
again !

Who is it calls ?

*Vict.* A friend.  
*Prec. (aside).* 'Tis he ! 'Tis he !  
 I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard  
 my prayer,  
 And sent me this protector ! Now be  
 strong,  
 Be strong, my heart ! I must dissemble  
 here.  
 False friend or true ?

*Vict.* A true friend to the true ;  
 Fear not ; come hither. So ; can you tell  
 fortunes ?

*Prec.* Not in the dark. Come nearer to  
 the fire.  
 Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I  
 see.

*Vict. (putting a piece of gold into her  
 hand).* There is the cross.

*Prec.* Is 't silver ?

*Vict.* No, 't is gold.

*Prec.* There 's a fair lady at the Court,  
 who loves you,  
 And for yourself alone.

*Vict.* Fie ! the old story !  
 Tell me a better fortune for my money ;  
 Not this old woman's tale !

*Prec.* You are passionate ;  
 And this same passionate humor in your  
 blood  
 Has marred your fortune. Yes ; I see it  
 now ;

The line of life is crossed by many marks.  
 Shame ! shame ! Oh, you have wronged  
 the maid who loved you !

How could you do it ?

*Vict.* I never loved a maid ;  
 For she I loved was then a maid no more.

*Prec.* How know you that ?

*Vict.* A little bird in the air  
 Whispered the secret.

*Prec.* There, take back your gold !  
 Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand !  
 There is no blessing in its charity !  
 Make her your wife, for you have been  
 abused ;

And you shall mend your fortunes, mend-  
 ing hers.

*Vict. (aside).* How like an angel's speaks  
 the tongue of woman,  
 When pleading in another's cause her  
 own !

That is a pretty ring upon your finger.

Pray give it me. *(Tries to take the ring.)*

*Prec.* No ; never from my hand  
 Shall that be taken !

*Vict.* Why, 't is but a ring.  
 I 'll give it back to you ; or, if I keep it,  
 Will give you gold to buy you twenty  
 such.

*Prec.* Why would you have this ring ?

*Vict.* A traveller's fancy,  
 A whim, and nothing more. I would fain  
 keep it

As a memento of the Gypsy camp  
 In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller  
 Who sent me back to wed a widowed  
 maid.

Pray, let me have the ring.

*Prec.* No, never ! never !  
 I will not part with it, even when I die ;  
 But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers  
 thus,

That it may not fall from them. 'T is a  
 token

Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

*Vict.* How ? dead ?

*Prec.* Yes ; dead to me ; and worse than  
 dead.

He is estranged ! And yet I keep this  
 ring.

I will rise with it from my grave here-  
 after,

To prove to him that I was never false.

*Vict. (aside).* Be still, my swelling  
 heart ! one moment, still !

Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl.

Come, give it me, or I will say 't is mine,  
 And that you stole it.

*Prec.* Oh, you will not dare  
 To utter such a falsehood !

*Vict.* I not dare ?  
 Look in my face, and say if there is  
 aught

I have not dared, I would not dare for  
 thee !

*(She rushes into his arms.)*

*Prec.* 'T is thou ! 't is thou ! Yes ; yes ;  
 my heart's elected !

My dearest-dear Victorian ! my soul's  
 heaven !

Where hast thou been so long ? Why  
 didst thou leave me ?

*Vict.* Ask me not now, my dearest Pre-  
 ciosa.

Let me forget we ever have been parted !

*Prec.* Hadst thou not come —

*Vict.* I pray thee, do not chide me !

*Prec.* I should have perished here among  
 these Gypsies.

*Vict.* Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.  
 Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,  
 Thou being absent? Oh, believe it not!  
 Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,  
 For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!  
 Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

*Prec.* I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger  
 Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,  
 I had forgiven thee.

*Vict.* I'm the veriest fool  
 That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.

It was the Count of Lara —

*Prec.* That bad man  
 Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard —

*Vict.* I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;

For every tone, like some sweet incantation,

Calls up the buried past to plead for me.  
 Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,  
 Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

*(They walk aside.)*

*Hyp.* All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,  
 All passionate love-scenes in the best romances,

All chaste embraces on the public stage,  
 All soft adventures, which the liberal stars  
 Have winked at, as the natural course of things,

Have been surpassed here by my friend,  
 the student,

And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

*Prec.* Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.  
 Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

*Hyp.* Not to-night;  
 For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,

And send me back to marry maids forlorn,  
 My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

*Chispa (within).* What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!

Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

*(Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.)*

*Vict.*

What now?

Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

*Chispa.* Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,

My worthy masters.

*Vict.* Speak; what brings thee here?

*Chispa (to PRECIOSA).* Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your father,  
 But your true father has returned to Spain  
 Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

*Vict.* Strange as a Moorish tale!

*Chispa.* And we have all  
 Been drinking at the tavern to your health,  
 As wells drink in November, when it rains.

*Vict.* Where is the gentleman?

*Chispa.* As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,  
 His soul is in Madrid.

*Prec.* Is this a dream? Oh, if it be a dream,

Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!  
 Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!  
 Say that I do not dream! I am awake;  
 This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,  
 And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak!

Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

*Vict.* It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,

A blissful certainty, a vision bright  
 Of that rare happiness, which even on earth

Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,

As thou wast ever beautiful and good;  
 And I am now the beggar.

*Prec. (giving him her hand).* I have still  
 A hand to give.

*Chispa (aside).* And I have two to take.  
 I've heard my grandmother say, that  
 Heaven gives almonds

To those who have no teeth. That's nuts  
 to crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find  
 almonds?

*Vict.* What more of this strange story?

*Chispa.* Nothing more.  
 Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village

Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,

The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,

Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed ;

And probably they'll hang her for the crime,

To make the celebration more complete.

*Vict.* No ; let it be a day of general joy ; Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.

Now let us join Don Carlos.

*Hyp.* So farewell,  
The student's wandering life ! Sweet serenades,

Sung under ladies' windows in the night,

And all that makes vacation beautiful !

To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,

To you, ye radiant visions of romance,

Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,

The Bachelor Hypolito returns,  
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI. — *A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.*

## SONG

If thou art sleeping, maiden,  
Awake and open thy door,  
'T is the break of day, and we must away  
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,  
But come with thy naked feet ;  
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,  
And waters wide and fleet.

*(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.)*

*Monk.* Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá !  
good man !

*Shep.* Olá !

*Monk.* Is this the road to Segovia ?

*Shep.* It is, your reverence.

*Monk.* How far is it ?

*Shep.* I do not know.

*Monk.* What is that yonder in the valley ?

*Shep.* San Ildefonso.

*Monk.* A long way to breakfast.

*Shep.* Ay, marry.

*Monk.* Are there robbers in these mountains ?

*Shep.* Yes, and worse than that.

*Monk.* What ?

*Shep.* Wolves.

*Monk.* Santa Maria ! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

*Shep.* What wilt thou give me ?

*Monk.* An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

*(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)*

## SONG

Worn with speed is my good steed,  
And I march me hurried, worried ;  
Onward, caballito mio,  
With the white star in thy forehead !  
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,  
And I hear their rifles crack !  
Ay, jaléo ! Ay, ay, jaléo !  
Ay, jaléo ! They cross our track.

*(Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISA, on foot and armed.)*

*Vict.* This is the highest point. Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us  
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains

Receive the benediction of the sun !

O glorious sight !

*Prec.* Most beautiful indeed !

*Hyp.* Most wonderful !

*Vict.* And in the vale below,

Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,

San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,

Sends up a salutation to the morn,

As if an army smote their brazen shields,

And shouted victory !

*Prec.* And which way lies Segovia ?

*Vict.* At a great distance yonder.

Dost thou not see it ?

*Prec.* No. I do not see it.

*Vict.* The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge,

There, yonder !

*Hyp.* 'T is a notable old town,  
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,  
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,  
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas  
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. Oh, many a time  
Out of its grated windows have I looked  
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the  
Eresma,

That, like a serpent through the valley  
creeping,  
Glides at its foot.

*Prec.* Oh yes ! I see it now,  
Yet rather with my heart than with mine  
eyes,  
So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail  
thither,  
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and for-  
ward urged  
Against all stress of accident, as in  
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide  
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic  
Mountains,  
And there were wrecked, and perished in  
the sea ! (*She weeps.*)

*Vict.* O gentle spirit ! Thou didst bear  
unmoved

Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate !  
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on  
thee

Melts thee to tears ! Oh, let thy weary heart  
Lean upon mine ! and it shall faint no  
more,

Nor thirst, nor hunger ; but be comforted  
And filled with my affection.

*Prec.* Stay no longer !  
My father waits. Methinks I see him  
there,  
Now looking from the window, and now  
watching

Each sound of wheels or footfall in the  
street,  
And saying, "Hark ! she comes !" O  
father ! father !

(*They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.*)

*Chispa.* I have a father, too, but he is a  
dead one. Alas and alack-a-day ! Poor  
was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither  
win nor lose. Thus I wag through the  
world, half the time on foot, and the other  
half walking ; and always as merry as a  
thunder-storm in the night. And so we  
plough along, as the fly said to the ox.  
Who knows what may happen ? Patience,  
and shuffle the cards ! I am not yet so bald  
that you can see my brains ; and perhaps,  
after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and  
come back Saint Peter. Benedicite ! [*Exit.*

(*A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, as if in pur-  
suit, with a carbine in his hand.*)

*Bart.* They passed this way. I hear their  
horses' hoofs !

Yonder I see them ! Come, sweet cara-  
millo,

This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last !

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha ! ha ! Well whistled, my sweet cara-  
millo !

Well whistled ! — I have missed her ! — O  
my God !

(*The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ falls.*)

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS

*The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems* was published December 23, 1845, but the greater part of the volume had already appeared in the illustrated edition of Mr. Longfellow's poems published earlier in the year in Philadelphia, as well as in the pages of *Graham's Magazine*, which at this time was the most frequent vehicle of his writing.

The poem which gives the title to the volume was the product of his excursion in Europe in the summer of 1842. While on his way to the watercure at Marienberg on the Rhine, he spent a few days in Belgium, and here is the entry which he makes in his diary : —

May 30. In the evening took the railway from Ghent to Bruges. Stopped at *La Fleur de Blé* attracted by the name, and found it a good hotel. It was not yet night, and I strolled through the fine old streets and felt myself a hundred years old. The chimées seemed to be ringing incessantly ; and the air of repose and antiquity was delightful. . . . Oh, those chimées, those chimées ! how deliciously they lull one to sleep ! The little bells, with their clear, liquid notes, like the voices of boys in a choir, and the solemn bass of the great bell tolling in, like the voice of a friar !

May 31. Rose before five and climbed the high bel-

fry which was once crowned by the gilded copper dragon now at Ghent. The carillon of forty-eight bells ; the little chamber in the tower ; the machinery, like a huge barrel-organ, with keys like a musical instrument for the *carillonneur* ; the view from the tower ; the singing of swallows with the chimées ; the fresh morning air ; the mist in the horizon ; the red roofs far below ; the canal, like a silver clasp, linking the city with the sea, — how much to remember !

From some expressions in a letter to Freiligrath it would seem that this poem and *Nuremberg* formed part of a plan which the poet had designed of a series of travel-sketches in verse, a plan which in a desultory way he may be said to have been executing all his days and to have carried out systematically in another shape in his collection of *Poems of Places*.

The contents of this division are the same as in the volume so entitled, except that a group of six translations has been withheld, to be placed with the other translated pieces at the end of the volume ; except also that to the Sonnets is added the personal one entitled *Mezzo Cammin*, written at this time and first printed in the *Life*.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

## CARILLON

In the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint-old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had ended,  
Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.  
Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there  
Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burning,  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night ;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering vision,  
Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,  
Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling ;  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,  
On the roofs and stones of cities !  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas !  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished long ;  
Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village ringing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous  
eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night,  
Rang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

In the market-place of Bruges stands the  
belfry old and brown ;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still  
it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that  
lofty tower I stood,  
And the world threw off the darkness, like  
the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded,  
and with streams and vapors gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver, round  
and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its  
chimneys, here and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending,  
vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that  
early morning hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the  
ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang  
the swallows wild and high ;  
And the world, beneath me sleeping,  
seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing  
back the olden times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes  
rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister,  
when the nuns sing in the choir ;  
And the great bell tolled among them, like  
the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy  
phantoms filled my brain ;  
They who live in history only seemed to  
walk the earth again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty  
Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy  
de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned  
those days of old ;  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights  
who bore the Fleece of Gold ;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with  
deep-laden argosies ;  
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than  
royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling hum-  
bly on the ground ;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her  
hawk and hound ;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a  
duke slept with the queen,  
And the armed guard around them, and  
the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur  
and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle  
of the Spurs of Gold ;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White  
Hoods moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the  
Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the  
land with terror smote ;  
And again the wild alarum sounded from  
the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon  
and dike of sand,  
"I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is  
victory in the land !"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The  
awakened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned  
back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes ; and,  
before I was aware,  
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the  
sun-illuminated square.

## A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

The scene of this poem is mentioned in the poet's diary, under date of August 31, 1846. "In the afternoon a delicious drive with F. and C. through Brookline, by the church and 'the green lane,' and homeward through a lovelier lane, with barberries and wild vines clustering over the old stone walls."

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church with  
thee,  
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass ;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
And thy heart as pure as they :  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born !"  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering  
leaves  
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me ;  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me ;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;  
Thou art no longer here :  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,  
Like pine-trees dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,  
Shines on a distant field.

## THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

On his wedding journey in the summer of 1843, Mr. Longfellow passed through Springfield, Massachusetts, and visited the United States arsenal there, in company with Mr. Charles Sumner. "While Mr. Sumner was endeavoring," says Mr. S. Longfellow, "to impress upon the attendant that the money expended upon these weapons of war would have been much better spent upon a great library, Mrs. Longfellow pleased her husband by remarking how like an organ looked the ranged and shining gun-barrels which covered the walls from floor to ceiling, and suggesting what mournful music Death would bring from them. 'We grew quite warlike against war,' she wrote, 'and I urged H. to write a peace poem.'" The poem was written some months later.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished  
arms ;

But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift  
keys !

What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone  
before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar  
gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful  
din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning  
village ;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy  
drowns ;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched  
asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing  
blade ;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly  
voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world  
with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps  
and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts :

The warrior's name would be a name ab-  
horred !

And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of  
Cain !

Down the dark future, through long gener-  
ations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then  
cease ;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibra-  
tions,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,  
" Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen por-  
tals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes  
the skies !  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

### NUREMBERG

In a letter to Freiligrath, printed in the *Life*, I. 436,  
Mr. Longfellow describes with enthusiasm a day at  
Nuremberg, from the memory of which this poem  
sprang.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across  
broad meadow-lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nu-  
remberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint  
old town of art and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like  
the rooks that round them throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the  
emperors, rough and bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-  
defying, centuries old ;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted,  
in their uncouth rhyme,  
That their great imperial city stretched its  
hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with  
many an iron band,  
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen  
Cunigunde's hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in  
old heroic days  
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maxi-  
milian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the won-  
drous world of Art :  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture  
standing in the common mart ;

And above cathedral doorways saints and  
bishops carved in stone,  
By a former age commissioned as apostles  
to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps en-  
shrined his holy dust,  
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard  
from age to age their trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a  
pix of sculpture rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising  
through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a  
simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the  
Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still  
with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for  
the Better Land.

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tomb-  
stone where he lies ;  
Dead he is not, but departed, — for the  
artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sun-  
shine seems more fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that  
he once has breathed its air !

Through these streets so broad and stately,  
these obscure and dismal lanes,  
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting  
rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came  
they to the friendly guild,  
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as  
in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he  
too the mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered  
to the anvil's chime ;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom  
makes the flowers of poesy bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tis-  
sues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate  
of the gentle craft,  
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in  
huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a  
nicely sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and his face  
above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam  
Puschman's song,  
As the old man gray and dove-like, with  
his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to  
drown his cark and care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the  
master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and be-  
fore my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingled shapes and figures,  
like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for  
thee the world's regard ;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans  
Sachs thy cobbler bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a  
region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and court-yards,  
sang in thought his careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice,  
as a floweret of the soil,  
The nobility of labor, — the long pedigree  
of toil.

### THE NORMAN BARON

The following passage from Thierry was sent to Mr. Longfellow by an unknown correspondent, who suggested it as a theme for a poem.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image. — *Conquête de l'Angleterre.*

In his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying ;  
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,  
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plundered,  
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells, that from the neighboring kloster  
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the waits ;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly,  
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused awhile and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger!  
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wretched and wretched crea-  
tures,  
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered  
Since in death the baron slumbered  
By the convent's sculptured portal,  
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

## RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs!  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Ingulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
 The Poet sees !  
 He can behold  
 Aquarius old  
 Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
 And from each ample fold  
 Of the clouds about him rolled  
 Scattering everywhere  
 The showery rain,  
 As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
 Things manifold  
 That have not yet been wholly told, —  
 Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
 For his thought, that never stops,  
 Follows the water-drops  
 Down to the graves of the dead,  
 Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
 To the dreary fountain-head  
 Of lakes and rivers under ground ;  
 And sees them, when the rain is done,  
 On the bridge of colors seven  
 Climbing up once more to heaven,  
 Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
 With vision clear,  
 Sees forms appear and disappear,  
 In the perpetual round of strange,  
 Mysterious change  
 From birth to death, from death to birth,  
 From earth to heaven, from heaven to  
     earth ;  
 Till glimpses more sublime  
 Of things unseen before,  
 Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
 The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
 Turning forevermore  
 In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

### TO A CHILD

This poem was begun October 2, 1845, and on the 13th of the next month Mr. Longfellow noted in his diary : " Walked in the garden and tried to finish the *Ode to a Child* ; but could not find the exact expressions I wanted, to round and complete the whole." After the publication of the volume containing it, he wrote : " The poem *To a Child* and *The Old Clock on the Stairs* seem to be the favorites. This is the best answer to my assailants." Possibly the charge was made then as frequently afterward that his poetry was an echo of foreign scenes. It is at any rate noticeable that in this poem he first strongly expressed that domestic sentiment which was to be so conspicuous in his after work. It will be remembered that he was married to Miss Appleton in July, 1843, and his second

child was born at the time when he was writing this ode. Five years later he made the following entry in his diary : " Some years ago, writing an *Ode to a Child*, I spoke of

The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

What was my astonishment to-day, in reading for the first time in my life Wordsworth's beautiful ode *On the Power of Sound*, to read

All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time."

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy mother's  
     knee,  
 With merry-making eyes and jocund  
     smiles,  
 Thou gazest at the painted tiles,  
 Whose figures grace,  
 With many a grotesque form and face,  
 The ancient chimney of thy nursery !  
 The lady with the gay macaw,  
 The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
 With bearded lip and chin ;  
 And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
 Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
 The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command  
 Thou shakest in thy little hand  
 The coral rattle with its silver bells,  
 Making a merry tune !  
 Thousands of years in Indian seas  
 That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
 Until some deadly and wild monsoon  
 Dashed it on Coronandel's sand !  
 Those silver bells  
 Reposed of yore,  
 As shapeless ore,  
 Far down in the deep-sunken wells  
 Of darksome mines,  
 In some obscure and sunless place,  
 Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,  
 Or Potosí's o'erhanging pines !  
 And thus for thee, O little child,  
 Through many a danger and escape,  
 The tall ships passed the stormy cape ;  
 For thee in foreign lands remote,  
 Beneath a burning, tropic clime,  
 The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,  
 Himself as swift and wild,  
 In falling, clutched the frail arbute,  
 The fibres of whose shallow root,  
 Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
 The silver veins beneath it laid,  
 The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But, lo ! thy door is left ajar !  
 Thou hearest footsteps from afar !

And, at the sound,  
 Thou turnest round  
 With quick and questioning eyes,  
 Like one, who, in a foreign land,  
 Beholds on every hand  
 Some source of wonder and surprise !  
 And, restlessly, impatiently,  
 Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.

The four walls of thy nursery  
 Are now like prison walls to thee.  
 No more thy mother's smiles,  
 No more the painted tiles,  
 Delight thee, nor the playthings on the  
 floor,  
 That won thy little, beating heart before ;  
 Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls  
 Thy pattering footstep falls.  
 The sound of thy merry voice  
 Makes the old walls  
 Jubilant, and they rejoice  
 With the joy of thy young heart,  
 O'er the light of whose gladness  
 No shadows of sadness  
 From the sombre background of memory  
 start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
 One whom memory oft recalls,  
 The Father of his Country, dwelt.  
 And yonder meadows broad and damp  
 The fires of the besieging camp  
 Encircled with a burning belt.  
 Up and down these echoing stairs,  
 Heavy with the weight of cares,  
 Sounded his majestic tread ;  
 Yes, within this very room  
 Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
 Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee ?  
 Out, out ! into the open air !  
 Thy only dream is liberty,  
 Thou carest little how or where.  
 I see thee eager at thy play,  
 Now shouting to the apples on the tree,  
 With cheeks as round and red as they ;  
 And now among the yellow stalks,  
 Among the flowering shrubs and plants,  
 As restless as the bee.  
 Along the garden walks,  
 The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I  
 trace ;

And see at every turn how they efface  
 Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,  
 That rise like golden domes  
 Above the cavernous and secret homes  
 Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.  
 Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,  
 Who, with thy dreadful reign,  
 Dost persecute and overwhelm  
 These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm !

What ! tired already ! with those suppliant  
 looks,  
 And voice more beautiful than a poet's  
 books

Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,  
 Thou comest back to parley with re-  
 pose !

This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,  
 With its o'erhanging golden canopy  
 Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,  
 And shining with the argent light of dews,  
 Shall for a season be our place of rest.  
 Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,  
 From which the laughing birds have taken  
 wing,

By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant  
 swing.

Dream-like the waters of the river gleam ;  
 A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,  
 And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,  
 Thou driftest gently down the tides of  
 sleep.

O child ! O new-born denizen  
 Of life's great city ! on thy head  
 The glory of the morn is shed,  
 Like a celestial benison !  
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
 And with thy little hand  
 Thou openest the mysterious gate  
 Into the future's undiscovered land.  
 I see its valves expand,  
 As at the touch of Fate !  
 Into those realms of love and hate,  
 Into that darkness blank and drear,  
 By some prophetic feeling taught,  
 I launch the bold, adventurous thought,  
 Freight with hope and fear ;  
 As upon subterranean streams,  
 In caverns unexplored and dark,  
 Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
 Laden with flickering fire,  
 And watch its swift-receding beams,  
 Until at length they disappear,  
 And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope  
 Dare I to cast thy horoscope !  
 Like the new moon thy life appears ;  
 A little strip of silver light,  
 And widening outward into night  
 The shadowy disk of future years ;  
 And yet upon its outer rim,  
 A luminous circle, faint and dim,  
 And scarcely visible to us here,  
 Rounds and completes the perfect sphere ;  
 A prophecy and intimation,  
 A pale and feeble adumbration,  
 Of the great world of light, that lies  
 Behind all human destinies.

Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
 Should be to wet the dusty soil  
 With the hot tears and sweat of toil, —  
 To struggle with imperious thought,  
 Until the overburdened brain,  
 Weary with labor, faint with pain,  
 Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
 Only its motion, not its power, —  
 Remember, in that perilous hour,  
 When most afflicted and oppressed,  
 From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
 On thy advancing steps await,  
 Still let it ever be thy pride  
 To linger by the laborer's side ;  
 With words of sympathy or song  
 To cheer the dreary march along  
 Of the great army of the poor,  
 O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.  
 Nor to thyself the task shall be  
 Without reward ; for thou shalt learn  
 The wisdom early to discern  
 True beauty in utility ;  
 As great Pythagoras of yore,  
 Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
 And hearing the hammers, as they smote  
 The anvils with a different note,  
 Stole from the varying tones, that hung  
 Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
 The secret of the sounding wire,  
 And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;  
 I will no longer strive to ope  
 The mystic volume, where appear  
 The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,  
 And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.  
 Thy destiny remains untold ;  
 For, like Acestes' shaft of old,

The swift thought kindles as it flies,  
 And burns to ashes in the skies.

## THE OCCULTATION OF ORION

Mr. Longfellow says : " Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect ; as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science ; and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose."

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,  
 The balance in the hand of Time.  
 O'er East and West its beam impended ;  
 And Day, with all its hours of light,  
 Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
 While, opposite, the scale of Night  
 Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,  
 In that bright vision I beheld  
 Greater and deeper mysteries.  
 I saw, with its celestial keys,  
 Its chords of air, its frets of fire,  
 The Samian's great Æolian lyre,  
 Rising through all its sevenfold bars,  
 From earth unto the fixed stars.  
 And through the dewy atmosphere,  
 Not only could I see, but hear,  
 Its wondrous and harmonious strings,  
 In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,  
 From Dian's circle light and near,  
 Onward to vaster and wider rings,  
 Where, chanting through his beard of  
 snows,

Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,  
 And down the sunless realms of space  
 Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch  
 This music sounded like a march,  
 And with its chorus seemed to be  
 Preluding some great tragedy.  
 Sirius was rising in the east ;  
 And, slow ascending one by one,  
 The kindling constellations shone.  
 Begirt with many a blazing star,  
 Stood the great giant Algebar,  
 Orion, hunter of the beast !  
 His sword hung gleaming by his side,  
 And, on his arm, the lion's hide  
 Scattered across the midnight air  
 The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint ;  
 And beautiful as some fair saint,  
 Serenely moving on her way  
 In hours of trial and dismay.  
 As if she heard the voice of God,  
 Unharm'd with naked feet she trod  
 Upon the hot and burning stars,  
 As on the glowing coals and bars,  
 That were to prove her strength and try  
 Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,  
 And triumph in her sweet, pale face,  
 She reached the station of Orion.  
 Aghast he stood in strange alarm !  
 And suddenly from his outstretched arm  
 Down fell the red skin of the lion  
 Into the river at his feet.  
 His mighty club no longer beat  
 The forehead of the bull ; but he  
 Reeled as of yore beside the sea,  
 When, blinded by CEnopion,  
 He sought the blacksmith at his forge,  
 And, climbing up the mountain gorge,  
 Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,  
 An angel with a trumpet said,  
 "Forevermore, forevermore,  
 The reign of violence is o'er !"   
 And, like an instrument that flings  
 Its music on another's strings,  
 The trumpet of the angel cast  
 Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,  
 And on from sphere to sphere the words  
 Echoed down the burning chords, —  
 "Forevermore, forevermore,  
 The reign of violence is o'er !"

### THE BRIDGE

At first localized as *The Bridge over the Charles*, the river which separates Cambridge from Boston.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
 As the clocks were striking the hour,  
 And the moon rose o'er the city,  
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
 In the waters under me,  
 Like a golden goblet falling  
 And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
 Of that lovely night in June,  
 The blaze of the flaming furnace  
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters  
 The wavering shadows lay,  
 And the current that came from the ocean  
 Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
 Rose the belated tide,  
 And, streaming into the moonlight,  
 The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
 Among the wooden piers,  
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
 That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh how often,  
 In the days that had gone by,  
 I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
 And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, oh how often,  
 I had wished that the ebbing tide  
 Would bear me away on its bosom  
 O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,  
 And my life was full of care,  
 And the burden laid upon me  
 Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
 It is buried in the sea ;  
 And only the sorrow of others  
 Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river  
 On its bridge with wooden piers,  
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean  
 Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
 Of care-encumbered men,  
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
 Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession  
 Still passing to and fro,  
 The young heart hot and restless,  
 And the old subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,  
 As long as the river flows,  
 As long as the heart has passions,  
 As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection  
 And its shadows shall appear,  
 As the symbol of love in heaven,  
 And its wavering image here.

### TO THE DRIVING CLOUD

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the  
 mighty Omahas ;  
 Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud,  
 whose name thou hast taken !  
 Wrapped in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee  
 stalk through the city's  
 Narrow and populous streets, as once by  
 the margin of rivers  
 Stalked those birds unknown, that have left  
 us only their footprints.  
 What, in a few short years, will remain of  
 thy race but the footprints ?

How canst thou walk these streets, who  
 hast trod the green turf of the  
 prairies ?

How canst thou breathe this air, who hast  
 breathed the sweet air of the moun-  
 tains ?

Ah ! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of  
 disdain thou dost challenge

Looks of disdain in return, and question  
 these walls and these pavements,  
 Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds,  
 while down-trodden millions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry  
 from its caverns that they, too,

Have been created heirs of the earth, and  
 claim its division !

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions  
 west of the Wabash !

There as a monarch thou reignest. In au-  
 tumn the leaves of the maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with  
 gold, and in summer

Pine-trees waft through its chambers the  
 odorless breath of their branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a  
 tamer of horses !

There thou chasest the stately stag on the  
 banks of the Elkhorn,

Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or  
 where the Omaha  
 Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ra-  
 vine like a brave of the Blackfeet !

Hark ! what murmurs arise from the heart  
 of those mountainous deserts ?

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the  
 mighty Behemoth,

Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught  
 the bolts of the thunder,

And now lurks in his lair to destroy the  
 race of the red man ?

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than  
 the Crows and the Foxes,

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than  
 the tread of Behemoth,

Lo ! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily  
 breasts the Missouri's

Merciless current ! and yonder, afar on the  
 prairies, the camp-fires

Gleam through the night ; and the cloud of  
 dust in the gray of the daybreak

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Man-  
 dan's dexterous horse-race ;

It is a caravan, whitening the desert where  
 dwell the Camanches !

Ha ! how the breath of these Saxons and  
 Celts, like the blast of the east-wind,

Drifts evermore to the west the scanty  
 smokes of thy wigwams !

### SONGS

#### THE DAY IS DONE

Written in the fall of 1844 as poem to *The Waif*, a  
 small volume of poems selected by Mr. Longfellow and  
 published at Christmas of that year.

THE day is done, and the darkness  
 Falls from the wings of Night,  
 As a feather is wafted downward  
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
 That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
 That is not akin to pain,  
 And resembles sorrow only  
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

#### AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY

THE day is ending,  
The night is descending ;  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows  
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer  
The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows,  
Slowly passes  
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,  
My heart is bewailing  
And tolling within  
Like a funeral bell.

#### TO AN OLD DANISH SONG BOOK

Mr. Longfellow upon Andersen's *Story of my Life*, notes in his diary : " Autumn always brings back very freshly my autumnal sojourn in Copenhagen, delightfully mingled with bracing air and yellow falling leaves. I have tried to record the impression in the song *To an Old Danish Song Book*."

WELCOME, my old friend,  
Welcome to a foreign fireside,  
While the sullen gales of autumn  
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world  
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,  
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,  
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,  
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,  
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,  
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art ;  
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,  
As the russet, rain-molested  
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine  
Scattered from hilarious goblets,  
As the leaves with the libations  
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall  
Days departed, half-forgotten,  
When in dreamy youth I wandered  
By the Baltic, —

When I paused to hear  
The old ballad of King Christian  
Shouted from suburban taverns  
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,  
Who, in solitary chambers,  
And with hearts by passion wasted,  
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes  
Where thy songs of love and friendship  
Made the gloomy Northern winter  
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,  
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,  
Chanted staves of these old ballads  
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,  
At the court of old King Hamlet,  
Yorick and his boon companions  
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard  
Sang them in their smoky barracks ; —  
Suddenly the English cannon  
Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,  
Sailors on the roaring ocean,  
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,  
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;  
They, alas ! have left thee friendless !  
Yet at least by one warm fireside  
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build  
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,  
So thy twittering song shall nestle  
In my bosom, —

Quiet, close, and warm,  
Sheltered from all molestation,  
And recalling by their voices  
Youth and travel.

## WALTER VON DER VOGEL-WEID

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest :  
They should feed the birds at noontide  
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, " From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song ;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed ;  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side ;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, " Why this waste of food ?  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bells rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.

### DRINKING SONG

#### INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER

COME, old friend ! sit down and listen !  
From the pitcher, placed between us,  
How the waters laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,  
Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;  
On his breast his head is sunken,  
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow ;  
Ivy crowns that brow supernal  
As the forehead of Apollo,  
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,  
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,  
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's  
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,  
Bloodless victories, and the farmer  
Bore, as trophies and oblations,  
Vines for banners, ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,  
Much this mystic throng expresses :  
Bacchus was the type of vigor,  
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,  
Of a faith long since forsaken ;  
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,  
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains  
Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;  
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains, —  
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons  
And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,  
From that fiery blood of dragons  
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted  
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,  
Never drank the wine he vaunted  
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher  
Wreathed about with classic fables ;  
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer  
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen !  
As it passes thus between us,  
How its wavelets laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus !

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

The house commemorated in the poem is the Gold house, now known as the Plunkett mansion, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the homestead of Mrs. Longfellow's maternal grandfather, whither Mr. Longfellow went after his marriage in the summer of 1843. The poem was not written, however, till November, 1845, when, under date of the 12th of the month, he wrote in his diary : "Began a poem on a clock, with the words 'Forever, never,' as the burden ; suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity, *C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux, — Toujours, jamais ! Jamais, toujours ! Et pendant ces effrayables révolutions, un réprouvé s'écrit, 'Quelle heure est-il ?' et la voix d'un autre misérable lui répond, 'L'Eternité.'*"

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw ;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all, —  
"Forever — never !  
Never — forever !"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,

Crosses himself, and sighs, aias !  
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —  
     "Forever — never !  
     Never — forever !"

By day its voice is low and light ;  
 But in the silent dead of night,  
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
 It echoes along the vacant hall,  
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —  
     "Forever — never !  
     Never — forever !"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
 Through days of death and days of birth,  
 Through every swift vicissitude  
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has  
     stood,  
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
 It calmly repeats those words of awe, —  
     "Forever — never !  
     Never — forever !"

In that mansion used to be  
 Free-hearted Hospitality ;  
 His great fires up the chimney roared ;  
 The stranger feasted at his board ;  
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
 That warning timepiece never ceased, —  
     "Forever — never !  
     Never — forever !"

There groups of merry children played,  
 There youths and maidens dreaming  
     strayed ;  
 O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
 And affluence of love and time !  
 Even as a miser counts his gold,  
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —  
     "Forever — never !  
     Never — forever !"

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
 The bride came forth on her wedding  
     night ;  
 There, in that silent room below,  
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
 Was heard the old clock on the stair, —  
     "Forever — never !  
     Never — forever !"

All are scattered now and fled,  
 Some are married, some are dead ;

And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
 "Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?"  
 As in the days long since gone by,  
 The ancient timepiece makes reply, —  
     "Forever — never !  
     Never — forever !"

Never here, forever there,  
 Where all parting, pain, and care,  
 And death, and time shall disappear, —  
 Forever there, but never here !  
 The horologe of Eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly, —  
     "Forever — never !  
     Never — forever !"

## THE ARROW AND THE SONG

"October 16, 1845. Before church, wrote *The Arrow and the Song*, which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced on to the paper with arrow's speed. Literally an improvisation."

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
 It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
 It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
 For who has sight so keen and strong,  
 That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
 I found the arrow, still unbroke ;  
 And the song, from beginning to end,  
 I found again in the heart of a friend.

## SONNETS

### MEZZO CAMMIN

Written at Boppard on the Rhine, August 25, 1842,  
 just before leaving for home.

HALF of my life is gone, and I have let  
     The years slip from me and have not  
         fulfilled  
 The aspiration of my youth, to build  
 Some tower of song with lofty parapet.  
 Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret  
 Of restless passions that would not be  
     stilled,  
 But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,  
 Kept me from what I may accomplish  
     yet ;

Though, half-way up the hill, I see the Past  
 Lying beneath me with its sounds and  
 sights, —  
 A city in the twilight dim and vast,  
 With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleam-  
 ing lights, —  
 And hear above me on the autumnal  
 blast  
 The cataract of Death far thundering  
 from the heights.

## THE EVENING STAR

"October 30, 1845. The Indian summer still in its  
 glory. Wrote the sonnet *Hesperus* in the rustic seat of  
 the old apple-tree." This sonnet, addressed to his wife,  
 and afterward given its present title, "is noticeable,"  
 says his biographer, "as being the only love-poem among  
 Mr. Longfellow's verses."

Lo ! in the painted oriel of the West,  
 Whose panes the sunken sun incarna-  
 dines,  
 Like a fair lady at her casement, shines  
 The evening star, the star of love and  
 rest !  
 And then anon she doth herself divest  
 Of all her radiant garments, and reclines  
 Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,  
 With slumber and soft dreams of love  
 oppressed.  
 O my beloved, my sweet *Hesperus* !  
 My morning and my evening star of love !  
 My best and gentlest lady ! even thus,  
 As that fair planet in the sky above,  
 Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,  
 And from thy darkened window fades  
 the light.

## AUTUMN

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the  
 rain,  
 With banners, by great gales incessant  
 fanned,  
 Brighter than brightest silks of Samar-  
 cand,  
 And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain !  
 Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne.  
 Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal  
 hand  
 Outstretched with benedictions o'er the  
 land,  
 Blessing the farms through all thy vast  
 domain !

Thy shield is the red harvest moon, sus-  
 pended  
 So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging  
 eaves ;  
 Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers  
 attended ;  
 Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;  
 And, following thee, in thy ovation  
 splendid,  
 Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the  
 golden leaves !

## DANTE

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms  
 of gloom,  
 With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic  
 eyes,  
 Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul  
 arise,  
 Like *Farinata* from his fiery tomb.  
 Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom ;  
 Yet in thy heart what human sympa-  
 thies,  
 What soft compassion glows, as in the  
 skies  
 The tender stars their clouded lamps re-  
 lume !  
 Methinks I see thee stand with pallid  
 cheeks  
 By *Fra Hilario* in his diocese,  
 As up the convent-walls, in golden  
 streaks,  
 The ascending sunbeams mark the day's  
 decrease ;  
 And, as he asks what there the stranger  
 seeks,  
 Thy voice along the cloister whispers  
 "Peace !"

## CURFEW

## I

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,  
 Dealing its dole,  
 The Curfew Bell  
 Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,  
 And put out the light ;

Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,  
And quenched is the fire ;  
Sound fades into silence, —  
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall !  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all !

## II

The book is completed,  
And closed, like the day ;

And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies ;  
Forgotten they lie ;  
Like coals in the ashes,  
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,  
The story is told,  
The windows are darkened,  
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker  
The black shadows fall ;  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all.

## EVANGELINE

1847

## A TALE OF ACADIE

In Hawthorne's *American Note-Books* is the following passage : —

"H. L. C. heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage-day all the men of the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, — among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him — wandered about New England all her life-time, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise."

This is the story as set down by the romancer, which his friend, Rev. H. L. Conolly, had heard from a parishioner. Mr. Conolly saw in it a fine theme for a romance, but for some reason Hawthorne was disinclined to undertake it. One day the two were dining with Mr. Longfellow, and Mr. Conolly told the story again and wondered that Hawthorne did not care for it. "If you really do not want this incident for a tale," said Mr. Longfellow to his friend, "let me have it for a poem." Just when the conversation took place we cannot say, but the poem was begun apparently soon after the completion of the volume, *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems*, and published October 30, 1847. Hawthorne, who had taken a lively interest in the poem, wrote a few days after, to say that he had read it "with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express." Mr. Longfellow, in replying, thanked him for a friendly notice which he had written for a Salem paper, and added : "Still more do I thank you for resigning to me that legend of Acady. This success I owe entirely to you, for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a prose tale which many people would have

taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose."

In preparing for his poem Mr. Longfellow drew upon the nearest, most accessible materials, which at that time were to be found in Haliburton's *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, with its liberal quotations from the Abbé Raynal's emotional account of the French settlers. He may have examined Winslow's narrative of the expedition under his command, in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society, not then printed but since that time made easily accessible. He did not visit Grand-Pré nor the Mississippi, but trusted to descriptions and Banvard's diorama. At the time of the publication of *Evangeline* the actual history of the deportation of the Acadians had scarcely been investigated. It is not too much to say that this tale was itself the cause of the frequent studies since made, studies which have resulted in a revision of the accepted rendering of the facts.

Mr. Longfellow gave to a Philadelphia journalist a reminiscence of his first notice of the material which was used in the conclusion of the poem : "I was passing down Spruce Street one day toward my hotel, after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high enclosure.<sup>1</sup> I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside, and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and when I came to write *Evangeline* I placed the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, and the death, at the poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks."

<sup>1</sup> The Pennsylvania Hospital.

From the outset Mr. Longfellow had no hesitation in the choice of a metre. He had before experimented in it in his translation of *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, and in his lines *To the Driving Cloud*. While engaged upon *Evangeline* he chanced upon a specimen in *Blackwood* of a hexameter translation of the *Iliad*, and expressed himself very emphatically on its fitness. "Took down Chapman's *Homer*," he writes later, "and read the second book. Rough enough; and though better than Pope, how inferior to the books in hexameter in *Blackwood*! The English world is not yet awake to the beauty of that metre." After his poem was published, he wrote: "The public takes more kindly to hexameters than I could have imagined," and referring to a criticism on *Evangeline* by Mr. Felton, in which the metre was considered, he said: "I am more than ever glad that I chose this metre for my poem." Again he notes in his diary: "Talked with Theophilus Parsons about English hexameters; and 'almost persuaded him to be a Christian.'" While his mind was thus dwelling on the subject, he fell into the measure in his journal entries, and in these lines under date of December 18, 1847.

Soft through the silent air descend the feathery snow-flakes;  
White are the distant hills, white are the neighboring fields;  
Only the marshes are brown, and the river rolling among them  
Weareth the leaden hue seen in the eyes of the blind.

Especially interesting is the experiment which he made, while in the process of his work, in another metre. "Finished second canto of Part II. of *Evangeline*. I then tried a passage of it in the common rhymed English pentameter. It is the song of the mocking-bird:—

Upon a spray that overhung the stream,  
The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,  
Poured such delicious music from his throat  
That all the air seemed listening to his note.  
Plaintive at first the song began, and slow;  
It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;  
Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung  
The multitudinous music from his tongue,—  
As, after showers, a sudden gust again  
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain."

As the story of *Evangeline* was the incentive to historical inquiry, so the successful use of the hexameter had much to do both with the revival of the measure and with a critical discussion upon its value.

"Of the longer poems of our chief singer," says Dr. Holmes, "I should not hesitate to select *Evangeline* as the masterpiece, and I think the general verdict of

opinion would confirm my choice. The German model which it follows in its measure and the character of its story was itself suggested by an earlier idyl. If Dorothea was the mother of *Evangeline*, Luise was the mother of Dorothea. And what a beautiful creation is the Acadian maiden! From the first line of the poem, from its first words, we read as we would float down a broad and placid river, murmuring softly against its banks, heaven over it, and the glory of the unspooled wilderness all around,—

This is the forest primeval.

The words are already as familiar as

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά,

or

Arma virumque cano.

The hexameter has been often criticised, but I do not believe any other measure could have told that lovely story with such effect, as we feel when carried along the tranquil current of these brimming, slow-moving, soul-satisfying lines. Imagine for one moment a story like this minced into octosyllabics. The poet knows better than his critics the length of step which best befits his muse."

The publication of *Evangeline* doubtless marks the period of Mr. Longfellow's greatest accession of fame, as it probably is the poem which the majority of readers would first name if called upon to indicate the poet's most commanding work. It was finished upon his fortieth birthday. Two days before, the following lines were written by Mr. Longfellow in his diary:—

#### EPIGRAMME.

Par un ci-devant jeune homme en approchant de la quarantaine.

"Sous le firmament  
Tout n'est que changement,  
"Tout passe :"  
Le cantique le dit,  
Il est ainsi écrit  
Il est sans contredit,  
Tout passe.

O douce vie humaine!  
O temps qui nous entraîne!  
Destinée souveraine!  
Tout change.  
Moi qui, poète rêveur,  
Ne fus jamais friseur.  
Je frise, — oh, quelle horreur!  
La quarantaine!

#### EVANGELINE

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,  
Indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad  
and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that  
rest on their bosoms.

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers  
the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where  
are the hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the  
woodland the voice of the hunts-  
man?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the  
home of Acadian farmers, —

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that  
water the woodlands,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflect-  
ing an image of heaven ?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the  
farmers forever departed !

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the  
mighty blasts of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and  
sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beau-  
tiful village of Grand-Pré. POINT ?

Ye who believe in affection that hopes,  
and endures, and is patient,

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength  
of woman's devotion,

List to the mournful tradition, still sung by  
the pines of the forest ;

List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of  
the happy.

#### PART THE FIRST

I *Scene 1*  
In the Acadian land, on the shores of the  
Basin of Minas,

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of  
Grand-Pré

Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows  
stretched to the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture  
to flocks without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had  
raised with labor incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated  
seasons the flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander  
at will o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax,  
and orchards and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ;  
and away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and  
aloft on the mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from  
the mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er  
from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed  
the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames  
of oak and of hemlock,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in  
the reign of the Henries. *Somewhat ?*

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-win-  
dows ; and gables projecting *Run*

Over the basement below protected and  
shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer,  
when brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the  
vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white  
caps and in kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs  
spinning the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy  
shuttles within doors

Mingled their sounds with the whirl of the  
wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish  
priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he  
extended to bless them

Reverend walked he among them ; and up  
rose matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of  
affectionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the  
field, and serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed.  
Anon from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the  
roofs of the village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of  
incense ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes  
of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple  
Acadian farmers, —

Dwelt in the love of God and of man.  
Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy,  
the vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor  
bars to their windows ;

But their dwellings were open as day and  
the hearts of the owners ;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest  
lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and  
nearer the Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest  
farmer of Grand-Pré,

*Note des copies  
+ Bellefontaine*

Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him,  
directing his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the  
pride of the village  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man  
of seventy winters ;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is  
covered with snow-flakes ;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his  
cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.  
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of  
seventeen summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that  
grows on the thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed be-  
neath the brown shade of her tresses !  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine  
that feed in the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the  
reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in  
sooth was the maiden.  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn,  
while the bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the  
priest with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters  
blessings upon them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her  
chaplet of beads and her missal,  
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle  
of blue, and the ear-rings,  
Brought in the olden time from France,  
and since, as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child,  
through long generations.  
But a celestial brightness — a more ethe-  
real beauty —  
Shone on her face and encircled her form,  
when, after confession, *Catholics*  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's  
benediction upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the  
ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the  
house of the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the  
sea ; and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a wood-  
bine wreathing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats  
beneath ; and a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disap-  
peared in the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives over-  
hung by a penthouse,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote  
by the roadside,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed  
image of Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was  
the well with its moss-grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a  
trough for the horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the  
north, were the barns and the farm-  
yard.  
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and  
the antique ploughs and the har-  
rows ;  
There were the folds for the sheep ; and  
there, in his feathered seraglio,  
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the  
cock, with the selfsame  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the  
penitent Peter.  
Bursting with hay were the barns, them-  
selves a village. In each one  
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of  
thatch ; and a staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the  
odorous corn-loft.  
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek  
and innocent inmates  
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in  
the variant breezes  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and  
sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world,  
the farmer of Grand-Pré  
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline  
governed his household.  
Many a youth, as he knelt in church and  
opened his missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his  
deepest devotion ;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand  
or the hem of her garment !  
Many a suitor came to her door, by the  
darkness befriended,  
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the  
sound of her footsteps,  
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart  
or the knocker of iron ;  
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint  
of the village,  
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the  
dance as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part  
 of the music.  
 But, among all who came, young Gabriel  
 only was welcome ;  
 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the  
 blacksmith,  
 Who was a mighty man in the village, and  
 honored of all men ;  
 For, since the birth of time, throughout all  
 ages and nations,  
 Has the craft of the smith been held in  
 repute by the people.  
 Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children  
 from earliest childhood  
 Grew up together as brother and sister ;  
 and Father Felician,  
 Priest and pedagogue both in the village,  
 had taught them their letters  
 Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns  
 of the church and the plain-song.  
 But when the hymn was sung, and the  
 daily lesson completed,  
 Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of  
 Basil the blacksmith.  
 There at the door they stood, with wonder-  
 ing eyes to behold him  
 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the  
 horse as a plaything,  
 Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near  
 him the tire of the cart-wheel  
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a  
 circle of cinders.  
 Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the  
 gathering darkness  
 Bursting with light seemed the smithy,  
 through every cranny and crevice,  
 Warm by the forge within they watched  
 the laboring bellows,  
 And as its panting ceased, and the sparks  
 expired in the ashes,  
 Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns  
 going into the chapel.  
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the  
 swoop of the eagle,  
 Down the hillside bounding, they glided  
 away o'er the meadow.  
 Oft in the barns they climbed to the popu-  
 lous nests on the rafters,  
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous  
 stone, which the swallow  
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore  
 the sight of its fledglings ;  
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the  
 nest of the swallow !

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no  
 longer were children.  
 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like  
 the face of the morning,  
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and  
 ripened thought into action.  
 She was a woman now, with the heart and  
 hopes of a woman.  
 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she  
 called ; for that was the sunshine  
 Which, as the farmers believed, would load  
 their orchards with apples ;  
 She, too, would bring to her husband's  
 house delight and abundance,  
 Filling it with love and the ruddy faces of  
 children.

## II

Now had the season returned, when the  
 nights grow colder and longer,  
 And the retreating sun the sign of the  
 Scorpion enters.  
 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden  
 air, from the ice-bound,  
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of  
 tropical islands.  
 Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with  
 the winds of September  
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob  
 of old with the angel.  
 All the signs foretold a winter long and  
 inclement.  
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had  
 hoarded their honey  
 Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian  
 hunters asserted  
 Cold would the winter be, for thick was the  
 fur of the foxes.  
 Such was the advent of autumn. Then  
 followed that beautiful season,  
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the  
 Summer of All-Saints !  
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magi-  
 cal light ; and the landscape  
 Lay as if new-created in all the freshness  
 of childhood.  
 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the  
 restless heart of the ocean  
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds  
 were in harmony blended.  
 Voices of children at play, the crowing of  
 cocks in the farm-yards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the  
 cooing of pigeons,  
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs  
 of love, and the great sun  
 Looked with the eye of love through the  
 golden vapors around him ;  
 While arrayed in its robes of russet and  
 scarlet and yellow,  
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each  
 glittering tree of the forest  
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian  
 adorned with mantles and jewels. ]

[ Now recommenced the reign of rest and  
 affection and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed,  
 and twilight descending  
 Brought back the evening star to the  
 sky, and the herds to the home-  
 stead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting  
 their necks on each other,  
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling  
 the freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's  
 beautiful heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the  
 ribbon that waved from her col-  
 lar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of  
 human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his  
 bleating flocks from the seaside,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind  
 them followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in  
 the pride of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air,  
 and superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward  
 the stragglers ;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd  
 slept ; their protector,

When from the forest at night, through  
 the starry silence the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the  
 wains from the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air  
 with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on  
 their manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden  
 and ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned  
 with tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks  
 heavy with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and  
 yielded their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and  
 in regular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming stream-  
 lets descended.

Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter  
 were heard in the farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they  
 sank into stillness ;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the  
 valves of the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a sea-  
 son was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed  
 fireplace, idly the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the  
 flames and the smoke-wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning  
 city. Behind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall, with  
 gestures fantastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished  
 away into darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back  
 of his arm-chair

Laughed in the flickering light ; and the  
 pewter plates on the dresser

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields  
 of armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and  
 carols of Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his  
 fathers before him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright  
 Burgundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle  
 Evangeline seated,

Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in  
 the corner behind her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was  
 its diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel,  
 like the drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song and united the  
 fragments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir  
 at intervals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words  
 of the priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with meas-  
 ured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps  
heard, and, suddenly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door  
swung back on its hinges.  
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it  
was Basil the blacksmith,  
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew  
who was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as  
their footsteps paused on the thresh-  
old,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come,  
take thy place on the settle  
Close by the chimney-side, which is always  
empty without thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe  
and the box of tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when  
through the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly  
and jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through  
the mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus an-  
swered Basil the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat  
by the fireside:—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever  
thy jest and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when  
others are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin  
before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst  
picked up a horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that  
Evangeline brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had  
lighted, he slowly continued:—

"Four days now are passed since the Eng-  
lish ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their  
cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but  
all are commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church,  
where his Majesty's mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land.  
Alas! in the mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of  
the people."

Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps  
some friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps  
the harvests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have  
been blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would  
feed their cattle and children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village,"  
said, warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heav-  
ing a sigh, he continued:—

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau  
Séjour, nor Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and  
lurk on its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious  
fate of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and war-  
like weapons of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge  
and the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer  
the jovial farmer:—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our  
flocks and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged  
by the ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the  
enemy's cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may  
no shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is  
the night of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The  
merry lads of the village

Strongly have built them and well; and,  
breaking the glebe round about

them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house  
with food for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his  
papers and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in  
the joy of our children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with  
her hand in her lover's,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that  
her father had spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy  
notary entered.

### III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the  
surf of the ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form  
of the notary public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss  
 of the maize, hung  
 Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ;  
 and glasses with horn bows  
 Sat astride on his nose, with a look of  
 wisdom supernal.  
 Father of twenty children was he, and  
 more than a hundred  
 Children's children rode on his knee, and  
 heard his great watch tick.  
 Four long years in the times of the war  
 had he languished a captive,  
 Suffering much in an old French fort as  
 the friend of the English.  
 Now, though warier grown, without all  
 guile or suspicion,  
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and  
 simple, and childlike.  
 He was beloved by all, and most of all by  
 the children ;  
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou  
 in the forest,  
 And of the goblin that came in the night  
 to water the horses,  
 And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a  
 child who unchristened  
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the  
 chambers of children ;  
 And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked  
 in the stable,  
 And how the fever was cured by a spider  
 shut up in a nutshell,  
 And of the marvellous powers of four-  
 leaved clover and horseshoes,  
 With whatsoever else was writ in the lore  
 of the village.  
 Then up rose from his seat by the fireside  
 Basil the blacksmith,  
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and  
 slowly extending his right hand,  
 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou  
 hast heard the talk in the village,  
 And, perchance, canst tell us some news  
 of these ships and their errand."  
 Then with modest demeanor made answer  
 the notary public, —  
 "Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet  
 am never the wiser ;  
 And what their errand may be I know not  
 better than others.  
 Yet am I not of those who imagine some  
 evil intention  
 Brings them here, for we are at peace ;  
 and why then molest us ?"

"God's name !" shouted the hasty and  
 somewhat irascible blacksmith ;  
 "Must we in all things look for the how,  
 and the why, and the wherefore ?  
 Daily injustice is done, and might is the  
 right of the strongest !"  
 But without heeding his warmth, continued  
 the notary public, —  
 "Man is unjust, but God is just ; and  
 finally justice  
 Triumphs ; and well I remember a story,  
 that often consoled me,  
 When as a captive I lay in the old French  
 fort at Port Royal."  
 This was the old man's favorite tale, and  
 he loved to repeat it  
 When his neighbors complained that any  
 injustice was done them.  
 "Once in an ancient city, whose name I no  
 longer remember,  
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue  
 of Justice  
 Stood in the public square, upholding the  
 scales in its left hand,  
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem  
 that justice presided  
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts  
 and homes of the people.  
 Even the birds had built their nests in the  
 scales of the balance,  
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed  
 in the sunshine above them.  
 But in the course of time the laws of the  
 land were corrupted ;  
 Might took the place of right, and the weak  
 were oppressed, and the mighty  
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced  
 in a nobleman's palace  
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and  
 ere long a suspicion  
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a maid  
 in the household.  
 She, after form of trial condemned to die  
 on the scaffold,  
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the  
 statue of Justice.  
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent  
 spirit ascended,  
 Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the  
 bolts of the thunder  
 Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in  
 wrath from its left hand  
 Down on the pavement below the clattering  
 scales of the balance,

But  
 where  
 the  
 Justice

And in the hollow thereof was found the  
nest of a magpie,  
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of  
pearls was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story  
was ended, the blacksmith  
Stood like a man who fain would speak,  
but findeth no language ;  
All his thoughts were congealed into lines  
on his face, as the vapors  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-  
panes in the winter.

*Marriage Contracted*  
Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp  
on the table,

Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard  
with home-brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its  
strength in the village of Grand-  
Pré ;

While from his pocket the notary drew his  
papers and inkhorn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the  
age of the parties,

Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of  
sheep and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and  
well were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like  
a sun on the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer  
threw on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid  
pieces of silver ;

And the notary rising, and blessing the  
bride and the bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank  
to their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly  
bowed and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused  
by the fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board  
out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly  
contention the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful  
manœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a  
breach was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of  
a window's embrasure,

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, be-  
holding the moon rise

Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mists  
of the meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows  
of heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-  
nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the  
bell from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village cur-  
few, and straightway

Rose the guests and departed ; and silence  
reigned in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-  
night on the door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and  
filled it with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers  
that glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the  
tread of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of  
Evangeline followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space  
in the darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining  
face of the maiden.

Silent she passed the hall, and entered the  
door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains  
of white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves  
were carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of  
Evangeline woven.

This was the precious dower she would  
bring to her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs  
of her skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the  
mellow and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted  
the room, till the heart of the

maiden  
swelled and obeyed its power, like the  
tremulous tides of the ocean.

(Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold,  
as she stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming  
floor of her chamber !)

Little she dreamed that below, among the  
trees of the orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the  
gleam of her lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times  
 a feeling of sadness  
 Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of  
 clouds in the moonlight  
 Flitted across the floor and darkened the  
 room for a moment.  
 And, as she gazed from the window, she  
 saw serenely the moon pass  
 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one  
 star follow her footsteps,  
 As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael  
 wandered with Hagar !

## IV

*Betrothal  
feast*

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the  
 village of Grand-Pré.  
 Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air  
 the Basin of Minas,  
 Where the ships, with their wavering shad-  
 ows, were riding at anchor.  
 Life had long been astir in the village, and  
 clamorous labor  
 Knocked with its hundred hands at the  
 golden gates of the morning.  
 Now from the country around, from the  
 farms and neighboring hamlets,  
 Came in their holiday dresses the blithe  
 Acadian peasants.  
 Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh  
 from the young folk  
 Made the bright air brighter, as up from  
 the numerous meadows,  
 Where no path could be seen but the track  
 of wheels in the greensward,  
 Group after group appeared, and joined, or  
 passed on the highway.  
 Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of  
 labor were silenced.  
 Thronged were the streets with people ;  
 and noisy groups at the house-doors  
 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and  
 gossiped together.  
 Every house was an inn, where all were  
 welcomed and feasted ;  
 For with this simple people, who lived like  
 brothers together,  
 All things were held in common, and what  
 one had was another's.  
 Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality  
 seemed more abundant :  
 For Evangeline stood among the guests of  
 her father ;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words  
 of welcome and gladness  
 Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed  
 the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of  
 the orchard,  
 Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the  
 feast of betrothal.  
 There in the shade of the porch were the  
 priest and the notary seated ;  
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil  
 the blacksmith.  
 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-  
 press and the beehives,  
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the  
 gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.  
 Shadow and light from the leaves alter-  
 nately played on his snow-white  
 Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the  
 jolly face of the fiddler  
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes  
 are blown from the embers.  
 Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant  
 sound of his fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le*  
*Carillon de Dunquerque,*  
 And anon with his wooden shoes beat time  
 to the music.  
 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the  
 dizzying dances  
 Under the orchard-trees and down the path  
 to the meadows ;  
 Old folk and young together, and children  
 mingled among them.  
 Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline,  
 Benedict's daughter !  
 Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son  
 of the blacksmith !

*Meeting Colleen*

So passed the morning away. And lo !  
 with a summons sonorous  
 Sounded the bell from its tower, and over  
 the meadows a drum beat.  
 Thronged ere long was the church with  
 men. Without, in the churchyard,  
 Waited the women. They stood by the  
 graves, and hung on the headstones  
 Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens  
 fresh from the forest.  
 Then came the guard from the ships, and  
 marching proudly among them  
 Entered the sacred portal. With loud and  
 dissonant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums  
 from ceiling and casement, —  
 Echoed a moment only, and slowly the  
 ponderous portal  
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited  
 the will of the soldiers.  
 Then uprose their commander, and spake  
 from the steps of the altar,  
 Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals,  
 the royal commission.  
 "You are convened this day," he said, "by  
 his Majesty's orders.  
 Clement and kind has he been; but how  
 you have answered his kindness,  
 Let your own hearts reply! To my nat-  
 ural make and my temper  
 Painful the task is I do, which to you I  
 know must be grievous.  
 Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the  
 will of our monarch;  
 Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings,  
 and cattle of all kinds  
 Forfeited be to the crown; and that you  
 yourselves from this province  
 Be transported to other lands. God grant  
 you may dwell there  
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and  
 peaceable people!  
 Prisoners now I declare you; for such is  
 his Majesty's pleasure!"  
 As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice  
 of summer,  
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly  
 sling of the hailstones  
 Beats down the farmer's corn in the field  
 and shatters his windows,  
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground  
 with thatch from the house-roofs,  
 Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break  
 their enclosures;  
 So on the hearts of the people descended the  
 words of the speaker.  
 Silent a moment they stood in speechless  
 wonder, and then rose  
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow  
 and anger,  
 And, by one impulse moved, they madly  
 rushed to the door-way.  
 Vain was the hope of escape; and cries  
 and fierce imprecations  
 Rang through the house of prayer;  
 and high o'er the heads of the oth-  
 ers  
 Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of  
 Basil the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the  
 billows.  
 Flushed was his face and distorted with  
 passion; and wildly he shouted, —  
 "Down with the tyrants of England! we  
 never have sworn them allegiance!  
 Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize  
 on our homes and our harvests!"  
 More he fain would have said, but the  
 merciless hand of a soldier  
 Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged  
 him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of  
 angry contention,  
 Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and  
 Father Felician  
 Entered, with serious mien, and ascended  
 the steps of the altar.  
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture  
 he awed into silence  
 All that clamorous throng; and thus he  
 spake to his people;  
 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents  
 measured and mournful  
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, dis-  
 tinctly the clock strikes.  
 "What is this that ye do, my children?  
 what madness has seized you?  
 Forty years of my life have I labored  
 among you, and taught you,  
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one  
 another!  
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils  
 and prayers and privations?  
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of  
 love and forgiveness?  
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace,  
 and would you profane it  
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts over-  
 flowing with hatred?  
 Lo! where the crucified Christ from his  
 cross is gazing upon you!  
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meek-  
 ness and holy compassion!  
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the  
 prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'  
 Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when  
 the wicked assail us,  
 Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father,  
 forgive them!'"  
 Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in  
 the hearts of his people  
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded  
 the passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said,  
 "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The  
 tapers gleamed from the altar.  
 Fervent and deep was the voice of the  
 priest, and the people responded,  
 Not with their lips alone, but their hearts;  
 and the Ave Maria  
 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and  
 their souls, with devotion translated,  
 Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah  
 ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the  
 tidings of ill, and on all sides  
 Wandered, wailing, from house to house  
 the women and children.  
 Long at her father's door Evangeline stood,  
 with her right hand  
 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of  
 the sun, that, descending,  
 Lighted the village street with mysterious  
 splendor, and roofed each  
 Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and  
 emblazoned its windows.  
 Long within had been spread the snow-  
 white cloth on the table;  
 There stood the wheaten loaf, and the  
 honey fragrant with wild-flowers;  
 There stood the tankard of ale, and  
 the cheese fresh brought from the  
 dairy,  
 And, at the head of the board, the great  
 arm-chair of the farmer.  
 Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's  
 door, as the sunset  
 Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the  
 broad ambrosial meadows.  
 Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow  
 had fallen,  
 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance  
 celestial ascended,  
 Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and  
 forgiveness, and patience!  
 Then, all-forgotten of self, she wandered  
 into the village,  
 Cheering with looks and words the mourn-  
 ful hearts of the women,  
 As o'er the darkening fields with lingering  
 steps they departed,  
 Urged by their household cares, and the  
 weary feet of their children.  
 Down sank the great red sun, and in  
 golden, glimmering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the  
 Prophet descending from Sinai.  
 Sweetly over the village the bell of the  
 Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the  
 church Evangeline lingered.  
 All was silent within; and in vain at the  
 door and the windows  
 Stood she, and listened and looked, till,  
 overcome by emotion,  
 "Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous  
 voice; but no answer  
 Came from the graves of the dead, nor the  
 gloomier grave of the living.  
 Slowly at length she returned to the tenant-  
 less house of her father.  
 Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the  
 board was the supper untasted,  
 Empty and drear was each room, and  
 haunted with phantoms of terror.  
 Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the  
 floor of her chamber.  
 In the dead of the night she heard the dis-  
 consolate rain fall  
 Loud on the withered leaves of the sycam-  
 ore-tree by the window.  
 Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice  
 of the echoing thunder  
 Told her that God was in heaven, and gov-  
 erned the world he created!  
 Then she remembered the tale she had  
 heard of the justice of Heaven;  
 Soothed was her troubled soul, and she  
 peacefully slumbered till morning.

## v

Four times the sun had risen and set; and  
 now on the fifth day  
 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping  
 maids of the farm-house.  
 Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and  
 mournful procession,  
 Came from the neighboring hamlets and  
 farms the Acadian women,  
 Driving in ponderous wains their house-  
 hold goods to the sea-shore,  
 Pausing and looking back to gaze once  
 more on their dwellings,  
 Ere they were shut from sight by the  
 winding road and the woodland.  
 Close at their sides their children ran, and  
 urged on the oxen,

What does L. do with  
Scene - "Gaspereau's story"  
of 1832

While in their little hands they clasped  
some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ;  
and there on the sea-beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods  
of the peasants.

All day long between the shore and the  
ships did the boats ply ;

All day long the wains came laboring down  
from the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was  
near to his setting,

Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of  
drums from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged.

On a sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and  
marching in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient,  
Acadian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from  
their homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they  
are weary and wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian  
peasants descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid  
their wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came ; and, raising  
together their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the  
Catholic Missions :—

"Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inex-  
haustible fountain !

Fill our hearts this day with strength and  
submission and patience !"

Then the old men, as they marched, and  
the women that stood by the way-  
side

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds  
in the sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices  
of spirits departed.

SEPARATION

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline  
waited in silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the  
hour of affliction, —

Calmly and sadly she waited, until the pro-  
cession approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale  
with emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly run-  
ning to meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on  
his shoulder, and whispered, —

"Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we  
love one another

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever  
mishances may happen !"

Smiling she spake these words ; then sud-  
denly paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas ! how  
changed was his aspect !

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the  
fire from his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the  
heavy heart in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped  
his neck and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words  
of comfort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on  
that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult  
and stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in  
the confusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and  
mothers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with  
wildest entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and  
Gabriel carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline  
stood with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun  
went down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around ; and in  
haste the reflux ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line  
of the sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp  
and the slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household  
goods and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a  
battle,

All escape cut off by the sea, and the senti-  
nels near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless  
Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the  
bellowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling  
pebbles, and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded  
boats of the sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds  
 returned from their pastures ;  
 Sweet was the moist still air with the odor  
 of milk from their udders ;  
 Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-  
 known bars of the farm-yard, —  
 Waited and looked in vain for the voice  
 and the hand of the milk-maid.  
 Silence reigned in the streets ; from the  
 church no Angelus sounded,  
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed  
 no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the even-  
 ing fires had been kindled,  
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands  
 from wrecks in the tempest.  
 Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful  
 faces were gathered,  
 Voices of women were heard, and of men,  
 and the crying of children.  
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to  
 hearth in his parish,  
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling  
 and blessing and cheering,  
 Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's  
 desolate sea-shore.  
 Thus he approached the place where Evan-  
 geline sat with her father,  
 And in the flickering light beheld the face  
 of the old man,  
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without  
 either thought or emotion,  
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the  
 hands have been taken.  
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words and  
 caresses to cheer him,  
 Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved  
 not, he looked not, he spake not,  
 But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the  
 flickering fire-light.  
 "Benedicite !" murmured the priest, in  
 tones of compassion.  
 More he fain would have said, but his heart  
 was full, and his accents  
 Faltered and paused on his lips, as the  
 feet of a child on a threshold,  
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the  
 awful presence of sorrow.  
 Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the  
 head of the maiden,  
 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars  
 that above them  
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the  
 wrongs and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they  
 wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as  
 in autumn the blood-red  
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven,  
 and o'er the horizon  
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon  
 the mountain and meadow,  
 Seizing the rocks and the rivers and piling  
 huge shadows together.  
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed on  
 the roofs of the village,  
 Gleamed on the sky and sea, and the ships  
 that lay in the roadstead.  
 Columns of shining smoke uprose, and  
 flashes of flame were  
 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn,  
 like the quivering hands of a martyr.  
 Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the  
 burning thatch, and, uplifting,  
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at  
 once from a hundred house-tops  
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of  
 flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd  
 on the shore and on shipboard.  
 Speechless at first they stood, then cried  
 aloud in their anguish,  
 "We shall behold no more our homes in  
 the village of Grand-Pré !"  
 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow  
 in the farm-yards,  
 Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon  
 the lowing of cattle  
 Came on the evening breeze, by the bark-  
 ing of dogs interrupted.  
 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles  
 the sleeping encampments  
 Far in the western prairies or forests that  
 skirt the Nebraska,  
 When the wild horses affrighted sweep by  
 with the speed of the whirlwind,  
 Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes  
 rush to the river.  
 Such was the sound that arose on the night,  
 as the herds and the horses  
 Broke through their folds and fences, and  
 madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speech-  
 less, the priest and the maiden  
 Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened  
 and widened before them ;

And as they turned at length to speak  
 to their silent companion,  
 Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and  
 stretched abroad on the sea-shore  
 Motionless lay his form, from which the  
 soul had departed.  
 Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head,  
 and the maiden  
 Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud  
 in her terror.  
 Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her  
 head on his bosom.  
 Through the long night she lay in deep, ob-  
 livious slumber ;  
 And when she awoke from the trance, she  
 beheld a multitude near her.  
 Faces of friends she beheld, that were  
 mournfully gazing upon her,  
 Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of sad-  
 dest compassion.  
 Still the blaze of the burning village illu-  
 mined the landscape,  
 Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed  
 on the faces around her,  
 And like the day of doom it seemed to her  
 wavering senses.  
 Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said  
 to the people, —  
 "Let us bury him here by the sea. When  
 a happier season  
 Brings us again to our homes from the un-  
 known land of our exile,  
 Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid  
 in the churchyard."  
 Such were the words of the priest. And  
 there in haste by the sea-side,  
 Having the glare of the burning village  
 for funeral torches,  
 But without bell or book, they buried the  
 farmer of Grand-Pré.  
 And as the voice of the priest repeated the  
 service of sorrow,  
 Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice  
 of a vast congregation,  
 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its  
 roar with the dirges.  
 'T was the returning tide, that afar from  
 the waste of the ocean,  
 With the first dawn of the day, came heav-  
 ing and hurrying landward.  
 Then recommenced once more the stir and  
 noise of embarking ;  
 And with the ebb of the tide the ships  
 sailed out of the harbor,  
 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore,  
 and the village in ruins.

## PART THE SECOND

I

MANY a weary year had passed since the  
 burning of Grand-Pré,  
 When on the falling tide the freighted ves-  
 sels departed,  
 Bearing a nation, with all its household  
 gods, into exile,  
 Exile without an end, and without an ex-  
 ample in story.  
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Aca-  
 dians landed ;  
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow,  
 when the wind from the north-  
 east  
 Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken  
 the Banks of Newfoundland.  
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wan-  
 dered from city to city,  
 From the cold lakes of the North to sultry  
 Southern savannas, —  
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the  
 lands where the Father of Waters  
 Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them  
 down to the ocean,  
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered  
 bones of the mammoth.  
 Friends they sought and homes ; and many,  
 despairing, heart-broken,  
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no  
 longer a friend nor a fireside.  
 Written their history stands on tablets of  
 stone in the churchyards.  
 Long among them was seen a maiden who  
 waited and wandered,  
 Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently  
 suffering all things.  
 Fair was she and young : but, alas ! before  
 her extended,  
 Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of  
 life, with its pathway  
 Marked by the graves of those who had  
 sorrowed and suffered before her,  
 Passions long extinguished, and hopes long  
 dead and abandoned,  
 As the emigrant's way o'er the Western  
 desert is marked by  
 Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that  
 bleach in the sunshine.  
 Something there was in her life incomplete,  
 imperfect, unfinished ;  
 As if a morning of June, with all its music  
 and sunshine,

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading,  
slowly descended  
Into the east again, from whence it late  
had arisen.  
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till,  
urged by the fever within her,  
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger  
and thirst of the spirit,  
She would commence again her endless  
search and endeavor ;  
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and  
gazed on the crosses and tomb-  
stones,  
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought  
that perhaps in its bosom  
He was already at rest, and she longed to  
slumber beside him.  
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inartic-  
ulate whisper,  
Came with its airy hand to point and  
beckon her forward.  
Sometimes she spake with those who had  
seen her beloved and known him,  
But it was long ago, in some far-off place  
or forgotten.  
“Gabriel Lajeunesse !” they said ; “Oh  
yes ! we have seen him.  
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and  
both have gone to the prairies ;  
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous  
hunters and trappers.”  
“Gabriel Lajeunesse !” said others ; “Oh  
yes ! we have seen him.  
He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of  
Louisiana.”  
Then would they say, “Dear child ! why  
dream and wait for him longer ?  
Are there not other youths as fair as  
Gabriel ? others  
Who have hearts as tender and true, and  
spirits as loyal ?  
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son,  
who has loved thee  
Many a tedious year ; come, give him thy  
hand and be happy !  
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St.  
Catherine’s tresses.”  
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely  
but sadly, “I cannot !  
Whither my heart has gone, there follows  
my hand, and not elsewhere.  
For when the heart goes before, like a  
lamp, and illumines the pathway,  
Many things are made clear, that else lie  
hidden in darkness.”

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-  
confessor,  
Said, with a smile, “O daughter ! thy God  
thus speaketh within thee !  
Talk not of wasted affection, affection  
never was wasted ;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its  
waters, returning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall  
fill them full of refreshment ;  
That which the fountain sends forth returns  
again to the fountain.  
Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accom-  
plish thy work of affection !  
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient  
endurance is godlike.  
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till  
the heart is made godlike,  
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and ren-  
dered more worthy of heaven !”  
Cheered by the good man’s words, Evange-  
line labored and waited.  
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge  
of the ocean,  
But with its sound there was mingled  
a voice that whispered, “Despair  
not !”  
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and  
cheerless discomfort,  
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and  
thorns of existence.  
Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wan-  
derer’s footsteps ;—  
Not through each devious path, each  
changeeful year of existence,  
But as a traveller follows a streamlet’s  
course through the valley :  
Far from its margin at times, and seeing  
the gleam of its water  
Here and there, in some open space, and at  
intervals only ;  
Then drawing nearer its banks, through  
sylvan glooms that conceal it,  
Though he behold it not, he can hear its  
continuous murmur ;  
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where  
it reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the  
Beautiful River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of  
the Wabash,

Into the golden stream of the broad and  
 swift Mississippi,  
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed  
 by Acadian boatmen.  
 It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were,  
 from the shipwrecked  
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now  
 floating together,  
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and  
 a common misfortune ;  
 Men and women and children, who, guided  
 by hope or by hearsay,  
 Sought for their kith and their kin among  
 the few-acred farmers  
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of  
 fair Opelousas.  
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide,  
 the Father Felician.  
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wil-  
 derness sombre with forests,  
 Day after day they glided adown the turbu-  
 lent river ;  
 Night after night, by their blazing fires,  
 encamped on its borders.  
 Now through rushing chutes, among green  
 islands, where plumelike  
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests,  
 they swept with the current,  
 Then emerged into broad lagoons, where  
 silvery sand-bars  
 Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling  
 waves of their margin,  
 Shining with snow-white plumes, large  
 flocks of pelicans waded.  
 Level the landscape grew, and along the  
 shores of the river,  
 Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of lux-  
 uriant gardens,  
 Stood the houses of planters, with negro-  
 cabins and dove-cots.  
 They were approaching the region where  
 reigns perpetual summer,  
 Where through the Golden Coast, and  
 groves of orange and citron,  
 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away  
 to the eastward.  
 They, too, swerved from their course ; and  
 entering the Bayou of Plaque-  
 mine,  
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and  
 devious waters,  
 Which, like a network of steel, extended in  
 every direction.  
 Over their heads the towering and tene-  
 brous boughs of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses  
 in mid-air  
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls  
 of ancient cathedrals.  
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken,  
 save by the herons  
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees re-  
 turning at sunset,  
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with  
 demoniac laughter.  
 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and  
 gleamed on the water,  
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and  
 cedar sustaining the arches,  
 Down through whose broken vaults it fell  
 as through chinks in a ruin.  
 Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were  
 all things around them ;  
 And o'er their spirits there came a feeling  
 of wonder and sadness, —  
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that  
 cannot be compassed.  
 As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the  
 turf of the prairies,  
 Far in advance are closed the leaves of the  
 shrinking mimosa,  
 So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad fore-  
 bodings of evil,  
 Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke  
 of doom has attained it.)  
 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a  
 vision, that faintly  
 Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her  
 on through the moonlight.  
 It was the thought of her brain that as-  
 sumed the shape of a phantom.  
 Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel  
 wandered before her,  
 And every stroke of the oar now brought  
 him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the  
 boat, rose one of the oarsmen,  
 And, as a signal sound, if others like them  
 peradventure  
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight  
 streams, blew a blast on his bugle.  
 Wild through the dark colonnades and cor-  
 ridors leafy the blast rang,  
 Breaking the seal of silence, and giving  
 tongues to the forest.  
 Soundless above them the banners of moss  
 just stirred to the music.  
 Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in  
 the distance,

Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;  
 But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;  
 And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.  
 Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,  
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
 Such as they sang of old on their own Aca-dian rivers,  
 While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,  
 Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the forest,  
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades ; and before them Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus  
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.  
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,  
 And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,  
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,  
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.  
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.  
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,  
 Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the greensward,  
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.  
 Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.  
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine  
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,  
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,  
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

" Kate & Ken. Boats - gliding Away "

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows ;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers.

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, " O Father Felician !

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit ? "

Then, with a blush, she added, " Alas for my credulous fancy !

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, —

"Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions;

Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees ;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana !"

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape ;

Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.)

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad : then soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,

And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling ; —

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

### III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,

Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,

Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,

Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.

Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns supported,

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,

Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.

At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,

Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,

Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine

Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding

Into the evening air, a thin blue column of  
 smoke rose.  
 In the rear of the house, from the garden  
 gate, ran a pathway  
 Through the great groves of oak to the  
 skirts of the limitless prairie,  
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was  
 slowly descending.  
 Full in his track of light, like ships with  
 shadowy canvas  
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motion-  
 less calm in the tropics,  
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cord-  
 age of grape-vines.

*Then met Basil*

Just where the woodlands met the flowery  
 surf of the prairie,  
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish sad-  
 dle and stirrups,  
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and  
 doublet of deerskin.  
 Broad and brown was the face that found  
 under the Spanish sombrero  
 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the  
 lordly look of its master.  
 Round about him were numberless herds  
 of kine, that were grazing  
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the  
 vapory freshness  
 That uprose from the river, and spread  
 itself over the landscape.  
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side,  
 and expanding  
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast,  
 that resounded  
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still  
 damp air of the evening.  
 Suddenly out of the grass the long white  
 horns of the cattle  
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse cur-  
 rents of ocean.  
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellow-  
 ing rushed o'er the prairie,  
 And the whole mass became a cloud, a  
 shade in the distance.  
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the  
 house, through the gate of the garden  
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the  
 maiden advancing to meet him.  
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang  
 in amazement, and forward  
 Rushed with extended arms and exclama-  
 tions of wonder ;

When they beheld his face, they recognized  
 Basil the blacksmith.  
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his  
 guests to the garden.  
 There in an arbor of roses with endless  
 question and answer  
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed  
 their friendly embraces,  
 Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting  
 silent and thoughtful.  
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now  
 dark doubts and misgivings  
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil,  
 somewhat embarrassed,  
 Broke the silence and said, "If you came  
 by the Ateahafalaya,  
 How have you nowhere encountered my  
 Gabriel's boat on the bayous ?"  
 Over Evangeline's face at the words of  
 Basil a shade passed.  
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said,  
 with a tremulous accent,  
 "Gone ? is Gabriel gone ?" and, conceal-  
 ing her face on his shoulder,  
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and  
 she wept and lamented.  
 Then the good Basil said, — and his voice  
 grew blithe as he said it, —  
 "Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-  
 day he departed.  
 Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my  
 herds and my horses.  
 Moody and restless grown, and tried and  
 troubled, his spirit  
 Could no longer endure the calm of this  
 quiet existence,  
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sor-  
 rowful ever,  
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his  
 troubles,  
 He at length had become so tedious to men  
 and to maidens,  
 Tedious even to me, that at length I be-  
 thought me, and sent him  
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules  
 with the Spaniards.  
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails to  
 the Ozark Mountains,  
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers  
 trapping the beaver.  
 Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow  
 the fugitive lover ;  
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates and  
 the streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the  
red dew of the morning  
We will follow him fast, and bring him  
back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up  
from the banks of the river,  
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came  
Michael the fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a  
god on Olympus,  
Having no other care than dispensing  
music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks  
and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our  
brave Acadian minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal pro-  
cession; and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline,  
greeting the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past,  
while Basil, enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old compan-  
ions and gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing  
mothers and daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of  
the ci-devant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his pa-  
triarchal demeanor;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of  
the soil and the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds  
were his who would take them;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too,  
would go and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing  
the breezy veranda,

Entered the hall of the house, where al-  
ready the supper of Basil

Waited his late return; and they rested  
and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden dark-  
ness descended.

All was silent without, and, illuming the  
landscape with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad  
stars; but within doors,

Brighter than these, shone the faces of  
friends in the glimmering lamp-  
light.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of  
the table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine to-  
gether in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet  
Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened,  
and smiled as they listened:—

"Welcome once more, my friends, who  
long have been friendless and home-  
less,

Welcome once more to a home, that is  
better perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood  
like the rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath  
of the farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through  
the soil, as a keel through the wa-  
ter.

All the year round the orange-groves are  
in blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Cana-  
dian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and  
unclaimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking,  
and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and  
framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields  
are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive  
you away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and  
stealing your farms and your  
cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful  
cloud from his nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thunder-  
ing down on the table,

So that the guests all started; and Father  
Felician, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff  
half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his  
words were milder and gayer:—

"Only beware of the fever, my friends,  
beware of the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian  
climate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round  
one's neck in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door,  
and footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of  
the breezy veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small  
 Acadian planters,  
 Who had been summoned all to the house  
 of Basil the Herdsman.  
 Merry the meeting was of ancient com-  
 rades and neighbors :  
 Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and  
 they who before were as strangers,  
 Meeting in exile, became straightway as  
 friends to each other,  
 Drawn by the gentle bond of a common  
 country together.  
 But in the neighboring hall a strain of  
 music, proceeding  
 From the accordant strings of Michael's  
 melodious fiddle,  
 Broke up all further speech. Away, like  
 children delighted,  
 All things forgotten beside, they gave  
 themselves to the maddening  
 Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and  
 swayed to the music,  
 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush  
 of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the  
 hall, the priest and the herdsman  
 Sat, conversing together of past and present  
 and future ;  
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced,  
 for within her  
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst  
 of the music  
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an  
 irrepressible sadness  
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole  
 forth into the garden.  
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black  
 wall of the forest,  
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the  
 moon. On the river  
 Fell here and there through the branches a  
 tremulous gleam of the moonlight,  
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a dark-  
 ened and devout spirit.  
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold  
 flowers of the garden  
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were  
 their prayers and confessions  
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a  
 silent Carthusian.  
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy  
 with shadows and night-dews,  
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm  
 and the magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefin-  
 able longings,  
 As, through the garden-gate, and beneath  
 the shade of the oak-trees,  
 Passed she along the path to the edge of  
 the measureless prairie.  
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it,  
 and fire-flies  
 Gleamed and floated away in mingled and  
 infinite numbers.  
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of  
 God in the heavens,  
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased  
 to marvel and worship,  
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the  
 walls of that temple,  
 As if a hand had appeared and written  
 upon them, "Upharsin."  
 And the soul of the maiden, between the  
 stars and the fire-flies,  
 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel!  
 O my beloved !  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot  
 behold thee ?  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice  
 does not reach me ?  
 Ah ! how often thy feet have trod this path  
 to the prairie !  
 Ah ! how often thine eyes have looked on  
 the woodlands around me !  
 Ah ! how often beneath this oak, returning  
 from labor,  
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream  
 of me in thy slumbers !  
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms  
 be folded about thee ?"  
 Loud and sudden and near the notes of a  
 whippoorwill sounded  
 Like a flute in the woods ; and anon,  
 through the neighboring thickets,  
 Farther and farther away it floated and  
 dropped into silence.  
 "Patience !" whispered the oaks from orac-  
 ular caverns of darkness :  
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh re-  
 sponded, "To-morrow !"

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the  
 flowers of the garden  
 Bathed his shining feet with their tears,  
 and anointed his tresses  
 With the delicious balm that they bore in  
 their vases of crystal.  
 "Farewell !" said the priest, as he stood at  
 the shadowy threshold ;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son  
 from his fasting and famine,  
 And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when  
 the bridegroom was coming."  
 "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and,  
 smiling, with Basil descended  
 Down to the river's brink, where the boat-  
 men already were waiting.  
 Thus beginning their journey with morn-  
 ing, and sunshine, and gladness,  
 Swiftly they followed the flight of him who  
 was speeding before them,  
 Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf  
 over the desert.  
 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day  
 that succeeded,  
 Found they the trace of his course, in lake  
 or forest or river,  
 Nor, after many days, had they found him ;  
 but vague and uncertain  
 Rumors alone were their guides through a  
 wild and desolate country ;  
 Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of  
 Adayes,  
 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned  
 from the garrulous landlord,  
 That on the day before, with horses and  
 guides and companions,  
 Gabriel left the village, and took the road  
 of the prairies.

## IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land,  
 where the mountains  
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty  
 and luminous summits.  
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines,  
 where the gorge, like a gateway,  
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the  
 emigrant's wagon,  
 Westward the Oregon flows and the Walle-  
 way and Owyhee.  
 Eastward, with devious course, among the  
 Wind-river Mountains,  
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipi-  
 tate leaps the Nebraska ;  
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout  
 and the Spanish sierras,  
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept  
 by the wind of the desert,  
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound,  
 descend to the ocean,  
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud  
 and solemn vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the  
 wondrous, beautiful prairies ;  
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow  
 and sunshine,  
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and  
 purple amorphas.  
 Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and  
 the elk and the roebuck ;  
 Over them wandered the wolves, and herds  
 of riderless horses ;  
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that  
 are weary with travel ;  
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of  
 Ishmael's children,  
 Staining the desert with blood ; and above  
 their terrible war-trails  
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic,  
 the vulture,  
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain  
 slaughtered in battle,  
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling  
 the heavens.  
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps  
 of these savage marauders ;  
 Here and there rise groves from the mar-  
 gins of swift-running rivers ;  
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite  
 monk of the desert,  
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for  
 roots by the brook-side,  
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crys-  
 talline heaven,  
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted  
 above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of  
 the Ozark Mountains,  
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and  
 trappers behind him.  
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the  
 maiden and Basil  
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each  
 day to o'ertake him.  
 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw,  
 the smoke of his camp-fire  
 Rise in the morning air from the distant  
 plain ; but at nightfall,  
 When they had reached the place they  
 found only embers and ashes.  
 And, though their hearts were sad at times  
 and their bodies were weary,  
 Hope still guided them on, as the magic  
 Fata Morgana  
 Showed them her lakes of light, that re-  
 treated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire,  
 there silently entered  
 Into their little camp an Indian woman,  
 whose features  
 Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience  
 as great as her sorrow.  
 She was a Shawnee woman returning home  
 to her people,  
 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the  
 cruel Camanches,  
 Where her Canadian husband, a Coureurs-  
 des-Bois, had been murdered.  
 Touched were their hearts at her story,  
 and warmest and friendliest wel-  
 come  
 Gave they, with words of cheer, and she  
 sat and feasted among them  
 On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked  
 on the embers.  
 But when their meal was done, and Basil  
 and all his companions,  
 Worn with the long day's march and the  
 chase of the deer and the bison,  
 Stretched themselves on the ground, and  
 slept where the quivering fire-light  
 Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their  
 forms wrapped up in their blankets,  
 Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she  
 sat and repeated  
 Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm  
 of her Indian accent,  
 All the tale of her love, with its pleasures,  
 and pains, and reverses.  
 Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to  
 know that another  
 Hapless heart like her own had loved and  
 had been disappointed.  
 Moved to the depths of her soul by pity  
 and woman's compassion,  
 Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had  
 suffered was near her,  
 She in turn related her love and all its dis-  
 asters.  
 Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and  
 when she had ended  
 Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mys-  
 terious horror  
 Passed through her brain, she spake, and  
 repeated the tale of the Mowis ;  
 Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won  
 and wedded a maiden,  
 But, when the morning came, arose and  
 passed from the wigwam,  
 Fading and melting away and dissolving  
 into the sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she  
 followed far into the forest.  
 Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed  
 like a weird incantation,  
 Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who  
 was wooed by a phantom,  
 That through the pines o'er her father's  
 lodge, in the hush of the twilight,  
 Breathed like the evening wind, and whis-  
 pered love to the maiden,  
 Till she followed his green and waving  
 plume through the forest,  
 And nevermore returned, nor was seen  
 again by her people.  
 Silent with wonder and strange surprise,  
 Evangeline listened  
 To the soft flow of her magical words, till  
 the region around her  
 Seemed like enchanted ground, and her  
 swarthy guest the enchantress.  
 Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Moun-  
 tains the moon rose,  
 Lighting the little tent, and with a mys-  
 terious splendor  
 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing  
 and filling the woodland.  
 With a delicious sound the brook rushed  
 by, and the branches  
 Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely  
 audible whispers.  
 Filled with the thoughts of love was Evan-  
 geline's heart, but a secret,  
 Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite  
 terror,  
 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into  
 the nest of the swallow.  
 It was no earthly fear. A breath from the  
 region of spirits  
 Seemed to float in the air of night ; and  
 she felt for a moment  
 That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was  
 pursuing a phantom.  
 With this thought she slept, and the fear  
 and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was  
 resumed ; and the Shawnee  
 Said, as they journeyed along, "On the  
 western slope of these mountains  
 Dwells in his little village the Black Robe  
 chief of the Mission.  
 Much he teaches the people, and tells them  
 of Mary and Jesus.  
 Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep  
 with pain, as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion,  
 Evangeline answered,  
 "Let us go to the Mission, for there good  
 tidings await us!"  
 Thither they turned their steeds; and be-  
 hind a spur of the mountains,  
 Just as the sun went down, they heard a  
 murmur of voices,  
 And in a meadow green and broad, by the  
 bank of a river,  
 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents  
 of the Jesuit Mission.  
 Under a towering oak, that stood in the  
 midst of the village,  
 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his chil-  
 dren. A crucifix fastened  
 High on the trunk of the tree, and over-  
 shadowed by grapevines,  
 Looked with its agonized face on the multi-  
 tude kneeling beneath it.  
 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through  
 the intricate arches  
 Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their  
 vespers,  
 Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus  
 and sighs of the branches.  
 Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers,  
 nearer approaching,  
 Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in  
 the evening devotions.  
 But when the service was done, and the  
 benediction had fallen  
 Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed  
 from the hands of the sower,  
 Slowly the reverend man advanced to the  
 strangers, and bade them  
 Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled  
 with benignant expression,  
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-  
 tongue in the forest,  
 And, with words of kindness, conducted  
 them into his wigwam.  
 There upon mats and skins they reposed,  
 and on cakes of the maize-ear  
 Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the  
 water-gourd of the teacher.  
 Soon was their story told; and the priest  
 with solemnity answered:—  
 "Not six suns have risen and set since  
 Gabriel, seated  
 On this mat by my side, where now the  
 maiden reposes,  
 Told me this same sad tale; then arose  
 and continued his journey!"

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he  
 spake with an accent of kindness;  
 But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as  
 in winter the snow-flakes  
 Fall into some lone nest from which the  
 birds have departed.  
 "Far to the north he has gone," continued  
 the priest; "but in autumn,  
 When the chase is done, will return again  
 to the Mission."  
 Then Evangeline said, and her voice was  
 meek and submissive,  
 "Let me remain with thee, for my soul is  
 sad and afflicted."  
 So seemed it wise and well unto all; and  
 betimes on the morrow,  
 Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian  
 guides and companions,  
 Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline  
 stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded  
 each other, —  
 Days and weeks and months; and the fields  
 of maize that were springing  
 Green from the ground when a stranger  
 she came, now waving above her,  
 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves  
 interlacing, and forming  
 Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries  
 pillaged by squirrels.  
 Then in the golden weather the maize was  
 husked, and the maidens  
 Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that be-  
 tokened a lover,  
 But at the crooked laughed, and called it a  
 thief in the corn-field.  
 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline  
 brought not her lover.  
 "Patience!" the priest would say; "have  
 faith, and thy prayer will be an-  
 swered!"  
 Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its  
 head from the meadow,  
 See how its leaves are turned to the north,  
 as true as the magnet;  
 This is the compass-flower, that the finger  
 of God has planted  
 Here in the houseless wild, to direct the  
 traveller's journey  
 Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste  
 of the desert.  
 Such in the soul of man is faith. The  
 blossoms of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and  
 fuller of fragrance,  
 But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and  
 their odor is deadly.  
 Only this humble plant can guide us here,  
 and hereafter  
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are  
 wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the  
 winter, — yet Gabriel came not ;  
 Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes  
 of the robin and bluebird  
 Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet  
 Gabriel came not.  
 But on the breath of the summer winds a  
 rumor, was wafted  
 Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor  
 of blossom.  
 Far to the north and east, it said, in the  
 Michigan forests,  
 Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the  
 Saginaw River.  
 And, with returning guides, that sought the  
 lakes of St. Lawrence,  
 Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went  
 from the Mission.  
 When over weary ways, by long and peril-  
 ous marches,  
 She had attained at length the depths of  
 the Michigan forests,  
 Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and  
 fallen to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on,  
 and in seasons and places  
 Divers and distant far was seen the wan-  
 dering maiden ; —  
 Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek  
 Moravian Missions,  
 Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields  
 of the army,  
 Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and  
 populous cities.  
 Like a phantom she came, and passed away  
 unremembered.  
 Fair was she and young, when in hope  
 began the long journey ;  
 Faded was she and old, when in disappoint-  
 ment it ended.  
 Each succeeding year stole something away  
 from her beauty,  
 Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the  
 gloom and the shadow.)

Then there appeared and spread faint  
 streaks of gray o'er her forehead,  
 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her  
 earthly horizon,  
 As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks  
 of the morning.

## V

In that delightful land which is washed by  
 the Delaware waters,  
 Guarding in sylvan shades the name of  
 Penn the apostle,  
 Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream  
 the city he founded.  
 There all the air is balm, and the peach is  
 the emblem of beauty,  
 And the streets still reëcho the names of  
 the trees of the forest,  
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads  
 whose haunts they molested.  
 There from the troubled sea had Evange-  
 line landed, an exile,  
 Finding among the children of Penn a home  
 and a country.  
 There old René Leblanc had died ; and  
 when he departed,  
 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred  
 descendants.  
 Something at least there was in the friendly  
 streets of the city,  
 Something that spake to her heart, and  
 made her no longer a stranger ;  
 And her ear was pleased with the Thee and  
 Thou of the Quakers,  
 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian  
 country,  
 Where all men were equal, and all were  
 brothers and sisters.  
 So, when the fruitless search, the disap-  
 pointed endeavor,  
 Ended, to recommence no more upon earth,  
 uncomplaining,  
 Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned  
 her thoughts and her footsteps.  
 As from the mountain's top the rainy mists  
 of the morning  
 Roll away, and afar we behold the land-  
 scape below us,  
 Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities  
 and hamlets,  
 So fell the mists from her mind, and she  
 saw the world far below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ;  
and the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth  
and fair in the distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her  
heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as  
last she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his death-like  
silence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not,  
for it was not.

Over him years had no power ; he was not  
changed, but transfigured ;  
He had become to her heart as one who is  
dead, and not absent ;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devo-  
tion to others,

This was the lesson a life of trial and sor-  
row had taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some  
odoriferous spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling  
the air with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life,  
but to follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred  
feet of her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of  
Mercy ; frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded  
lanes of the city,

Where distress and want concealed them-  
selves from the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets lan-  
guished neglected.

Night after night, when the world was  
asleep, as the watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all  
was well in the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the  
light of her taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as  
slow through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers  
and fruits for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home  
from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence  
fell on the city,

Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly  
by flocks of wild pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with  
naught in their craws but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the  
month of September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads  
to a lake in the meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its  
natural margin,

Spread to a brackish lake, the silver  
stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty  
to charm, the oppressor ;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge  
of his anger ;—

Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither  
friends nor attendants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home  
of the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst  
of meadows and woodlands ;—

Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with  
its gateway and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble  
walls seemed to echo

Softly the words of the Lord : “The poor  
ye always have with you.”

Thither, by night and by day, came the  
Sister of Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, in-  
deed, to behold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her fore-  
head with splendor,

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of  
saints and apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen  
at a distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the  
city celestial,

Into whose shining gates ere long their  
spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the  
streets, deserted and silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the  
door of the almshouse.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of  
flowers in the garden ;

And she paused on her way to gather the  
fairest among them,

That the dying once more might rejoice in  
their fragrance and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the cor-  
ridors, cooled by the east-wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes  
from the belfry of Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the  
meadows were wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by  
the Swedes in their church at Wi-  
caco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of  
the hour on her spirit :

Something within her said, "At length thy  
trials are ended ;"

And, with light in her looks, she entered  
the chambers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous,  
careful attendants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching  
brow, and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and  
concealing their faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts  
of snow by the roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evange-  
line entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while  
she passed, for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on  
the walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how  
Death, the consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had  
healed it forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the  
night time ;

Vacant their places were, or filled already  
by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feel-  
ing of wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart,  
while a shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten,  
the flowerets dropped from her fin-  
gers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light  
and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of  
such terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up  
from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the  
form of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks  
that shaded his temples ;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his  
face for a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of  
its earlier manhood ;

So are wont to be changed the faces of  
those who are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the  
flush of the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had  
besprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the  
sign, and pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and  
his spirit exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infi-  
nite depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever  
sinking and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in mul-  
tiplied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the  
hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender  
and saint-like,

"Gabriel ! O my beloved !" and died away  
into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the  
home of his childhood ;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan  
rivers among them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and,  
walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline  
rose in his vision.

Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he  
lifted his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline  
knelt by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for  
the accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed  
what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline,  
kneeling beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on  
her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it sud-  
denly sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of  
wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the  
fear, and the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsat-  
isfied longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant an-  
guish of patience !

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless  
head to her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,  
"Father, I thank thee !"

Still stands the forest primeval ; but far  
 away from its shadow,  
 Side by side, in their nameless graves, the  
 lovers are sleeping.  
 Under the humble walls of the little Catho-  
 lic churchyard,  
 In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown  
 and unnoticed.  
 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flow-  
 ing beside them,  
 Thousands of throbbing hearts, where  
 theirs are at rest and forever,  
 Thousands of aching brains, where theirs  
 no longer are busy,  
 Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs  
 have ceased from their labors,  
 Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have  
 completed their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but un-  
 der the shade of its branches  
 Dwells another race, with other customs  
 and language.  
 Only along the shore of the mournful and  
 misty Atlantic  
 Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fa-  
 thers from exile  
 Wandered back to their native land to die  
 in its bosom.  
 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the  
 loom are still busy ;  
 Maidens still wear their Norman caps and  
 their kirtles of homespun,  
 And by the evening fire repeat *Evangeline's*  
 story,  
 While from its rocky caverns the deep-  
 voiced, neighboring ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers  
 the wail of the forest.

## THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE

After the publication of *Evangeline*, there was a pe-  
 riod when Mr. Longfellow's mood was not a poetic one.  
 He pleased himself with writing the tale of *Kavanagh*,  
 but there are frequent laments in his diary at his un-  
 productiveness ; that the golden days of October, usu-  
 ally so fruitful in verse, faded away and left no lines  
 written ; that his growing fame brought him numberless  
 interruptions, and that the routine of his college work  
 was becoming intolerable. Now and then a poem came  
 to him, and he even made headway with a dramatic  
 romance of the age of Louis XIV., but abandoned the  
 work finally. It was two years after finishing *Evangeline*  
 before he had accumulated sufficient material  
 to warrant him in planning a new volume of poems.  
*The Seaside and the Fireside* was published in Novem-  
 ber, 1849, with *The Building of the Ship* as the leading  
 piece.

The form of the poem was clearly suggested by  
 Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, which has more than once  
 served poets as a model. Schiller may be said to have  
 introduced a new artistic form, and Mr. Longfellow, in  
 adopting the general scheme, showed his apprehension  
 of its capacity by the skill with which he moved from  
 one passage to another, using the short lines to express  
 the quicker, more sudden, or hurried action, the longer  
 to indicate lingering, moderate action or reflection.  
 The oratorical character of the poem, so to speak, has  
 always caught the ear, and it is interesting to read in  
 the poet's diary shortly after the publication of the  
 book, this entry : —

"February 12, 1850. In the evening Mrs. Kemble  
 read before the Mercantile Library Association, to an  
 audience of more than three thousand, portions of *As  
 You Like It* ; then *The Building of the Ship*, standing  
 out upon the platform, book in hand, trembling, palpi-  
 tating, and weeping, and giving every word its true  
 weight and emphasis. She prefaced the recital by a  
 few words, to this effect ; that when she first saw the  
 poem, she desired to read it before a Boston audience ;

and she hoped she would be able to make every word  
 audible to that great multitude."

By this graceful action Mrs. Kemble may well have  
 thrown into concrete form the lines with which Mr.  
 Longfellow closed the sonnet commemorating her read-  
 ings, —

O happy Poet ! . . .  
 How must thy listening spirit now rejoice  
 To be interpreted by such a voice !

But it is to be suspected that the vast multitude was  
 stirred to its depths not so much by the artistic com-  
 pleteness of the rendition, as by the impassioned burst  
 with which the poem closes, and which fell upon no  
 listless ears in the deep agitation of the eventful year  
 1850. Mr. Noah Brooks in his paper on *Lincoln's Im-  
 agination* (*Scribner's Monthly*, August, 1879) mentions  
 that he found the President one day attracted by these  
 stanzas, quoted in a political speech. "Knowing the  
 whole poem," he adds, "as one of my early exercises  
 in recitation, I began, at his request, with the descrip-  
 tion of the launch of the ship, and repeated it to the  
 end. As he listened to the last lines, his eyes filled  
 with tears, and his cheeks were wet. He did not speak  
 for some minutes, but finally said, with simplicity : 'It  
 is a wonderful gift to be able to stir men like that.'"  
 Dr. William Everett, in his remarks before the Massa-  
 chusetts Historical Society, after the death of Mr.  
 Longfellow, called attention to the striking contrast in  
 these spirited, hopeful lines to Horace's timid, tremu-  
 lous *O navis*.

In his diary, under date of March 23, 1850, Mr. Long-  
 fellow writes : "Cast lead flat-irons for the children, to  
 their great delight. C. in great and joyous excitement,  
 which he showed by the most voluble speech. E.  
 showed his only in his eyes, and looked on in silence.  
 The casting was to them as grand as the casting of a  
 bell to grown-up children. Why not write for them a  
*Song of the Lead Flat-Iron ?*"

## DEDICATION

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,  
Hears round about him voices as it  
darkens,  
And seeing not the forms from which they  
come,  
Pauses from time to time, and turns and  
hearkens ;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends !  
I hear your voices, softened by the dis-  
tance,  
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort, and  
assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold,  
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have  
shown !  
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent  
token,  
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
Friends are around us, though no word  
be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to  
land ;  
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep  
history,  
In which we feel the pressure of a hand, —  
One touch of fire, — and all the rest is  
mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently among  
Our household treasures take familiar  
places,  
And are to us as if a living tongue  
Spoke from the printed leaves or pictured  
faces !

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,  
With eye of sense, your outward form  
and semblance ;  
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,  
But live forever young in my remem-  
brance !

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away !  
Your gentle voices will flow on forever,

When life grows bare and tarnished with  
decay,  
As through a leafless landscape flows a  
river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us  
friends,  
Being oftentimes of different tongues and  
nations,  
But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,  
With the same hopes, and fears, and as-  
pirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,  
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emo-  
tion ;

Not interrupting with intrusive talk  
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps  
are lighted,  
To have my place reserved among the  
rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and unin-  
vited !

## BY THE SEASIDE

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

"BUILD me straight, O worthy Master !  
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !"

The merchant's word  
Delighted the Master heard ;  
For his heart was in his work, and the  
heart

Giveth grace unto every Art.  
A quiet smile played round his lips,  
As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
Play round the bows of ships,  
That steadily at anchor ride.  
And with a voice that was full of glee,  
He answered, " Erelong we will launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,  
As ever weathered a wintry sea !"  
And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,  
A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man,

Its counterpart in miniature ;  
 That with a hand more swift and sure  
 The greater labor might be brought  
 To answer to his inward thought.  
 And as he labored, his mind ran o'er  
 The various ships that were built of yore,  
 And above them all, and strangest of all  
 Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,  
 Whose picture was hanging on the wall,  
 With bows and stern raised high in air,  
 And balconies hanging here and there,  
 And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
 And eight round towers, like those that  
 frown

From some old castle, looking down  
 Upon the drawbridge and the moat.  
 And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,  
 Shall be of another form than this !"  
 It was of another form, indeed ;  
 Built for freight, and yet for speed,  
 A beautiful and gallant craft ;  
 Broad in the beam, that the stress of the  
 blast,

Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
 Might not the sharp bows overwhelm ;  
 Broad in the beam, but sloping aft  
 With graceful curve and slow degrees,  
 That she might be docile to the helm,  
 And that the currents of parted seas,  
 Closing behind, with mighty force,  
 Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,  
 With the model of the vessel,  
 That should laugh at all disaster,  
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground,  
 Lay the timber piled around ;  
 Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
 And scattered here and there, with these,  
 The knarred and crooked cedar knees ;  
 Brought from regions far away,  
 From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
 And the banks of the roaring Roanoke !  
 Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is  
 To note how many wheels of toil  
 One thought, one word, can set in motion !  
 There's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
 But every climate, every soil,  
 Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
 And help to build the wooden wall !

The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
 And long the level shadows lay,  
 As if they, too, the beams would be

Of some great, airy argosy,  
 Framed and launched in a single day.  
 That silent architect, the sun,  
 Had hewn and laid them every one,  
 Ere the work of man was yet begun.  
 Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
 A youth, against an anchor leaning,  
 Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.  
 Only the long waves, as they broke  
 In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
 Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
 The old man and the fiery youth !  
 The old man, in whose busy brain  
 Many a ship that sailed the main  
 Was modelled o'er and o'er again ;—  
 The fiery youth, who was to be  
 The heir of his dexterity,  
 The heir of his house, and his daughter's  
 hand,  
 When he had built and launched from  
 land  
 What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship !  
 Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
 And follow well this plan of mine.  
 Choose the timbers with greatest care ;  
 Of all that is unsound beware ;  
 For only what is sound and strong  
 To this vessel shall belong.  
 Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
 Here together shall combine.  
 A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,  
 And the UNION be her name !  
 For the day that gives her to the sea  
 Shall give my daughter unto thee !"

The Master's word  
 Enraptured the young man heard ;  
 And as he turned his face aside,  
 With a look of joy and a thrill of pride  
 Standing before  
 Her father's door,  
 He saw the form of his promised bride.  
 The sun shone on her golden hair,  
 And her cheek was glowing fresh and  
 fair,  
 With the breath of morn and the soft sea  
 air.  
 Like a beauteous barge was she,  
 Still at rest on the sandy beach,  
 Just beyond the billow's reach ;  
 But he  
 Was the restless, seething, stormy sea !

Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command !  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far excelleth all the rest !

Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds  
Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side ;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,  
Was lying ready, and stretched along  
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.  
Happy, thrice happy, every one  
Who sees his labor well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied,  
By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was o'er,  
The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden calm and still,  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales,  
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,  
And ships that never came back again,  
The chance and change of a sailor's life,  
Want and plenty, rest and strife,  
His roving fancy, like the wind,  
That nothing can stay and nothing can  
bind,

And the magic charm of foreign lands,  
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,  
Where the tumbling surf,  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,  
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.  
And the trembling maiden held her breath  
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,  
With all its terror and mystery,  
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,  
That divides and yet unites mankind !  
And whenever the old man paused, a  
gleam  
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile  
illumine

The silent group in the twilight gloom,  
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream ;

And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden by the dark,  
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,  
Tenderly, on the young man's breast !

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view !  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !  
And around it columns of smoke, upwreath-  
ing,  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Caldron, that glowed,  
And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for the sheath-  
ing.

And amid the clamors  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men : —

“ Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle ! ”

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have control  
Over the movement of the whole ;  
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand  
Would reach down and grapple with the  
land,

And immovable and fast  
Hold the great ship against the bellowing  
blast !

And at the bows an image stood,  
By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
With robes of white, that far behind  
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
It was not shaped in a classic mould,  
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
Or Naiad rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master's daugh-  
ter !

On many a dreary and misty night,  
’Twill be seen by the rays of the signal  
light,

Speeding along through the rain and the  
dark,

Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
The pilot of some phantom bark,  
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
By a path none other knows aright !

Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place ;  
Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast !

Long ago,  
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,  
When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow,  
They fell, — those lordly pines !  
Those grand, majestic pines !  
'Mid shouts and cheers  
The jaded steers,  
Panting beneath the goad,  
Dragged down the weary, winding road  
Those captive kings so straight and tall,  
To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
And naked and bare,  
To feel the stress and the strain  
Of the wind and the reeling main,  
Whose roar  
Would remind them forevermore  
Of their native forests they should not see  
again.

And everywhere  
The slender, graceful spars  
Poise aloft in the air,  
And at the mast-head,  
White, blue, and red,  
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.  
Ah ! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,  
In foreign harbors shall behold  
That flag unrolled,  
'T will be as a friendly hand  
Stretched out from his native land,  
Filling his heart with memories sweet and  
endless !

All is finished ! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched !  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,  
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest ;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.  
He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honor of her marriage day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blend-  
ing,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side.  
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sudden fleck,  
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,  
The service read,  
The joyous bridegroom bows his head ;  
And in tears the good old Master  
Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
In silence, for he cannot speak,  
And ever faster  
Down his own the tears begin to run.  
The worthy pastor —  
The shepherd of that wandering flock,  
That has the ocean for its wold,  
That has the vessel for its fold,  
Leaping ever from rock to rock —  
Spake, with accents mild and clear,  
Words of warning, words of cheer,  
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.  
He knew the chart  
Of the sailor's heart,  
All its pleasures and its griefs,  
All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
All those secret currents, that flow  
With such resistless undertow,  
And lift and drift, with terrible force,  
The will from its moorings and its course.  
Therefore he spake, and thus said  
he : —

"Like unto ships far off at sea,  
 Outward or homeward bound, are we.  
 Before, behind, and all around,  
 Floats and swings the horizon's bound,  
 Seems at its distant rim to rise  
 And climb the crystal wall of the skies,  
 And then again to turn and sink,  
 As if we could slide from its outer brink.  
 Ah ! it is not the sea,  
 It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
 But ourselves  
 That rock and rise  
 With endless and uneasy motion,  
 Now touching the very skies,  
 Now sinking into the depths of ocean.  
 Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing  
 Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
 Ever level and ever true  
 To the toil and the task we have to do,  
 We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
 The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining  
     beach  
 The sights we see, and the sounds we  
     hear,  
 Will be those of joy and not of fear ! "

Then the Master,  
 With a gesture of command,  
 Waved his hand ;  
 And at the word,  
 Loud and sudden there was heard,  
 All around them and below,  
 The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
 Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
 And see ! she stirs !  
 She starts, — she moves, — she seems to  
     feel  
 The thrill of life along her keel,  
 And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
 With one exulting, joyous bound,  
 She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled crowd  
 There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
 That to the ocean seemed to say,  
 "Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,  
 Take her to thy protecting arms,  
 With all her youth and all her charms ! "

How beautiful she is ! How fair  
 She lies within those arms, that press  
 Her form with many a soft caress  
 Of tenderness and watchful care !  
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship !

Through wind and wave, right onward steer !  
 The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
 Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
 O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
 And safe from all adversity  
 Upon the bosom of that sea  
 Thy comings and thy goings be !  
 For gentleness and love and trust  
 Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;  
 And in the wreck of noble lives  
 Something immortal still survives !

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !  
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !  
 Humanity with all its fears,  
 With all the hopes of future years,  
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate !  
 We know what Master laid thy keel,  
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
 In what a forge and what a heat  
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !  
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
 'T is of the wave and not the rock ;  
 'T is but the flapping of the sail,  
 And not a rent made by the gale !  
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
 In spite of false lights on the shore,  
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !  
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our  
     tears,  
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee, — are all with thee !

## SEAWEED

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
     The gigantic  
 Storm-wind of the equinox,  
 Landward in his wrath he scourges  
     The toiling surges,  
 Laden with seaweed from the rocks :  
  
 From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges  
     Of sunken ledges,  
 In some far-off, bright Azore ;  
 From Bahama, and the dashing,  
     Silver-flashing  
 Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
 The Orkneyan skerries,  
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;  
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
 Spars, uplifting  
 On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless main ;  
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
 Of sandy beaches,  
 All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
 Strike the ocean  
 Of the poet's soul, erelong  
 From each cave and rocky fastness,  
 In its vastness,  
 Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted,  
 Heaven has planted  
 With the golden fruit of Truth ;  
 From the flashing surf, whose vision  
 Gleams Elysian  
 In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor  
 That forever  
 Wrestle with the tides of Fate ;  
 From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,  
 Tempest-shattered,  
 Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless heart ;  
 Till at length in books recorded,  
 They, like hoarded  
 Household words, no more depart.

### CHRYSAOR

In the first edition of *The Seaside and the Fireside* this poem bore the title of *The Evening Star*.

JUST above yon sandy bar,  
 As the day grows fainter and dimmer,  
 Lonely and lovely, a single star  
 Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far  
 Falls the trail of its golden splendor,

And the gleam of that single star  
 Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,  
 Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,  
 Leaving the arms of Callirrhœ,  
 Forever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far  
 Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly ;  
 Is it a God, or is it a star  
 That, entranced, I gaze on nightly !

### THE SECRET OF THE SEA

Ah ! what pleasant visions haunt me  
 As I gaze upon the sea !  
 All the old romantic legends,  
 All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,  
 Such as gleam in ancient lore ;  
 And the singing of the sailors,  
 And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad  
 Haunts me oft, and tarries long,  
 Of the noble Count Arnaldos  
 And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
 Where the sand as silver shines,  
 With a soft, monotonous cadence,  
 Flow its unrhymed lyric lines ;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,  
 With his hawk upon his hand,  
 Saw a fair and stately galley,  
 Steering onward to the land ;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman  
 Chant a song so wild and clear,  
 That the sailing sea-bird slowly  
 Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,  
 And he cried, with impulse strong, —  
 " Helmsman ! for the love of heaven,  
 Teach me, too, that wondrous song ! "

" Wouldst thou, " — so the helmsman answered,  
 " Learn the secret of the sea ? "

Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery !”

In each sail that skims the horizon,  
In each landward-blowing breeze,  
I behold that stately galley,  
Hear those mournful melodies ;

Till my soul is full of longing  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

### TWILIGHT

(THE twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness  
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,  
As they beat at the crazy casement,  
Tell to that little child ?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the mother  
Drive the color from her cheek ?

### SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice  
Sailed the corsair Death ;

Wild and fast blew the blast,  
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice  
Glisten in the sun ;  
On each side, like pennons wide,  
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist  
Dripped with silver rain ;  
But where he passed there were cast  
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;  
Three days or more seaward he bore,  
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night ;  
And nevermore, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,  
The Book was in his hand ;  
“ Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,”  
He said, “ by water as by land !”

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,  
Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star  
Were hanging in the shrouds ;  
Every mast, as it passed,  
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,  
At midnight black and cold !  
As of a rock was the shock ;  
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,  
They drift in close embrace,  
With mist and rain, o'er the open main ;  
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,  
They drift through dark and day ;  
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream  
Sinking, vanish all away.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,  
 And on its outer point, some miles away,  
 The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,  
 A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,  
 Upheaving, break unheard along its base,  
 A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides  
 In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo ! how bright,  
 Through the deep purple of the twilight  
 air,  
 Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light  
 With strange, unearthly splendor in the  
 glare !

Not one alone ; from each projecting cape  
 And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,  
 Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,  
 Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands  
 Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
 Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
 The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,  
 Bending and bowing o'er the billowy  
 swells,  
 And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
 They wave their silent welcomes and  
 farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and  
 their sails  
 Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,  
 And eager faces, as the light unveils,  
 Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they  
 gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,  
 On his first voyage, he saw it fade and  
 sink ;  
 And when, returning from adventures wild,  
 He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
 Year after year, through all the silent  
 night  
 Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame,  
 Shines on that inextinguishable light !

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp  
 The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of  
 peace ;

It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,  
 And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm  
 Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,  
 And steadily against its solid form  
 Press the great shoulders of the hurri-  
 cane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the  
 din  
 Of wings and winds and solitary cries,  
 Blinded and maddened by the light within,  
 Dashes himself against the glare, and  
 dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,  
 Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,  
 It does not hear the cry, nor heed the  
 shock,  
 But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on !" it says, "sail on, ye stately  
 ships !  
 And with your floating bridge the ocean  
 span ;  
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,  
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto  
 man !"

## THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD

## DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLEHEAD

"September 29, 1846. A delicious drive with F. through Malden and Lynn to Marblehead, to visit E. W. at the Devereux Farm by the sea-side. Drove across the beautiful sand. What a delicious scene ! The ocean in the sunshine changing from the silvery hue of the thin waves upon the beach, through the lighter and the deeper green, to a rich purple in the horizon. We recalled the times past, and the days when we were at Nahant. The Devereux Farm is by the sea, some miles from Lynn. An old-fashioned farm-house, with low rooms, and narrow windows rattling in the sea-breeze." From this visit sprang the poem that follows. In a letter in 1879 to a correspondent who had raised a matter-of-fact objection, Mr. Longfellow readily admitted that the harbor and lighthouse, which he visited the same day, could not be seen from the windows of the farm-house.

WE sat within the farm-house old,  
 Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,  
 Gave to the sea-breeze damp and cold  
 An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,  
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,  
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
Descending, filled the little room ;  
Our faces faded from the sight,  
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,  
Of what we once had thought and said,  
Of what had been, and might have been,  
And who was changed, and who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,  
When first they feel, with secret pain,  
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,  
And never can be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the heart,  
That words are powerless to express,  
And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake  
Had something strange, I could but mark ;  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark ;

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,  
We thought of wrecks upon the main,  
Of ships dismantled, that were hailed  
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,  
The ocean, roaring up the beach,  
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,  
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part  
Of fancies floating through the brain,  
The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that  
yearned !  
They were indeed too much akin,

The drift-wood fire without that burned,  
The thoughts that burned and glowed  
within.

## BY THE FIRESIDE

## RESIGNATION

Written in the autumn of 1848, after the death of his little daughter Fanny. There is a passage in the poet's diary, under date of November 12, in which he says : " I feel very sad to-day. I miss very much my dear little Fanny. An inappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control."

THERE is no flock, however watched and  
tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,  
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and  
vapors ;  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is  
transition ;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affec-  
tion, —  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor pro-  
tection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclu-  
sion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollu-  
tion,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
 In those bright realms of air ;  
 Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep un-  
 broken  
 The bond which nature gives,  
 Thinking that our remembrance, though  
 unspoken,  
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
 For when with raptures wild  
 In our embraces we again enfold her,  
 She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
 Clothed with celestial grace ;  
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
 Shall we behold her face:

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
 And anguish long suppressed,  
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the  
 ocean,  
 That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
 We may not wholly stay ;  
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
 The grief that must have way.

### THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,  
 Working in these walls of Time ;  
 Some with massive deeds and great,  
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;  
 Each thing in its place is best ;  
 And what seems but idle show  
 Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
 Time is with materials filled ;  
 Our to-days and yesterdays  
 Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;  
 Leave no yawning gaps between ;  
 Think not, because no man sees,  
 Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
 Builders wrought with greatest care  
 Each minute and unseen part ;  
 For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
 Both the unseen and the seen ;  
 Make the house, where Gods may dwell,  
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
 Standing in these walls of Time,  
 Broken stairways, where the feet  
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
 With a firm and ample base ;  
 And ascending and secure  
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
 To those turrets, where the eye  
 Sees the world as one vast plain,  
 And one boundless reach of sky.

### SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot  
 clime  
 Of Arab deserts brought,  
 Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,  
 The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been  
 About those deserts blown !  
 How many strange vicissitudes has seen,  
 How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite  
 Trampled and passed it o'er,  
 When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight  
 His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,  
 Crushed it beneath their tread,  
 Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air  
 Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth  
 Held close in her caress,  
 Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and  
 faith  
 Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms  
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,  
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms  
In half-articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate  
With westward steps depart ;  
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,  
And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it, or may have  
passed !  
Now in this crystal tower  
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,  
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls ex-  
pand ;—  
Before my dreamy eye  
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,  
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,  
This little golden thread  
Dilates into a column high and vast,  
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,  
Across the boundless plain,  
The column and its broader shadow run,  
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! These walls again  
Shut out the lurid sun,  
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain ;  
The half-hour's sand is run !

### THE OPEN WINDOW

The old house by the lindens is what was known as the Lechmere house which formerly stood on Brattle Street, corner of Sparks Street, in Cambridge. It was in this house that Baron Riedesel was quartered as prisoner of war after the surrender of Burgoyne, and the window-pane used to be shown on which the Baroness wrote her name with a diamond.

The old house by the lindens  
Stood silent in the shade,  
And on the gravelled pathway  
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows  
Wide open to the air ;  
But the faces of the children,  
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog  
Was standing by the door ;  
He looked for his little playmates,  
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,  
They played not in the hall ;  
But shadow, and silence, and sadness  
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,  
With sweet, familiar tone ;  
But the voices of the children  
Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,  
He could not understand  
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,  
I pressed his warm, soft hand !

### KING WITLAF'S DRINKING- HORN

"September 30, 1848. Worked upon *Kavanagh* all the morning ; and wound up with *King Witlaf's Drinking-Horn*, which I painted with a sweep of the pencil just before dinner."

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,  
Ere yet his last he breathed,  
To the merry monks of Croyland  
His drinking-horn bequeathed, —

That, whenever they sat at their revels,  
And drank from the golden bowl,  
They might remember the donor,  
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,  
And bade the goblet pass ;  
In their beards the red wine glistened  
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,  
They drank to Christ the Lord,  
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,  
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs  
Of the dismal days of yore,  
And as soon as the horn was empty  
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,  
Like the murmur of many bees,

The legend of good Saint Guthlac,  
And Saint Basil's homilies ;

Till the great bells of the convent,  
From their prison in the tower,  
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,  
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,  
And the Abbot bowed his head,  
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,  
But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers  
He clutched the golden bowl,  
In which, like a pearl dissolving,  
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels  
The jovial monks forbore,  
For they cried, " Fill high the goblet !  
We must drink to one Saint more ! "

### GASPAR BECERRA

This poem appears to have been suggested by a passage in Sterling's *Spanish Painters*, which Mr. Longfellow was reading at the time with great pleasure. He had some thought of writing a drama based on Sterling's account of Murillo's life in Seville.

By his evening fire the artist  
Pondered o'er his secret shame ;  
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,  
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin  
That had tasked his utmost skill ;  
But, alas ! his fair ideal  
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island  
Had the precious wood been brought ;  
Day and night the anxious master  
At his toil untiring wrought ;

Till, discouraged and desponding,  
Sat he now in shadows deep,  
And the day's humiliation  
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, " Rise, O master !  
From the burning brand of oak  
Shape the thought that stirs within thee ! " —  
And the startled artist woke, —

Woke, and from the smoking embers  
Seized and quenched the glowing wood ;  
And therefrom he carved an image,  
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !  
Take this lesson to thy heart :  
That is best which lieth nearest ;  
Shape from that thy work of art.

### PEGASUS IN POUND

Written as poem to *The Estray*, a collection of poems edited by Mr. Longfellow.

ONCE into a quiet village,  
Without haste and without heed,  
In the golden prime of morning,  
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant  
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,  
And, like living coals, the apples  
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing  
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;  
'T was the daily call to labor,  
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,  
In its gleaming vapor veiled ;  
Not the less he breathed the odors  
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,  
By the school-boys he was found ;  
And the wise men, in their wisdom,  
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,  
Ringing loud his brazen bell,  
Wandered down the street proclaiming  
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,  
Rich and poor, and young and old,  
Came in haste to see this wondrous  
Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening  
Fell, with vapors cold and dim ;  
But it brought no food nor shelter,  
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,  
 Looked he through the wooden bars,  
 Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,  
 Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight  
 Sounded from its dark abode,  
 And, from out a neighboring farm-yard,  
 Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,  
 Breaking from his iron chain,  
 And unfolding far his pinious,  
 To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village  
 Woke to all its toil and care,  
 Lo ! the strange steed had departed.  
 And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward  
 Where his struggling hoofs had trod,  
 Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
 From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing  
 Gladdens the whole region round,  
 Strengthening all who drink its waters,  
 While it soothes them with its sound.

## TEGNÉR'S DRAPA

"October 14, 1847. Went to town, after finishing a poem on Tegnér's death, in the spirit of the old Norse poetry." In the first edition, the poem bore the title *Tegnér's Death*. The word *drapa* signifies death-song, or dirge.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,  
 "Balder the Beautiful  
 Is dead, is dead !"  
 And through the misty air  
 Passed like the mournful cry  
 Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse  
 Of the dead sun  
 Borne through the Northern sky.  
 Blasts from Niffelheim  
 Lifted the sheeted mists  
 Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,  
 "Balder the Beautiful  
 Is dead, is dead !"

And died away  
 Through the dreary night,  
 In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,  
 God of the summer sun,  
 Fairest of all the Gods !  
 Light from his forehead beamed,  
 Runes were upon his tongue,  
 As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air  
 Bound were by magic spell  
 Never to do him harm ;  
 Even the plants and stones ;  
 All save the mistletoe,  
 The sacred mistletoe !

Hæder, the blind old God,  
 Whose feet are shod with silence,  
 Pierced through that gentle breast  
 With his sharp spear, by fraud,  
 Made of the mistletoe,  
 The accursed mistletoe !

They laid him in his ship,  
 With horse and harness,  
 As on a funeral pyre.  
 Odin placed  
 A ring upon his finger,  
 And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship !  
 It floated far away  
 Over the misty sea,  
 Till like the sun it seemed,  
 Sinking beneath the waves.  
 Balder returned no more !

So perish the old Gods !  
 But out of the sea of Time  
 Rises a new land of song,  
 Fairer than the old.  
 Over its meadows green  
 Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,  
 O ye bards,  
 Fairer than before !  
 Ye fathers of the new race,  
 Feed upon morning dew,  
 Sing the new Song of Love !

The law of force is dead !  
 The law of love prevails !

Thor, the thunderer,  
Shall rule the earth no more,  
No more, with threats,  
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,  
O ye bards of the North,  
Of Vikings and of Jarls !  
Of the days of Eld  
Preserve the freedom only,  
Not the deeds of blood !

### SONNET

#### ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE

In the winter of 1849 Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler was reading Shakespeare in Boston, and Mr. Longfellow was a constant attendant. He notes in his diary under date of February 20: "We did not go last night to hear *Othello*. I wrote this morning a sonnet on Mrs. Butler's readings." A week later the poet entertained Mrs. Butler after a reading in Cambridge, and read his sonnet at the close of the supper.

O PRECIOUS evenings ! all too swiftly sped !  
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages  
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest  
sages,  
And giving tongues unto the silent dead !  
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she  
read,  
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages  
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,  
Anticipating all that shall be said !  
O happy Reader ! having for thy text  
The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves  
have caught  
The rarest essence of all human thought !  
O happy Poet ! by no critic vex !  
How must thy listening spirit now rejoice  
To be interpreted by such a voice !

### THE SINGERS

"November 6, 1849. Wrote *The Singers* to show the excellence of different kinds of song." No individual poets were intended.

God sent his Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,  
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;

Through groves he wandered, and by  
streams,  
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,  
Stood singing in the market-place,  
And stirred with accents deep and loud  
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,  
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
While the majestic organ rolled  
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three  
Disputed which the best might be ;  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see  
No best in kind, but in degree ;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony."

### SUSPIRIA

TAKE them, O Death ! and bear away  
Whatever thou canst call thine own !  
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,  
Doth give thee that, but that alone !

Take them, O Grave ! and let them lie  
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,  
As garments by the soul laid by,  
And precious only to ourselves !

Take them, O great Eternity !  
Our little life is but a gust  
That bends the branches of thy tree,  
And trails its blossoms in the dust !

### HYMN

#### FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION

The brother was the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, the poet's biographer. In his diary, February 8, 1848, Mr. Longfellow wrote: "S. returned from Portland. Read to him the chant I wrote for his ordination, — a midnight thought. He likes it, and will have it sung."

CHRIST to the young man said : "Yet one thing more ;

If thou wouldst perfect be,  
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,  
And come and follow me !"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,  
Those sacred words hath said  
And his invisible hands to-day have been  
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way  
The unseen Christ shall move,

That he may lean upon his arm and say,  
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve ?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall  
be,

To make the scene more fair ;  
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane  
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest !  
Like the beloved John

To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,  
And thus to journey on !

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

1855

The general purpose to make use of Indian material appears to have been in the poet's mind for some time, but the conception as finally wrought in *Hiawatha* was formed in the summer of 1854. He writes in his diary under date of June 22, "I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians, which seems to me the right one and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one for such a theme." A few days before, he had been reading with great delight the Finnish epic *Kalevala*, and this poem suggested the measure and may well have reminded him also of the Indian legends, which have that likeness to the Finnish that springs from a common intellectual stage of development and a general community of habits and occupation.

An interest in the Indians had long been felt by Mr. Longfellow, and in his early plans for prose sketches tales about the Indians had a place. He had seen a few of the straggling remainder of the Algonquins in Maine, and had read Heckewelder while in college ; he had witnessed the spectacle of Black Hawk and his Sacs and Foxes on Boston Common ; and a few years before, he had made the acquaintance of the fine-tempered Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, the Ojibway chief, and had entertained him at his house, trusting not unlikely that he might derive from the Indian some helpful suggestion. His authority for the legends and the material generally of his poem was in the main Schoolcraft's great, ill-digested work, with probably the same author's more literary composition *Algic Researches*, and Heckewelder's narrative. He soon took Manabozho's other and more euphonic name, Hiawatha, into his service, and gave himself up to a thorough enjoyment of the task.

Mr. Longfellow began writing *Hiawatha* June 25, 1854. It was finished March 29, 1855, and published November 10. It is doubtful if the poet wrote any of his longer works with more abandonment, with more thorough enjoyment of his task, with a keener sense of the originality of his venture, and by consequence, with more perplexity when he thought of his readers. He tried the poem on his friends more freely than had been

customary with him, and with varied results. His own mind, as he neared the test of publication, wavered a little in its moods. "Proof sheets of *Hiawatha*," he wrote in June, 1855. "I am growing idiotic about this song, and no longer know whether is good or bad : " and later still : "In great doubt about a canto of *Hiawatha*, — whether to retain or suppress it. It is odd how confused one's mind becomes about such matters from long looking at the same subject."

No sooner was the poem published than its popularity was assured, and it was subjected to the most searching tests. It was read by public readers to large audiences, and a few years later was set to music by Stoepel and given at the Boston Theatre with explanatory readings by Matilda Heron. It was parodied, — one of the surest signs of popularity, — and it lived its parodies down, a surer sign still of intrinsic uncopyableness. It was criticised with heated words, and made the occasion for controversy. The elemental nature of the poetry led to vehement charges of plagiarism, and altogether the poet found himself in the midst of a violent war of words which recalled his experience with *Hyperion*. He felt keenly the unreasonableness of the attack upon his honesty in the charge that he had borrowed metre and incidents both from the *Kalevala*. He made no secret of the suggestion of the metre, — he had used an acknowledged form, which was not exclusively Finnish ; and as for the legends, he openly confessed his indebtedness to Schoolcraft in the notes to the poem.

Meanwhile the book had an unexampled sale, and the letters which the poet received from Emerson, Hawthorne, Parsons, Taylor, and others showed the judgment passed upon his work by those whose poetic perception was not blunted by habits of professional criticism nor taken captive by mere novelty. Several years after, a translation into Latin of a portion of the poem was made for use as a school-book, by Professor Francis W. Newman. A suggestive criticism, by Dr. Holmes, upon the measure of the poem will be found in the *Proceedings* of the Massachusetts Historical Society for April 13, 1882.

## INTRODUCTION

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories ?  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the odors of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,

With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains ?

I should answer, I should tell you, ) !

"From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.  
I repeat them as I heard them  
From the lips of Nawadaha,  
The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha  
Found these songs so wild and wayward,  
Found these legends and traditions,  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
"In the bird's-nests of the forest,  
In the lodges of the beaver,  
In the hoof-prints of the bison,  
In the eyry of the eagle !

"All the wild-fowl sang them to him,  
In the moorlands and the fen-lands,  
In the melancholy marshes ;  
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,  
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, Wawa,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa !"

If still further you should ask me,  
Saying, "Who was Nawadaha ?  
Tell us of this Nawadaha,"

I should answer your inquiries  
Straightway in such words as follow.

"In the vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley,  
By the pleasant water-courses,  
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.  
Round about the Indian village  
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,  
And beyond them stood the forest,  
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,  
Green in Summer, white in Winter,  
Ever sighing, ever singing.

"And the pleasant water-courses,  
You could trace them through the valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time,  
By the alders in the Summer,  
By the white fog in the Autumn,  
By the black line in the Winter ;  
And beside them dwelt the singer,  
In the vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley.

"There he sang of Hiawatha,  
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,  
Sang his wondrous birth and being,

How he prayed and how he fasted,  
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,  
That the tribes of men might prosper,  
That he might advance his people !"

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,  
Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
Love the shadow of the forest,  
Love the wind among the branches,  
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,  
And the rushing of great rivers  
Through their palisades of pine-trees,  
And the thunder in the mountains, [ex. 1  
close  
senses]  
Whose innumerable echoes  
Flap like eagles in their eyries ;—  
Listen to these wild traditions,  
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
Love the ballads of a people,  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,  
Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken ;—  
Listen to this Indian Legend,  
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe that in all ages  
Every human heart is human, ]!  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness

and  
And are lifted up and strengthened ;—  
Listen to this simple story,  
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles  
Through the green lanes of the country,  
Where the tangled barberry-bushes  
Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
Over stone walls gray with mosses,  
Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
For a while to muse, and ponder  
On a half-effaced inscription,  
Written with little skill of song-craft,  
Homely phrases, but each letter  
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter ;—  
Stay and read this rude inscription,  
Read this Song of Hiawatha !

## I

## THE PEACE-PIPE

On the Mountains of the Prairie,  
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
He the Master of Life, descending,  
On the red crags of the quarry  
Stood erect, and called the nations,  
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,  
Leaped into the light of morning,  
O'er the precipice plunging downward  
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.  
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,  
With his finger on the meadow  
Traced a winding pathway for it,  
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry  
With his hand he broke a fragment,  
Moulded it into a pipe-head,  
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;  
From the margin of the river  
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,  
With its dark green leaves upon it;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
With the bark of the red willow;  
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,  
Made its great boughs chafe together,  
Till in flame they burst and kindled;  
And erect upon the mountains,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,  
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,  
Through the tranquil air of morning,  
First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser, bluer vapor,  
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,  
Like the tree-tops of the forest,  
Ever rising, rising, rising,  
Till it touched the top of heaven,  
Till it broke against the heaven,  
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,  
From the Valley of Wyoming,  
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,  
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,  
From the Northern lakes and rivers  
All the tribes beheld the signal,  
Saw the distant smoke ascending,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations

Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!  
By this signal from afar off,  
Bending like a wand of willow,  
Waving like a hand that beckons,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Calls the tribes of men together,  
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,  
Came the warriors of the nations,  
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,  
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,  
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,  
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,  
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,  
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,  
All the warriors drawn together  
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,  
To the Mountains of the Prairie,  
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,  
With their weapons and their war-gear,  
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Wildly glaring at each other;  
In their faces stern defiance,  
In their hearts the feuds of ages,  
The hereditary hatred,  
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The creator of the nations,  
Looked upon them with compassion,  
With paternal love and pity; *when to what man*  
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling  
But as quarrels among children,  
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,  
To subdue their stubborn natures,  
To allay their thirst and fever,  
By the shadow of his right hand;  
Spake to them with voice majestic  
As the sound of far-off waters,  
Falling into deep abysses,  
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—

"O my children! my poor children!  
Listen to the words of wisdom,  
Listen to the words of warning,  
From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
From the Master of Life, who made you!"

"I have given you lands to hunt in,  
I have given you streams to fish in,  
I have given you bear and bison,  
I have given you roe and reindeer,  
I have given you brant and beaver,  
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,  
Filled the rivers full of fishes;

Why then are you not contented ?  
Why then will you hunt each other ?

"I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,  
Of your wranglings and dissensions ;  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord ;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,  
Who shall toil and suffer with you.

If you listen to his counsels,  
You will multiply and prosper ;  
If his warnings pass unheeded,  
You will fade away and perish !

"Bathe now in the stream before you,  
Wash the war-paint from your faces,  
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,  
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,  
Break the red stone from this quarry,  
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,  
Take the reeds that grow beside you,  
Deck them with your brightest feathers,  
Smoke the calumet together,  
And as brothers live henceforward !"

Then upon the ground the warriors  
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,  
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,  
Leaped into the rushing river,  
Washed the war-paint from their faces.  
Clear above them flowed the water,  
Clear and limpid from the footprints  
Of the Master of Life descending ;  
Dark below them flowed the water,  
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,  
As if blood were mingled with it !

From the river came the warriors,  
Clean and washed from all their war-paint ;  
On the banks their clubs they buried,  
Buried all their warlike weapons,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the creator,  
Smiled upon his helpless children !

And in silence all the warriors  
Broke the red stone of the quarry,  
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,  
Broke the long reeds by the river,  
Decked them with their brightest feathers,  
And departed each one homeward,  
While the Master of Life, ascending,  
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,  
Through the doorways of the heaven,

Vanished from before their faces,  
In the smoke that rolled around him,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe !

## II

## THE FOUR WINDS

"HONOR be to Mudjekeewis !"  
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,  
When he came in triumph homeward  
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,  
From the regions of the North-Wind,  
From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum  
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,  
From the Great Bear of the mountains,  
From the terror of the nations,  
As he lay asleep and cumbrous  
On the summit of the mountains,  
Like a rock with mosses on it,  
Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him  
Till the red nails of the monster  
Almost touched him, almost scared him,  
Till the hot breath of his nostrils  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,  
As he drew the Belt of Wampum  
Over the round ears, that heard not,  
Over the small eyes, that saw not,  
Over the long nose and nostrils,  
The black muffle of the nostrils,  
Out of which the heavy breathing  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,  
Shouted loud and long his war-ery,  
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa  
In the middle of the forehead,  
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,  
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains ;  
But his knees beneath him trembled,  
And he whimpered like a woman,  
As he reeled and staggered forward,  
As he sat upon his haunches ;  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Standing fearlessly before him,  
Taunted him in loud derision,  
Spake disdainfully in this wise :—

"Hark you, Bear ! you are a coward ;  
And no Brave, as you pretended ;  
Else you would not cry and whimper  
Like a miserable woman !

Bear ! you know our tribes are hostile,  
 Long have been at war together ;  
 Now you find that we are strongest,  
 You go sneaking in the forest,  
 You go hiding in the mountains !  
 Had you conquered me in battle  
 Not a groan would I have uttered ;  
 But you, Bear ! sit here and whimper,  
 And disgrace your tribe by crying,  
 Like a wretched Shaugodaya,  
 Like a cowardly old woman ! ”

Then again he raised his war-club,  
 Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa  
 In the middle of his forehead,  
 Broke his skull, as ice is broken  
 When one goes to fish in Winter.  
 Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,  
 He the Great Bear of the mountains,  
 He the terror of the nations.

“ Honor be to Mudjekeewis ! ”  
 With a shout exclaimed the people,  
 “ Honor be to Mudjekeewis !  
 Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,  
 And hereafter and forever  
 Shall he hold supreme dominion  
 Over all the winds of heaven.  
 Call him no more Mudjekeewis,  
 Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind ! ”

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen  
 Father of the Winds of Heaven.  
 For himself he kept the West-Wind,  
 Gave the others to his children ;  
 Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,  
 Gave the South to Shawondasee,  
 And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,  
 To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun ;  
 He it was who brought the morning,  
 He it was whose silver arrows  
 Chased the dark o'er hill and valley ;  
 He it was whose cheeks were painted  
 With the brightest streaks of crimson,  
 And whose voice awoke the village,  
 Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun ;  
 Though the birds sang gayly to him,  
 Though the wild-flowers of the meadow  
 Filled the air with odors for him ;  
 Though the forests and the rivers  
 Sang and shouted at his coming,  
 Still his heart was sad within him,  
 For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,  
 While the village still was sleeping,  
 And the fog lay on the river,

Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,  
 He beheld a maiden walking  
 All alone upon a meadow,  
 Gathering water-flags and rushes  
 By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,  
 Still the first thing he beheld there  
 Was her blue eyes looking at him,  
 Two blue lakes among the rushes.  
 And he loved the lonely maiden,  
 Who thus waited for his coming ;  
 For they both were solitary,  
 She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,  
 Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,  
 With his flattering words he wooed her,  
 With his sighing and his singing,  
 Gentlest whispers in the branches,  
 Softest music, sweetest odors,  
 Till he drew her to his bosom,  
 Folded in his robes of crimson,  
 Till into a star he changed her,  
 Trembling still upon his bosom ;  
 And forever in the heavens  
 They are seen together walking,  
 Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,  
 Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka  
 Had his dwelling among icebergs,  
 In the everlasting snow-drifts,  
 In the kingdom of Wabasso,  
 In the land of the White Rabbit.  
 He it was whose hand in Autumn  
 Painted all the trees with scarlet,  
 Stained the leaves with red and yellow ;  
 He it was who sent the snow-flakes,  
 Sifting, hissing through the forest,  
 Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,  
 Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,  
 Drove the cormorant and curlew  
 To their nests of sedge and sea-tang  
 In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka  
 Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,  
 From his home among the icebergs,  
 And his hair, with snow besprinkled,  
 Streamed behind him like a river,  
 Like a black and wintry river,  
 As he howled and hurried southward,  
 Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes  
 Found he Shingebis, the diver,  
 Trailing strings of fish behind him,  
 O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,  
 Lingered still among the moorlands,

Though his tribe had long departed  
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,  
"Who is this that dares to brave me?  
Dares to stay in my dominions,  
When the Wawa has departed,  
When the wild-goose has gone southward,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Long ago departed southward?  
I will go into his wigwam,  
I will put his smouldering fire out!"

And at night Kabibonokka  
To the lodge came wild and wailing,  
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,  
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,  
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,  
Flapped the curtain of the door-way.  
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,  
Shingebis, the diver, cared not;  
Four great logs had he for firewood,  
One for each moon of the winter,  
And for food the fishes served him.  
By his blazing fire he sat there,  
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,  
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Then Kabibonokka entered,  
And though Shingebis, the diver,  
Felt his presence by the coldness,  
Felt his icy breath upon him,  
Still he did not cease his singing,  
Still he did not leave his laughing,  
Only turned the log a little,  
Only made the fire burn brighter,  
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,  
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,  
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,  
Making dints upon the ashes,  
As along the eaves of lodges,  
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,  
Drips the melting snow in spring-time,  
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated,  
Could not bear the heat and laughter,  
Could not bear the merry singing,  
But rushed headlong through the door-way,  
Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,  
Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,  
Made the snow upon them harder,  
Made the ice upon them thicker,  
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,  
To come forth and wrestle with him,  
To come forth and wrestle naked  
On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,  
Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,  
Wrestled naked on the moorlands  
With the fierce Kabibonokka,  
Till his panting breath grew fainter,  
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,  
Till he reeled and staggered backward,  
And retreated, baffled, beaten,  
To the kingdom of Wabasso,  
To the land of the White Rabbit,  
Hearing still the gusty laughter,  
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,  
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,  
Had his dwelling far to southward,  
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,  
In the never-ending Summer.  
He it was who sent the wood-birds,  
Sent the robin, the Opechee,  
Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,  
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,  
Sent the melons and tobacco,  
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending  
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,  
Filled the air with dreamy softness,  
Gave a twinkle to the water,  
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,  
Brought the tender Indian Summer  
To the melancholy north-land,  
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee!  
In his life he had one shadow,  
In his heart one sorrow had he.  
Once, as he was gazing northward,  
Far away upon a prairie  
He beheld a maiden standing,  
Saw a tall and slender maiden  
All alone upon a prairie;  
Brightest green were all her garments,  
And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,  
Day by day he sighed with passion,  
Day by day his heart within him  
Grew more hot with love and longing  
For the maid with yellow tresses.  
But he was too fat and lazy  
To bestir himself and woo her.  
Yes, too indolent and easy  
To pursue her and persuade her;  
So he only gazed upon her,  
Only sat and sighed with passion  
For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,  
 He beheld her yellow tresses  
 Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,  
 Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.  
 "Ah! my brother from the North-land,  
 From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
 From the land of the White Rabbit!  
 You have stolen the maiden from me,  
 You have laid your hand upon her,  
 You have wooed and won my maiden,  
 With your stories of the North-land!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee  
 Breathed into the air his sorrow;  
 And the South-Wind o'er the prairie  
 Wandered warm with sighs of passion,  
 With the sighs of Shawondasee,  
 Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,  
 Full of thistle-down the prairie,  
 And the maid with hair like sunshine  
 Vanished from his sight forever;  
 Never more did Shawondasee  
 See the maid with yellow tresses!

Poor, deluded Shawondasee!  
 'T was no woman that you gazed at,  
 'T was no maiden that you sighed for,  
 'T was the prairie dandelion  
 That through all the dreamy Summer  
 You had gazed at with such longing,  
 You had sighed for with such passion,  
 And had puffed away forever,  
 Blown into the air with sighing.  
 Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided;  
 Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis  
 Had their stations in the heavens,  
 At the corners of the heavens;  
 For himself the West-Wind only  
 Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

## III

## HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

DOWNWARD through the evening twilight,  
 In the days that are forgotten,  
 In the unremembered ages,  
 From the full moon fell Nokomis,  
 Fell the beautiful Nokomis,  
 She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,  
 Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,  
 When her rival the rejected,  
 Full of jealousy and hatred,  
 Cut the leafy swing asunder,

Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,  
 And Nokomis fell affrighted  
 Downward through the evening twilight,  
 On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
 On the prairie full of blossoms.  
 "See! a star falls!" said the people;  
 "From the sky a star is falling!"

There among the ferns and mosses,  
 There among the prairie lilies,  
 On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
 In the moonlight and the starlight,  
 Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.

And she called her name Wenonah,  
 As the first-born of her daughters.  
 And the daughter of Nokomis  
 Grew up like the prairie lilies,  
 Grew a tall and slender maiden,  
 With the beauty of the moonlight,  
 With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,  
 Saying oft, and oft repeating,  
 "Oh, beware of Mudjekeewis,  
 Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;  
 Listen not to what he tells you;  
 Lie not down upon the meadow,  
 Stoop not down among the lilies,  
 Lest the West-Wind come and harm  
 you!"

But she heeded not the warning,  
 Heeded not those words of wisdom,  
 And the West-Wind came at evening,  
 Walking lightly o'er the prairie,  
 Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,  
 Bending low the flowers and grasses,  
 Found the beautiful Wenonah,  
 Lying there among the lilies,  
 Wooed her with his words of sweetness,  
 Wooed her with his soft caresses,  
 Till she bore a son in sorrow,  
 Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,  
 Thus was born the child of wonder;  
 But the daughter of Nokomis,  
 Hiawatha's gentle mother,  
 In her anguish died deserted  
 By the West-Wind, false and faithless,  
 By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter long and loudly  
 Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;  
 "Oh that I were dead!" she murmured,  
 "Oh that I were dead, as thou art!  
 No more work, and no more weeping,  
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,

Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.  
Dark behind it rose the forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,  
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;  
Bright before it beat the water,  
Beat the clear and sunny water,  
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;  
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
"Hush ! the Naked Bear will hear thee !"  
Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
"Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !  
Who is this, that lights the wigwam ?  
With his great eyes lights the wigwam ?  
Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !"

Many things Nokomis taught him  
Of the stars that shine in heaven ;  
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;  
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,  
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,  
Flaring far away to northward  
In the frosty nights of Winter ;  
Showed the broad white road in heaven,  
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,  
Running straight across the heavens,  
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings  
Sat the little Hiawatha ;  
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,  
Heard the lapping of the waters,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;  
"Minne-wawa !" said the pine-trees,  
"Mudway-aushka !" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,  
And he sang the song of children,  
Sang the song Nokomis taught him :  
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,  
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids !"

Saw the moon rise from the water  
Rippling, rounding from the water,  
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,  
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis ?"

And the good Nokomis answered :  
"Once a warrior, very angry,  
Seized his grandmother, and threw her  
Up into the sky at midnight ;  
Right against the moon he threw her ;  
"T is her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,  
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,  
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis ?"  
And the good Nokomis answered :  
"T is the heaven of flowers you see there ;  
All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and perish,  
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,  
Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
"What is that ?" he cried in terror,  
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis ?"  
And the good Nokomis answered :  
"That is but the owl and owlet,  
Talking in their native language,  
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How they built their nests in Summer,  
Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
He the traveller and the talker,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;  
From a branch of ash he made it,  
From an oak-bough made the arrows,  
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,  
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :  
"Go, my son, into the forest,  
Where the red deer herd together,  
Kill for us a famous roebuck,  
Kill for us a deer with antlers !"

Forth into the forest straightway  
All alone walked Hiawatha  
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;

And the birds sang round him, o'er him,  
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"  
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
 Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,  
 Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
 In and out among the branches,  
 Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,  
 Laughed, and said between his laughing,  
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway  
 Leaped aside, and at a distance  
 Sat erect upon his haunches,  
 Half in fear and half in frolic,  
 Saying to the little hunter,  
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,  
 For his thoughts were with the red deer;  
 On their tracks his eyes were fastened,  
 Leading downward to the river,  
 To the ford across the river,  
 And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,  
 There he waited till the deer came,  
 Till he saw two antlers lifted,  
 Saw two eyes look from the thicket,  
 Saw two nostrils point to windward,  
 And a deer came down the pathway,  
 Flecked with leafy light and shadow.  
 And his heart within him fluttered,  
 Trembled like the leaves above him,  
 Like the birch-leaf palpitated,  
 As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,  
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow;  
 Scarce a twig moved with his motion,  
 Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,  
 But the wary roebuck started,  
 Stamped with all his hoofs together,  
 Listened with one foot uplifted,  
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow;  
 Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,  
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,  
 By the ford across the river;  
 Beat his timid heart no longer,  
 But the heart of Hiawatha  
 Throbbled and shouted and exulted,  
 As he bore the red deer homeward,  
 And Iagoo and Nokomis  
 Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis  
 Made a cloak for Hiawatha,  
 From the red deer's flesh Nokomis

Made a banquet to his honor.  
 All the village came and feasted,  
 All the guests praised Hiawatha,  
 Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!  
 Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

## IV

## HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS

OUT of childhood into manhood  
 Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
 Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
 Learned in all the lore of old men,  
 In all youthful sports and pastimes,  
 In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;  
 He could shoot an arrow from him,  
 And run forward with such fleetness,  
 That the arrow fell behind him!  
 Strong of arm was Hiawatha;  
 He could shoot ten arrows upward,  
 Shoot them with such strength and swift-  
 ness,

That the tenth had left the bow-string  
 Ere the first to earth had fallen!

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
 Magic mittens made of deer-skin;  
 When upon his hands he wore them,  
 He could smite the rocks asunder,  
 He could grind them into powder.  
 He had moccasins enchanted,  
 Magic moccasins of deer-skin;  
 When he bound them round his ankles,  
 When upon his feet he tied them,  
 At each stride a mile he measured!  
 Much he questioned old Nokomis  
 Of his father Mudjekeewis;  
 Learned from her the fatal secret  
 Of the beauty of his mother,  
 Of the falsehood of his father;  
 And his heart was hot within him,  
 Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,  
 "I will go to Mudjekeewis,  
 See how fares it with my father,  
 At the doorways of the West-Wind,  
 At the portals of the Sunset!"

From his lodge went Hiawatha,  
 Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;  
 Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,  
 Richly wrought with quills and wampum;  
 On his head his eagle-feathers,  
 Round his waist his belt of wampum,

In his hand his bow of ash-wood,  
Strung with sinews of the reindeer ;  
In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers ;  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,  
"Go not forth, O Hiawatha !  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,  
Lest he harm you with his magic,  
Lest he kill you with his cunning !"

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Heeded not her woman's warning ;  
Forth he strode into the forest,  
At each stride a mile he measured ;  
Lurid seemed the sky above him,  
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,  
Hot and close the air around him,  
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,  
As of burning woods and prairies,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,  
Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
Left the antelope and bison ;  
Crossed the rushing Esconaba,  
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,  
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,  
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,  
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,  
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
Where upon the gusty summits  
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
At the aspect of his father.  
On the air about him wildly  
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,  
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,  
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis  
When he looked on Hiawatha,  
Saw his youth rise up before him  
In the face of Hiawatha,  
Saw the beauty of Wenonah  
From the grave rise up before him.

"Welcome !" said he, "Hiawatha,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind !  
Long have I been waiting for you !  
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,  
Youth is fiery, age is frosty ;  
You bring back the days departed,

You bring back my youth of passion,  
And the beautiful Wenonah !"

Many days they talked together,  
Questioned, listened, waited, answered ;  
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Boasted of his ancient prowess,  
Of his perilous adventures,  
His indomitable courage,  
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,  
Listening to his father's boasting ;  
With a smile he sat and listened,  
Uttered neither threat nor menace,  
Neither word nor look betrayed him,  
But his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,  
Is there nothing that can harm you ?  
Nothing that you are afraid of ?"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Grand and gracious in his boasting,  
Answered, saying, "There is nothing,  
Nothing but the black rock yonder,  
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek !"

And he looked at Hiawatha  
With a wise look and benignant,  
With a countenance paternal,  
Looked with pride upon the beauty  
Of his tall and graceful figure,  
Saying, "O my Hiawatha !  
Is there anything can harm you ?  
Anything you are afraid of ?"

But the wary Hiawatha  
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,  
Held his peace, as if resolving,  
And then answered, "There is nothing,  
Nothing but the bulrush yonder,  
Nothing but the great Apukwa !"

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,  
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,  
Hiawatha cried in terror,  
Cried in well-dissembled terror,  
"Kago ! kago ! do not touch it !"  
"Ah, kaween !" said Mudjekeewis,  
"No indeed, I will not touch it !"

Then they talked of other matters ;  
First of Hiawatha's brothers,  
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,  
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,  
Of the North, Kabibonokka ;  
Then of Hiawatha's mother,  
Of the beautiful Wenonah,  
Of her birth upon the meadow,  
Of her death, as old Nokomis  
Had remembered and related.

*How fast and  
powerful*

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,  
It was you who killed Wenonah,  
Took her young life and her beauty,  
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,  
Trampled it beneath your footsteps ;  
You confess it ! you confess it !"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,  
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,  
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,  
And with threatening look and gesture  
Laid his hand upon the black rock,  
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
Smote and crushed it into fragments,  
Hurled them madly at his father,  
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind  
Blew the fragments backward from him,  
With the breathing of his nostrils,  
With the tempest of his anger,  
Blew them back at his assailant ;  
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,  
Dragged it with its roots and fibres  
From the margin of the meadow,  
From its ooze the giant bulrush ;  
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha !

Then began the deadly conflict,  
Hand to hand among the mountains ;  
From his eyry screamed the eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Sat upon the crags around them,  
Wheeling flapped his wings above them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest  
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush ;  
And in masses huge and heavy  
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;  
Till the earth shook with the tumult  
And confusion of the battle,  
And the air was full of shoutings,  
And the thunder of the mountains,  
Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa !"

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,  
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,  
Stumbling westward down the mountains,  
Three whole days retreated fighting,  
Still pursued by Hiawatha  
To the doorways of the West-Wind,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the empty spaces

Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
Drops into her nest at nightfall  
In the melancholy marshes.

"Hold !" at length cried Mudjekeewis,  
"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha !  
'T is impossible to kill me,  
For you cannot kill the immortal.  
I have put you to this trial,  
But to know and prove your courage ;  
Now receive the prize of valor !

"Go back to your home and people,  
Live among them, toil among them,  
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,  
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,  
Slay all monsters and magicians,  
All the Wendigoes, the giants,  
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,  
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,  
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

"And at last when Death draws near you,  
When the awful eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon you in the darkness,  
I will share my kingdom with you,  
Ruler shall you be thenceforward  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,  
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."

Thus was fought that famous battle  
In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,  
In the days long since departed,  
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.  
Still the hunter sees its traces  
Scattered far o'er hill and valley ;  
Sees the giant bulrush growing  
By the ponds and water-courses,  
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek  
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha ;  
Pleasant was the landscape round him,  
Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him,  
From his brain the thought of vengeance,  
From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted,  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the Falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker  
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,

Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,  
Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,  
Wayward as the Minnehaha,  
With her moods of shade and sunshine,  
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,  
Feet as rapid as the river,  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical a laughter :  
And he named her from the river,  
From the water-fall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
That my Hiawatha halted  
In the land of the Dacotahs ?

Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Hear the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha  
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,  
As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches ?

Who shall say what thoughts and visions  
Fill the fiery brains of young men ?  
Who shall say what dreams of beauty  
Filled the heart of Hiawatha ?  
All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached the lodge at sunset,  
Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis ;  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water.

## V

### HIAWATHA'S FASTING

*WRESTLING MATCH*  
You shall hear how Hiawatha  
Prayed and fasted in the forest,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumphs in the battle,  
And renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,  
Built a wigwam in the forest,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,  
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,

And, with dreams and visions many,  
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting  
Through the leafy woods he wandered ;  
Saw the deer start from the thicket,  
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,  
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,  
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,  
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,  
Building nests among the pine-trees,  
And in flocks the wild-goose, Wawa,  
Flying to the fen-lands northward,  
Whirring, wailing far above him.  
" Master of Life ! " he cried, desponding,  
" Must our lives depend on these things ? "

On the next day of his fasting  
By the river's brink he wandered,  
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,  
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,  
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,  
And the strawberry, Odahmin,  
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,  
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,  
Trailing o'er the alder-branches,  
Filling all the air with fragrance !  
" Master of Life ! " he cried, desponding,  
" Must our lives depend on these things ? "

On the third day of his fasting  
By the lake he sat and pondered,  
By the still, transparent water ;  
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,  
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,  
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahuwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
And the herring, Okahahwis,  
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish !  
" Master of Life ! " he cried, desponding,  
" Must our lives depend on these things ? "

On the fourth day of his fasting  
In his lodge he lay exhausted ;  
From his couch of leaves and branches  
Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,  
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,  
On the gleaming of the water,  
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,  
Dressed in garments green and yellow,  
Coming through the purple twilight,  
Through the splendor of the sunset ;  
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,  
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,

Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
 Looked with pity and compassion  
 On his wasted form and features,  
 And, in accents like the sighing  
 Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,  
 Said he, "O my Hiawatha !  
 All your prayers are heard in heaven,  
 For you pray not like the others ;  
 Not for greater skill in hunting,  
 Not for greater craft in fishing,  
 Not for triumph in the battle,  
 Nor renown among the warriors,  
 But for profit of the people,  
 For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,  
 I, the friend of man, Mondamin,  
 Come to warn you and instruct you,  
 How by struggle and by labor  
 You shall gain what you have prayed for.  
 Rise up from your bed of branches,  
 Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me !"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha  
 Started from his bed of branches,  
 From the twilight of his wigwam  
 Forth into the flush of sunset  
 Came, and wrestled with Mondamin ;  
 At his touch he felt new courage  
 Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
 Felt new life and hope and vigor  
 Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together  
 In the glory of the sunset,  
 And the more they strove and struggled,  
 Stronger still grew Hiawatha ;  
 Till the darkness fell around them,  
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From her nest among the pine-trees,  
 Gave a cry of lamentation,  
 Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'T is enough !" then said Mondamin,  
 Smiling upon Hiawatha,  
 "But to-morrow, when the sun sets,  
 I will come again to try you."  
 And he vanished, and was seen not ;  
 Whether sinking as the rain sinks,  
 Whether rising as the mists rise,  
 Hiawatha saw not, knew not,  
 Only saw that he had vanished,  
 Leaving him alone and fainting,  
 With the misty lake below him,  
 And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,  
 When the sun through heaven descending,  
 Like a red and burning cinder  
 From the hearth of the Great Spirit,

Fell into the western waters,  
 Came Mondamin for the trial,  
 For the strife with Hiawatha ;  
 Came as silent as the dew comes,  
 From the empty air appearing,  
 Into empty air returning,  
 Taking shape when earth it touches,  
 But invisible to all men  
 In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together  
 In the glory of the sunset,  
 Till the darkness fell around them,  
 Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From her nest among the pine-trees,  
 Uttered her loud cry of famine,  
 And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,  
 In his garments green and yellow ;  
 To and fro his plumes above him  
 Waved and nodded with his breathing,  
 And the sweat of the encounter  
 Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha !  
 Bravely have you wrestled with me,  
 Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,  
 And the Master of Life, who sees us,  
 He will give to you the triumph !"

Then he smiled, and said : "To-morrow  
 Is the last day of your conflict,  
 Is the last day of your fasting.  
 You will conquer and o'ercome me ;  
 Make a bed for me to lie in,  
 Where the rain may fall upon me,  
 Where the sun may come and warm me ;  
 Strip these garments, green and yellow,  
 Strip this nodding plumage from me,  
 Lay me in the earth, and make it  
 Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,  
 Let no weed nor worm molest me,  
 Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,  
 Come to haunt me and molest me,  
 Only come yourself to watch me,  
 Till I wake, and start, and quicken,  
 Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed ;  
 Peacefully slept Hiawatha,  
 But he heard the Wawonaissa,  
 Heard the whippoorwill complaining,  
 Perched upon his lonely wigwam ;  
 Heard the rushing Sebowisha,  
 Heard the rivulet rippling near him,  
 Talking to the darksome forest ;  
 Heard the sighing of the branches,  
 As they lifted and subsided

At the passing of the night-wind,  
 Heard them, as one hears in slumber  
 Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers :  
 Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,  
 On the seventh day of his fasting,  
 Came with food for Hiawatha,  
 Came imploring and bewailing,  
 Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,  
 Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,  
 Only said to her, "Nokomis,  
 Wait until the sun is setting,  
 Till the darkness falls around us,  
 Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 Crying from the desolate marshes,  
 Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,  
 Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,  
 Fearing lest his strength should fail him,  
 Lest his fasting should be fatal.  
 He meanwhile sat weary waiting  
 For the coming of Mondamin,  
 Till the shadows, pointing eastward,  
 Lengthened over field and forest,  
 Till the sun dropped from the heaven,  
 Floating on the waters westward,  
 As a red leaf in the Autumn  
 Falls and floats upon the water,  
 Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mondamin,  
 With his soft and shining tresses,  
 With his garments green and yellow,  
 With his long and glossy plumage,  
 Stood and beckoned at the doorway.  
 And as one in slumber walking,  
 Pale and haggard, but undaunted,  
 From the wigwam Hiawatha  
 Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,  
 Sky and forest reeled together,  
 And his strong heart leaped within him,  
 As the sturgeon leaps and struggles  
 In a net to break its meshes.

Like a ring of fire around him  
 Blazed and flared the red horizon,  
 And a hundred suns seemed looking  
 At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward  
 All alone stood Hiawatha,  
 Panting with his wild exertion,  
 Palpitating with the struggle ;  
 And before him breathless, lifeless,  
 Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,  
 Plumage torn, and garments tattered,

Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha  
 Made the grave as he commanded,  
 Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
 Stripped his tattered plumage from him,  
 Laid him in the earth, and made it  
 Soft and loose and light above him ;  
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From the melancholy moorlands,  
 Gave a cry of lamentation,  
 Gave a cry of pain and anguish !

Homeward then went Hiawatha  
 To the lodge of old Nokomis,  
 And the seven days of his fasting  
 Were accomplished and completed.  
 But the place was not forgotten  
 Where he wrestled with Mondamin ;  
 Nor forgotten nor neglected  
 Was the grave where lay Mondamin,  
 Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,  
 Where his scattered plumes and garments  
 Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha  
 Go to wait and watch beside it ;  
 Kept the dark mould soft above it,  
 Kept it clean from weeds and insects,  
 Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,  
 Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather  
 From the earth shot slowly upward,  
 Then another and another,  
 And before the Summer ended  
 Stood the maize in all its beauty,  
 With its shining robes about it,  
 And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;  
 And in rapture Hiawatha  
 Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin !"  
 Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin !

Then he called to old Nokomis  
 And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
 Showed them where the maize was growing,  
 Told them of his wondrous vision,  
 Of his wrestling and his triumph,  
 Of this new gift to the nations,  
 Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn  
 Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,  
 And the soft and juicy kernels  
 Grew like wampum hard and yellow,  
 Then the ripened ears he gathered,  
 Stripped the withered husks from off them,  
 As he once had stripped the wrestler,  
 Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,  
 And made known unto the people  
 This new gift of the Great Spirit.

## VI

## HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Two good friends, had Hiawatha,  
 Singled out from all the others,  
 Bound to him in closest union,  
 And to whom he gave the right hand  
 Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ;  
 Chibiabos, the musician,  
 And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the path-  
 way,

Never grew the grass upon it ;  
 Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,  
 Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
 Found no eager ear to listen,  
 Could not breed ill-will between them,  
 For they kept each other's counsel,  
 Spake with naked hearts together,  
 Pondering much and much contriving  
 How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha  
 Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
 He the best of all musicians,  
 He the sweetest of all singers,  
 Beautiful and childlike was he,  
 Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
 Pliant as a wand of willow,  
 Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened ;  
 All the warriors gathered round him,  
 All the women came to hear him ;  
 Now he stirred their souls to passion,  
 Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned  
 Flutes so musical and mellow,  
 That the brook, the Sebowisha,  
 Ceased to murmur in the woodland,  
 That the wood-birds ceased from singing,  
 And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
 Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,  
 And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
 Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,  
 Pausing, said, " O Chibiabos,  
 Teach my waves to flow in music,  
 Softly as your words in singing ! "

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
 Envious, said, " O Chibiabos,  
 Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
 Teach me songs as full of frenzy ! "

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,  
 Joyous, said, " O Chibiabos,

Teach me tones as sweet and tender,  
 Teach me songs as full of gladness ! "  
 And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,  
 Sobbing, said, " O Chibiabos,  
 Teach me tones as melancholy,  
 Teach me songs as full of sadness ! "

All the many sounds of nature  
 Borrowed sweetness from his singing ;  
 All the hearts of men were softened  
 By the pathos of his music ;  
 For he sang of peace and freedom,  
 Sang of beauty, love, and longing ;  
 Sang of death, and life undying  
 In the Islands of the Blessed,  
 In the kingdom of Ponemah,  
 In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha  
 Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
 He the best of all musicians,  
 He the sweetest of all singers ;  
 For his gentleness he loved him,  
 And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha  
 Was the very strong man, Kwasind,  
 He the strongest of all mortals,  
 He the mightiest among many ;  
 For his very strength he loved him,  
 For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
 Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
 Never played with other children,  
 Never fished and never hunted,  
 Not like other children was he ;  
 But they saw that much he fasted,  
 Much his Manito entreated,  
 Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

" Lazy Kwasind ! " said his mother,  
 " In my work you never help me !  
 In the Summer you are roaming  
 Idly in the fields and forests ;  
 In the Winter you are cowering  
 O'er the firebrands in the wigwam !  
 In the coldest days of Winter  
 I must break the ice for fishing ;  
 With my nets you never help me !  
 At the door my nets are hanging,  
 Dripping, freezing with the water ;  
 Go and wring them, Yenadizze !  
 Go and dry them in the sunshine ! "

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind  
 Rose, but made no angry answer ;  
 From the lodge went forth in silence,  
 Took the nets, that hung together,  
 Dripping, freezing at the doorway ;  
 Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,

Like a wisp of straw he broke them,  
 Could not wring them without breaking,  
 Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,  
 "In the hunt you never help me;  
 Every bow you touch is broken,  
 Snapped asunder every arrow;  
 Yet come with me to the forest,  
 You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,  
 Where a brooklet led them onward,  
 Where the trail of deer and bison  
 Marked the soft mud on the margin,  
 Till they found all further passage  
 Shut against them, barred securely  
 By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
 Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
 And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,  
 "O'er these logs we cannot clamber;  
 Not a woodchuck could get through them,  
 Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"  
 And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
 And sat down to smoke and ponder.  
 But before his pipe was finished,  
 Lo! the path was cleared before him;  
 All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,  
 To the right hand, to the left hand,  
 Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,  
 Hurling the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,  
 As they sported in the meadow:  
 "Why stand idly looking at us,  
 Leaning on the rock behind you?  
 Come and wrestle with the others,  
 Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
 To their challenge made no answer,  
 Only rose, and slowly turning,  
 Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
 Tore it from its deep foundation,  
 Poised it in the air a moment,  
 Pitched it sheer into the river,  
 Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
 Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,  
 Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
 Kwasind sailed with his companions,  
 In the stream he saw a beaver,  
 Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,  
 Struggling with the rushing currents,  
 Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,  
 Kwasind leaped into the river,  
 Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,

Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,  
 Followed him among the islands,  
 Stayed so long beneath the water,  
 That his terrified companions  
 Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!  
 We shall never more see Kwasind!"  
 But he reappeared triumphant,  
 And upon his shining shoulders  
 Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,  
 Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,  
 Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
 Chibiabos, the musician,  
 And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
 Long they lived in peace together,  
 Spake with naked hearts together,  
 Pondering much and much contriving  
 How the tribes of men might prosper.

## VII

### HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-tree!  
 Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree!  
 Growing by the rushing river,  
 Tall and stately in the valley!  
 I a light canoe will build me,  
 Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
 That shall float upon the river,  
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
 Like a yellow water-lily!"

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree!  
 Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
 For the Summer-time is coming,  
 And the sun is warm in heaven,  
 And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
 In the solitary forest,  
 By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
 When the birds were singing gayly,  
 In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
 And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
 Started up and said, "Behold me!  
 Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches  
 Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
 Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
 "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;  
 Just beneath its lowest branches,  
 Just above the roots, he cut it,  
 Till the sap came oozing outward;  
 Down the trunk, from top to bottom,

Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a frame-work,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped  
them,

Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree!  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the frame-work.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!  
Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying with a drowsy murmur,

Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow,  
With the juice of roots and berries;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was built  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him,  
And his wishes served to guide him;  
Swift or slow at will he glided,  
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
Saying, "Help me clear this river  
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
To his arm-pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,  
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and windings,  
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,  
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,  
In and out among its islands,  
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,  
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,  
Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the mountains,  
To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

## VIII

## HIAWATHA'S FISHING

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,  
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
With his fishing-line of cedar,  
Of the twisted bark of cedar,  
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,  
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,  
In his birch canoe exulting  
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water  
He could see the fishes swimming  
Far down in the depths below him ;  
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,  
Like a spider on the bottom,  
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,  
With his fishing-line of cedar ;  
In his plumes the breeze of morning  
Played as in the hemlock branches ;  
On the bows, with tail erected,  
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo ;  
In his fur the breeze of morning  
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom  
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,  
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes ;  
Through his gills he breathed the water,  
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,  
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armor ;  
On each side a shield to guard him,  
Plates of bone upon his forehead,  
Down his sides and back and shoulders  
Plates of bone with spines projecting !  
Painted was he with his war-paints,  
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,  
Spots of brown and spots of sable ;  
And he lay there on the bottom,  
Fanning with his fins of purple,  
As above him Hiawatha  
In his birch canoe came sailing,  
With his fishing-line of cedar.

"Take my bait," cried Hiawatha,  
Down into the depths beneath him,  
"Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma !  
Come up from below the water,  
Let us see which is the stronger !"  
And he dropped his line of cedar  
Through the clear, transparent water,

Waited vainly for an answer,  
Long sat waiting for an answer,  
And repeating loud and louder,  
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes !"

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Fanning slowly in the water,  
Looking up at Hiawatha,  
Listening to his call and clamor,  
His unnecessary tumult,  
Till he wearied of the shouting ;  
And he said to the Kenozha,  
To the pike, the Maskenozha,  
"Take the bait of this rude fellow,  
Break the line of Hiawatha !"

In his fingers Hiawatha  
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten ;  
As he drew it in, it tugged so  
That the birch canoe stood endwise,  
Like a birch log in the water,  
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha  
When he saw the fish rise upward,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Coming nearer, nearer to him,  
And he shouted through the water,  
"Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are but the pike, Kenozha,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes !"

Reeling downward to the bottom  
Sank the pike in great confusion,  
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,  
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
To the bream, with scales of crimson,  
"Take the bait of this great boaster,  
Break the line of Hiawatha !"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,  
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
Seized the line of Hiawatha,  
Swung with all his weight upon it,  
Made a whirlpool in the water,  
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,  
Round and round in gurgling eddies,  
Till the circles in the water  
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,  
Till the water-flags and rushes  
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him  
Slowly rising through the water,  
Lifting up his disk refulgent,  
Loud he shouted in derision,  
"Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
You are not the fish I wanted,

You are not the King of Fishes !”

Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,  
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,  
Heard his challenge of defiance,  
The unnecessary tumult,  
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom  
Up he rose with angry gesture,  
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,  
Clashing all his plates of armor,  
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint ;  
In his wrath he darted upward,  
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,  
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed  
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern  
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,  
As a log on some black river  
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,  
Found himself in utter darkness,  
Groped about in helpless wonder,  
Till he felt a great heart beating,  
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,  
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,  
Felt the mighty King of Fishes  
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,  
Heard the water gurgle round him  
As he leaped and staggered through it,  
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha  
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,  
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,  
In the turmoil and confusion,  
Forth he might be hurled and perish.  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Frisked and chattered very gayly,  
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha  
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,  
“ O my little friend, the squirrel,  
Bravely have you toiled to help me ;  
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,  
And the name which now he gives you ;  
For hereafter and forever  
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,  
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you !”

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Gasped and quivered in the water,  
Was still, and drifted landward  
Till he grated on the pebbles,  
Till the listening Hiawatha  
Heard him grate upon the margin,

Felt him strand upon the pebbles,  
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,  
As of many wings assembling,  
Heard a screaming and confusion,  
As of birds of prey contending,  
Saw a gleam of light above him,  
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,  
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,  
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,  
Gazing at him through the opening,  
Heard them saying to each other,  
“ T is our brother, Hiawatha !”

And he shouted from below them,  
Cried exulting from the caverns :  
“ O ye sea-gulls ! O my brothers !  
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma ;  
Make the rifts a little larger,  
With your claws the openings widen,  
Set me free from this dark prison,  
And henceforward and forever  
Men shall speak of your achievements,  
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,  
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers !”

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls  
Toiled with beak and claws together,  
Made the rifts and openings wider  
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,  
And from peril and from prison,  
From the body of the sturgeon,  
From the peril of the water,  
They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,  
On the margin of the water,  
And he called to old Nokomis,  
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,  
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,  
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

“ I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,  
Slain the King of Fishes !” said he ;  
“ Look ! the sea-gulls feed upon him,  
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls ;  
Drive them not away, Nokomis,  
They have saved me from great peril  
In the body of the sturgeon,  
Wait until their meal is ended,  
Till their craws are full with feasting,  
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,  
To their nests among the marshes ;  
Then bring all your pots and kettles,  
And make oil for us in Winter.”

And she waited till the sun set,  
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,

Rose above the tranquil water,  
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,  
From their banquet rose with clamor,  
And across the fiery sunset  
Winged their way to far-off islands,  
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,  
And Nokomis to her labor,  
Toiling patient in the moonlight,  
Till the sun and moon changed places,  
Till the sky was red with sunrise,  
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,  
Came back from the reedy islands,  
Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate  
Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls  
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,  
Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,  
Till the sea-gulls came no longer,  
And upon the sands lay nothing  
But the skeleton of Nahma.

## IX

### HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
O'er the water pointing westward,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending  
Burned his way along the heavens,  
Set the sky on fire behind him,  
As war-parties, when retreating,  
Burn the prairies on their war-trail ;  
And the moon, the Night-sun, eastward,  
Suddenly starting from his ambush,  
Followed fast those bloody footprints,  
Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Spake these words to Hiawatha :  
"Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,  
Megissogwon, the Magician,  
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,  
Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
Guarded by the black pitch-water.  
You can see his fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Coiling, playing in the water ;  
You can see the black pitch-water

Stretching far away beyond them,  
To the purple clouds of sunset !

"He it was who slew my father,  
By his wicked wives and cunning,  
When he from the moon descended,  
When he came on earth to seek me.  
He, the mightiest of Magicians,  
Sends the fever from the marshes,  
Sends the pestilential vapors,  
Sends the poisonous exhalations,  
Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,  
Sends disease and death among us !

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,  
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,  
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,  
And your birch-canoe for sailing,  
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,  
So to smear its sides, that swiftly  
You may pass the black pitch-water ;  
Slay this merciless magician,  
Save the people from the fever  
That he breathes across the fen-lands,  
And avenge my father's murder !"

Straightway then my Hiawatha  
Armed himself with all his war-gear,  
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing ;  
With his palm its sides he patted,  
Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my darling,  
O my Birch-canoe ! leap forward,  
Where you see the fiery serpents,  
Where you see the black pitch-water !"  
Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,  
And the noble Hiawatha  
Sang his war-song wild and woful,  
And above him the war-eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Master of all fowls with feathers,  
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Lying huge upon the water,  
Sparkling, rippling in the water,  
Lying coiled across the passage,  
With their blazing crests uplifted,  
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,  
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise,  
"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,  
Let me go upon my journey !"  
And they answered, hissing fiercely,  
With their fiery breath made answer :  
"Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !"

Then the angry Hiawatha  
 Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
 Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,  
 Shot them fast among the serpents ;  
 Every twanging of the bow-string  
 Was a war-cry and a death-cry,  
 Every whizzing of an arrow  
 Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,  
 Dead lay all the fiery serpents,  
 And among them Hiawatha  
 Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :  
 " Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling !  
 Onward to the black pitch-water ! "

Then he took the oil of Nahma,  
 And the bows and sides anointed,  
 Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly  
 He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,  
 Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
 Covered with its mould of ages,  
 Black with rotting water-rushes,  
 Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,  
 Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
 Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,  
 And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,  
 Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,  
 In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,  
 All the water black with shadow,  
 And around him the Suggema,  
 The mosquito, sang his war-song,  
 And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,  
 Waved their torches to mislead him ;  
 And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,  
 Thrust his head into the moonlight,  
 Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,  
 Sobbed and sank beneath the surface ;  
 And anon a thousand whistles,  
 Answered over all the fen-lands,  
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 Far off on the reedy margin,  
 Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,  
 Toward the realm of Megissogwon,  
 Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,  
 Till the level moon stared at him,  
 In his face stared pale and haggard,  
 Till the sun was hot behind him,  
 Till it burned upon his shoulders,  
 And before him on the upland  
 He could see the Shining Wigwam  
 Of the Manito of Wampum,  
 Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,

To his birch-canoe said, " Onward ! "  
 And it stirred in all its fibres,  
 And with one great bound of triumph  
 Leaped across the water-lilies,  
 Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,  
 And upon the beach beyond them  
 Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,  
 On the sand one end he rested,  
 With his knee he pressed the middle,  
 Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,  
 Took an arrow, jasper-headed,  
 Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,  
 Sent it singing as a herald,  
 As a bearer of his message,  
 Of his challenge loud and lofty :  
 " Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-  
 Feather !

Hiawatha waits your coming ! "

Straightway from the Shining Wigwam  
 Came the mighty Megissogwon,  
 Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,  
 Dark and terrible in aspect,  
 Clad from head to foot in wampum,  
 Armed with all his warlike weapons,  
 Painted like the sky of morning,  
 Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,  
 Crested with great eagle-feathers,  
 Streaming upward, streaming outward.

" Well I know you, Hiawatha ! "  
 Cried he in a voice of thunder,  
 In a tone of loud derision.  
 " Hasten back, O Shaugodaya !  
 Hasten back among the women,  
 Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !  
 I will slay you as you stand there,  
 As of old I slew her father ! "

But my Hiawatha answered,  
 Nothing daunted, fearing nothing :  
 " Big words do not smite like war-clubs,  
 Boastful breath is not a bow-string,  
 Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
 Deeds are better things than words are,  
 Actions mightier than boastings ! "

Then began the greatest battle  
 That the sun had ever looked on,  
 That the war-birds ever witnessed.  
 All a Summer's day it lasted,  
 From the sunrise to the sunset ;  
 For the shafts of Hiawatha  
 Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,  
 Harmless fell the blows he dealt it  
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
 Harmless fell the heavy war-club ;  
 It could dash the rocks asunder,

But it could not break the meshes  
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,  
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,  
Wounded, weary, and desponding,  
With his mighty war-club broken,  
With his mittens torn and tattered,  
And three useless arrows only,  
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,  
From whose branches trailed the mosses,  
And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,  
With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above him  
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :  
" Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,  
At the head of Megissogwon,  
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,  
At their roots the long black tresses ;  
There alone can he be wounded ! "

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,  
Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,  
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.  
Full upon the crown it struck him,  
At the roots of his long tresses,  
And he reeled and staggered forward,  
Plunging like a wounded bison,  
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,  
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,  
In the pathway of the other,  
Piercing deeper than the other,  
Wounding sorer than the other ;  
And the knees of Megissogwon  
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,  
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow  
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,  
And the mighty Megissogwon  
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,  
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,  
Heard his voice call in the darkness ;  
At the feet of Hiawatha  
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,  
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,  
From his perch among the branches  
Of the melancholy pine-tree,  
And, in honor of his service,  
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers  
On the little head of Mama ;

Even to this day he wears it,  
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,  
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum  
From the back of Megissogwon,  
As a trophy of the battle,  
As a signal of his conquest.  
On the shore he left the body,  
Half on land and half in water,  
In the sand his feet were buried,  
And his face was in the water.  
And above him, wheeled and clamored  
The Kenen, the great war-eagle,  
Sailing round in narrower circles,  
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All his wealth of skins and wampum,  
Furs of bison and of beaver,  
Furs of sable and of ermine,  
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,  
Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,  
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,  
Homeward through the black pitch-water,  
Homeward through the weltering serpents,  
With the trophies of the battle,  
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,  
On the shore stood Chibiabos,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
Waiting for the hero's coming,  
Listening to his songs of triumph.  
And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and dances,  
Made a joyous feast, and shouted :  
" Honor be to Hiawatha !

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,  
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,  
Him, who sent the fiery fever,  
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,  
Sent disease and death among us ! "

Ever dear to Hiawatha  
Was the memory of Mama !  
And in token of his friendship,  
As a mark of his remembrance,  
He adorned and decked his pipe stem  
With the crimson tuft of feathers,  
With the blood-red crest of Mama.  
But the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All the trophies of the battle,  
He divided with his people,  
Shared it equally among them.

## X

## HIAWATHA'S WOOING

"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman;  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows;  
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"  
Warning said the old Nokomis;  
"Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger, whom we know not!  
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone  
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,  
Like the starlight or the moonlight  
Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
And my Hiawatha answered  
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight,  
But I like the starlight better,  
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:  
"Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Bring not here a useless woman,  
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move together,  
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:  
"In the land of the Dacotahs  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women.  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands,  
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,  
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:  
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dacotahs!  
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,  
Often is there war between us,  
There are feuds yet unforgotten,  
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:

"For that reason, if no other,  
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
That old feuds might be forgotten,  
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha  
To the land of the Dacotahs,  
To the land of handsome women;  
Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests,  
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Yet the way seemed long before him,  
And his heart outran his footsteps;  
And he journeyed without resting,  
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to him through the silence.  
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,  
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forests,  
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,  
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
But they saw not Hiawatha;  
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"  
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"  
Sent it singing on its errand,  
To the red heart of the roebuck;  
Threw the deer across his shoulder,  
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow;  
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,  
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they were!  
Now the men were all like women,  
Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,  
 From another tribe and country,  
 Young and tall and very handsome,  
 Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
 Came to buy her father's arrows,  
 Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
 Lingered long about the doorway,  
 Looking back as he departed.  
 She had heard her father praise him,  
 Praise his courage and his wisdom ;  
 Would he come again for arrows  
 To the Falls of Minnehaha ?  
 On the mat her hands lay idle,  
 And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a  
 footstep,  
 Heard a rustling in the branches,  
 And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
 With the deer upon his shoulders,  
 Suddenly from out the woodlands  
 Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
 Looked up gravely from his labor,  
 Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
 Bade him enter at the doorway,  
 Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
 "Hiawatha, you are welcome !"

At the feet of Laughing Water  
 Hiawatha laid his burden,  
 Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;  
 And the maiden looked up at him,  
 Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
 Said with gentle look and accent,  
 "You are welcome, Hiawatha !"

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
 Made of deer-skins dressed and whitened,  
 With the Gods of the Dacotahs  
 Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
 And so tall the doorway, hardly  
 Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
 Hardly touched his eagle-feathers  
 As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
 From the ground fair Minnehaha,  
 Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
 Brought forth food and set before them,  
 Water brought them from the brooklet,  
 Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
 Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,  
 Listened while the guest was speaking,  
 Listened while her father answered,  
 But not once her lips she opened,  
 Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
 To the words of Hiawatha,

As he talked of old Nokomis,  
 Who had nursed him in his childhood,  
 As he told of his companions,  
 Chibiabos, the musician,  
 And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
 And of happiness and plenty  
 In the land of the Ojibways,  
 In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,  
 Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
 There is peace between the Ojibways  
 And the tribe of the Dacotahs."  
 Thus continued Hiawatha,  
 And then added, speaking slowly,  
 "That this peace may last forever,  
 And our hands be clasped more closely,  
 And our hearts be more united,  
 Give me as my wife this maiden,  
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
 Loveliest of Dacotah women !"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
 Paused a moment ere he answered,  
 Smoked a little while in silence,  
 Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
 Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
 And made answer very gravely :  
 "Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;  
 Let your heart speak, Minnehaha !"

And the lovely Laughing Water  
 Seemed more lovely as she stood there,  
 Neither willing nor reluctant,  
 As she went to Hiawatha,  
 Softly took the seat beside him,  
 While she said, and blushed to say it,  
 "I will follow you, my husband !"

This was Hiawatha's wooing !  
 Thus it was he won the daughter  
 Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
 In the land of the Dacotahs !

From the wigwam he departed,  
 Leading with him Laughing Water ;  
 Hand in hand they went together,  
 Through the woodland and the meadow,  
 Left the old man standing lonely  
 At the doorway of his wigwam,  
 Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to them from the distance,  
 Crying to them from afar off,  
 "Fare thee well, O Minnehaha !"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
 Turned again unto his labor,  
 Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
 Murmuring to himself, and saying :  
 "Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
 Those we love, and those who love us !"

Just when they have learned to help us,  
When we are old and lean upon them,  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger !”

Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow, over mountain,  
Over river, hill, and hollow.  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly,  
Though his pace he checked and slackened  
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden ;  
Light he thought her as a feather,  
As the plume upon his head-gear ;  
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,  
Bent aside the swaying branches,  
Made at night a lodge of branches,  
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,  
And a fire before the doorway  
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with them,  
O'er the meadows, through the forest ;  
All the stars of night looked at them,  
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber ;  
From his ambush in the oak-tree  
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Watched with eager eyes the lovers ;  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the path before them,  
Peering, peeping from his burrow,  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward !  
All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease ;  
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
“Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
Having such a wife to love you !”  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
“Happy are you, Laughing Water,  
Having such a noble husband !”

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the branches,  
Saying to them, “O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,  
Rule by love, O Hiawatha !”

From the sky the moon looked at them,  
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,

Whispered to them, “O my children,  
Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble ;  
Half is mine, although I follow ;  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water !”

Thus it was they journeyed homeward ;  
Thus it was that Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis  
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,  
Brought the sunshine of his people,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsome of all the women  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
In the land of handsome women.

## XI

## HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
How the handsome Yenadizze  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;  
How the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the sweetest of musicians,  
Sang his songs of love and longing ;  
How Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
Told his tales of strange adventure,  
That the feast might be more joyous,  
That the time might pass more gayly,  
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis  
Made at Hiawatha's wedding ;  
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,  
White and polished very smoothly,  
All the spoons of horn of bison,  
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village  
Messengers with wands of willow,  
As a sign of invitation,  
As a token of the feasting ;  
And the wedding guests assembled,  
Clad in all their richest raiment,  
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
Splendid with their paint and plumage,  
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,  
And the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis ;  
Then on pemican they feasted,  
Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
And the lovely Laughing Water,  
And the careful old Nokomis,  
Tasted not the food before them,  
Only waited on the others,  
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,  
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
From an ample pouch of otter,  
Filled the red-stone pipes for smoking  
With tobacco from the South-land,  
Mixed with bark of the red willow,  
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Dance for us your merry dances,  
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
He the idle Yenadizze,  
He the merry mischief-maker,  
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,  
Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,  
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
In the play of quoits and ball-play;  
Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
In all games of skill and hazard,  
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,  
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.  
Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodaya,  
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,  
Little heeded he their jesting,  
Little cared he for their insults,  
For the women and the maidens  
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doeskin,  
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,  
All inwrought with beads of wampum;  
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,  
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,  
And in moccasins of buck-skin,  
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.  
On his head were plumes of swan's down,  
On his heels were tails of foxes,  
In one hand a fan of feathers,  
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,  
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,  
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
From his forehead fell his tresses,  
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,

Shining bright with oil, and plaited,  
Hung with braids of scented grasses,  
As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,  
To the sound of drums and voices,  
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,  
Very slow in step and gesture,  
In and out among the pine-trees,  
Through the shadows and the sunshine,  
Treading softly like a panther.  
Then more swiftly and still swifter,  
Whirling, spinning round in circles,  
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,  
Eddying round and round the wigwam,  
Till the leaves went whirling with him,  
Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,  
On he sped with frenzied gestures,  
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it  
Wildly in the air around him;  
Till the wind became a whirlwind,  
Till the sand was blown and sifted  
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,  
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,  
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,  
And, returning, sat down laughing  
There among the guests assembled,  
Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,  
To the friend of Hiawatha,  
To the sweetest of all singers,  
To the best of all musicians,  
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!  
Songs of love and songs of longing,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more contented!"

And the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang in accents sweet and tender,  
Sang in tones of deep emotion,  
Songs of love and songs of longing;  
Looking still at Hiawatha,  
Looking at fair Laughing Water,  
Sang he softly, sang in this wise:  
"Onaway! Awake, beloved!  
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!  
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!  
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!

"If thou only lookest at me,  
I am happy, I am happy,  
As the lilies of the prairie,  
When they feel the dew upon them !

"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance  
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,  
As their fragrance is at evening,  
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

"Does not all the blood within me  
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,  
As the springs to meet the sunshine,  
In the Moon when nights are brightest ?

"Onaway ! my heart sings to thee,  
Sings with joy when thou art near me,  
As the sighing, singing branches  
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries !

"When thou art not pleased, beloved,  
Then my heart is sad and darkened,  
As the shining river darkens  
When the clouds drop shadows on it !

"When thou smilest, my beloved,  
Then my troubled heart is brightened,  
As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

"Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,  
Smile the cloudless skies above us,  
But I lose the way of smiling  
When thou art no longer near me !

"I myself, myself ! behold me !  
Blood of my beating heart, behold me !  
Oh awake, awake, beloved !  
Onaway ! awake, beloved !"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang his song of love and longing ;  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Jealous of the sweet musician,  
Jealous of the applause they gave him,  
Saw in all the eyes around him,  
Saw in all their looks and gestures,  
That the wedding guests assembled  
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,  
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;  
Never heard he an adventure  
But himself had met a greater ;  
Never any deed of daring  
But himself had done a bolder ;  
Never any marvellous story  
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,  
Would you only give him credence,  
No one ever shot an arrow  
Half so far and high as he had ;

Ever caught so many fishes,  
Ever killed so many reindeer,  
Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he could,  
None could dive so deep as he could,  
None could swim so far as he could ;  
None had made so many journeys,  
None had seen so many wonders,  
As this wonderful Iagoo,  
As this marvellous story-teller !

Thus his name became a by-word  
And a jest among the people ;  
And where'er a boastful hunter  
Praised his own address too highly,  
Or a warrior, home returning,  
Talked too much of his achievements,  
All his hearers cried, "Iagoo !  
Here's Iagoo come among us !"

He it was who carved the cradle  
Of the little Hiawatha,  
Carved its framework out of linden,  
Bound it strong with reindeer sinews ;  
He it was who taught him later  
How to make his bows and arrows,  
How to make the bows of ash-tree,  
And the arrows of the oak-tree.  
So among the guests assembled  
At my Hiawatha's wedding  
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,  
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, "O good Iagoo,  
Tell us now a tale of wonder,  
Tell us of some strange adventure,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more contented !"

And Iagoo answered straightway,  
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
You shall hear the strange adventures  
Of Osseo, the Magician,  
From the Evening Star descended."

## XII

### THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

CAN it be the sun descending  
O'er the level plain of water ?  
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,  
Wounded by the magic arrow,  
Staining all the waves with crimson,  
With the crimson of its life-blood,  
Filling all the air with splendor,  
With the splendor of its plumage ?

Yes ; it is the sun descending,  
Sinking down into the water ;  
All the sky is stained with purple,  
All the water flushed with crimson !  
No ; it is the Red Swan floating,  
Diving down beneath the water ;  
To the sky its wings are lifted,  
With its blood the waves are reddened !

Over it the Star of Evening  
Melts and trembles through the purple,  
Hangs suspended in the twilight.  
No ; it is a bead of wampum  
On the robes of the Great Spirit  
As he passes through the twilight,  
Walks in silence through the heavens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo  
And he said in haste : " Behold it !  
See the sacred Star of Evening !  
You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
Hear the story of Osseo,  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo !

" Once, in days no more remembered,  
Ages nearer the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to us,  
And the Gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely daughters,  
Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters.

" All these women married warriors,  
Married brave and haughty husbands ;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,  
All her young and handsome suitors,  
And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with coughing,  
Always coughing like a squirrel.

" Ah, but beautiful within him  
Was the spirit of Osseo,  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion !  
All its fire was in his bosom,  
All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendor in his language !

" And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of wampum,  
Handsome men with paint and feathers,  
Pointed at her in derision,  
Followed her with jest and laughter.

But she said : ' I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,  
Care not for your paint and feathers,  
Care not for your jests and laughter ;  
I am happy with Osseo ! '

" Once to some great feast invited,  
Through the damp and dusk of evening,  
Walked together the ten sisters,  
Walked together with their husbands ;  
Slowly followed old Osseo,  
With fair Oweenee beside him ;  
All the others chatted gayly,  
These two only walked in silence.

" At the western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman ;  
And they heard him murmur softly,  
' Ah, shouain nemeskin, Nosa !  
Pity, pity me, my father ! '

" Listen ! ' said the eldest sister,  
' He is praying to his father !  
What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,  
Does not break his neck by falling ! '  
And they laughed till all the forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

" On their pathway through the wood-  
lands  
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,  
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses,  
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.  
And Osseo, when he saw it,  
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern,  
At one end went in an old man,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;  
From the other came a young man,  
Tall and straight and strong and handsome.

" Thus Osseo was transfigured,  
Thus restored to youth and beauty ;  
But, alas for good Osseo,  
And for Oweenee, the faithful !  
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.  
Changed into a weak old woman,  
With a staff she tottered onward,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly !  
And the sisters and their husbands  
Laughed until the echoing forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

" But Osseo turned not from her,  
Walked with slower step beside her,  
Took her hand, as brown and withered

As an oak-leaf is in Winter,  
 Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,  
 Soothed her with soft words of kindness,  
 Till they reached the lodge of feasting,  
 Till they sat down in the wigwam,  
 Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
 To the tender Star of Woman.

"Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,  
 At the banquet sat Osseo ;  
 All were merry, all were happy,  
 All were joyous but Osseo.  
 Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
 Neither did he speak nor listen,  
 But as one bewildered sat he,  
 Looking dreamily and sadly,  
 First at Oweenee, then upward  
 At the gleaming sky above them.

"Then a voice was heard, a whisper,  
 Coming from the starry distance,  
 Coming from the empty vastness,  
 Low, and musical, and tender ;  
 And the voice said : ' O Osseo !  
 O my son, my best beloved !  
 Broken are the spells that bound you,  
 All the charms of the magicians,  
 All the magic powers of evil ;  
 Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !

" 'Taste the food that stands before  
 you :

It is blessed and enchanted,  
 It has magic virtues in it,  
 It will change you to a spirit.  
 All your bowls and all your kettles  
 Shall be wood and clay no longer ;  
 But the bowls be changed to wampum,  
 And the kettles shall be silver ;  
 They shall shine like shells of scarlet,  
 Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

" 'And the women shall no longer  
 Bear the dreary doom of labor,  
 But be changed to birds, and glisten  
 With the beauty of the starlight,  
 Painted with the dusky splendors  
 Of the skies and clouds of evening !'

"What Osseo heard as whispers,  
 What as words he comprehended,  
 Was but music to the others,  
 Music as of birds afar off,  
 Of the whippoorwill afar off,  
 Of the lonely Wawonaissa  
 Singing in the darksome forest.

"Then the lodge began to tremble,  
 Straight began to shake and tremble,  
 And they felt it rising, rising,  
 Slowly through the air ascending,

From the darkness of the tree-tops  
 Forth into the dewy starlight,  
 Till it passed the topmost branches ;  
 And behold ! the wooden dishes  
 All were changed to shells of scarlet !  
 And behold ! the earthen kettles  
 All were changed to bowls of silver !  
 And the roof-poles of the wigwam  
 Were as glittering rods of silver,  
 And the roof of bark upon them  
 As the shining shards of beetles.

"Then Osseo gazed around him,  
 And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
 All the sisters and their husbands,  
 Changed to birds of various plumage.  
 Some were jays and some were magpies,  
 Others thrushes, others blackbirds ;  
 And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,  
 Perked and fluttered all their feathers,  
 Strutted in their shining plumage,  
 And their tails like fans unfolded.

"Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
 Was not changed, but sat in silence,  
 Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
 Looking sadly at the others ;  
 Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
 Gave another cry of anguish,  
 Such a cry as he had uttered  
 By the oak-tree in the forest.

"Then returned her youth and beauty,  
 And her soiled and tattered garments  
 Were transformed to robes of ermine,  
 And her staff became a feather,  
 Yes, a shining silver feather !

"And again the wigwam trembled,  
 Swayed and rushed through airy currents,  
 Through transparent cloud and vapor,  
 And amid celestial splendors  
 On the Evening Star alighted,  
 As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,  
 As a leaf drops on a river,  
 As the thistle-down on water.

"Forth with cheerful words of welcome  
 Came the father of Osseo,  
 He with radiant locks of silver,  
 He with eyes serene and tender.  
 And he said : ' My son, Osseo,  
 Hang the cage of birds you bring there,  
 Hang the cage with rods of silver,  
 And the birds with glistening feathers,  
 At the doorway of my wigwam.'

"At the door he hung the bird-cage,  
 And they entered in and gladly  
 Listened to Osseo's father,  
 Ruler of the Star of Evening,

As he said : ' O my Osseo !  
 I have had compassion on you,  
 Given you back your youth and beauty,  
 Into birds of various plumage  
 Changed your sisters and their husbands ;  
 Changed them thus because they mocked  
 you

In the figure of the old man,  
 In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
 Could not see your heart of passion,  
 Could not see your youth immortal ;  
 Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
 Saw your naked heart and loved you.

" ' In the lodge that glimmers yonder,  
 In the little star that twinkles  
 Through the vapors, on the left hand,  
 Lives the envious Evil Spirit,  
 The Wabeno, the magician,  
 Who transformed you to an old man.  
 Take heed lest his beams fall on you,  
 For the rays he darts around him  
 Are the power of his enchantment,  
 Are the arrows that he uses.'

" Many years, in peace and quiet,  
 On the peaceful Star of Evening  
 Dwelt Osseo with his father ;  
 Many years, in song and flutter,  
 At the doorway of the wigwam,  
 Hung the cage with rods of silver,  
 Hung the cage with rods of silver,  
 And fair Oweenee, the faithful,  
 Bore a son unto Osseo,  
 With the beauty of his mother,  
 With the courage of his father.

" And the boy grew up and prospered,  
 And Osseo, to delight him,  
 Made him little bows and arrows,  
 Opened the great cage of silver,  
 And let loose his aunts and uncles,  
 All those birds with glossy feathers,  
 For his little son to shoot at.

" Round and round they wheeled and  
 darted,  
 Filled the Evening Star with music,  
 With their songs of joy and freedom ;  
 Filled the Evening Star with splendor,  
 With the fluttering of their plumage ;  
 Till the boy, the little hunter,  
 Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
 Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
 And a bird, with shining feathers,  
 At his feet fell wounded sorely.

" But, O wondrous transformation !  
 'T was no bird he saw before him,  
 'T was a beautiful young woman,  
 With the arrow in her bosom !

" When her blood fell on the planet,  
 On the sacred Star of Evening,  
 Broken was the spell of magic,  
 Powerless was the strange enchantment,  
 And the youth, the fearless bowman,  
 Suddenly felt himself descending,  
 Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
 Downward through the empty spaces,  
 Downward through the clouds and vapors,  
 Till he rested on an island,  
 On an island, green and grassy,  
 Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

" After him he saw descending  
 All the birds with shining feathers,  
 Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,  
 Like the painted leaves of Autumn ;  
 And the lodge with poles of silver,  
 With its roof like wings of beetles,  
 Like the shining shards of beetles,  
 By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
 Slowly sank upon the island,  
 Bringing back the good Osseo,  
 Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

" Then the birds, again transfigured,  
 Reassumed the shape of mortals,  
 Took their shape, but not their stature ;  
 They remained as Little People,  
 Like the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies,  
 And on pleasant nights of Summer,  
 When the Evening Star was shining,  
 Hand in hand they danced together  
 On the island's craggy headlands,  
 On the sand-beach low and level.

" Still their glittering lodge is seen  
 there,  
 On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
 And upon the shore the fisher  
 Sometimes hears their happy voices,  
 Sees them dancing in the starlight !"

When the story was completed,  
 When the wondrous tale was ended,  
 Looking round upon his listeners,  
 Solemnly Iagoo added :  
 " There are great men, I have known such,  
 Whom their people understand not,  
 Whom they even make a jest of,  
 Scoff and jeer at in derision.  
 From the story of Osseo  
 Let us learn the fate of jesters !"

All the wedding guests delighted  
 Listened to the marvellous story,  
 Listened laughing and applauding,  
 And they whispered to each other :  
 " Does he mean himself, I wonder ?  
 And are we the aunts and uncles ?"

Then again sang Chibiabos,  
Sang a song of love and longing,  
In those accents sweet and tender,  
In those tones of pensive sadness,  
Sang a maiden's lamentation  
For her lover, her Algonquin.

"When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me ! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"Ah me ! when I parted from him,  
Round my neck he hung the wampum,  
As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"I will go with you, he whispered,  
Ah me ! to your native country ;  
Let me go with you, he whispered,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"Far away, away, I answered,  
Very far away, I answered,  
Ah me ! is my native country,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"When I looked back to behold him,  
Where we parted, to behold him,  
After me he still was gazing,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"By the tree he still was standing,  
By the fallen tree was standing,  
That had dropped into the water,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me ! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !"

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,  
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Such the story of Iagoo,  
Such the songs of Chibiabos ;  
Thus the wedding banquet ended,  
And the wedding guests departed,  
Leaving Hiawatha happy  
With the night and Minnehaha.

## XIII

## BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,  
Of the happy days that followed,  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful !  
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,  
Sing the Blessing of the Cornfields !  
Buried was the bloody hatchet,

Buried was the dreadful war-club,  
Buried were all warlike weapons,  
And the war-cry was forgotten.  
There was peace among the nations ;  
Unmolested roved the hunters,  
Built the birch canoe for sailing,  
Caught the fish in lake and river,  
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver ;  
Unmolested worked the women,  
Made their sugar from the maple,  
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,  
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village  
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,  
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,  
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,  
Filling all the land with plenty.  
'T was the women who in Spring-time  
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,  
Buried in the earth Mondamin ;  
'T was the women who in Autumn  
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was planted,  
Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,  
Spake and said to Minnehaha,  
To his wife, the Laughing Water :  
"You shall bless to-night the cornfields,  
Draw a magic circle round them,  
To protect them from destruction,  
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,  
Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,  
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear !

"In the night, when all is silence,  
In the night, when all is darkness,  
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,  
So that not an ear can hear you,  
So that not an eye can see you,  
Rise up from your bed in silence,  
Lay aside your garments wholly,  
Walk around the fields you planted,  
Round the borders of the cornfields,  
Covered by your tresses only,  
Robed with darkness as a garment.

"Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,  
And the passing of your footsteps  
Draw a magic circle round them,  
So that neither blight nor mildew,  
Neither burrowing worm nor insect,  
Shall pass o'er the magic circle ;  
Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,  
Nor the spider, Subbekashe,  
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,

Nor the mighty caterpillar,  
Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,  
King of all the caterpillars!"

On the tree-tops near the cornfields  
Sat the hungry crows and ravens,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
With his band of black marauders.  
And they laughed at Hiawatha,  
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,  
With their melancholy laughter,  
At the words of Hiawatha.  
"Hear him!" said they; "hear the Wise  
Man,

Hear the plots of Hiawatha!"

When the noiseless night descended  
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,  
When the mournful Wawonaissa  
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,  
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,  
From her bed rose Laughing Water,  
Laid aside her garments wholly,  
And with darkness clothed and guarded,  
Unashamed and unafrighted,  
Walked securely round the cornfields,  
Drew the sacred, magic circle  
Of her footprints round the cornfields.

No one but the Midnight only  
Saw her beauty in the darkness,  
No one but the Wawonaissa  
Heard the panting of her bosom;  
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her  
Closely in his sacred mantle,  
So that none might see her beauty,  
So that none might boast, "I saw her!"

On the morrow, as the day dawned,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Gathered all his black marauders,  
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,  
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,  
And descended, fast and fearless,  
On the fields of Hiawatha,  
On the grave of the Mondamin.

"We will drag Mondamin," said they,  
"From the grave where he is buried,  
Spite of all the magic circles  
Laughing Water draws around it,  
Spite of all the sacred footprints  
Minnehaha stamps upon it!"

But the wary Hiawatha,  
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,  
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter  
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.  
"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens!  
Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!

I will teach you all a lesson  
That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the daybreak,  
He had spread o'er all the cornfields  
Snare to catch the black marauders,  
And was lying now in ambush  
In the neighboring grove of pine-trees,  
Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,  
Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and clamor,  
Rush of wings and cry of voices,  
To their work of devastation,  
Settling down upon the cornfields,  
Delving deep with beak and talon,  
For the body of Mondamin.  
And with all their craft and cunning,  
All their skill in wiles of warfare,  
They perceived no danger near them,  
Till their claws became entangled,  
Till they found themselves imprisoned  
In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,  
Striding terrible among them,  
And so awful was his aspect  
That the bravest quailed with terror.  
Without mercy he destroyed them  
Right and left, by tens and twenties,  
And their wretched, lifeless bodies  
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows  
Round the consecrated cornfields,  
As a signal of his vengeance,  
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
He alone was spared among them  
As a hostage for his people.  
With his prisoner-string he bound him,  
Led him captive to his wigwam,  
Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark  
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

"Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he,  
"You the leader of the robbers,  
You the plotter of this mischief,  
The contriver of this outrage,  
I will keep you, I will hold you,  
As a hostage for your people,  
As a pledge of good behavior!"

And he left him, grim and sulky,  
Sitting in the morning sunshine  
On the summit of the wigwam,  
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,  
Flapping his great sable pinions,  
Vainly struggling for his freedom,  
Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawondasee

Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,  
 From the South-land sent his ardors,  
 Wafted kisses warm and tender ;  
 And the maize-field grew and ripened,  
 Till it stood in all the splendor  
 Of its garments green and yellow,  
 Of its tassels and its plumage,  
 And the maize-ears full and shining  
 Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,  
 Spake, and said to Minnehaha :  
 " 'T is the Moon when leaves are falling ;  
 All the wild rice has been gathered,  
 And the maize is ripe and ready ;  
 Let us gather in the harvest,  
 Let us wrestle with Mondamin,  
 Strip him of his plumes and tassels,  
 Of his garments green and yellow ! "

And the merry Laughing Water  
 Went rejoicing from the wigwam,  
 With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,  
 And they called the women round them,  
 Called the young men and the maidens,  
 To the harvest of the cornfields,  
 To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,  
 Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,  
 Sat the old men and the warriors  
 Smoking in the pleasant shadow.  
 In uninterrupted silence  
 Looked they at the gamesome labor  
 Of the young men and the women ;  
 Listened to their noisy talking,  
 To their laughter and their singing,  
 Heard them chattering like the magpies,  
 Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,  
 Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden  
 Found a red ear in the husking,  
 Found a maize-ear red as blood is,  
 " Nushka ! " cried they all together,  
 " Nushka ! you shall have a sweetheart,  
 You shall have a handsome husband ! "  
 " Ugh ! " the old men all responded  
 From their seats beneath the pine-trees.

And whene'er a youth or maiden  
 Found a crooked ear in husking,  
 Found a maize-ear in the husking  
 Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,  
 Then they laughed and sang together,  
 Crept and limped about the cornfields,  
 Mimicked in their gait and gestures  
 Some old man, bent almost double,  
 Singing singly or together :  
 " Wagemin, the thief of cornfields !

Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear ! "

Till the cornfields rang with laughter,  
 Till from Hiawatha's wigwam  
 Kalgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
 Screamed and quivered in his anger,  
 And from all the neighboring tree-tops  
 Cawed and croaked the black marauders.  
 " Ugh ! " the old men all responded,  
 From their seats beneath the pine-trees !

## XIV

## PICTURE-WRITING

In those days said Hiawatha,  
 " Lo ! how all things fade and perish !  
 From the memory of the old men  
 Pass away the great traditions,  
 The achievements of the warriors,  
 The adventures of the hunters,  
 All the wisdom of the Medas,  
 All the craft of the Wabenos,  
 All the marvellous dreams and visions  
 Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets !

" Great men die and are forgotten,  
 Wise men speak ; their words of wisdom  
 Perish in the ears that hear them,  
 Do not reach the generations  
 That, as yet unborn, are waiting  
 In the great, mysterious darkness  
 Of the speechless days that shall be !

" On the grave-posts of our fathers  
 Are no signs, no figures painted ;  
 Who are in those graves we know not,  
 Only know they are our fathers.  
 Of what kith they are and kindred,  
 From what old, ancestral Totem,  
 Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,  
 They descended, this we know not,  
 Only know they are our fathers.

" Face to face we speak together,  
 But we cannot speak when absent,  
 Cannot send our voices from us  
 To the friends that dwell afar off ;  
 Cannot send a secret message,  
 But the bearer learns our secret,  
 May pervert it, may betray it,  
 May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking  
 In the solitary forest,  
 Pondering, musing in the forest,  
 On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colors,  
 Took his paints of different colors,

On the smooth bark of a birch-tree  
Painted many shapes and figures,  
Wonderful and mystic figures,  
And each figure had a meaning,  
Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,  
He, the Master of Life, was painted  
As an egg, with points projecting  
To the four winds of the heavens.  
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,  
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,  
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,  
As a serpent was depicted,  
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.  
Very crafty, very cunning,  
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,  
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,  
Life was white, but Death was darkened ;  
Sun and moon and stars he painted,  
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,  
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,  
For the sky a bow above it ;  
White the space between for daytime,  
Filled with little stars for night-time ;  
On the left a point for sunrise,  
On the right a point for sunset,  
On the top a point for noontide,  
And for rain and cloudy weather  
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam  
Were a sign of invitation,  
Were a sign of guests assembling ;  
Bloody hands with palms uplifted  
Were a symbol of destruction,  
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha  
Show unto his wondering people,  
And interpreted their meaning,  
And he said : " Behold, your grave-posts  
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol,  
Go and paint them all with figures ;  
Each one with its household symbol,  
With its own ancestral Totem ;  
So that those who follow after  
May distinguish them and know them."

And they painted on the grave-posts  
On the graves yet unforgetten,  
Each his own ancestral Totem,  
Each the symbol of his household ;  
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,  
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,  
Each inverted as a token

That the owner was departed,  
That the chief who bore the symbol  
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,  
The Wabenos, the Magicians,  
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,  
Painted upon bark and deer-skin  
Figures for the songs they chanted,  
For each song a separate symbol,  
Figures mystical and awful,  
Figures strange and brightly colored ;  
And each figure had its meaning,  
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Flashing light through all the heaven ;  
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,  
With his bloody crest erected,  
Creeping, looking into heaven ;  
In the sky the sun, that listens,  
And the moon eclipsed and dying ;  
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,  
And the cormorant, bird of magic ;  
Headless men, that walk the heavens,  
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,  
Bloody hands of death uplifted,  
Flags on graves, and great war-captains  
Grasping both the earth and heaven !

Such as these the shapes they painted  
On the birch-bark and the deer-skin ;  
Songs of war and songs of hunting,  
Songs of medicine and of magic,  
All were written in these figures,  
For each figure had its meaning,  
Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,  
The most subtle of all medicines,  
The most potent spell of magic,  
Dangerous more than war or hunting !  
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,  
Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,  
Painted in the brightest scarlet ;  
'T is the lover, the musician,  
And the meaning is, " My painting  
Makes me powerful over others."

Then the figure seated, singing,  
Playing on a drum of magic,  
And the interpretation, " Listen !  
'T is my voice you hear, my singing !"

Then the same red figure seated  
In the shelter of a wigwam,  
And the meaning of the symbol,  
" I will come and sit beside you  
In the mystery of my passion !"

Then two figures, man and woman,

Standing hand in hand together  
 With their hands so clasped together  
 That they seemed in one united,  
 And the words thus represented  
 Are, "I see your heart within you,  
 And your cheeks are red with blushes !"

Next the maiden on an island,  
 In the centre of an island ;  
 And the song this shape suggested  
 Was, "Though you were at a distance,  
 Were upon some far-off island,  
 Such the spell I cast upon you,  
 Such the magic power of passion,  
 I could straightway draw you to me !"

Then the figure of the maiden  
 Sleeping, and the lover near her,  
 Whispering to her in her slumbers,  
 Saying, "Though you were far from me  
 In the land of Sleep and Silence,  
 Still the voice of love would reach you !"

And the last of all the figures  
 Was a heart within a circle,  
 Drawn within a magic circle ;  
 And the image had this meaning :  
 "Naked lies your heart before me,  
 To your naked heart I whisper !"

Thus it was that Hiawatha,  
 In his wisdom, taught the people  
 All the mysteries of painting,  
 All the art of Picture-Writing,  
 On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,  
 On the white skin of the reindeer,  
 On the grave-posts of the village.

## XV

### HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION

In those days the Evil Spirits,  
 All the Manitos of mischief,  
 Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,  
 And his love for Chibiabos,  
 Jealous of their faithful friendship,  
 And their noble words and actions,  
 Made at length a league against them,  
 To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,  
 Often said to Chibiabos,  
 "O my brother ! do not leave me,  
 Lest the Evil Spirits harm you !"  
 Chibiabos, young and heedless,  
 Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,  
 Answered ever sweet and childlike,

"Do not fear for me, O brother !  
 Harm and evil come not near me !"

Once when Peboan, the Winter,  
 Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,  
 When the snow-flakes, whirling downward,  
 Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,  
 Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,  
 Covered all the earth with silence, —  
 Armed with arrows, shod with snow-shoes,  
 Heeding not his brother's warning,  
 Fearing not the Evil Spirits,  
 Forth to hunt the deer with antlers  
 All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water  
 Sprang with speed the deer before him.  
 With the wind and snow he followed,  
 O'er the treacherous ice he followed,  
 Wild with all the fierce commotion  
 And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits  
 Lay in ambush, waiting for him,  
 Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,  
 Dragged him downward to the bottom,  
 Buried in the sand his body.  
 Unktahee, the god of water,  
 He the god of the Dacotahs,  
 Drowned him in the deep abysses  
 Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha  
 Sent forth such a wail of anguish,  
 Such a fearful lamentation,  
 That the bison paused to listen,  
 And the wolves howled from the prairies,  
 And the thunder in the distance  
 Starting answered "Baim-wawa !"

Then his face with black he painted,  
 With his robe his head he covered,  
 In his wigwam sat lamenting,  
 Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,  
 Uttering still this moan of sorrow : —

"He is dead, the sweet musician !  
 He the sweetest of all singers !  
 He has gone from us forever,  
 He has moved a little nearer  
 To the Master of all music,  
 To the Master of all singing !  
 O my brother, Chibiabos !"

And the melancholy fir-trees  
 Waved their dark green fans above him,  
 Waved their purple cones above him,  
 Sighing with him to console him,  
 Mingling with his lamentation  
 Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the Spring, and all the forest  
 Looked in vain for Chibiabos ;

Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,  
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the bluebird,  
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
"Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !  
He is dead, the sweet musician !"

From the wigwam sang the robin,  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
"Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !  
He is dead, the sweetest singer !"

And at night through all the forest  
Went the whippoorwill complaining,  
Wailing went the Wawonaissa,  
"Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !

He is dead, the sweet musician !  
He the sweetest of all singers !"

Then the Medicine-men, the Medas,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,  
Came to visit Hiawatha ;  
Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,  
To appease him, to console him,  
Walked in silent, grave procession,  
Bearing each a pouch of healing,  
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,  
Filled with magic roots and simples,  
Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps approaching,  
Hiawatha ceased lamenting,  
Called no more on Chibiabos ;  
Naught he questioned, naught he answered,  
But his mournful head uncovered,  
From his face the mourning colors  
Washed he slowly and in silence,  
Slowly and in silence followed  
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,  
Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,  
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,  
Roots of power, and herbs of healing ;  
Beat their drums, and shook their rattles ;  
Chanted singly and in chorus,  
Mystic songs like these, they chanted.

"I myself, myself ! behold me !  
'T is the great Gray Eagle talking ;  
Come, ye white crows, come and hear him !  
The loud-speaking thunder helps me ;  
All the unseen spirits help me ;  
I can hear their voices calling,  
All around the sky I hear them !  
I can blow you strong, my brother,  
I can heal you, Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" replied the chorus,  
"Way-ha-way !" the mystic chorus.

"Friends of mine are all the serpents !

Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk !  
Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him ;  
I can shoot your heart and kill it !  
I can blow you strong, my brother,  
I can heal you, Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" replied the chorus.  
"Way-ha-way !" the mystic chorus.

"I myself, myself ! the prophet !  
When I speak the wigwam trembles,  
Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,  
Hands unseen begin to shake it !

When I walk, the sky I tread on  
Bends and makes a noise beneath me !  
I can blow you strong, my brother !  
Rise and speak, O Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" replied the chorus,  
"Way-ha-way !" the mystic chorus.

Then they shook their medicine-pouches  
O'er the head of Hiawatha,  
Danced their medicine-dance around him ;  
And upstarting wild and haggard,  
Like a man from dreams awakened,  
He was healed of all his madness.  
As the clouds are swept from heaven,  
Straightway from his brain departed  
All his moody melancholy ;  
As the ice is swept from rivers,  
Straightway from his heart departed  
All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos  
From his grave beneath the waters,  
From the sands of Gitche Gumee  
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.  
And so mighty was the magic  
Of that cry and invocation,  
That he heard it as he lay there  
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water ;  
From the sand he rose and listened,  
Heard the music and the singing,  
Came, obedient to the summons,  
To the doorway of the wigwam,  
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave him,  
Through the door a burning fire-brand ;  
Ruler in the Land of Spirits,  
Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,  
Telling him a fire to kindle  
For all those that died thereafter,  
Camp-fires for their night encampments  
On their solitary journey  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his childhood,  
From the homes of those who knew him,  
Passing silent through the forest,

Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,  
 Slowly vanished Chibiabos !  
 Where he passed, the branches moved not,  
 Where he trod, the grasses bent not,  
 And the fallen leaves of last year  
 Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed onward  
 Down the pathway of the dead men ;  
 On the dead-man's strawberry feasted,  
 Crossed the melancholy river,  
 On the swinging log he crossed it,  
 Came unto the Lake of Silver,  
 In the Stone Canoe was carried  
 To the Islands of the Blessed,  
 To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly,  
 Many weary spirits saw he,  
 Panting under heavy burdens,  
 Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,  
 Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,  
 And with food that friends had given  
 For that solitary journey.

"Ay ! why do the living," said they,  
 "Lay such heavy burdens on us !  
 Better were it to go naked,  
 Better were it to go fasting,  
 Than to bear such heavy burdens  
 On our long and weary journey !"

Forth then issued Hiawatha,  
 Wandered eastward, wandered westward,  
 Teaching men the use of simples  
 And the antidotes for poisons,  
 And the cure of all diseases.  
 Thus was first made known to mortals  
 All the mystery of Medamin,  
 All the sacred art of healing.

## XVI

## PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 He, the handsome Yenadizze,  
 Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,  
 Vexed the village with disturbance ;  
 You shall hear of all his mischief,  
 And his flight from Hiawatha,  
 And his wondrous transmigrations,  
 And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water  
 Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
 It was he who in his frenzy

Whirled these drifting sands together,  
 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
 When, among the guests assembled,  
 He so merrily and madly  
 Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,  
 Danced the Beggar's Dance to please  
 them.

Now, in search of new adventures,  
 From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Came with speed into the village,  
 Found the young men all assembled  
 In the lodge of old Iagoo,  
 Listening to his monstrous stories,  
 To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story  
 Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,  
 How he made a hole in heaven,  
 How he climbed up into heaven,  
 And let out the summer-weather,  
 The perpetual, pleasant Summer ;  
 How the Otter first essayed it ;  
 How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger  
 Tried in turn the great achievement,  
 From the summit of the mountain  
 Smote their fists against the heavens,  
 Smote against the sky their foreheads,  
 Cracked the sky, but could not break it ;  
 How the Wolverine, uprising,  
 Made him ready for the encounter,  
 Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,  
 Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

"Once he leaped," said old Iagoo,  
 "Once he leaped, and lo ! above him  
 Bent the sky, as ice in rivers  
 When the waters rise beneath it ;  
 Twice he leaped, and lo ! above him  
 Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers  
 When the freshet is at highest !  
 Thrice he leaped, and lo ! above him  
 Broke the shattered sky asunder,  
 And he disappeared within it,  
 And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,  
 With a bound went in behind him !"

"Hark you !" shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 As he entered at the doorway ;  
 "I am tired of all this talking,  
 Tired of old Iagoo's stories,  
 Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.  
 Here is something to amuse you,  
 Better than this endless talking."

Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin  
 Forth he drew, with solemn manner,  
 All the game of Bowl and Counters,  
 Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.  
 White on one side were they painted,

And vermilion on the other ;  
 Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,  
 Two Ininewug or wedge-men,  
 One great war-club, Pugamaugun,  
 And one slender fish, the Keego,  
 Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,  
 And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.  
 All were made of bone and painted,  
 All except the Ozawabeeks ;  
 These were brass, on one side burnished,  
 And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,  
 Shook and jostled them together,  
 Threw them on the ground before him,  
 Thus exclaiming and explaining :  
 " Red side up are all the pieces,  
 And one great Kenabeek standing  
 On the bright side of a brass piece,  
 On a burnished Ozawabeek ;  
 Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces,  
 Shook and jostled them together,  
 Threw them on the ground before him,  
 Still exclaiming and explaining :  
 " White are both the great Kenabeeks,  
 White the Ininewug, the wedge-men,  
 Red are all the other pieces ;  
 Five tens and an eight are counted."

Thus he taught the game of hazard,  
 Thus displayed it and explained it,  
 Running through its various chances,  
 Various changes, various meanings :  
 Twenty curious eyes stared at him,  
 Full of eagerness stared at him.

" Many games," said old Iagoo,  
 " Many games of skill and hazard  
 Have I seen in different nations,  
 Have I played in different countries.  
 He who plays with old Iagoo  
 Must have very nimble fingers ;  
 Though you think yourself so skilful,  
 I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 I can even give you lessons  
 In your game of Bowl and Counters ! "

So they sat and played together,  
 All the old men and the young men,  
 Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,  
 Played till midnight, played till morning,  
 Played until the Yenadizze,  
 Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Of their treasures had despoiled them,  
 Of the best of all their dresses,  
 Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,  
 Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,  
 Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.

Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,  
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis :  
 " In my wigwam I am lonely,  
 In my wanderings and adventures  
 I have need of a companion,  
 Fain would have a Meshinauwa,  
 An attendant and pipe-bearer.  
 I will venture all these winnings,  
 All these garments heaped about me,  
 All this wampum, all these feathers,  
 On a single throw will venture  
 All against the young man yonder ! "  
 'T was a youth of sixteen summers,  
 'T was a nephew of Iagoo ;  
 Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head  
 Dusky red beneath the ashes,  
 So beneath his shaggy eyebrows  
 Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.  
 " Ugh ! " he answered very fiercely ;  
 " Ugh ! " they answered all and each one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old man,  
 Closely in his bony fingers  
 Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,  
 Shook it fiercely and with fury,  
 Made the pieces ring together  
 As he threw them down before him.

Red were both the great Kenabeeks,  
 Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,  
 Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings,  
 Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,  
 White alone the fish, the Keego ;  
 Only five the pieces counted !

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Shook the bowl and threw the pieces ;  
 Lightly in the air he tossed them,  
 And they fell about him scattered ;  
 Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,  
 Red and white the other pieces,  
 And upright among the others  
 One Ininewug was standing,  
 Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Stood alone among the players,  
 Saying, " Five tens ! mine the game is ! "

Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,  
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,  
 As he turned and left the wigwam,  
 Followed by his Meshinauwa,  
 By the nephew of Iagoo,  
 By the tall and graceful stripling,  
 Bearing in his arms the winnings,  
 Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,  
 Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.

" Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Pointing with his fan of feathers,  
 "To my wigwam far to eastward,  
 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!"

Hot and red with smoke and gambling  
 Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 As he came forth to the freshness  
 Of the pleasant Summer morning.  
 All the birds were singing gayly,  
 All the streamlets flowing swiftly,  
 And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Sang with pleasure as the birds sing,  
 Beat with triumph like the streamlets,  
 As he wandered through the village,  
 In the early gray of morning,  
 With his fan of turkey-feathers,  
 With his plumes and tufts of swan's down,  
 Till he reached the farthest wigwam,  
 Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted;  
 No one met him at the doorway,  
 No one came to bid him welcome;  
 But the birds were singing round it,  
 In and out and round the doorway,  
 Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,  
 And aloft upon the ridge-pole  
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
 Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,  
 Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keewis.

"All are gone! the lodge is empty!"  
 Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 In his heart resolving mischief;—  
 "Gone is wary Hiawatha,  
 Gone the silly Laughing Water,  
 Gone Nokomis, the old woman,  
 And the lodge is left unguarded!"

By the neck he seized the raven,  
 Whirled it round him like a rattle,  
 Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,  
 Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,  
 From the ridge-pole of the wigwam  
 Left its lifeless body hanging,  
 As an insult to its master,  
 As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,  
 Round the lodge in wild disorder  
 Threw the household things about him,  
 Piled together in confusion  
 Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,  
 Robes of buffalo and beaver,  
 Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,  
 As an insult to Nokomis,  
 As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Whistling, singing through the forest,  
 Whistling gayly to the squirrels,

Who from hollow boughs above him  
 Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,  
 Singing gayly to the wood birds,  
 Who from out the leafy darkness  
 Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky headlands,  
 Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,  
 Perched himself upon their summit,  
 Waiting full of mirth and mischief  
 The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there;  
 Far below him plashed the waters,  
 Plashed and washed the dreamy waters;  
 Far above him swam the heavens,  
 Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;  
 Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled  
 Hiawatha's mountain chickens,  
 Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him,  
 Almost brushed him with their pinions.

And he killed them as he lay there,  
 Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,  
 Threw their bodies down the headland,  
 Threw them on the beach below him,  
 Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,  
 Perched upon a crag above them,  
 Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!  
 He is slaying us by hundreds!  
 Send a message to our brother,  
 Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

## XVII

## THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha  
 When he came into the village,  
 Found the people in confusion,  
 Heard of all the misdemeanors,  
 All the malice and the mischief,  
 Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his nostrils,

Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered  
 Words of anger and resentment,  
 Hot and humming, like a hornet.  
 "I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.  
 "Not so long and wide the world is,  
 Not so rude and rough the way is,  
 That my wrath shall not attain him,  
 That my vengeance shall not reach him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed  
 Hiawatha and the hunters  
 On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Through the forest, where he passed it,  
To the headlands where he rested ;  
But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Only in the trampled grasses,  
In the whortleberry-bushes,  
Found the couch where he had rested,  
Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath them,  
From the Muskoday, the meadow,  
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,  
Made a gesture of defiance,  
Made a gesture of derision ;  
And aloud cried Hiawatha,  
From the summit of the mountains :  
"Not so long and wide the world is,  
Not so rude and rough the way is,  
But my wrath shall overtake you,  
And my vengeance shall attain you !"

Over rock and over river,  
Thorough bush, and brake, and forest,  
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis ;  
Like an antelope he bounded,  
Till he came unto a streamlet  
In the middle of the forest,  
To a streamlet still and tranquil,  
That had overflowed its margin,  
To a dam made by the beavers,  
To a pond of quiet water,  
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,  
Where the water-lilies floated,  
Where the rushes waved and whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
On the dam of trunks and branches,  
Through whose chinks the water spouted,  
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.  
From the bottom rose the beaver,  
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,  
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,  
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,  
Flowed the bright and silvery water,  
And he spake unto the beaver,  
With a smile he spake in this wise :

"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,  
Cool and pleasant is the water ;  
Let me dive into the water,  
Let me rest there in your lodges ;  
Change me, too, into a beaver !"

Cautiously replied the beaver,  
With reserve he thus made answer :  
"Let me first consult the others,  
Let me ask the other beavers."  
Down he sank into the water,  
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,

Down among the leaves and branches,  
Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,  
Spouted through the chinks below him,  
Dashed upon the stones beneath him,  
Spread serene and calm before him,  
And the sunshine and the shadows  
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,  
Fell in little shining patches,  
Through the waving, rustling branches.

From the bottom rose the beavers,  
Silently above the surface  
Rose one head and then another,  
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,  
Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Spake entreating, said in this wise :  
"Very pleasant is your dwelling,  
O my friends ! and safe from danger ;  
Can you not, with all your cunning,  
All your wisdom and contrivance,  
Change me, too, into a beaver ?"

"Yes !" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,  
He the King of all the beavers,  
"Let yourself slide down among us,  
Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;  
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,  
Black his moccasins and leggings,  
In a broad black tail behind him  
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes ;  
He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
"Make me large and make me larger,  
Larger than the other beavers."  
"Yes," the beaver chief responded,  
"When our lodge below you enter,  
In our wigwam we will make you  
Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis :  
Found the bottom covered over  
With the trunks of trees and branches,  
Hoards of food against the winter,  
Piles and heaps against the famine ;  
Found the lodge with arching doorway,  
Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and larger,  
Made him largest of the beavers,  
Ten times larger than the others.  
"You shall be our ruler," said they ;  
"Chief and King of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis

Sat in state among the beavers,  
When there came a voice of warning  
From the watchman at his station  
In the water-flags and lilies,  
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!  
Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them,  
Heard a shouting and a tramping,  
Heard a crashing and a rushing,  
And the water round and o'er them  
Sank and sucked away in eddies,  
And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters  
Leaped, and broke it all asunder;  
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,  
Sprang the beavers through the doorway,  
Hid themselves in deeper water,  
In the channel of the streamlet;  
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Could not pass beneath the doorway;  
He was puffed with pride and feeding,  
He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,  
Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!  
Vain are all your craft and cunning,  
Vain your manifold disguises!  
Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis!"  
With their clubs they beat and bruised  
him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Pounded him as maize is pounded,  
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,  
Bore him home on poles and branches,  
Bore the body of the beaver;  
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,  
Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,  
Waving hither, waving thither,  
As the curtains of a wigwam  
Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin,  
When the wintry wind is blowing;  
Till it drew itself together,  
Till it rose up from the body,  
Till it took the form and features  
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha  
Saw the figure ere it vanished,  
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Glide into the soft blue shadow  
Of the pine-trees of the forest;  
Toward the squares of white beyond it,  
Toward an opening in the forest,

Like a wind it rushed and panted,  
Bending all the boughs before it,  
And behind it, as the rain comes,  
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands  
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Where among the water-lilies  
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;  
Through the tufts of rushes floating,  
Steering through the reedy islands.  
Now their broad black beaks they lifted,  
Now they plunged beneath the water,  
Now they darkened in the shadow,  
Now they brightened in the sunshine.

"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
"Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said he,  
"Change me to a brant with plumage,  
With a shining neck and feathers,  
Make me large, and make me larger,  
Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they changed him,  
With two huge and dusky pinions,  
With a bosom smooth and rounded,  
With a bill like two great paddles,  
Made him larger than the others,  
Ten times larger than the largest,  
Just as, shouting from the forest,  
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor,  
With a whirl and beat of pinions,  
Rose up from the reedy islands,  
From the water-flags and lilies.  
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:  
"In your flying, look not downward,  
Take good heed and look not downward,  
Lest some strange mischance should hap-  
pen,

Lest some great mishap befall you!"

Fast and far they fled to northward,  
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,  
Fled among the moors and fen-lands,  
Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed,  
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,  
Wafted onward by the South-wind,  
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,  
Rose a sound of human voices,  
Rose a clamor from beneath them,  
From the lodges of a village,  
From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village  
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,  
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Flapping far up in the ether,  
Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,  
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,  
Knew the outcry of lagoo,  
And, forgetful of the warning,  
Drew his neck in, and looked downward,  
And the wind that blew behind him  
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,  
Sent him wheeling, whirling downward !

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Struggle to regain his balance !  
Whirling round and round and downward,  
He beheld in turn the village  
And in turn the flock above him,  
Saw the village coming nearer,  
And the flock receding farther,  
Heard the voices growing louder,  
Heard the shouting and the laughter ;  
Saw no more the flocks above him,  
Only saw the earth beneath him ;  
Dead out of the empty heaven,  
Dead among the shouting people,  
With a heavy sound and sullen,  
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,  
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Took again the form and features  
Of the handsome Yenadizze,  
And again went rushing onward,  
Followed fast by Hiawatha,  
Crying : " Not so wide the world is,  
Not so long and rough the way is,  
But my wrath shall overtake you,  
But my vengeance shall attain you ! "

And so near he came, so near him,  
That his hand was stretched to seize him,  
His right hand to seize and hold him,  
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Whirled and spun about in circles,  
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,  
Danced the dust and leaves about him,  
And amid the whirling eddies  
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,  
Changed himself into a serpent,  
Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha  
Smote again the hollow oak-tree,  
Rent it into shreds and splinters,  
Left it lying there in fragments.  
But in vain ; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Once again in human figure,  
Full in sight ran on before him,  
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,  
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,  
Came unto the rocky headlands,

To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,  
Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain,  
He the Manito of Mountains,  
Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
Opened wide his deep abysses,  
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter  
In his caverns dark and dreary,  
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome  
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,  
Found the doorways closed against him,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,  
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,  
" Open ! I am Hiawatha ! "  
But the Old Man of the Mountain  
Opened not, and made no answer  
From the silent crags of sandstone,  
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,  
Called imploring on the tempest,  
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee ;  
And they came with night and darkness,  
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water  
From the distant Thunder Mountains ;  
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,  
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,  
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Smote the doorways of the caverns,  
With his war-club smote the doorways,  
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee,  
Shouted down into the caverns,  
Saying, " Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis ! "  
And the crags fell, and beneath them  
Dead among the rocky ruins  
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,  
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,  
Ended were his tricks and gambols,  
Ended all his craft and cunning,  
Ended all his mischief-making,  
All his gambling and his dancing,  
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha  
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,  
Spake and said : " O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Never more in human figure  
Shall you search for new adventures ;  
Never more with jest and laughter

Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds ;  
 But above there in the heavens  
 You shall soar and sail in circles ;  
 I will change you to an eagle,  
 To Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
 Chief of all the fowls with feathers,  
 Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Lingers still among the people,  
 Lingers still among the singers,  
 And among the story-tellers ;  
 And in Winter, when the snow-flakes  
 Whirl in eddies round the lodges,  
 When the wind in gusty tumult  
 O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,  
 "There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Kee-  
 wis ;

He is dancing through the village,  
 He is gathering in his harvest !"

## XVIII

## THE DEATH OF KWASIND

FAR and wide among the nations  
 Spread the name and fame of Kwasind ;  
 No man dared to strive with Kwasind,  
 No man could compete with Kwasind.  
 But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,  
 They the envious Little People,  
 They the fairies and the pygmies,  
 Plotted and conspired against him.

"If this hateful Kwasind," said they,  
 "If this great, outrageous fellow  
 Goes on thus a little longer,  
 Tearing everything he touches,  
 Rending everything to pieces,  
 Filling all the world with wonder,  
 What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies ?  
 Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies ?  
 He will tread us down like mushrooms,  
 Drive us all into the water,  
 Give our bodies to be eaten  
 By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,  
 By the Spirits of the water !"

So the angry Little People  
 All conspired against the Strong Man,  
 All conspired to murder Kwasind,  
 Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,  
 The audacious, overbearing,  
 Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind !

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind  
 In his crown alone was seated ;  
 In his crown too was his weakness ;

There alone could he be wounded,  
 Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,  
 Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

Even there the only weapon  
 That could wound him, that could slay him,  
 Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,  
 Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.  
 This was Kwasind's fatal secret,  
 Known to no man among mortals ;  
 But the cunning Little People,  
 The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,  
 Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,  
 Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,  
 Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,  
 In the woods by Taquamenaw,  
 Brought them to the river's margin,  
 Heaped them in great piles together,  
 Where the red rocks from the margin  
 Jutting overhang the river.  
 There they lay in wait for Kwasind,  
 The malicious Little People.

'T was an afternoon in Summer ;  
 Very hot and still the air was,  
 Very smooth the gliding river,  
 Motionless the sleeping shadows :  
 Insects glistened in the sunshine,  
 Insects skated on the water,  
 Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,  
 With a far resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong Man,  
 In his birch canoe came Kwasind,  
 Floating slowly down the current  
 Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,  
 Very languid with the weather,  
 Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,  
 From the tassels of the birch-trees,  
 Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended ;  
 By his airy hosts surrounded,  
 His invisible attendants,  
 Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin ;  
 Like a burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she,  
 Like a dragon-fly, he hovered  
 O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur  
 As of waves upon a sea-shore,  
 As of far-off tumbling waters,  
 As of winds among the pine-trees ;  
 And he felt upon his forehead  
 Blows of little airy war-clubs,  
 Wielded by the slumbrous legions  
 Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
 As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-clubs,

Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind ;  
 At the second blow they smote him,  
 Motionless his paddle rested ;  
 At the third, before his vision  
 Reeled the landscape into darkness,  
 Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,  
 Like a blind man seated upright,  
 Floated down the Taquamenaw,  
 Underneath the trembling birch-trees,  
 Underneath the wooded headlands,  
 Underneath the war encampment  
 Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and waiting,  
 Hurled the pine-cones down upon him,  
 Struck him on his brawny shoulders,  
 On his crown defenceless struck him.  
 "Death to Kwasind !" was the sudden  
 War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled,  
 Sideways fell into the river,  
 Plunged beneath the sluggish water  
 Headlong, as an otter plunges ;  
 And the birch canoe, abandoned,  
 Drifted empty down the river,  
 Bottom upward swerved and drifted :  
 Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong Man  
 Lingered long among the people,  
 And whenever through the forest  
 Raged and roared the wintry tempest,  
 And the branches, tossed and troubled,  
 Creaked and groaned and split asunder,  
 "Kwasind !" cried they ; "that is Kwasind !  
 He is gathering in his fire-wood !"

## XIX

### THE GHOSTS

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture  
 On his quarry in the desert,  
 On the sick or wounded bison,  
 But another vulture, watching  
 From his high aerial look-out,  
 Sees the downward plunge, and follows ;  
 And a third pursues the second,  
 Coming from the invisible ether,  
 First a speck, and then a vulture,  
 Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly ;  
 But as if they watched and waited,  
 Scanning one another's motions,  
 When the first descends, the others

Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
 Round their victim, sick and wounded,  
 First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
 Till the air is dark with anguish.

Now, o'er all the dreary North-land,  
 Mighty Peboan, the Winter,  
 Breathing on the lakes and rivers,  
 Into stone had changed their waters.  
 From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,  
 Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,  
 One uninterrupted level,  
 As if, stooping, the Creator  
 With his hand had smoothed them over.

Through the forest, wide and wailing,  
 Roamed the hunter on his snow-shoes ;  
 In the village worked the women,  
 Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-skin ;  
 And the young men played together  
 On the ice the noisy ball-play,  
 On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.

One dark evening, after sundown,  
 In her wigwam Laughing Water  
 Sat with old Nokomis, waiting  
 For the steps of Hiawatha  
 Homeward from the hunt returning.

On their faces gleamed the firelight,  
 Painting them with streaks of crimson,  
 In the eyes of old Nokomis  
 Glimmered like the watery moonlight,  
 In the eyes of Laughing Water  
 Glistened like the sun in water ;  
 And behind them crouched their shadows  
 In the corners of the wigwam,  
 And the smoke in wreaths above them  
 Climbed and crowded through the smoke-  
 flue.

Then the curtain of the doorway  
 From without was slowly lifted ;  
 Brighter glowed the fire a moment,  
 And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,  
 As two women entered softly,  
 Passed the doorway uninvited,  
 Without word of salutation,  
 Without sign of recognition,  
 Sat down in the farthest corner,  
 Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,  
 Strangers seemed they in the village ;  
 Very pale and haggard were they,  
 As they sat there sad and silent,  
 Trembling, cowering with the shadows.

Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,  
 Muttering down into the wigwam ?  
 Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,  
 Hooting from the dismal forest ?

Sure a voice said in the silence :  
 "These are corpses clad in garments,  
 These are ghosts that come to haunt you,  
 From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
 From the land of the Hereafter !"

Homeward now came Hiawatha  
 From his hunting in the forest,  
 With the snow upon his tresses,  
 And the red deer on his shoulders.  
 At the feet of Laughing Water  
 Down he threw his lifeless burden ;  
 Nobler, handsomer she thought him,  
 Than when first he came to woo her,  
 First threw down the deer before her,  
 As a token of his wishes,  
 As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers,  
 Cowering, crouching with the shadows ;  
 Said within himself, " Who are they ?  
 What strange guests has Minnehaha ? "  
 But he questioned not the strangers,  
 Only spake to bid them welcome  
 To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,  
 And the deer had been divided,  
 Both the pallid guests, the strangers,  
 Springing from among the shadows,  
 Seized upon the choicest portions,  
 Seized the white fat of the roebuck,  
 Set apart for Laughing Water,  
 For the wife of Hiawatha ;  
 Without asking, without thanking,  
 Eagerly devoured the morsels,  
 Flitted back among the shadows  
 In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,  
 Not a motion made Nokomis,  
 Not a gesture Laughing Water ;  
 Not a change came o'er their features ;  
 Only Minnehaha softly  
 Whispered, saying, " They are famished ;  
 Let them do what best delights them ;  
 Let them eat, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawned and darkened,  
 Many a night shook off the daylight  
 As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes  
 From the midnight of its branches ;  
 Day by day the guests unmoving  
 Sat there silent in the wigwam ;  
 But by night, in storm or starlight,  
 Forth they went into the forest,  
 Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,  
 Bringing pine-cones for the burning,  
 Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha

Came from fishing or from hunting,  
 When the evening meal was ready,  
 And the food had been divided,  
 Gliding from their darksome corner,  
 Came the pallid guests, the strangers,  
 Seized upon the choicest portions  
 Set aside for Laughing Water,  
 And without rebuke or question  
 Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha  
 By a word or look reproved them ;  
 Never once had old Nokomis  
 Made a gesture of impatience ;  
 Never once had Laughing Water  
 Shown resentment at the outrage.  
 All had they endured in silence,  
 That the rights of guest and stranger,  
 That the virtue of free-giving,  
 By a look might not be lessened,  
 By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,  
 Ever wakeful, ever watchful,  
 In the wigwam, dimly lighted  
 By the brands that still were burning,  
 By the glimmering, flickering firelight,  
 Heard a sighing, oft repeated,  
 Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha,  
 From his shaggy hides of bison,  
 Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,  
 Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,  
 Sitting upright on their couches,  
 Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said : " O guests ! why is it  
 That your hearts are so afflicted,  
 That you sob so in the midnight ?  
 Has perchance the old Nokomis,  
 Has my wife, my Minnehaha,  
 Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,  
 Failed in hospitable duties ? "

Then the shadows ceased from weeping,  
 Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,  
 And they said, with gentle voices :  
 " We are ghosts of the departed,  
 Souls of those who once were with you.  
 From the realms of Chibiabos  
 Hither have we come to try you,  
 Hither have we come to warn you.

" Cries of grief and lamentation  
 Reach us in the Blessed Islands ;  
 Cries of anguish from the living,  
 Calling back their friends departed,  
 Sadden us with useless sorrow.  
 Therefore have we come to try you ;  
 No one knows us, no one heeds us.

We are but a burden to you,  
And we see that the departed  
Have no place among the living.

"Think of this, O Hiawatha !  
Speak of it to all the people,  
That henceforward and forever  
They no more with lamentations  
Sadden the souls of the departed  
In the Islands of the Blessed.

"Do not lay such heavy burdens  
In the graves of those you bury,  
Not such weight of furs and wampum,  
Not such weight of pots and kettles,  
For the spirits faint beneath them.  
Only give them food to carry,  
Only give them fire to light them.

"Four days is the spirit's journey  
To the land of ghosts and shadows,  
Four its lonely night encampments ;  
Four times must their fires be lighted.  
Therefore, when the dead are buried,  
Let a fire, as night approaches,  
Four times on the grave be kindled,  
That the soul upon its journey  
May not lack the cheerful firelight,  
May not grope about in darkness.

"Farewell, noble Hiawatha !  
We have put you to the trial,  
To the proof have put your patience,  
By the insult of our presence,  
By the outrage of our actions.  
We have found you great and noble.  
Fail not in the greater trial,  
Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden darkness  
Fell and filled the silent wigwam.  
Hiawatha heard a rustle  
As of garments trailing by him,  
Heard the curtain of the doorway  
Lifted by a hand he saw not,  
Felt the cold breath of the night air,  
For a moment saw the starlight ;  
But he saw the ghosts no longer,  
Saw no more the wandering spirits  
From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter.

XX

## THE FAMINE

Oh the long and dreary Winter !  
Oh the cold and cruel Winter !  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker

Froze the ice on lake and river,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam  
Could the hunter force a passage ;  
With his mittens and his snow-shoes  
Vainly walked he through the forest,  
Sought for bird or beast and found none,  
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
In the snow beheld no footprints,  
In the ghastly, gleaming forest  
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,  
Perished there from cold and hunger.

Oh the famine and the fever !  
Oh the wasting of the famine !  
Oh the blasting of the fever !  
Oh the wailing of the children !  
Oh the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and famished ;  
Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwam  
Came two other guests, as silent  
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,  
Waited not to be invited,  
Did not parley at the doorway,  
Sat there without word of welcome  
In the seat of Laughing Water ;  
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow  
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said : "Behold me !  
I am Famine, Bukadawin !"  
And the other said : "Behold me !  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin !"

And the lovely Minnehaha  
Shuddered as they looked upon her,  
Shuddered at the words they uttered,  
Lay down on her bed in silence,  
Hid her face, but made no answer ;  
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning  
At the looks they cast upon her,  
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness ;  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,  
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
With his quiver full of arrows,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
 Into the vast and vacant forest  
 On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"  
 Cried he with his face uplifted  
 In that bitter hour of anguish,  
 "Give your children food, O father!  
 Give us food, or we must perish!  
 Give me food for Minnehaha,  
 For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,  
 Through the forest vast and vacant  
 Rang that cry of desolation,  
 But there came no other answer  
 Than the echo of his crying,  
 Than the echo of the woodlands,  
 "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long roved Hiawatha  
 In that melancholy forest,  
 Through the shadow of whose thickets,  
 In the pleasant days of Summer,  
 Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,  
 He had brought his young wife homeward  
 From the land of the Dacotahs;  
 When the birds sang in the thickets,  
 And the streamlets laughed and glistened,  
 And the air was full of fragrance,  
 And the lovely Laughing Water  
 Said with voice that did not tremble,  
 "I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
 With those gloomy guests that watched her,  
 With the Famine and the Fever,  
 She was lying, the Beloved,  
 She, the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,  
 Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
 Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
 "'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father  
 Standing lonely at his doorway,  
 Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
 In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis.  
 "'Tis the smoke, that waves and beck-  
 ons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk  
 Glare upon me in the darkness,  
 I can feel his icy fingers  
 Clasp my mine amid the darkness!  
 Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
 Far away amid the forest,

Miles away among the mountains,  
 Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
 Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
 Calling to him in the darkness,  
 "Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
 Under snow-encumbered branches,  
 Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
 Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
 Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:  
 "Wahonowin! Wahonowin!  
 Would that I had perished for you,  
 Would that I were dead as you are!  
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
 Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
 Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
 Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
 Lying dead and cold before him,  
 And his bursting heart within him  
 Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
 That the forest moaned and shuddered,  
 That the very stars in heaven  
 Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,  
 On the bed of Minnehaha,  
 At the feet of Laughing Water,  
 At those willing feet, that never  
 More would lightly run to meet him,  
 Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,  
 Seven long days and nights he sat there,  
 As if in a swoon he sat there,  
 Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
 Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;  
 In the snow a grave they made her,  
 In the forest deep and darksome,  
 Underneath the moaning hemlocks;  
 Clothed her in her richest garments,  
 Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,  
 Covered her with snow, like ermine;  
 Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,  
 On her grave four times was kindled,  
 For her soul upon its journey  
 To the Islands of the Blessed.  
 From his doorway Hiawatha  
 Saw it burning in the forest,  
 Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;  
 From his sleepless bed uprising,  
 From the bed of Minnehaha,  
 Stood and watched it at the doorway,  
 That it might not be extinguished,  
 Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you!  
Come not back again to labor,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

## XXI

## THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

IN his lodge beside a river,  
Close beside a frozen river,  
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.  
White his hair was as a snow-drift;  
Dull and low his fire was burning,  
And the old man shook and trembled,  
Folded in his Waubewyon,  
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,  
Hearing nothing but the tempest  
As it roared along the forest,  
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,  
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,  
And the fire was slowly dying,  
As a young man, walking lightly,  
At the open doorway entered.  
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,  
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,  
Bound his forehead was with grasses;  
Bound and plumed with scented grasses,  
On his lips a smile of beauty,  
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,  
In his hand a bunch of blossoms  
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man,  
"Happy are my eyes to see you.  
Sit here on the mat beside me,  
Sit here by the dying embers,  
Let us pass the night together,  
Tell me of your strange adventures,  
Of the lands where you have travelled;  
I will tell you of my prowess,  
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,  
Very old and strangely fashioned;  
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,

And the stem a reed with feathers;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
Placed a burning coal upon it,  
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,  
And began to speak in this wise:  
"When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Motionless are all the rivers,  
Hard as stone becomes the water!"

And the young man answered, smiling:  
"When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,  
Singing, onward rush the rivers!"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"  
Said the old man darkly frowning,  
"All the land with snow is covered;  
All the leaves from all the branches  
Fall and fade and die and wither,  
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.  
From the waters and the marshes  
Rise the wild goose and the heron,  
Fly away to distant regions,  
For I speak, and lo! they are not.  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the wild beasts of the forest  
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,  
And the earth becomes as flintstone!"

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"  
Said the young man, softly laughing,  
"Showers of rain fall warm and wel-  
come,

Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
Back into their lakes and marshes  
Come the wild goose and the heron,  
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,  
Sing the bluebird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the meadows wave with blossoms,  
All the woodlands ring with music,  
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

While they spake, the night departed:  
From the distant realms of Wabun,  
From his shining lodge of silver,  
Like a warrior robed and painted,  
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me  
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was speech-  
less

And the air grew warm and pleasant,  
And upon the wigwam sweetly  
Sang the bluebird and the robin,  
And the stream began to murmur,  
And a scent of growing grasses  
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger,  
More distinctly in the daylight  
Saw the icy face before him ;  
It was Peboan, the Winter !

From his eyes the tears were flowing,  
As from melting lakes the streamlets,  
And his body shrunk and dwindled  
As the shouting sun ascended,  
Till into the air it faded,  
Till into the ground it vanished,  
And the young man saw before him,  
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,  
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,

Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,  
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,  
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-land  
After that unheard-of coldness,  
That intolerable Winter,  
Came the Spring with all its splendor,  
All its birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,  
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,  
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,  
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,  
Speaking almost as a man speaks ;  
And in long lines waving, bending  
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,  
Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa ;  
And in pairs, or singly flying,  
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows  
Piped the bluebird, the Owaisa,  
On the summit of the lodges  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
In the covert of the pine-trees  
Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee ;  
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,  
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to him,  
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,  
Stood and gazed into the heaven,  
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to eastward,  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun,  
Homeward now returned Iagoo,  
The great traveller, the great boaster,  
Full of new and strange adventures,  
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village

Listened to him as he told them  
Of his marvellous adventures,  
Laughing answered him in this wise :  
" Ugh ! it is indeed Iagoo !  
No one else beholds such wonders ! "

He had seen, he said, a water  
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,  
Broader than the Gitche Gumees,  
Bitter so that none could drink it !  
At each other looked the warriors,  
Looked the women at each other,  
Smiled, and said, " It cannot be so !  
Kaw ! " they said, " it cannot be so ! "

O'er it, said he, o'er this water  
Came a great canoe with pinions,  
A canoe with wings came flying,  
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,  
Taller than the tallest tree-tops !  
And the old men and the women  
Looked and tittered at each other ;  
" Kaw ! " they said, " we don't believe  
it ! "

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,  
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Came the thunder, Annemeekee !  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo ;  
" Kaw ! " they said, " what tales you tell  
us ! "

In it, said he, came a people,  
In the great canoe with pinions  
Came, he said, a hundred warriors ;  
Painted white were all their faces  
And with hair their chins were covered !  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed and shouted in derision,  
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,  
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.  
" Kaw ! " they said, " what lies you tell  
us ! "

Do not think that we believe them ! "

Only Hiawatha laughed not,  
But he gravely spake and answered  
To their jeering and their jesting :

" True is all Iagoo tells us ;  
I have seen it in a vision,  
Seen the great canoe with pinions,  
Seen the people with white faces,  
Seen the coming of this bearded  
People of the wooden vessel  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun.

" Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Sends them hither on his errand,

Sends them to us with his message.  
 Wheresoe'er they move, before them  
 Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,  
 Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;  
 Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them  
 Springs a flower unknown among us,  
 Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,  
 Hail them as our friends and brothers,  
 And the heart's right hand of friendship  
 Give them when they come to see us.  
 Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
 Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision  
 All the secrets of the future,  
 Of the distant days that shall be.  
 I beheld the westward marches  
 Of the unknown, crowded nations.  
 All the land was full of people,  
 Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,  
 Speaking many tongues, yet feeling  
 But one heart-beat in their bosoms.  
 In the woodlands rang their axes,  
 Smoked their towns in all the valleys,  
 Over all the lakes and rivers  
 Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision  
 Passed before me, vague and cloud-like ;  
 I beheld our nation scattered,  
 All forgetful of my counsels,  
 Weakened, warring with each other :  
 Saw the remnants of our people  
 Sweeping westward, wild and woful,  
 Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
 Like the withered leaves of Autumn !"

## XXII

### HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

By the shore of Gitche Gumeë,  
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
 At the doorway of his wigwam,  
 In the pleasant Summer morning,  
 Hiawatha stood and waited.  
 All the air was full of freshness,  
 All the earth was bright and joyous,  
 And before him, through the sunshine,  
 Westward toward the neighboring forest  
 Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,  
 Passed the bees, the honey-makers,  
 Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,  
 Level spread the lake before him ;

From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,  
 Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine ;  
 On its margin the great forest  
 Stood reflected in the water,  
 Every tree-top had its shadow,  
 Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha  
 Gone was every trace of sorrow,  
 As the fog from off the water,  
 As the mist from off the meadow.  
 With a smile of joy and triumph,  
 With a look of exultation,  
 As of one who in a vision  
 Sees what is to be, but is not,  
 Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,  
 Both the palms spread out against it,  
 And between the parted fingers  
 Fell the sunshine on his features,  
 Flecked with light his naked shoulders,  
 As it falls and flecks an oak-tree  
 Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,  
 Something in the hazy distance,  
 Something in the mists of morning,  
 Loomed and lifted from the water,  
 Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,  
 Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver ?  
 Or the pelican, the Shada ?  
 Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah ?  
 Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,  
 With the water dripping, flashing,  
 From its glossy neck and feathers ?

It was neither goose nor diver,  
 Neither pelican nor heron,  
 O'er the water floating, flying,  
 Through the shining mist of morning,  
 But a birch canoe with paddles,  
 Rising, sinking on the water,  
 Dripping, flashing in the sunshine ;  
 And within it came a people  
 From the distant land of Wabun,  
 From the farthest realms of morning  
 Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,  
 He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,  
 With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,  
 With his hands aloft extended,  
 Held aloft in sign of welcome,  
 Waited, full of exultation,  
 Till the birch canoe with paddles  
 Grated on the shining pebbles,  
 Stranded on the sandy margin,  
 Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,

With the cross upon his bosom,  
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha  
Cried aloud and spake in this wise :  
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us !  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you ;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,  
Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us !  
Never was our lake so tranquil,  
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars ;  
For your birch canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

"Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,  
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields  
Were so beautiful to look on,  
As they seem to us this morning,  
When you come so far to see us !"

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,  
Stammered in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar :

"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your people,  
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary !"

Then the generous Hiawatha  
Led the strangers to his wigwam,  
Seated them on skins of bison,  
Seated them on skins of ermine,  
And the careful old Nokomis  
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,  
Water brought in birchen dippers,  
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,  
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,  
All the warriors of the nation,  
All the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,  
Came to bid the strangers welcome ;  
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us !"

In a circle round the doorway,  
With their pipes they sat in silence,  
Waiting to behold the strangers,  
Waiting to receive their message ;  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
From the wigwam came to greet them,  
Stammering in his speech a little,

Speaking words yet unfamiliar ;  
"It is well," they said, "O brother,  
That you come so far to see us !"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,  
Told his message to the people,  
Told the purport of his mission,  
Told them of the Virgin Mary,  
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,  
How in distant lands and ages  
He had lived on earth as we do ;  
How he fasted, prayed, and labored ;  
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,  
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him ;  
How he rose from where they laid him,  
Walked again with his disciples,  
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying :  
"We have listened to your message,  
We have heard your words of wisdom,  
We will think on what you tell us.  
It is well for us, O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us !"

Then they rose up and departed  
Each one homeward to his wigwam,  
To the young men and the women  
Told the story of the strangers  
Whom the Master of Life had sent them  
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence  
Grew the afternoon of Summer ;  
With a drowsy sound the forest  
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,  
With a sound of sleep the water  
Rippled on the beach below it ;  
From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless  
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena ;  
And the guests of Hiawatha,  
Weary with the heat of Summer,  
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape  
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,  
And the long and level sunbeams  
Shot their spears into the forest,  
Breaking through its shields of shadow,  
Rushed into each secret ambush,  
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow ;  
Still the guests of Hiawatha  
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,  
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered :

"I am going, O Nokomis,  
On a long and distant journey,  
To the portals of the Sunset,

To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin.  
But these guests I leave behind me,  
In your watch and ward I leave them ;  
See that never harm comes near them,  
See that never fear molests them,  
Never danger nor suspicion,  
Never want of food or shelter,  
In the lodge of Hiawatha ! ”

Forth into the village went he,  
Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
Bade farewell to all the young men,  
Spake persuading, spake in this wise :

“ I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey ;  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come, and will have vanished,  
Ere I come again to see you.  
But my guests I leave behind me ;  
Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you,  
For the Master of Life has sent them  
From the land of light and morning ! ”

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at parting ;  
On the clear and luminous water  
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,  
From the pebbles of the margin  
Shoved it forth into the water ;  
Whispered to it, “ Westward ! westward ! ”  
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,

Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendor,  
Down whose stream, as down a river,  
Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendor,  
Till it sank into the vapors  
Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, “ Farewell forever ! ”  
Said, “ Farewell, O Hiawatha ! ”  
And the forests, dark and lonely,  
Moved through all their depths of darkness,  
Sighed, “ Farewell, O Hiawatha ! ”  
And the waves upon the margin  
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
Sobbed, “ Farewell, O Hiawatha ! ”  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her haunts among the fen-lands,  
Screamed, “ Farewell, O Hiawatha ! ”

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
Hiawatha the Beloved,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter !

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

It is possible that the unmistakable success of *Hiawatha* made Mr. Longfellow more ready to occupy himself with another subject of American life. At any rate, a few weeks after the publication of that poem one of his friends urged him to write a poem on the Puritans and Quakers. “ A good subject for a tragedy,” he remarks, and began looking over books which would give him incidents. The first outcome was the beginning of *The New England Tragedies*. Then he appears to have begun as an alternative, lighter work a drama, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. This was December 2, 1856. Exactly a year later he writes in his diary: “ Soft as spring. I begin a new poem, *Priscilla*, to be a kind of Puritan pastoral ; the subject, the courtship of Miles Standish. This, I think, will be a better treatment of the subject than the dramatic one I wrote some time ago ; ” and the next day : “ My poem is in hexameters ; an idyl of the Old Colony times. What it will turn out I do not know ; but it gives me pleasure to write it ; and that I count for something.”

He seems to have made a fresh start on the poem, January 23, 1858, and then to have carried it rapidly forward to completion, for the first draft was finished

March 22d, although the book, which contained besides a collection of his recent short poems, was not published until September. When midway in the writing he changed the title to that which the poem now bears. The incident of Priscilla's reply, on which the story turns, was a tradition, and John Alden was a maternal ancestor of the poet. For the rest, he drew his material from the easily accessible historical resources. Dr. Young had published his valuable *Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers*, and Mr. Charles Wyllis Elliott his entertaining *History of New England*, in which he had attempted to reconstruct the interior, household life in greater detail than had other learned writers. Mr. Longfellow did not think it necessary to follow the early Plymouth history with scrupulous reference to chronology ; it was sufficient for him to catch the broad features of the colonial life and to reproduce the spirit of the relations existing between Plymouth and the Indians. The hexameter verse differs in its general effect from that produced by the more stately form used in *Evangeline*, through its greater elasticity. A crispness of touch is gained by a more varying accent and a freer use of trochees.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES  
STANDISH

## I

## MILES STANDISH

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the  
land of the Pilgrims,  
To and fro in a room of his simple and  
primitive dwelling,  
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cor-  
dovan leather,  
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish  
the Puritan Captain.  
Buried in thought he seemed, with his  
hands behind him, and pausing  
Ever and anon to behold his glittering  
weapons of warfare,  
Hanging in shining array along the walls  
of the chamber, —  
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty  
sword of Damascus,  
Curved at the point and inscribed with its  
mystical Arabic sentence,  
While underneath, in a corner, were fowl-  
ing-piece, musket, and matchlock.  
Short of stature he was, but strongly built  
and athletic,  
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with  
muscles and sinews of iron ;  
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet  
beard was already  
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges  
sometimes in November.  
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend  
and household companion,  
Writing with diligent speed at a table of  
pine by the window ;  
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon  
complexion,  
Having the dew of his youth, and the  
beauty thereof, as the captives  
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed,  
“Not Angles, but Angels.”  
Youngest of all was he of the men who  
came in the Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the dili-  
gent scribe interrupting,  
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles  
Standish the Captain of Plymouth.  
“Look at these arms,” he said, “the war-  
like weapons that hang here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for  
parade or inspection !  
This is the sword of Damascus I fought  
with in Flanders ; this breastplate,  
Well I remember the day ! once saved my  
life in a skirmish ;  
Here in front you can see the very dint of  
the bullet  
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish  
arcabucero.  
Had it not been of sheer steel, the for-  
gotten bones of Miles Standish  
Would at this moment be mould, in their  
grave in the Flemish morasses.”  
Thereupon answered John Alden, but  
looked not up from his writing :  
“Truly the breath of the Lord hath slack-  
ened the speed of the bullet ;  
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our  
shield and our weapon !”  
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the  
words of the stripling :  
“See, how bright they are burnished, as if  
in an arsenal hanging ;  
That is because I have done it myself, and  
not left it to others.  
Serve yourself, would you be well served,  
is an excellent adage ;  
So I take care of my arms, as you of your  
pens and your inkhorn.  
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great,  
invincible army,  
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his  
rest and his matchlock,  
Eighteen shillings a month, together with  
diet and pillage,  
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each  
of my soldiers !”  
This he said with a smile, that danced in  
his eyes, as the sunbeams  
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish  
again in a moment.  
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the  
Captain continued :  
“Look ! you can see from this window my  
brazen howitzer planted  
High on the roof of the church, a preacher  
who speaks to the purpose,  
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with  
irresistible logic,  
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the  
hearts of the heathen.  
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault  
of the Indians ;

Let them come, if they like, and the sooner  
they try it the better, —  
Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore,  
sachem, or pow-wow,  
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or  
Tokamahamon ! ”

Long at the window he stood, and wist-  
fully gazed on the landscape,  
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory  
breath of the east-wind,  
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-  
blue rim of the ocean,  
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shad-  
ows and sunshine.  
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like  
those on the landscape,  
Gloom intermingled with light ; and his  
voice was subdued with emotion,  
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause  
he proceeded :  
“ Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies  
buried Rose Standish ;  
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me  
by the wayside !  
She was the first to die of all who came in  
the Mayflower !  
Green above her is growing the field of  
wheat we have sown there,  
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the  
graves of our people,  
Lest they should count them and see how  
many already have perished ! ”  
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up  
and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of  
books, and among them  
Prominent three, distinguished alike for  
bulk and for binding ;  
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Com-  
mentaries of Cæsar  
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur  
Goldinge of London,  
And, as if guarded by these, between them  
was standing the Bible.  
Musing a moment before them, Miles  
Standish paused, as if doubtful  
Which of the three he should choose for  
his consolation and comfort,  
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the fa-  
mous campaigns of the Romans,  
Or the Artillery practice, designed for bel-  
ligerent Christians.

Finally down from its shelf he dragged the  
ponderous Roman,  
Seated himself at the window, and opened  
the book, and in silence  
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where  
thumb-marks thick on the margin,  
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the  
battle was hottest.  
Nothing was heard in the room but the  
hurrying pen of the stripling,  
Busily writing epistles important, to go by  
the Mayflower,  
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day  
at latest, God willing !  
Homeward bound with the tidings of all  
that terrible winter,  
Letters written by Alden, and full of the  
name of Priscilla !  
Full of the name and the fame of the Pu-  
ritan maiden Priscilla !

## II

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

NOTHING was heard in the room but the  
hurrying pen of the stripling,  
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring  
heart of the Captain,  
Reading the marvellous words and achieve-  
ments of Julius Cæsar.  
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote  
with his hand, palm downwards,  
Heavily on the page : “ A wonderful man  
was this Cæsar !  
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but  
here is a fellow  
Who could both write and fight, and in  
both was equally skilful ! ”  
Straightway answered and spake John  
Alden, the comely, the youthful :  
“ Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say,  
with his pen and his weapons.  
Somewhere have I read, but where I for-  
get, he could dictate  
Seven letters at once, at the same time  
writing his memoirs.”  
“ Truly,” continued the Captain, not heed-  
ing or hearing the other,  
“ Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius  
Cæsar !  
Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian  
village,

Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.  
 Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after ;  
 Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered ;  
 He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded ;  
 Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus !  
 Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,  
 When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,  
 And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together  
 There was no room for their swords ?  
 Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,  
 Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,  
 Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns ;  
 Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons ;  
 So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.  
 That's what I always say ; if you wish a thing to be well done,  
 You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !"

All was silent again ; the Captain continued his reading.  
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling  
 Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower,  
 Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla ;  
 Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,  
 Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,  
 Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla !  
 Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,  
 Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,  
 Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth :  
 "When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient !"  
 Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,  
 Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :  
 "Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,  
 Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."  
 Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases :  
 "'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.  
 This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it ;  
 Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.  
 Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary ;  
 Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship ;  
 Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.  
 She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother  
 Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming,  
 Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,  
 Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever  
 There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,  
 Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose name is Priscilla  
 Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.  
 Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,  
 Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.  
 Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,  
 Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,  
 Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.  
 Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning ;  
 I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.  
 You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,

Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,  
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,  
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,

Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,

Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,

Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,

Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered :

"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it ;

If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating your maxim, —

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !"

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth :

"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it ;

But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,

But of a thundering 'No !' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,

That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it !

So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,

Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."

Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added :

"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me ;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship !"

Then made answer John Alden : "The name of friendship is sacred ;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you !"

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

### III

#### THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,

Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,

Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,

Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.

All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,

Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.

To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,

As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,

Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean !

"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation, —

"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion ?

Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence ?

Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow

Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England ?

Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption

Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion ;

Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.

All is clear to me now ; I feel it, I see it distinctly !

This is the hand of the Lord ; it is laid upon me in anger,

For I have followed too much the heart's  
desires and devices,  
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious  
idols of Baal.  
This is the cross I must bear ; the sin and  
the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John  
Alden went on his errand ;  
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it  
brawled over pebble and shallow,  
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers  
blooming around him,  
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and  
wonderful sweetness,  
Children lost in the woods, and covered  
with leaves in their slumber.  
" Puritan flowers," he said, " and the type  
of Puritan maidens,  
Modest and simple and sweet, the very  
type of Priscilla !  
So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the  
Mayflower of Plymouth,  
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting  
gift will I take them ;  
Breathing their silent farewells, as they  
fade and wither and perish,  
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of  
the giver."  
So through the Plymouth woods John  
Alden went on his errand ;  
Came to an open space, and saw the disk  
of the ocean,  
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfort-  
less breath of the east-wind ;  
Saw the new-built house, and people at  
work in a meadow ;  
Heard, as he drew near the door, the mu-  
sical voice of Priscilla  
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand  
old Puritan anthem,  
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words  
of the Psalmist,  
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling  
and comforting many.  
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the  
form of the maiden  
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded  
wool like a snow-drift  
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding  
the ravenous spindle,  
While with her foot on the treadle she  
guided the wheel in its motion.  
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn  
psalm-book of Ainsworth,

Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the  
music together,  
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in  
the wall of a churchyard,  
Darkened and overhung by the running  
vine of the verses.  
Such was the book from whose pages she  
sang the old Puritan anthem,  
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the  
forest,  
Making the humble house and the modest  
apparel of homespun  
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with  
the wealth of her being !  
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen  
and cold and relentless,  
Thoughts of what might have been, and  
the weight and woe of his errand ;  
All the dreams that had faded, and all the  
hopes that had vanished,  
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenant-  
less mansion,  
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrow-  
ful faces.  
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely  
he said it,  
" Let not him that putteth his hand to the  
plough look backwards ;  
Though the ploughshare cut through the  
flowers of life to its fountains,  
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead  
and the hearths of the living,  
It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy  
endureth forever ! "

So he entered the house : and the hum of  
the wheel and the singing  
Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by  
his step on the threshold,  
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand,  
in signal of welcome,  
Saying, " I knew it was you, when I heard  
your step in the passage ;  
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there  
singing and spinning."  
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a  
thought of him had been mingled  
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from  
the heart of the maiden,  
Silent before her he stood, and gave her  
the flowers for an answer,  
Finding no words for his thought. He re-  
membered that day in the winter,  
After the first great snow, when he broke  
a path from the village,

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,  
 Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla  
 Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,  
 Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.  
 Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he spoken ;  
 Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had vanished !  
 So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time,  
 Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,  
 "Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England, —  
 They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden :  
 Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,  
 Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors  
 Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,  
 And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy  
 Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.  
 Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ;  
 Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.  
 You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost  
 Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth : "Indeed I do not condemn you ;  
 Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.  
 Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;  
 So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage  
 Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth !"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters, —  
 Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,  
 But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy ;  
 Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.  
 Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden  
 Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,  
 Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless ;  
 Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence :  
 "If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,  
 Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?  
 If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning !"  
 Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,  
 Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —  
 Had no time for such things — such things ! the words grating harshly  
 Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made answer :  
 "Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,  
 Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding ?  
 That is the way with you men ; you don't understand us, you cannot.  
 When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,  
 Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,  
 Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,  
 And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman  
 Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,  
 Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.  
 This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's affection  
 Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.  
 When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.

Had he but waited awhile, had he only  
showed that he loved me,  
Even this Captain of yours — who knows ?  
— at last might have won me,  
Old and rough as he is ; but now it never  
can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the  
words of Priscilla,  
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining,  
persuading, expanding ;  
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all  
his battles in Flanders,  
How with the people of God he had chosen  
to suffer affliction ;  
How, in return for his zeal, they had made  
him Captain of Plymouth ;  
He was a gentleman born, could trace his  
pedigree plainly  
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall,  
in Lancashire, England,  
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grand-  
son of Thurston de Standish ;  
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was  
basely defrauded,  
Still bore the family arms, and had for his  
crest a cock argent,  
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest  
of the blazon.  
He was a man of honor, of noble and gen-  
erous nature ;  
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she  
knew how during the winter  
He had attended the sick, with a hand as  
gentle as woman's ;  
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny  
it, and headstrong,  
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and  
placable always,  
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because  
he was little of stature ;  
For he was great of heart, magnanimous,  
courtly, courageous ;  
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman  
in England,  
Might be happy and proud to be called the  
wife of Miles Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his  
simple and eloquent language,  
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise  
of his rival,  
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes  
overrunning with laughter,  
Said, in a tremulous voice, " Why don't you  
speak for yourself, John ? "

## IV

JOHN ALDEN

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed  
and bewildered,  
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered  
alone by the sea-side ;  
Paced up and down the sands, and bared  
his head to the east-wind,  
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and  
fever within him.  
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyp-  
tical splendors,  
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John  
the Apostle,  
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite,  
jasper, and sapphire,  
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets  
uplifted  
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel  
who measured the city.

" Welcome, O wind of the East ! " he  
exclaimed in his wild exultation,  
" Welcome, O wind of the East, from the  
caves of the misty Atlantic !  
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measure-  
less meadows of sea-grass,  
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes  
and gardens of ocean !  
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning  
forehead, and wrap me  
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the  
fever within me ! "

Like an awakened conscience, the sea  
was moaning and tossing,  
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable  
sands of the sea-shore.  
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tu-  
mult of passions contending ;  
Love triumphant and crowned, and friend-  
ship wounded and bleeding,  
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate  
pleadings of duty !  
" Is it my fault," he said, " that the maiden  
has chosen between us ?  
Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault  
that I am the victor ? "  
Then within him there thundered a voice,  
like the voice of the Prophet :  
" It hath displeased the Lord ! " — and he  
thought of David's transgression,  
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend  
in the front of the battle !

Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,  
Overwhelmed him at once ; and he cried  
in the deepest contrition :  
"It hath displeased the Lord ! It is the  
temptation of Satan !"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the  
sea, and beheld there  
Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower  
riding at anchor,  
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to  
sail on the morrow ;  
Heard the voices of men through the mist,  
the rattle of cordage  
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the  
mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay,  
Sir !"  
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the  
dripping air of the twilight.  
Still for a moment he stood, and listened,  
and stared at the vessel,  
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing  
a phantom,  
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows  
the beckoning shadow.  
"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured ;  
"the hand of the Lord is  
Leading me out of the land of darkness,  
the bondage of error,  
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of  
its waters around me,  
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel  
thoughts that pursue me.  
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary  
land will abandon,  
Her whom I may not love, and him whom  
my heart has offended.  
Better to be in my grave in the green old  
churchyard in England,  
Close by my mother's side, and among the  
dust of my kindred ;  
Better be dead and forgotten, than living  
in shame and dishonor ;  
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of  
the narrow chamber  
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried  
jewel that glimmers  
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the  
chambers of silence and darkness, —  
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great es-  
pousal hereafter !"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the  
strength of his strong resolution,

Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried  
aloud in the twilight,  
Through the congenial gloom of the forest  
silent and sombre,  
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses  
of Plymouth,  
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and  
mist of the evening.  
Soon he entered his door, and found the  
redoubtable Captain  
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial  
pages of Cæsar,  
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault  
or Brabant or Flanders.  
"Long have you been on your errand," he  
said with a cheery demeanor,  
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and  
fears not the issue.  
"Not far off is the house, although the  
woods are between us ;  
But you have lingered so long, that while  
you were going and coming  
I have fought ten battles and sacked and  
demolished a city.  
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me  
all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the  
wondrous adventure,  
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it  
happened ;  
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had  
sped in his courtship,  
Only smoothing a little, and softening down  
her refusal.  
But when he came at length to the words  
Priscilla had spoken,  
Words so tender and cruel : "Why don't  
you speak for yourself, John ?"  
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and  
stamped on the floor, till his armor  
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a  
sound of sinister omen.  
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sud-  
den explosion,  
E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters de-  
struction around it.  
Wildly he shouted, and loud : "John Al-  
den ! you have betrayed me !  
Me, Miles Standish, your friend ! have sup-  
planted, defrauded, betrayed me !  
One of my ancestors ran his sword through  
the heart of Wat Tyler ;  
Who shall prevent me from running my  
own through the heart of a traitor ?"

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship !  
 You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother ;  
 You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret, —  
 You too, Brutus ! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter !  
 Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward  
 Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred ! ”

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,  
 Chafing and choking with rage ; like cords were the veins on his temples.  
 But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,  
 Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,  
 Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians !  
 Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,  
 Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,  
 Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.  
 Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard  
 Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.  
 Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,  
 Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,  
 Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,  
 Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,  
 Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming ;  
 Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,  
 Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,  
 Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,  
 Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation ;  
 So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people !  
 Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,  
 Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect ;  
 While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,  
 Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,  
 And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,  
 Filled, like a quiver, with arrows ; a signal and challenge of warfare,  
 Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.  
 This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating  
 What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,  
 Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting ;  
 One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,  
 Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,  
 Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior !  
 Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,  
 Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,  
 “ What ! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses ?  
 Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted  
 There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils ?  
 Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage  
 Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon ! ”  
 Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,  
 Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language ;  
 “ Not so thought St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles ;  
 Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with ! ”

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the  
 Captain,  
 Who had advanced to the table, and thus  
 continued discoursing :  
 "Leave this matter to me, for to me by  
 right it pertaineth.  
 War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause  
 that is righteous,  
 Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I  
 answer the challenge !"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with  
 a sudden, contemptuous gesture,  
 Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with  
 powder and bullets  
 Full to the very jaws, and handed it back  
 to the savage,  
 Saying, in thundering tones : "Here, take  
 it ! this is your answer !"  
 Silently out of the room then glided the  
 glistening savage,  
 Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming  
 himself like a serpent,  
 Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the  
 depths of the forest.

## V

## THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists  
 uprose from the meadows,  
 There was a stir and a sound in the slum-  
 bering village of Plymouth ;  
 Clanging and clicking of arms, and the  
 order imperative, "Forward !"  
 Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet,  
 and then silence.  
 Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly  
 out of the village.  
 Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of  
 his valorous army,  
 Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok,  
 friend of the white men,  
 Northward marching to quell the sudden  
 revolt of the savage.  
 Giants they seemed in the midst, or the  
 mighty men of King David ;  
 Giants in heart they were, who believed in  
 God and the Bible, —  
 Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midian-  
 ites and Philistines.  
 Over them gleamed far off the crimson  
 banners of morning ;

Under them loud on the sands, the serried  
 billows, advancing,  
 Fired along the line, and in regular order  
 retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at  
 length the village of Plymouth  
 Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on  
 its manifold labors.  
 Sweet was the air and soft ; and slowly the  
 smoke from the chimneys  
 Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed  
 steadily eastward ;  
 Men came forth from the doors, and paused  
 and talked of the weather,  
 Said that the wind had changed, and was  
 blowing fair for the Mayflower ;  
 Talked of their Captain's departure, and  
 all the dangers that menaced,  
 He being gone, the town, and what should  
 be done in his absence.  
 Merrily sang the birds, and the tender  
 voices of women  
 Consecrated with hymns the common cares  
 of the household.  
 Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows  
 rejoiced at his coming ;  
 Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops  
 of the mountains ;  
 Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower  
 riding at anchor,  
 Battered and blackened and worn by all  
 the storms of the winter.  
 Loosely against her masts was hanging and  
 flapping her canvas,  
 Rent by so many gales, and patched by the  
 hands of the sailors.  
 Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose  
 over the ocean,  
 Darted a puff of smoke, and floated sea-  
 ward ; anon rang  
 Loud over field and forest the cannon's  
 roar, and the echoes  
 Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-  
 gun of departure !  
 Ah ! but with louder echoes replied the  
 hearts of the people !  
 Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was  
 read from the Bible,  
 Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended  
 in fervent entreaty !  
 Then from their houses in haste came forth  
 the Pilgrims of Plymouth,  
 Men and women and children, all hurrying  
 down to the sea-shore,

Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower,  
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.

He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,

Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur ;

Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence ;

Then he had turned away, and said : " I will not awake him ;

Let him sleep on, it is best ; for what is the use of more talking ! "

Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning, —

Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders, —

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.

But with the dawn he arose ; in the twilight Alden beheld him

Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,

Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,

Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.

Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,

Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon ;

All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions ;

But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him, —

Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.

So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,

Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not !

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,

Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,

And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep

Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient

Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,

Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,

Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels

Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together

Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.

Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,

One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,

Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.

He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,

Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,

Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla

Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,

Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,

That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,

As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts !

Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,

Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine !

" Here I remain ! " he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,  
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.

"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,  
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.

There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,  
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.

Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether !

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me ; I heed not

Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil !

There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,

As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence

Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness ;

Yes ! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,

So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving !"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,

Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,

Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him

Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.

Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,

Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,

Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,

Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,

Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel !

Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true ! not one went back in the Mayflower !

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing !

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors

Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.

Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,

Blowing steady and strong ; and the Mayflower sailed from the harbor,

Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward

Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,

Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,

Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,

Much endeared to them all, as something living and human ;

Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,

Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth

Said, "Let us pray !" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them

Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred

Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.

Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean

Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard ;

Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.

Lo ! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,

Watching them from the hill ; but while they spake with each other,

Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look !" he had vanished.

So they returned to their homes ; but Alden lingered a little,

Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows

Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,

Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

## VI

## PRISCILLA

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by  
the shore of the ocean,  
Thinking of many things, and most of all  
of Priscilla ;  
And as if thought had the power to draw  
to itself, like the loadstone,  
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of  
its nature,  
Lo ! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was  
standing beside him.

“Are you so much offended, you will not  
speak to me ?” said she.  
“Am I so much to blame, that yesterday,  
when you were pleading  
Warmly the cause of another, my heart,  
impulsive and wayward,  
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful  
perhaps of decorum ?  
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking  
so frankly, for saying  
What I ought not to have said, yet now I  
can never unsay it ;  
For there are moments in life, when the  
heart is so full of emotion,  
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its  
depths like a pebble  
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and  
its secret,  
Spilt on the ground like water, can never  
be gathered together.  
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard  
you speak of Miles Standish,  
Praising his virtues, transforming his very  
defects into virtues,  
Praising his courage and strength, and even  
his fighting in Flanders,  
As if by fighting alone you could win the  
heart of a woman,  
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in  
exalting your hero.  
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irre-  
sistible impulse.  
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake  
of the friendship between us,  
Which is too true and too sacred to be so  
easily broken !”  
Thereupon answered John Alden, the  
scholar, the friend of Miles Stan-  
dish :

“I was not angry with you, with myself  
alone I was angry,  
Seeing how badly I managed the matter  
I had in my keeping.”  
“No !” interrupted the maiden, with answer  
prompt and decisive ;  
“No ; you were angry with me, for speak-  
ing so frankly and freely.  
It was wrong, I acknowledge ; for it is the  
fate of a woman  
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like  
a ghost that is speechless,  
Till some questioning voice dissolves the  
spell of its silence.  
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering  
women  
Sunless and silent and deep, like subter-  
ranean rivers  
Running through caverns of darkness, un-  
heard, unseen, and unfruitful,  
Chafing their channels of stone, with end-  
less and profitless murmurs.”  
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young  
man, the lover of women :  
“Heaven forbid it, Priscilla ; and truly  
they seem to me always  
More like the beautiful rivers that watered  
the garden of Eden,  
More like the river Euphrates, through  
deserts of Havilah flowing,  
Filling the land with delight, and memories  
sweet of the garden !”  
“Ah, by these words, I can see,” again in-  
terrupted the maiden,  
“How very little you prize me, or care for  
what I am saying.  
When from the depths of my heart, in pain  
and with secret misgiving,  
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sym-  
pathy only and kindness,  
Straightway you take up my words, that  
are plain and direct and in ear-  
nest,  
Turn them away from their meaning, and  
answer with flattering phrases.  
This is not right, is not just, is not true to  
the best that is in you ;  
For I know and esteem you, and feel that  
your nature is noble,  
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal  
level.  
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel  
it perhaps the more keenly  
If you say aught that implies I am only as  
one among many,

If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases  
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,  
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,  
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.  
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,  
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.  
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined  
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.  
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things  
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.  
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it :  
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.  
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you  
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.  
For I must tell you the truth : much more to me is your friendship  
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."  
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,  
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,  
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling :  
"Yes, we must ever be friends ; and of all who offer you friendship  
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest !"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the Mayflower,  
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,  
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,  
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.

But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,  
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly :  
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,  
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,  
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,  
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."  
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story, —  
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.  
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,  
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment !"  
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered, —  
How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower,  
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened, —  
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,  
"Truly I thank you for this : how good you have been to me always !"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,  
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,  
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition ;  
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,  
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,  
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

## VII

## THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,  
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore,  
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger

Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder  
 Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.  
 Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort ;  
 He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,  
 Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,  
 Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted !  
 Ah ! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor !

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.  
 What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,  
 Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens ?  
 'T was but a dream, — let it pass, — let it vanish like so many others !  
 What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless ;  
 Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward  
 Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers !"  
 Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,  
 While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,  
 Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment  
 Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest ;  
 Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint,  
 Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together ;  
 Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,  
 Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,  
 Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,  
 Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present ;  
 Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.

Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,  
 Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan ;  
 One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.  
 Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,  
 Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.  
 Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.  
 "Welcome, English !" they said, — these words they had learned from the traders  
 Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.  
 Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,  
 Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,  
 Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,  
 Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,  
 Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man !  
 But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,  
 Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.  
 Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,  
 And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain :  
 "Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,  
 Angry is he in his heart ; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat  
 Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,  
 But on a mountain at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,  
 Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,  
 Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat ?'  
 Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,  
 Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle ;  
 Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning :

"I have another at home, with the face of  
a man on the handle ;  
By and by they shall marry ; and there  
will be plenty of children !"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting,  
insulting Miles Standish :  
While with his fingers he patted the knife  
that hung at his bosom,  
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging  
it back, as he muttered,  
"By and by it shall see ; it shall eat ; ah,  
ha ! but shall speak not !  
This is the mighty Captain the white men  
have sent to destroy us !  
He is a little man ; let him go and work  
with the women !"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces  
and figures of Indians  
Peeping and creeping about from bush to  
tree in the forest,  
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set  
on their bow-strings,  
Drawing about him still closer and closer  
the net of their ambush.  
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled  
and treated them smoothly ;  
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in  
the days of the fathers.  
But when he heard their defiance, the boast,  
the taunt, and the insult,  
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh  
and of Thurston de Standish,  
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in  
the veins of his temples.  
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and,  
snatching his knife from its scabbard,  
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward,  
the savage  
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiend-  
like fierceness upon it.  
Straight there arose from the forest the  
awful sound of the war-whoop.  
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling  
wind of December,  
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight  
of feathery arrows.  
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of  
the cloud came the lightning,  
Out of the lightning thunder ; and death  
unseen ran before it.  
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in  
swamp and in thicket,

Hotly pursued and beset ; but their sachem,  
the brave Wattawamat,  
Fled not ; he was dead. Unswerving and  
swift had a bullet  
Passed through his brain, and he fell with  
both hands clutching the green-  
sward,  
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe  
the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the  
warriors lay, and above them,  
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok,  
friend of the white man.  
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stal-  
wart Captain of Plymouth :—  
"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his cour-  
age, his strength, and his stature,—  
Mocked the great Captain, and called him  
a little man ; but I see now  
Big enough have you been to lay him  
speechless before you !"

Thus the first battle was fought and won  
by the stalwart Miles Standish.  
When the tidings thereof were brought to  
the village of Plymouth,  
And as a trophy of war the head of the  
brave Wattawamat  
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at  
once was a church and a fortress,  
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the  
Lord, and took courage.  
Only Priscilla averted her face from this  
spectre of terror,  
Thanking God in her heart that she had not  
married Miles Standish ;  
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming  
home from his battles,  
He should lay claim to her hand, as the  
prize and reward of his valor.

## VIII

### THE SPINNING-WHEEL

MONTH after month passed away, and in  
Autumn the ships of the merchants  
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle  
and corn for the Pilgrims.  
All in the village was peace ; the men were  
intent on their labors,  
Busy with hewing and building, with  
garden-plot and with merestead,

Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing  
 the grass in the meadows,  
 Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting  
 the deer in the forest.  
 All in the village was peace ; but at times  
 the rumor of warfare  
 Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension  
 of danger.  
 Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring  
 the land with his forces,  
 Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the  
 alien armies,  
 Till his name had become a sound of fear  
 to the nations.  
 Anger was still in his heart, but at times  
 the remorse and contrition  
 Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate  
 outbreak,  
 Came like a rising tide, that encounters the  
 rush of a river,  
 Staying its current awhile, but making it  
 bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him  
 a new habitation,  
 Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn  
 from the firs of the forest.  
 Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof  
 was covered with rushes ;  
 Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes  
 were of paper,  
 Oiled to admit the light, while wind and  
 rain were excluded.  
 There too he dug a well, and around  
 it planted an orchard :  
 Still may be seen to this day some trace of  
 the well and the orchard.  
 Close to the house was the stall, where, safe  
 and secure from annoyance,  
 Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had  
 fallen to Alden's allotment  
 In the division of cattle, might ruminate in  
 the night-time  
 Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant  
 by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with  
 eager feet would the dreamer  
 Follow the pathway that ran through the  
 woods to the house of Priscilla,  
 Led by illusions romantic and subtle  
 deceptions of fancy,  
 Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the  
 semblance of friendship.

Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned  
 the walls of his dwelling ;  
 Ever of her he thought, when he delved  
 in the soil of his garden ;  
 Ever of her he thought, when he read in  
 his Bible on Sunday  
 Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is  
 described in the Proverbs, —  
 How the heart of her husband doth safely  
 trust in her always,  
 How all the days of her life she will do him  
 good, and not evil,  
 How she seeketh the wool and the flax and  
 worketh with gladness,  
 How she layeth her hand to the spindle and  
 holdeth the distaff,  
 How she is not afraid of the snow for herself  
 or her household,  
 Knowing her household are clothed with  
 the scarlet cloth of her weaving !

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon  
 in the Autumn,  
 Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching  
 her dexterous fingers,  
 As if the thread she was spinning were that  
 of his life and his fortune,  
 After a pause in their talk, thus spake to  
 the sound of the spindle.  
 "Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see  
 you spinning and spinning,  
 Never idle a moment, but thrifty and  
 thoughtful of others,  
 Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly  
 changed in a moment ;  
 You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha  
 the Beautiful Spinner."  
 Here the light foot on the treadle grew  
 swifter and swifter ; the spindle  
 Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread  
 snapped short in her fingers ;  
 While the impetuous speaker, not heeding  
 the mischief, continued :  
 "You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner,  
 the queen of Helvetia ;  
 She whose story I read at a stall in the  
 streets of Southampton,  
 Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er  
 valley and meadow and mountain,  
 Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff  
 fixed to her saddle.  
 She was so thrifty and good, that her name  
 passed into a proverb.

So shall it be with your own, when the  
 spinning-wheel shall no longer  
 Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill  
 its chambers with music.  
 Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate  
 how it was in their childhood,  
 Praising the good old times, and the days  
 of Priscilla the spinner !”  
 Straight uprose from her wheel the beau-  
 tiful Puritan maiden,  
 Pleased with the praise of her thrift from  
 him whose praise was the sweetest,  
 Drew from the reel on the table a snowy  
 skein of her spinning,  
 Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the  
 flattering phrases of Alden :  
 “Come, you must not be idle ; if I am a  
 pattern for housewives,  
 Show yourself equally worthy of being  
 the model of husbands.  
 Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind  
 it, ready for knitting ;  
 Then who knows but hereafter, when fash-  
 ions have changed and the manners,  
 Fathers may talk to their sons of the good  
 old times of John Alden !”  
 Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on  
 his hands she adjusted,  
 He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms  
 extended before him,  
 She standing graceful, erect, and winding  
 the thread from his fingers,  
 Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy man-  
 ner of holding,  
 Sometimes touching his hands, as she dis-  
 entangled expertly  
 Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for  
 how could she help it ? —  
 Sending electrical thrills through every  
 nerve in his body.

Lo ! in the midst of this scene, a breath-  
 less messenger entered,  
 Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible  
 news from the village.  
 Yes ; Miles Standish was dead ! — an Indian  
 had brought them the tidings, —  
 Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the  
 front of the battle,  
 Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the  
 whole of his forces ;  
 All the town would be burned, and all the  
 people be murdered !  
 Such were the tidings of evil that burst on  
 the hearts of the hearers.

Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her  
 face looking backward  
 Still at the face of the speaker, her arms  
 uplifted in horror ;  
 But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb  
 of the arrow  
 Piercing the heart of his friend had struck  
 his own, and had sundered  
 Once and forever the bonds that held him  
 bound as a captive,  
 Wild with excess of sensation, the awful  
 delight of his freedom,  
 Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious  
 of what he was doing,  
 Clapsed, almost with a groan, the motion-  
 less form of Priscilla,  
 Pressing her close to his heart, as forever  
 his own, and exclaiming :  
 “Those whom the Lord hath united, let no  
 man put them asunder !”

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and  
 separate sources,  
 Seeing each other afar, as they leap from  
 the rocks, and pursuing  
 Each one its devious path, but drawing  
 nearer and nearer,  
 Rush together at last, at their trysting-place  
 in the forest ;  
 So these lives that had run thus far in  
 separate channels,  
 Coming in sight of each other, then swerv-  
 ing and flowing asunder,  
 Parted by barriers strong, but drawing  
 nearer and nearer,  
 Rushed together at last, and one was lost  
 in the other.

## IX

## THE WEDDING-DAY

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from  
 the tent of purple and scarlet,  
 Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in  
 his garments resplendent,  
 Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light,  
 on his forehead,  
 Round the hem of his robe the golden bells  
 and pomegranates.  
 Blessing the world he came, and the bars  
 of vapor beneath him  
 Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea  
 at his feet was a laver !

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.  
 Friends were assembled together ; the Elder and Magistrate also  
 Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,  
 One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.  
 Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.  
 Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,  
 Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,  
 After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.  
 Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
 Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,  
 Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo ! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,  
 Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure !  
 Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition ?  
 Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder ?  
 Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion ?  
 Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal ?  
 Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed ;  
 Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression  
 Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,  
 As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud  
 Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.  
 Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,  
 As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.  
 But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,  
 Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement  
 Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth !

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me !  
 I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the feeling ;  
 I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God ! it is ended.  
 Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,  
 Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.  
 Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."  
 Thereupon answered the bridegroom : "Let all be forgotten between us, —  
 All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer !"  
 Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,  
 Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,  
 Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,  
 Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.  
 Then he said with a smile : "I should have remembered the adage, —  
 If you would be well served, you must serve yourself ; and moreover,  
 No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas !"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,  
 Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,  
 Whom they had mourned as dead ; and they gathered and crowded about him,  
 Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,  
 Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,  
 Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,  
 He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,  
 Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,  
 Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.  
 Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,

Lay extended before them the land of toil  
and privation ;  
There were the graves of the dead, and the  
barren waste of the sea-shore,  
There the familiar fields, the groves of  
pine, and the meadows ;  
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed  
as the Garden of Eden,  
Filled with the presence of God, whose  
voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the  
noise and stir of departure,  
Friends coming forth from the house, and  
impatience of longer delaying,  
Each with his plan for the day, and the  
work that was left uncompleted.  
Then from a stall near at hand, amid ex-  
clamations of wonder,  
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy,  
so proud of Priscilla,  
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying  
the hand of its master,  
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring  
in its nostrils,  
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion  
placed for a saddle.  
She should not walk, he said, through the  
dust and heat of the noonday ;  
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod  
along like a peasant.  
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured  
by the others,  
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot  
in the hand of her husband,

Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted  
her palfrey.  
" Nothing is wanting now," he said with a  
smile, " but the distaff ;  
Then you would be in truth my queen, my  
beautiful Bertha ! "

Onward the bridal procession now  
moved to their new habitation,  
Happy husband and wife, and friends con-  
versing together.  
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they  
crossed the ford in the forest,  
Pleased with the image that passed, like a  
dream of love, through its bosom,  
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths  
of the azure abysses.  
Down through the golden leaves the sun  
was pouring his splendors,  
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from  
branches above them suspended,  
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm  
of the pine and the fir-tree,  
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew  
in the valley of Eshcol.  
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive,  
pastoral ages,  
Fresh with the youth of the world, and re-  
calling Rebecca and Isaac,  
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beau-  
tiful always,  
Love immortal and young in the endless  
succession of lovers.  
So through the Plymouth woods passed  
onward the bridal procession.

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

... come i gru van cantando lor lai,  
Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga.

DANTE.

## FLIGHT THE FIRST

### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

This poem, originally published in *The Seaside and the Fireside*, afforded the poet a convenient title under which to group successively poems contributed to various periodicals, especially *Putnam's Monthly* and *The Atlantic Monthly*; it has therefore been made the introductory poem. The several *Flights* were printed as the miscellaneous poems in volumes containing longer works. The first was contained in the volume which held *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

BLACK shadows fall  
From the lindens tall,  
That lift aloft their massive wall  
Against the southern sky ;

And from the realms  
Of the shadowy elms  
A tide-like darkness overwhelms  
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,  
And everywhere  
A warm, soft vapor fills the air,  
And distant sounds seem near ;

And above, in the light  
Of the star-lit night,  
Swift birds of passage wing their flight  
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat  
Of their pinions fleet,  
As from the land of snow and sleet  
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry  
Of their voices high  
Falling dreamily through the sky,  
But their forms I cannot see.

Oh, say not so !  
Those sounds that flow  
In murmurs of delight and woe  
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs  
Of the poet's songs,  
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and  
                    wrongs,  
The sound of winged words.

This is the cry  
Of souls, that high  
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,  
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight  
Through realms of light  
It falls into our world of night,  
With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

## PROMETHEUS

### OR THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT

The two poems *Prometheus* and *Epimetheus* were originally conceived as a single poem, bearing both the names in the title.

OF Prometheus, how undaunted  
On Olympus' shining bastions  
His audacious foot he planted,  
Myths are told and songs are chanted,  
Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition  
Of that flight through heavenly portals,  
The old classic superstition  
Of the theft and the transmission  
Of the fire of the Immortals !

First the deed of noble daring,  
Born of heavenward aspiration,  
Then the fire with mortals sharing,  
Then the vulture, — the despairing  
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted  
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer ;  
Only those are crowned and sainted  
Who with grief have been acquainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,  
In their triumph and their yearning,  
In their passionate pulsations,  
In their words among the nations,  
The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,  
All this toil for human culture ?  
Through the cloud-rack, dark and trailing,  
Must they see above them sailing  
O'er life's barren crags the vulture ?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,  
By defeat and exile maddened ;  
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,  
Nature's priests and Corybantes,  
By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent  
That around their memories cluster,  
And, on all their steps attendant,  
Make their darkened lives resplendent  
With such gleams of inward lustre !

All the melodies mysterious,  
Through the dreary darkness chanted ;  
Thoughts in attitudes imperious,  
Voices soft, and deep, and serious,  
Words that whispered, songs that  
                    haunted !

All the soul in rapt suspension,  
All the quivering, palpitating  
Chords of life in utmost tension,  
With the fervor of invention,  
With the rapture of creating !

Ah, Prometheus ! heaven-scaling !  
 In such hours of exultation  
 Even the faintest heart, unquailing,  
 Might behold the vulture sailing  
 Round the cloudy crags Caucasian !

Though to all there be not given  
 Strength for such sublime endeavor,  
 Thus to scale the walls of heaven,  
 And to leaven with fiery leaven,  
 All the hearts of men forever ;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted  
 Honor and believe the presage,  
 Hold aloft their torches lighted,  
 Gleaming through the realms benighted,  
 As they onward bear the message !

### EPIMETHEUS

#### OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT

HAVE I dreamed ? or was it real,  
 What I saw as in a vision,  
 When to marches hymeneal  
 In the land of the Ideal  
 Moved my thought o'er Fields Elysian ?

What ! are these the guests whose glances  
 Seemed like sunshine gleaming round me ?  
 These the wild, bewildering fancies,  
 That with dithyrambic dances  
 As with magic circles bound me ?

Ah ! how cold are their caresses !  
 Pallid cheeks, and haggard bosoms !  
 Spectral gleam their snow-white dresses,  
 And from loose, dishevelled tresses  
 Fall the hyacinthine blossoms !

O my songs ! whose winsome measures  
 Filled my heart with secret rapture !  
 Children of my golden leisure !  
 Must even your delights and pleasures  
 Fade and perish with the capture ?

Fair they seemed, those songs sonorous,  
 When they came to me unbidden ;  
 Voices single, and in chorus,  
 Like the wild birds singing o'er us  
 In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment ! Disillusion !  
 Must each noble aspiration

Come at last to this conclusion,  
 Jarring discord, wild confusion,  
 Lassitude, renunciation ?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,  
 From the sun's serene dominions,  
 Not through brighter realms nor vaster,  
 In swift ruin and disaster,  
 Icarus fell with shattered pinions !

Sweet Pandora ! dear Pandora !  
 Why did mighty Jove create thee  
 Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,  
 Beautiful as young Aurora,  
 If to win thee is to hate thee ?

No, not hate thee ! for this feeling  
 Of unrest and long resistance  
 Is but passionate appealing,  
 A prophetic whisper stealing  
 O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamor,  
 Thou, beloved, never leavest ;  
 In life's discord, strife, and clamor,  
 Still he feels thy spell of glamour ;  
 Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,  
 Struggling souls by thee are strength-  
 ened,  
 Clouds of fear asunder rifted,  
 Truth from falsehood cleansed and sifted,  
 Lives, like days in summer, lengthened !

Therefore art thou ever dearer,  
 O my Sibyl, my deceiver !  
 For thou makest each mystery clearer,  
 And the unattained seems nearer,  
 When thou fillest my heart with fever !

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces !  
 Though the fields around us wither,  
 There are ampler realms and spaces,  
 Where no foot has left its traces :  
 Let us turn and wander thither !

### THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

SAINT AUGUSTINE ! well hast thou said,  
 That of our vices we can frame  
 A ladder, if we will but tread  
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less ;  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess ;

The longing for ignoble things ;  
The strife for triumph more than truth ;  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill ;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will ; —

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and  
kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night;

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern — unseen before —  
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.)

## THE PHANTOM SHIP

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,  
Of the old colonial time,  
May be found in prose the legend  
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,  
And the keen and frosty airs,  
That filled her sails at parting,  
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord ! if it be thy pleasure " —  
Thus prayed the old divine —  
"To bury our friends in the ocean,  
Take them, for they are thine !"

But Master Lamberton muttered,  
And under his breath said he,  
"This ship is so crank and walty,  
I fear our grave she will be !"

And the ships that came from England,  
When the winter months were gone,  
Brought no tidings of this vessel  
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying  
That the Lord would let them hear  
What in his greater wisdom  
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered :  
It was in the month of June,  
An hour before the sunset  
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,  
A ship was seen below,  
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,  
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,  
Right against the wind that blew,  
Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,  
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,  
And her sails were loosened and lifted,  
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,  
Fell slowly, one by one,

And the hulk dilated and vanished,  
As a sea-mist in the sun !

And the people who saw this marvel  
Each said unto his friend,  
That this was the mould of their vessel,  
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village  
Gave thanks to God in prayer,  
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,  
He had sent this Ship of Air.

### THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

Written in October, 1852. The Warden was the Duke  
of Wellington, who died September 13.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on floor  
and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling  
pennon,  
And the white sails of ships ;  
And, from the frowning rampart, the black  
cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe,  
and Dover  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers speeding  
over,  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim  
defiance,  
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from  
their stations  
On every citadel ;  
Each answering each, with morning saluta-  
tions,  
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the  
burden,  
Replied the distant forts,

As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of  
azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black fort's  
embrasure,  
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field  
Marshal  
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the De-  
stroyer,  
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room,  
And as he entered, darker grew, and  
deeper,  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar ;  
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England  
tremble  
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon  
waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead.

### HAUNTED HOUSES

ALL houses wherein men have lived and  
died  
Are haunted houses. Through the open  
doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands  
glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the  
floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the  
stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,

Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the  
hosts  
Invited ; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I  
hear ;

He but perceives what is ; while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands ;  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty  
hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their old  
estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and every-  
where

Wafts through these earthly mists and  
vapors dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires ;  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence of an unseen  
star,  
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of  
cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of  
light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies  
crowd  
Into the realm of mystery and night, —

So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and  
bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the dark  
abyss.

## IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAM- BRIDGE

In the village churchyard she lies,  
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,  
No more she breathes, nor feels, nor  
stirs ;  
At her feet and at her head  
Lies a slave to attend the dead,  
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she, a lady of high degree,  
So much in love with the vanity  
And foolish pomp of this world of ours ?  
Or was it Christian charity,  
And lowliness and humility,  
The richest and rarest of all dowers ?

Who shall tell us ? No one speaks ;  
No color shoots into those cheeks,  
Either of anger or of pride,  
At the rude question we have asked ;  
Nor will the mystery be unmasked  
By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter ? — And do you think to look  
On the terrible pages of that Book  
To find her failings, faults, and errors ?  
Ah, you will then have other cares,  
In your own shortcomings and despairs,  
In your own secret sins and terrors !

## THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,  
With his swarthy, grave commanders,  
I forget in what campaign,  
Long besieged, in mud and rain,  
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,  
In great boots of Spanish leather,  
Striding with a measured tramp,  
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,  
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the  
weather.

Thus as to and fro they went  
Over upland and through hollow,  
Giving their impatience vent,  
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,  
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,  
Built of clay and hair of horses,  
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,  
Found on hedge-rows east and west,  
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,  
As he twirled his gray mustachio,  
"Sure this swallow overhead  
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,  
And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name  
Coupled with those words of malice,  
Half in anger, half in shame,  
Forth the great campaigner came  
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"  
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"  
Adding then, by way of jest,  
"Golondrina is my guest,  
'Tis the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,  
Through the camp was spread the rumor,  
And the soldiers, as they quaffed  
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed  
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid  
Sat the swallow still and brooded,  
Till the constant cannonade  
Through the walls a breach had made,  
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,  
Struck its tents as if disbanding,  
Only not the Emperor's tent,  
For he ordered, ere he went,  
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,  
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,  
Till the brood was fledged and flown,  
Singing o'er those walls of stone  
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

### THE TWO ANGELS

In a letter to a correspondent written April 25, 1855, Mr. Longfellow says: "I have only time this morning to enclose you a poem . . . written on the birth of my younger daughter, and the death of the young and beautiful wife of my neighbor and friend, the poet Lowell.

It will serve as an answer to one of your questions about life and its many mysteries. To these dark problems there is no other solution possible, except the one word *Providence*."

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morning  
broke;  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,  
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes  
of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
Alike their features and their robes of  
white;  
But one was crowned with amaranth, as  
with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of  
light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;  
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt  
oppressed,  
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou be-  
tray  
The place where thy beloved are at  
rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
Descending, at my door began to knock,  
And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's  
shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,  
The terror and the tremor and the pain,  
That oft before had filled or haunted me,  
And now returned with threefold  
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard God's  
voice;  
And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,  
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house  
with light,  
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he  
said;  
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

"T was at thy door, O friend! and not at  
mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,

Pausing, descended, and with voice divine  
Whispered a word that had a sound like  
Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and  
thin ;  
And softly, from that hushed and darkened  
room,  
Two angels issued, where but one went  
in.

All is of God ! If he but wave his hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick  
and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and  
land,  
Lo ! he looks back from the departing  
cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his ;  
Without his leave they pass no threshold  
o'er ;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing  
this,  
Against his messengers to shut the door ?

#### DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT

In broad daylight, and at noon,  
Yesterday I saw the moon  
Sailing high, but faint and white,  
As a school-boy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,  
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;  
And it seemed to me at most  
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day  
Like a passion died away,  
And the night, serene and still,  
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,  
Like a spirit glorified,  
Filled and overflowed the night  
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again  
Passed like music through my brain ;  
Night interpreted to me  
All its grace and mystery.

#### THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT

How strange it seems ! These Hebrews  
in their graves,  
Close by the street of this fair seaport  
town,  
Silent beside the never-silent waves,  
At rest in all this moving up and  
down !

The trees are white with dust, that o'er  
their sleep  
Wave their broad curtains in the south-  
wind's breath,  
While underneath these leafy tents they  
keep  
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and  
brown,  
That pave with level flags their burial-  
place,  
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown  
down  
And broken by Moses at the mountain's  
base.

The very names recorded here are strange,  
Of foreign accent, and of different  
climes ;  
Alvares and Rivera interchange  
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God, for he created Death !"  
The mourners said, "and Death is rest  
and peace ;"  
Then added, in the certainty of faith,  
"And giveth Life that nevermore shall  
cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,  
No Psalms of David now the silence  
break,  
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue  
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,  
And not neglected ; for a hand un-  
seen,  
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,  
Still keeps their graves and their remem-  
brance green.

How came they here ? What burst of  
Christian hate,

What persecution, merciless and blind,  
Drove o'er the sea — that desert deso-  
late —

These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind ?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes ob-  
scure,

Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and  
mire ;

Taught in the school of patience to endure  
The life of anguish and the death of  
fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened  
bread

And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,  
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,  
And slaked its thirst with marah of their  
tears.

Anathema maranatha ! was the cry  
That rang from town to town, from  
street to street :

At every gate the accursed Mordecai  
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by  
Christian feet.

[Pride and humiliation hand in hand  
Walked with them through the world  
where'er they went ;

Trampled and beaten were they as the  
sand,

And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and  
vast

Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sub-  
lime,

And all the great traditions of the Past  
They saw reflected in the coming time.]

[And thus forever with reverted look  
The mystic volume of the world they  
read,

Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,  
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.]

[But ah ! what once has been shall be no  
more !

The groaning earth in travail and in pain  
Brings forth its races, but does not re-  
store,

And the dead nations never rise again.]

## OLIVER BASSELIN

In the Valley of the Vire

Still is seen an ancient mill,  
With its gables quaint and queer,  
And beneath the window-sill,

On the stone,

These words alone :

“ Oliver Basselin lived here.”

Far above it, on the steep,

Ruined stands the old Château ;

Nothing but the donjon-keep

Left for shelter or for show.

Its vacant eyes

Stare at the skies,

Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,

Looked, but ah ! it looks no more,

From the neighboring hillside down

On the rushing and the roar

Of the stream

Whose sunny gleam

Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,

To the water's dash and din,

Careless, humble, and unknown,

Sang the poet Basselin

Songs that fill

That ancient mill

With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest

Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed ;

Only made to be his nest,

All the lovely valley seemed ;

No desire

Of soaring higher

Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine ;

Were not songs of that high art,

Which, as winds do in the pine,

Find an answer in each heart ;

But the mirth

Of this green earth

Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,

Opening on the narrow street,

Came the loud, convivial din,

Singing and applause of feet,

The laughing lays  
That in those days  
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,  
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,  
Watched and waited, spur on heel ;  
But the poet sang for sport  
Songs that rang  
Another clang,  
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,  
Sat the monks in lonely cells,  
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,  
And the poet heard their bells ;  
But his rhymes  
Found other chimes,  
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,  
Gone are all the knights and squires,  
Gone the abbot stern and cold,  
And the brotherhood of friars ;  
Not a name  
Remains to fame,  
From those mouldering days of old !

But the poet's memory here  
Of the landscape makes a part ;  
Like the river, swift and clear,  
Flows his song through many a heart ;  
Haunting still  
That ancient mill  
In the Valley of the Vire.

### VICTOR GALBRAITH

UNDER the walls of Monterey  
At daybreak the bugles began to play,  
Victor Galbraith !  
In the mist of the morning damp and  
gray,  
These were the words they seemed to say :  
"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith !"

Forth he came, with a martial tread ;  
Firm was his step, erect his head ;  
Victor Galbraith,  
He who so well the bugle played,  
Could not mistake the words it said :  
"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith !"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the  
sky,  
He looked at the files of musketry,  
Victor Galbraith !  
And he said, with a steady voice and eye,  
"Take good aim ; I am ready to die !"  
Thus challenges death  
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and  
red,  
Six leaden balls on their errand sped ;  
Victor Galbraith  
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead :  
His name was not stamped on those balls of  
lead,  
And they only seath  
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,  
But he rises out of the dust again,  
Victor Galbraith !  
The water he drinks has a bloody stain ;  
"Oh kill me, and put me out of my  
pain !"  
In his agony prayeth  
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of  
flame,  
And the bugler has died a death of shame,  
Victor Galbraith !  
His soul has gone back to whence it came,  
And no one answers to the name,  
When the Sergeant saith,  
"Victor Galbraith !"

Under the walls of Monterey  
By night a bugle is heard to play,  
Victor Galbraith !  
Through the mist of the valley damp and  
gray  
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,  
"That is the wraith  
Of Victor Galbraith !"

### MY LOST YOUTH

During one of his visits to Portland in 1846, Mr. Longfellow relates how he took a long walk round Munjoy's hill and down to the old Fort Lawrence. "I lay down," he says, "in one of the embrasures and listened to the lashing, lulling sound of the sea just at my feet. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the harbor was full of white sails, coming and departing. Meditated a poem on the Old Fort." It does not appear

that any poem was then written, but the theme remained, and in 1855, when in Cambridge, he notes in his diary, March 29: "A day of pain; cowering over the fire. At night, as I lie in bed, a poem comes into my mind, — a memory of Portland, — my native town, the city by the sea.

Siede la terra dove nato fui  
Sulla marina.

"March 30. Wrote the poem; and am rather pleased with it, and with the bringing in of the two lines of the old Lapland song,

A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide!  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's Woods;  
And the friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves  
In quiet neighborhoods.  
And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It flutters and murmurs still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the school-boy's brain;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;  
There are dreams that cannot die;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.  
And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town;  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,  
As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,  
 Are sighing and whispering still :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
 thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
 And with joy that is almost pain  
 My heart goes back to wander there,  
 And among the dreams of the days that  
 were,

I find my lost youth again.  
 And the strange and beautiful song,  
 The groves are repeating it still :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
 thoughts."

### THE ROPEWALK

In that building, long and low,  
 With its windows all a-row,  
 Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
 Human spiders spin and spin,  
 Backward down their threads so thin  
 Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door ;  
 Squares of sunshine on the floor  
 Light the long and dusky lane ;  
 And the whirring of a wheel,  
 Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
 All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end  
 Downward go and reascend,  
 Glean the long threads in the sun ;  
 While within this brain of mine  
 Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
 By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,  
 Like white doves upon the wing,  
 First before my vision pass ;  
 Laughing, as their gentle hands  
 Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
 At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,  
 With its smell of tan and planks,  
 And a girl poised high in air  
 On a cord, in spangled dress,  
 With a faded loveliness,  
 And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,  
 And a woman with bare arms  
 Drawing water from a well ;  
 As the bucket mounts apace,  
 With it mounts her own fair face,  
 As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,  
 Ringing loud the noontide hour,  
 While the rope coils round and round  
 Like a serpent at his feet,  
 And again, in swift retreat,  
 Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,  
 Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
 Laughter and indecent hard ;  
 Ah ! it is the gallows-tree !  
 Breath of Christian charity,  
 Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a school-boy, with his kite  
 Gleaming in a sky of light,  
 And an eager, upward look ;  
 Steeds pursued through lane and field ;  
 Fowlers with their snares concealed ;  
 And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
 Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,  
 Anchors dragged through faithless  
 sand ;  
 Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
 And, with lessening line and lead,  
 Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
 These, and many left untold,  
 In that building long and low ;  
 While the wheel goes round and round,  
 With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
 And the spinners backward go.

### THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE

"December 20, 1854. The weather is ever so cold. The landscape looks dreary ; but the sunset and twilight are resplendent. Sketch out a poem, *The Golden Mile-Stone*."

LEAFLESS are the trees ; their purple  
 branches  
 Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of  
 coral,  
 Rising silent  
 In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,  
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,  
    Smoky columns  
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-  
    light ;  
Here and there the lamps of evening glim-  
    mer,  
    Social watch-fires  
Answering one another through the dark-  
    ness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,  
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree  
    For its freedom  
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in  
    them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,  
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,  
    Asking sadly  
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,  
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,  
    Asking blindly  
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted  
In whose scenes appear two actors only,  
    Wife and husband,  
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,  
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful  
    faces,  
    Waiting, watching  
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-  
    Stone ;  
Is the central point, from which he mea-  
    sures  
    Every distance  
Through the gateways of the world around  
    him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it ;  
Hears the talking flame, the answering  
    night-wind,  
    As he heard them  
When he sat with those who were, but are  
    not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fash-  
    ion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
    Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral home-  
    stead.

We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with  
    sculptures,  
    But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations !

### CATAWBA WINE

Written on the receipt of a gift of Catawba wine from  
the vineyards of Nicholas Longworth on the Ohio River.

THIS song of mine  
Is a Song of the Vine,  
To be sung by the glowing embers  
Of wayside inns,  
    When the rain begins  
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song  
Of the Scuppernong,  
From warm Carolinian valleys,  
    Nor the Isabel  
    And the Muscadel  
That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,  
Whose clusters hang  
O'er the waves of the Colorado,  
And the fiery flood  
Of whose purple blood  
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best  
Is the wine of the West,  
That grows by the Beautiful River ;  
Whose sweet perfume  
Fills all the room  
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees  
Are the haunts of bees,  
Forever going and coming ;  
So this crystal hive  
Is all alive  
With a swarming and buzzing and hum-  
    ming.

Very good in its way  
Is the Verzenay,  
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;  
But Catawba wine  
Has a taste more divine,  
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine  
By the haunted Rhine,  
By Danube or Guadalquivir,  
Nor on island or cape,  
That bears such a grape  
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice  
For foreign use,  
When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,  
To rack our brains  
With the fever pains,  
That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks  
With all such drinks,  
And after them tumble the mixer ;  
For a poison malign  
Is such Borgia wine,  
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring  
Is the wine I sing,  
And to praise it, one needs but name it ;  
For Catawba wine  
Has need of no sign,  
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,  
This greeting of mine,  
The winds and the birds shall deliver  
To the Queen of the West,  
In her garlands dressed,  
On the banks of the Beautiful River.

### SANTA FILOMENA

Published in the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1857. "For the legend," Mr. Longfellow writes to Mr. Sumner, "see Mrs. Jameson's *Legendary Art*. The modern application you will not miss. In Italian, one may say *Filomela* or *Filomena*." The reference is to Miss Florence Nightingale, who rendered great service in the hospitals during the Crimean War.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,

Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.

# THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

## A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIUS

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,  
Who dwelt in Helgoland,  
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,  
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,  
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,  
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;  
His hair was yellow as hay,  
But threads of a silvery gray  
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,  
His cheek had the color of oak ;  
With a kind of a laugh in his speech,  
Like the sea-tide on a beach,  
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Had a book upon his knees,  
And wrote down the wondrous tale  
Of him who was first to sail  
Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,  
No man lives north of me ;  
To the east are wild mountain-chains,  
And beyond them meres and plains ;  
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,  
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,  
If you only sailed by day,  
With a fair wind all the way,  
More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,  
With sheep and swine beside ;  
I have tribute from the Finns,  
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,  
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,  
But my heart was ill at ease,  
For the old seafaring men  
Came to me now and then,  
With their sagas of the seas ;—

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,  
And the stormy Hebrides,  
And the undiscovered deep ;—  
Oh I could not eat nor sleep  
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,  
How far I fain would know ;  
So at last I sallied forth,  
And three days sailed due north,  
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,  
To the right the desolate shore,  
But I did not slacken sail  
For the walrus or the whale,  
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,  
Till they became as one,  
And northward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,  
Upon the water's edge,  
The huge and haggard shape  
Of that unknown North Cape,  
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,  
The tempest howled and wailed,  
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,  
Haunted that dreary coast,  
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,  
Four days without a night :  
Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King,  
With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Ceased writing for a while ;  
And raised his eyes from his book,  
With a strange and puzzled look,  
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,  
He neither paused nor stirred,  
Till the King listened, and then  
Once more took up his pen,  
And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,  
 "Bent southward suddenly,  
 And I followed the curving shore  
 And ever southward bore  
 Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,  
 The narwhale, and the seal ;  
 Ha ! 't was a noble game !  
 And like the lightning's flame  
 Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,  
 Norsemen of Helgoland ;  
 In two days and no more  
 We killed of them threescore,  
 And dragged them to the strand !"

Here Alfred the Truth-teller  
 Suddenly closed his book,  
 And lifted his blue eyes,  
 With doubt and strange surmise  
 Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain  
 Stared at him wild and weird,  
 Then smiled, till his shining teeth  
 Gleamed white from underneath  
 His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,  
 In witness of the truth,  
 Raising his noble head,  
 He stretched his brown hand, and said,  
 "Behold this walrus-tooth !"

#### DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
 And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,  
 Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,  
 Crying, "Awake ! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout !  
 Hang all your leafy banners out !"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
 And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
 Your clarion blow ; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
 "Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
 "Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
 And said, "Not yet ! in quiet lie."

#### THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ

MAY 28, 1857

Read by Mr. Longfellow at a dinner, at which he presided, given to Agassiz on the occasion.

It was fifty years ago  
 In the pleasant month of May,  
 In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
 A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
 The child upon her knee,  
 Saying : "Here is a story-book  
 Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
 "Into regions yet untrod ;  
 And read what is still unread  
 In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
 With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
 Who sang to him night and day  
 The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
 Or his heart began to fail,  
 She would sing a more wonderful song,  
 Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
 And will not let him go,  
 Though at times his heart beats wild  
 For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his dreams  
 The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
 And the rush of mountain streams  
 From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!  
For his voice I listen and yearn;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return!"

### CHILDREN

COME to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look towards the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sun-  
shine,  
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,  
But in mine is the wind of Autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are sing-  
ing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

### SANDALPHON

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,  
In the Legends the Rabbins have told  
Of the limitless realms of the air,  
Have you read it,—the marvellous story  
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,  
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates  
Of the City Celestial he waits,  
With his feet on the ladder of light,  
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,  
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered  
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire  
Chant only one hymn, and expire  
With the song's irresistible stress;  
Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
As harp-strings are broken asunder  
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,  
Unmoved by the rush of the song,  
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,  
Among the dead angels, the deathless  
Sandalphon stands listening breathless  
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,  
From the souls that entreat and implore  
In the fervor and passion of prayer;  
From the hearts that are broken with losses,  
And weary with dragging the crosses  
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,  
And they change into flowers in his hands,  
Into garlands of purple and red;  
And beneath the great arch of the portal,  
Through the streets of the City Immortal  
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—  
A fable, a phantom, a show,  
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;  
Yet the old mediæval tradition,  
The beautiful, strange superstition,  
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,  
And the welkin above is all white,  
All throbbing and panting with stars,

Among them majestic is standing  
Sandalphon the angel, expanding  
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,  
The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,  
The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
To quiet its fever and pain.

## FLIGHT THE SECOND

Included in the volume which contained the first series of *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, 1863.

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall !  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;  
If I try to escape, they surround me ;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away !

## ENCELADUS

Written February 3, 1859. "I have written," says Mr. Longfellow in a letter to Mr. Sumner, "a lyric on Italy, entitled *Enceladus*, from which title your imagination can construct the poem. It is not a war-song, but a kind of lament for the woes of the country." Mr. Longfellow used the money paid him for the poem, which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1859, in aid of the Italian widows and the soldiers wounded in the war then going on for the deliverance of Italy from Austrian rule.

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,  
It is slumber, it is not death ;  
For he struggles at times to arise,  
And above him the lurid skies  
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,  
The earth is heaped on his head ;  
But the groans of his wild unrest,  
Though smothered and half suppressed,  
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away  
Are watching with eager eyes ;  
They talk together and say,  
" To-morrow, perhaps to-day,  
Enceladus will arise ! "

And the old gods, the austere  
Oppressors in their strength,  
Stand aghast and white with fear  
At the ominous sounds they hear,  
And tremble, and mutter, " At length ! "

Ah me ! for the land that is sown  
With the harvest of despair !  
Where the burning cinders, blown  
From the lips of the overthrown  
Enceladus, fill the air ;

Where ashes are heaped in drifts  
 Over vineyard and field and town,  
 Whenever he starts and lifts  
 His head through the blackened rifts  
 Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see ! the red light shines !  
 'T is the glare of his awful eyes !  
 And the storm-wind shouts through the  
     pines  
 Of Alps and of Apennines,  
 "Enceladus, arise !"

### THE CUMBERLAND

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,  
 On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war ;  
 And at times from the fortress across the  
     bay  
 The alarum of drums swept past,  
 Or a bugle blast  
 From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose  
 A little feather of snow-white smoke,  
 And we knew that the iron ship of our  
     foes  
 Was steadily steering its course  
 To try the force  
 Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,  
 Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;  
 Then comes a puff of smoke from her  
     guns,  
 And leaps the terrible death,  
 With fiery breath,  
 From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight  
 Defiance back in a full broadside !  
 As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,  
 Rebounds our heavier hail  
 From each iron scale  
 Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag !" the rebel cries,  
 In his arrogant old plantation strain.  
 "Never !" our gallant Morris replies ;  
 "It is better to sink than to yield !"  
 And the whole air pealed  
 With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,  
 She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp !  
 Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,  
 With a sudden shudder of death,  
 And the cannon's breath  
 For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,  
 Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.  
 Lord, how beautiful was Thy day !  
 Every waft of the air  
 Was a whisper of prayer,  
 Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho ! brave hearts that went down in the  
     seas !

Ye are at peace in the troubled stream ;  
 Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like these,  
 Thy flag, that is rent in twain,  
 Shall be one again,  
 And without a seam !

### SNOW-FLAKES

Out of the bosom of the Air,  
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments  
     shaken,  
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
 Silent, and soft, and slow  
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
 Suddenly shape in some divine expres-  
     sion,

Even as the troubled heart doth make  
 In the white countenance confession,  
 The troubled sky reveals  
 The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded ;  
 This is the secret of despair,  
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
 Now whispered and revealed  
 To wood and field.

### A DAY OF SUNSHINE

O GIFT of God ! O perfect day :  
 Whereon shall no man work, but play ;  
 Whereon it is enough for me,  
 Not to be doing, but to be !

Through every fibre of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through every  
vein,  
I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies ;  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky,  
Where through a sapphire sea the sun  
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,  
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,  
Whose steep sierra far uplifts  
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds ! and waft through all the  
rooms  
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms !  
Blow, winds ! and bend within my reach  
The fiery blossoms of the peach !

O Life and Love ! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !  
O heart of man ! canst thou not be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free ?

### SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE

LABOR with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone,  
Something uncompleted still  
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,  
At the threshold, near the gates,  
With its menace or its prayer,  
Like a mendicant it waits ;

Waits, and will not go away ;  
Waits, and will not be gainsaid ;  
By the cares of yesterday  
Each to-day is heavier made ;

Till at length the burden seems  
Greater than our strength can bear,  
Heavy as the weight of dreams,  
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,  
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,  
Who, as Northern legends say,  
On their shoulders held the sky.

### WEARINESS

O LITTLE feet ! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load ;  
I, nearer to the wayside inn  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road !

O little hands ! that, weak or strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask ;  
I, who so much with book and pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts ! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires ;  
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,  
With passions into ashes turned,  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls ! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source divine ;  
Refracted through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

The plan for a group of stories under the fiction of a company of story-tellers at an inn appears to have visited Mr. Longfellow after he had made some progress with the separate tales. The considerable collection under the title of *The Saga of King Olaf* was indeed written at first with the design of independent publication. Nearly two years passed before he took up the task in earnest; then, in November, 1860, "with all kinds of interruptions," he says, he wrote fifteen of the lyrics in as many days, and a few days afterward completed the whole of the *Saga*. Meanwhile he had written and published *Paul Revere's Ride*, and before the publication of his volume he had printed one of the lyrics of the *Saga* and *The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi*. Just when he determined upon the framework of *The Wayside Inn* does not appear; it is quite possible that he had connected *The Saga of King Olaf*, which had been lying by for two or three years, with his friend Ole Bull, and that the desire to use so picturesque a figure had suggested a group of which the musician should be one. Literature had notable precedents for the general plan of a company at an inn, but whether the actual inn at Sudbury came to localize his conception, or was itself the cause of the plan, is not quite clear.

He sent the book to the printer in April, 1863, under the title of *The Sudbury Tales*, but in August wrote to Mr. Fields: "I am afraid we have made a mistake in calling the new volume *The Sudbury Tales*. Now that I see it announced I do not like the title. Sumner cries out against it and has persuaded me, as I think he will you, to come back to *The Wayside Inn*. Pray think as we do."

The book as originally planned consisted of the first part only, and was published November 25, 1863, in an edition of fifteen thousand copies,—an indication of the confidence which the publishers had in the poet's popularity.

The disguises of characters were so slight that readers easily recognized most of them at once, and Mr.

Longfellow himself never made any mystery of their identity. Just after the publication of the volume he wrote to a correspondent in England:—

"*The Wayside Inn* has more foundation in fact than you may suppose. The town of Sudbury is about twenty miles from Cambridge. Some two hundred years ago, an English family by the name of Howe built there a country house, which has remained in the family down to the present time, the last of the race dying but two years ago. Losing their fortune, they became inn-keepers; and for a century the Red-Horse Inn has flourished, going down from father to son. The place is just as I have described it, though no longer an inn. All this will account for the landlord's coat-of-arms, and his being a justice of the peace, and his being known as 'the Squire,'—things that must sound strange in English ears. All the characters are real. The musician is Ole Bull; the Spanish Jew, Israel Edrehi, whom I have seen as I have painted him, etc., etc."

It is easy to fill up the etc. of Mr. Longfellow's catalogue. The poet is T. W. Parsons, the translator of Dante; the Sicilian, Luigi Monti, whose name occurs often in Mr. Longfellow's *Life* as a familiar friend; the theologian, Professor Daniel Treadwell, a physicist of genius who had also a turn for theology; the student, Henry Ware Wales, a scholar of promise who had travelled much, who died early, and whose tastes appeared in the collection of books which he left to the library of Harvard College. This group was collected by the poet's fancy; in point of fact three of them, Parsons, Monti, and Treadwell, were wont to spend their summer months at the inn.

The form was so agreeable that it was easy to extend it afterward so as to include the tales which the poet found it in his mind to write. *The Second Day* was published in 1872; *The Third Part* formed the principal portion of *Aftermath* in 1873, and subsequently the three parts were brought together, into a complete volume.

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

## PART FIRST

## PRELUDE

## THE WAYSIDE INN

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury town,  
Across the meadows bare and brown,  
The windows of the wayside inn  
Gleamed red with fire-light through the  
leaves

Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves  
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old Colonial day,  
When men lived in a grander way,  
With ampler hospitality;  
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,

Now somewhat fallen to decay,  
With weather-stains upon the wall,  
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,  
And creaking and uneven floors,  
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,  
A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote among the wooded hills!  
For there no noisy railway speeds,  
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;  
But noon and night, the panting teams  
Stop under the great oaks, that throw  
Tangles of light and shade below,  
On roofs and doors and window-sills.  
Across the road the barns display  
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,  
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,  
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,  
And, half effaced by rain and shine,  
The Red Horse prances on the sign.  
Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode  
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust

Went rushing down the county road,  
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,  
A moment quickened by its breath,  
Shuddered and danced their dance of  
death,

And through the ancient oaks o'erhead  
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlor of the inn  
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,  
Like water rushing through a weir:  
Oft interrupted by the din  
Of laughter and of loud applause,  
And, in each intervening pause,  
The music of a violin.  
The fire-light, shedding over all  
The splendor of its ruddy glow,  
Filled the whole parlor large and low;  
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,  
It touched with more than wonted grace  
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;  
It bronzed the rafters overhead,  
On the old spinet's ivory keys  
It played inaudible melodies,  
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,  
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,  
And painted with a livelier red  
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;  
And, flashing on the window-pane,  
Emblazoned with its light and shade  
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,  
Writ near a century ago,  
By the great Major Molineaux,  
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood  
Erect the rapt musician stood;  
And ever and anon he bent  
His head upon his instrument,  
And seemed to listen, till he caught  
Confessions of its secret thought,—  
The joy, the triumph, the lament,  
The exultation and the pain;  
Then, by the magic of his art,  
He soothed the throbbings of its heart,  
And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease  
There sat a group of friends, entranced  
With the delicious melodies;  
Who from the far-off noisy town  
Had to the wayside inn come down,  
To rest beneath its old oak trees.  
The fire-light on their faces glanced,  
Their shadows on the wainscot danced,

And, though of different lands and speech,  
Each had his tale to tell, and each  
Was anxious to be pleased and please.  
And while the sweet musician plays,  
Let me in outline sketch them all,  
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze  
With its uncertain touch portrays  
Their shadowy semblance on the wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace;  
Grave in his aspect and attire;  
A man of ancient pedigree,  
A Justice of the Peace was he,  
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."  
Proud was he of his name and race,  
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,  
And in the parlor, full in view,  
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,  
Upon the wall in colors blazed;  
He beareth gules upon his shield,  
A chevron argent in the field,  
With three wolf's-heads, and for the crest  
A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed  
Upon a helmet barred; below  
The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe."  
And over this, no longer bright,  
Though glimmering with a latent light,  
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore  
In the rebellious days of yore,  
Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,  
A Student of old books and days,  
To whom all tongues and lands were  
known,  
And yet a lover of his own;  
With many a social virtue graced,  
And yet a friend of solitude;  
A man of such a genial mood  
The heart of all things he embraced,  
And yet of such fastidious taste,  
He never found the best too good.  
Books were his passion and delight,  
And in his upper room at home  
Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,  
In vellum bound, with gold bedight,  
Great volumes garmented in white,  
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.  
He loved the twilight that surrounds  
The border-land of old romance;  
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,  
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,  
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,  
And mighty warriors sweep along,  
Magnified by the purple mist,

The dusk of centuries and of song.  
 The chronicles of Charlemagne,  
 Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthur,  
 Mingled together in his brain  
 With tales of Flores and Blanchefleur,  
 Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,  
 Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,  
 Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there ;  
 In sight of Etna born and bred,  
 Some breath of its volcanic air  
 Was glowing in his heart and brain,  
 And, being rebellious to his liege,  
 After Palermo's fatal siege,  
 Across the western seas he fled,  
 In good King Bomba's happy reign.  
 His face was like a summer night,  
 All flooded with a dusky light ;  
 His hands were small ; his teeth shone  
 white

As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke ;  
 His sinews supple and strong as oak ;  
 Clean shaven was he as a priest,  
 Who at the mass on Sunday sings,  
 Save that upon his upper lip  
 His beard, a good palm's length at least,  
 Level and pointed at the tip,  
 Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.  
 The poets read he o'er and o'er,  
 And most of all the Immortal Four  
 Of Italy ; and next to those,  
 The story-telling bard of prose,  
 Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales  
 Of the Decameron, that make  
 Fiesole's green hills and vales  
 Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.  
 Much too of music was his thought ;  
 The melodies and measures fraught  
 With sunshine and the open air,  
 Of vineyards and the singing sea  
 Of his beloved Sicily ;  
 And much it pleased him to peruse  
 The songs of the Sicilian muse, —  
 Bucolic songs by Meli sung  
 In the familiar peasant tongue,  
 That made men say, " Behold ! once more  
 The pitying gods to earth restore  
 Theocritus of Syracuse ! "

A Spanish Jew from Alicant  
 With aspect grand and grave was there ;  
 Vender of silks and fabrics rare,  
 And attar of rose from the Levant.  
 Like an old Patriarch he appeared,

Abraham or Isaac, or at least  
 Some later Prophet or High-Priest ;  
 With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,  
 And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,  
 The tumbling cataract of his beard.  
 His garments breathed a spicy scent  
 Of cinnamon and sandal blent,  
 Like the soft aromatic gales  
 That meet the mariner, who sails  
 Through the Moluccas, and the seas  
 That wash the shores of Celebes.  
 All stories that recorded are  
 By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,  
 And it was rumored he could say  
 The Parables of Sandabar,  
 And all the Fables of Pilpay,  
 Or if not all, the greater part !  
 Well versed was he in Hebrew books,  
 Talmud and Targum, and the lore  
 Of Kabala ; and evermore  
 There was a mystery in his looks ;  
 His eyes seemed gazing far away,  
 As if in vision or in trance  
 He heard the solemn sackbut play,  
 And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, from the school  
 Of Cambridge on the Charles, was there ;  
 Skilful alike with tongue and pen,  
 He preached to all men everywhere  
 The Gospel of the Golden Rule,  
 The New Commandment given to men,  
 Thinking the deed, and not the creed,  
 Would help us in our utmost need.  
 With reverent feet the earth he trod,  
 Nor banished nature from his plan,  
 But studied still with deep research  
 To build the Universal Church,  
 Lofty as in the love of God,  
 And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse  
 Was tender, musical, and terse ;  
 The inspiration, the delight,  
 The gleam, the glory, the swift flight  
 Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem  
 The revelations of a dream,  
 All these were his ; but with them came  
 No envy of another's fame ;  
 He did not find his sleep less sweet,  
 For music in some neighboring street  
 Nor rustling hear in every breeze  
 The laurels of Miltiades.  
 Honor and blessings on his head  
 While living, good report when dead,

Who, not too eager for renown,  
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown !

Last the Musician, as he stood  
Illumined by that fire of wood ;  
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,  
His figure tall and straight and lithe,  
And every feature of his face  
Revealing his Norwegian race ;  
A radiance, streaming from within,  
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,  
The Angel with the violin,  
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.  
He lived in that ideal world  
Whose language is not speech, but song ;  
Around him evermore the throng  
Of elves and sprites their dances whirled ;  
The Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled  
Its headlong waters from the height ;  
And mingled in the wild delight  
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,  
The rumor of the forest trees,  
The plunge of the implacable seas,  
The tumult of the wind at night,  
Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,  
Old ballads, and wild melodies  
Through mist and darkness pouring forth,  
Like Elivagar's river flowing  
Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played  
Was in Cremona's workshops made,  
By a great master of the past,  
Ere yet was lost the art divine ;  
Fashioned of maple and of pine,  
That in Tyrolean forests vast  
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast :  
Exquisite was it in design,  
Perfect in each minutest part,  
A marvel of the lutist's art ;  
And in its hollow chamber, thus,  
The maker from whose hands it came  
Had written his unrivalled name, —  
"Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere  
Was filled with magic, and the ear  
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,  
Whose music had so weird a sound,  
The hunted stag forgot to bound,  
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,  
The birds came down from bush and tree,  
The dead came from beneath the sea,  
The maiden to the harper's knee !

The music ceased ; the applause was loud,  
The pleased musician smiled and bowed ;  
The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,  
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,  
And from the harpsichord there came  
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,  
A sound like that sent down at night  
By birds of passage in their flight,  
From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed ; then began  
A clamor for the Landlord's tale, —  
The story promised them of old,  
They said, but always left untold ;  
And he, although a bashful man,  
And all his courage seemed to fail,  
Finding excuse of no avail,  
Yielded ; and thus the story ran.

## THE LANDLORD'S TALE

### PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-  
five ;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British  
march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal  
light, —  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and  
farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night !" and with  
muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,

Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,

By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him  
made

Masses and moving shapes of shade, —  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret  
dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead ;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-  
girth ;

But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,

But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the  
dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing,  
a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and  
fleet :  
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom  
and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in  
his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the  
steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and  
deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;  
And under the alders that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford  
town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and  
bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood agast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord  
town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have  
 read,  
 How the British Regulars fired and  
 fled, —  
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
 From behind each fence and farm-yard  
 wall,  
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
 And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;  
 And so through the night went his cry of  
 alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm, —  
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the  
 door,

And a word that shall echo forevermore !  
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
 Through all our history, to the last,  
 In the hour of darkness and peril and  
 need,

The people will waken and listen to hear  
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

### INTERLUDE

THE Landlord ended thus his tale,  
 Then rising took down from its nail  
 The sword that hung there, dim with dust,  
 And cleaving to its sheath with rust,  
 And said, " This sword was in the fight."  
 The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,  
 " It is the sword of a good knight,  
 Though homespun was his coat-of-mail ;  
 What matter if it be not named  
 Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale,  
 Excalibar, or Aroundight,  
 Or other name the books record ?  
 Your ancestor, who bore this sword  
 As Colonel of the Volunteers,  
 Mounted upon his old gray mare,  
 Seen here and there and everywhere,  
 To me a grander shape appears  
 Than old Sir William, or what not,  
 Clinking about in foreign lands  
 With iron gauntlets on his hands,  
 And on his head an iron pot ! "

All laughed ; the Landlord's face grew red  
 As his escutcheon on the wall ;

He could not comprehend at all  
 The drift of what the Poet said ;  
 For those who had been longest dead  
 Were always greatest in his eyes ;  
 And he was speechless with surprise  
 To see Sir William's plumed head  
 Brought to a level with the rest,  
 And made the subject of a jest.  
 And this perceiving, to appease  
 The Landlord's wrath, the others' fears,  
 The Student said, with careless ease,  
 " The ladies and the cavaliers,  
 The arms, the loves, the courtesies,  
 The deeds of high emprise, I sing !  
 Thus Ariosto says, in words  
 That have the stately stride and ring  
 Of armèd knights and clashing swords.  
 Now listen to the tale I bring ;  
 Listen ! though not to me belong  
 The flowing draperies of his song,  
 The words that rouse, the voice that  
 charms.

The Landlord's tale was one of arms,  
 Only a tale of love is mine,  
 Blending the human and divine,  
 A tale of the Decameron, told  
 In Palmieri's garden old,  
 By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,  
 While her companions lay around,  
 And heard the intermingled sound  
 Of airs that on their errands sped,  
 And wild birds gossiping overhead,  
 And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall,  
 And her own voice more sweet than all,  
 Telling the tale, which, wanting these,  
 Perchance may lose its power to please."

### THE STUDENT'S TALE

#### THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO

ONE summer morning, when the sun was  
 hot,  
 Weary with labor in his garden-plot,  
 On a rude bench beneath his cottage  
 eaves,  
 Ser Federigo sat among the leaves  
 Of a huge vine, that, with its arms out-  
 spread,  
 Hung its delicious clusters overhead.  
 Below him, through the lovely valley,  
 flowed  
 The river Arno, like a winding road,  
 And from its banks were lifted high in air

The spires and roofs of Florence called the  
Fair ;

To him a marble tomb, that rose above  
His wasted fortunes and his buried love.  
For there, in banquet and in tournament,  
His wealth had lavished been, his substance  
spent,

To woo and lose, since ill his wooing sped,  
Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,  
Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,  
The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,  
To this small farm, the last of his domain,  
His only comfort and his only care  
To prune his vines, and plant the fig and  
pear ;

His only forester and only guest  
His falcon, faithful to him, when the rest,  
Whose willing hands had found so light of  
yore

The brazen knocker of his palace door,  
Had now no strength to lift the wooden  
latch,

That entrance gave beneath a roof of  
thatch.

Companion of his solitary ways,  
Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,  
On him this melancholy man bestowed  
The love with which his nature overflowed.

And so the empty-handed years went  
round,

Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic  
sound,

And so, that summer morn, he sat and  
mused

With folded, patient hands, as he was used,  
And dreamily before his half-closed sight  
Floated the vision of his lost delight.

Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird  
Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber  
heard

The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings,  
that dare

The headlong plunge through eddying  
gulfs of air,

Then, starting broad awake upon his perch,  
Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a  
church,

And looking at his master, seemed to say,  
"Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-day ?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase ;  
The tender vision of her lovely face,

I will not say he seems to see, he sees  
In the leaf-shadows of the trellises,  
Herself, yet not herself ; a lovely child  
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide and  
wild,

Coming undaunted up the garden walk,  
And looking not at him, but at the hawk.  
"Beautiful falcon !" said he, "would that I  
Might hold thee on my wrist, or see thee  
fly !"

The voice was hers, and made strange  
echoes start

Through all the haunted chambers of his  
heart,

As an æolian harp through gusty doors  
Of some old ruin its wild music pours.

"Who is thy mother, my fair boy ?" he  
said,

His hand laid softly on that shining head.  
"Monna Giovanna. Will you let me stay  
A little while, and with your falcon play ?  
We live there, just beyond your garden  
wall,

In the great house behind the poplars tall."

So he spake on ; and Federigo heard  
As from afar each softly uttered word,  
And drifted onward through the golden  
gleams

And shadows of the misty sea of dreams,  
As mariners becalmed through vapors  
drift,

And feel the sea beneath them sink and  
lift,

And hear far off the mournful breakers  
roar,

And voices calling faintly from the shore !  
Then waking from his pleasant reveries,  
He took the little boy upon his knees,  
And told him stories of his gallant bird,  
Till in their friendship he became a  
third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime,  
Had come with friends to pass the summer  
time

In her grand villa, half-way up the hill,  
O'erlooking Florence, but retired and still ;  
With iron gates, that opened through long  
lines

Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,  
And terraced gardens, and broad steps of  
stone,

And sylvan deities, with moss o'ergrown,

And fountains palpitating in the heat,  
And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath its  
feet.

Here in seclusion, as a widow may,  
The lovely lady whiled the hours away,  
Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,  
Herself the stateliest statue among all,  
And seeing more and more, with secret  
joy,

Her husband risen and living in her boy,  
Till the lost sense of life returned again,  
Not as delight, but as relief from pain.  
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his  
strength,

Stormed down the terraces from length to  
length ;

The screaming peacock chased in hot pur-  
suit,

And climbed the garden trellises for fruit.  
But his chief pastime was to watch the  
flight,

Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight,  
Beyond the trees that fringed the garden  
wall,

Then downward stooping at some distant  
call ;

And as he gazed full often wondered he  
Who might the master of the falcon be,  
Until that happy morning, when he found  
Master and falcon in the cottage ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell  
On the great house, as if a passing-bell  
Tolled from the tower, and filled each  
spacious room

With secret awe and preternatural gloom ;  
The petted boy grew ill, and day by day  
Pined with mysterious malady away.

The mother's heart would not be com-  
forted ;

Her darling seemed to her already dead,  
And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,  
"What can I do to comfort thee?" she  
cried.

At first the silent lips made no reply,  
But, moved at length by her importunate  
cry,

"Give me," he answered, with imploring  
tone,

"Ser Federigo's falcon for my own !"

No answer could the astonished mother  
make ;

How could she ask, e'en for her darling's  
sake,

Such favor at a luckless lover's hand,  
Well knowing that to ask was to command ?  
Well knowing, what all falconers con-  
fessed,

In all the land that falcon was the best,  
The master's pride and passion and de-  
light,

And the sole pursuivant of this poor  
knight.

But yet, for her child's sake, she could no  
less

Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,  
So promised, and then promising to keep  
Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn ;  
The earth was beautiful as if new-born ;  
There was that nameless splendor every-  
where,

That wild exhilaration in the air,  
Which makes the passers in the city street  
Congratulate each other as they meet.

Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and  
hood,

Passed through the garden gate into the  
wood,

Under the lustrous leaves, and through the  
sheen

Of dewy sunshine showering down be-  
tween.

The one, close-hooded, had the attractive  
grace

Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's  
face ;

Her dark eyes moistened with the mists  
that roll

From the gulf-stream of passion in the  
soul ;

The other with her hood thrown back, her  
hair

Making a golden glory in the air,  
Her cheeks suffused with an auroral  
blush,

Her young heart singing louder than the  
thrush,

So walked, that morn, through mingled  
light and shade,

Each by the other's presence lovelier made,  
Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend,  
Intent upon their errand and its end.

They found Ser Federigo at his toil,  
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil ;  
And when he looked and these fair women  
spied,

The garden suddenly was glorified ;  
His long-lost Eden was restored again,  
And the strange river winding through the  
plain

No longer was the Arno to his eyes,  
But the Euphrates watering Paradise !

Monna Giovanna raised her stately head,  
And with fair words of salutation said :  
" Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,  
Hoping in this to make some poor amends  
For past unkindness. I who ne'er before  
Would even cross the threshold of your  
door,

I who in happier days such pride main-  
tained,  
Refused your banquets, and your gifts dis-  
dained,

This morning come, a self-invited guest,  
To put your generous nature to the test,  
And breakfast with you under your own  
vine."

To which he answered : " Poor desert of  
mine,

Not your unkindness call it, for if aught  
Is good in me of feeling or of thought,  
From you it comes, and this last grace out-  
weighs

All sorrows, all regrets of other days."

And after further compliment and talk,  
Among the asters in the garden walk  
He left his guests ; and to his cottage  
turned,

And as he entered for a moment yearned  
For the lost splendors of the days of old,  
The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,  
And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,  
By want embittered and intensified.

He looked about him for some means or  
way

To keep this unexpected holiday ;  
Searched every cupboard, and then searched  
again,

Summoned the maid, who came, but came  
in vain ;

" The Signor did not hunt to-day," she  
said,

" There's nothing in the house but wine  
and bread."

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook  
His little bells, with that sagacious look,  
Which said, as plain as language to the  
ear,

" If anything is wanting, I am here ! "

Yes, everything is wanting, gallant bird !  
The master seized thee without further  
word.

Like thine own lure, he whirled thee round ;  
ah me !

The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,  
The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet  
hood,

The flight and the pursuit o'er field and  
wood,

All these forevermore are ended now ;  
No longer victor, but the victim thou !

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he  
spread,

Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread,  
Brought purple grapes with autumn sun-  
shine hot,

The fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot ;  
Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed  
And with autumnal flowers the banquet  
graced.

Ser Federigo, would not these suffice  
Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and  
spice ?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame  
With her companion to the cottage came,  
Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell  
The wild enchantment of a magic spell !  
The room they entered, mean and low and  
small,

Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-  
hall,

With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown ;  
The rustic chair she sat on was a throne ;  
He ate celestial food, and a divine  
Flavor was given to his country wine,  
And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice,  
A peacock was, or bird of paradise !

When the repast was ended, they arose  
And passed again into the garden-close.  
Then said the lady, " Far too well I know,  
Remembering still the days of long ago,  
Though you betray it not, with what sur-  
prise

You see me here in this familiar wise.  
You have no children, and you cannot  
guess

What anguish, what unspeakable distress  
A mother feels, whose child is lying ill,  
Nor how her heart anticipates his will.  
And yet for this, you see me lay aside  
All womanly reserve and check of pride,

And ask the thing most precious in your sight,  
Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight,  
Which if you find it in your heart to give,  
My poor, unhappy boy perchance may live."

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,  
With tears of love and pity in his eyes :  
"Alas, dear lady ! there can be no task  
So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.  
One little hour ago, if I had known  
This wish of yours, it would have been my own.

But thinking in what manner I could best  
Do honor to the presence of my guest,  
I deemed that nothing worthier could be  
Than what most dear and precious was to me ;

And so my gallant falcon breathed his last  
To furnish forth this morning our repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay,  
The gentle lady turned her eyes away,  
Grieving that he such sacrifice should make

And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,  
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride,  
That nothing she could ask for was denied ;  
Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate

With footstep slow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo ! a passing-bell

Tolled from the little chapel in the dell ;  
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said,  
Breathing a prayer, "Alas ! her child is dead !"

Three months went by ; and lo ! a merrier chime

Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas-time ;

The cottage was deserted, and no more  
Ser Federigo sat beside its door,  
But now, with servitors to do his will,  
In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,  
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side  
Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,  
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,  
Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair,

High-perched upon the back of which there stood

The image of a falcon carved in wood,

And underneath the inscription, with a date,

"All things come round to him who will but wait."

## INTERLUDE

SOON as the story reached its end,  
One, over eager to commend,  
Crowned it with injudicious praise ;  
And then the voice of blame found vent,  
And fanned the embers of dissent  
Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head ;  
"These old Italian tales," he said,  
"From the much-praised Decameron down  
Through all the rabble of the rest,  
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd ;  
The gossip of a neighborhood  
In some remote provincial town,  
A scandalous chronicle at best !  
They seem to me a stagnant fen,  
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,  
Where a white lily, now and then,  
Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds  
And deadly nightshade on its banks !"

To this the Student straight replied,  
"For the white lily, many thanks !  
One should not say, with too much pride,  
Fountain, I will not drink of thee !  
Nor were it grateful to forget  
That from these reservoirs and tanks  
Even imperial Shakespeare drew  
His Moor of Venice, and the Jew,  
And Romeo and Juliet,  
And many a famous comedy."

Then a long pause ; till some one said,  
"An Angel is flying overhead !"  
At these words spake the Spanish Jew,  
And murmured with an inward breath :  
"God grant, if what you say be true,  
It may not be the Angel of Death !"  
And then another pause ; and then,  
Stroking his beard, he said again :  
"This brings back to my memory  
A story in the Talmud told,  
That book of gems, that book of gold,  
Of wonders many and manifold,  
A tale that often comes to me,  
And fills my heart, and haunts my brain,  
And never wearies nor grows old."

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

## THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read  
A volume of the Law, in which it said,  
"No man shall look upon my face and  
live."

And as he read, he prayed that God would  
give  
His faithful servant grace with mortal eye  
To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,  
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with  
age,  
He saw the Angel of Death before him  
stand,

Holding a naked sword in his right hand.  
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,  
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.  
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt  
thou here?"

The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws  
near

When thou must die; yet first, by God's  
decree,  
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted  
thee."

Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes  
First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and  
look."

Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,  
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,  
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel  
said,

"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the  
way."

The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,  
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,  
And set him on the wall, whence, gazing  
down,

Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,  
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord  
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's  
sword,  
And through the streets there swept a  
sudden breath  
Of something there unknown, which men  
call death.

Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and  
cried,  
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's  
voice replied,  
"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,  
I swear that hence I will depart no  
more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy One,  
See what the son of Levi here hath done!  
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by  
violence,

And in Thy name refuses to go hence!"  
The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not  
wroth;

Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?  
Let him remain; for he with mortal eye  
Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death  
Heard the great voice, and said, with pant-  
ing breath,

"Give back the sword, and let me go my  
way."

Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered,  
"Nay!

Anguish enough already hath it caused  
Among the sons of men." And while he  
paused

He heard the awful mandate of the Lord  
Resounding through the air, "Give back  
the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer,  
Then said he to the dreadful Angel,  
"Swear

No human eye shall look on it again;  
But when thou takest away the souls of  
men,

Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,  
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the  
Lord."

The Angel took the sword again, and  
swore,  
And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

## INTERLUDE

HE ended: and a kind of spell  
Upon the silent listeners fell.  
His solemn manner and his words  
Had touched the deep, mysterious chords  
That vibrate in each human breast  
Alike, but not alike confessed.

The spiritual world seemed near ;  
 And close above them, full of fear,  
 Its awful adumbration passed,  
 A luminous shadow, vague and vast.  
 They almost feared to look, lest there,  
 Embodied from the impalpable air,  
 They might behold the Angel stand,  
 Holding the sword in his right hand.

At last, but in a voice subdued,  
 Not to disturb their dreamy mood,  
 Said the Sicilian : " While you spoke,  
 Telling your legend marvellous,  
 Suddenly in my memory woke  
 The thought of one, now gone from us, —  
 An old Abate, meek and mild,  
 My friend and teacher, when a child,  
 Who sometimes in those days of old  
 The legend of an Angel told,  
 Which ran, as I remember thus."

## THE SICILIAN'S TALE

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
 Apparell'd in magnificent attire,  
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
 On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly  
     sat  
 And heard the priests chant the Magnifi-  
     cat.  
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes  
 De sede, et exaltavit humiles ;*"  
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head  
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
 "What mean these words ?" The clerk  
     made answer meet,  
 "He has put down the mighty from their  
     seat,  
 And has exalted them of low degree."  
 Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
 "T is well that such seditious words are  
     sung  
 Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;  
 For unto priests and people be it known,  
 There is no power can push me from my  
     throne !"  
 And leaning back, he yawned and fell  
     asleep,  
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;  
 The church was empty, and there was no  
     light,  
 Save where the lamps, that glimmered few  
     and faint,  
 Lighted a little space before some saint.  
 He started from his seat and gazed around,  
 But saw no living thing and heard no  
     sound.  
 He groped towards the door, but it was  
     locked ;  
 He cried aloud, and listened, and then  
     knocked,  
 And uttered awful threatenings and com-  
     plaints,  
 And imprecations upon men and saints.  
 The sounds reëchoed from the roof and  
     walls  
 As if dead priests were laughing in their  
     stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from with-  
     out  
 The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
 And thinking thieves were in the house of  
     prayer,  
 Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is  
     there ?"  
 Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely  
     said,  
 "Open : 't is I, the King ! Art thou  
     afraid ?"  
 The frightened sexton, muttering, with a  
     curse,  
 "This is some drunken vagabond, or  
     worse !"  
 Turned the great key and flung the portal  
     wide ;  
 A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
 Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,  
 Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor  
     spoke,  
 But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
 And vanished like a spectre from his  
     sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
 De spoiled of his magnificent attire,  
 Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with  
     mire,  
 With sense of wrong and outrage desper-  
     ate,  
 Strode on and thundered at the palace  
     gate ;

Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting  
 in his rage  
 To right and left each seneschal and page,  
 And hurried up the broad and sounding  
 stair,  
 His white face ghastly in the torches'  
 glare.  
 From hall to hall he passed with breathless  
 speed ;  
 Voices and cries he heard, but did not  
 heed,  
 Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
 Blazing with light, and breathing with per-  
 fume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
 Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-  
 ring,  
 King Robert's self in features, form, and  
 height,  
 But all transfigured with angelic light !  
 It was an Angel ; and his presence there  
 With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
 An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
 Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
 The throneless monarch on the Angel  
 gazed,

Who met his look of anger and surprise  
 With the divine compassion of his eyes ;  
 Then said, " Who art thou ? and why  
 com'st thou here ? "

To which King Robert answered with a  
 sneer,

" I am the King, and come to claim my own  
 From an impostor, who usurps my  
 throne ! "

And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
 Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their  
 swords ;

The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
 " Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester,  
 thou

Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scal-  
 loped cape,

And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;  
 Thou shalt obey my servants when they  
 call,

And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! "

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and  
 prayers,

They thrust him from the hall and down  
 the stairs ;

A group of tittering pages ran before,  
 And as they opened wide the folding-door,  
 His heart failed, for he heard, with strange  
 alarms,

The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
 And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
 With the mock plaudits of " Long live the  
 King ! "

Next morning, waking with the day's first  
 beam,

He said within himself, " It was a dream ! "  
 But the straw rustled as he turned his  
 head,

There were the cap and bells beside his bed,  
 Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,  
 Close by, the steeds were champing in their  
 stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
 Shivering and chattering sat the wretched  
 ape.

It was no dream ; the world he loved so  
 much

Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned  
 again

To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;  
 Under the Angel's governance benign  
 The happy island danced with corn and  
 wine,

And deep within the mountain's burning  
 breast

Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
 Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters  
 wear,

With look bewildered and a vacant stare,  
 Close shaven above the ears, as monks are  
 shorn,

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to  
 scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food  
 What others left, — he still was unsub-  
 dued.

And when the Angel met him on his way,  
 And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
 Sternly, though tenderly, that he might  
 feel

The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
 " Art thou the King ? " the passion of his  
 woe

Burst from him in resistless overflow,

And, lifting high his forehead, he would  
fling  
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the  
King!"

Almost three years were ended; when  
there came

Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Ur-  
bane

By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.

The Angel with great joy received his  
guests,

And gave them presents of embroidered  
vests,

And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.

Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent  
made

By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and  
the stir

Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.  
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which  
they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp  
and blare

Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's  
square,

Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with  
prayers

He entertained the Angel unawares,  
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the  
crowd,

Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
"I am the King! Look, and behold in  
me

Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!  
This man, who wears my semblance to your  
eyes,

Is an impostor in a king's disguise.

Do you not know me? does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"

The Pope in silence, but with troubled  
mien,

Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;  
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange  
sport

To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"  
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;  
The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervor filled the hearts of  
men,

Who felt that Christ indeed had risen  
again.

Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor  
saw,

He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending  
heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his  
train,

Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's  
wall,

And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the Angelus from convent  
towers,

As if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw  
nigher,

And with a gesture bade the rest retire;  
And when they were alone, the Angel said,  
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing  
down his head,

King Robert crossed both hands upon his  
breast,

And meekly answered him: "Thou know-  
est best!

My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones, that pave the way to  
heaven,

Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be  
shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant  
face  
A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud and  
clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel  
near,  
Above the stir and tumult of the street :  
"He has put down the mighty from their  
seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree !"  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :  
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King !"

King Robert, who was standing near the  
throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !  
But all apparelled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of  
gold ;  
And when his courtiers came, they found  
him there  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent  
prayer.

### INTERLUDE

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman told  
A Saga of the days of old.  
"There is," said he, "a wondrous book  
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,  
Of the dead kings of Norroway, —  
Legends that once were told or sung  
In many a smoky fireside nook  
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,  
By wandering Saga-man or Scald ;  
'Heimskringla' is the volume called ;  
And he who looks may find therein  
The story that I now begin."

And in each pause the story made  
Upon his violin he played,  
As an appropriate interlude,  
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes  
That bound in one the separate runes,  
And held the mind in perfect mood,  
Entwining and encircling all  
The strange and antiquated rhymes  
With melodies of olden times ;  
As over some half-ruined wall,  
Disjointed and about to fall,  
Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,  
And keep the loosened stones in place.

## THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

### THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

#### I

#### THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I AM the God Thor,  
I am the War God,  
I am the Thunderer !  
Here in my Northland,  
My fastness and fortress,  
Reign I forever !

Here amid icebergs  
Rule I the nations ;  
This is my hammer,  
Mjölner the mighty ;  
Giants and sorcerers  
Cannot withstand it !

These are the gauntlets  
Wherewith I wield it,  
And hurl it afar off ;  
This is my girdle ;  
Whenever I brace it,  
Strength is redoubled !

The light thou beholdest  
Stream through the heavens,  
In flashes of crimson,  
Is but my red beard  
Blown by the night-wind,  
Affrighting the nations !

Jove is my brother ;  
Mine eyes are the lightning ;  
The wheels of my chariot  
Roll in the thunder,  
The blows of my hammer  
Ring in the earthquake !

Force rules the world still,  
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;  
Meekness is weakness,  
Strength is triumphant,  
Over the whole earth  
Still is it Thor's-Day !

Thou art a God too,  
O Galilean !  
And thus single-handed

Unto the combat,  
Gauntlet or Gospel,  
Here I defy thee !

## II

## KING OLAF'S RETURN

And King Olaf heard the cry,  
Saw the red light in the sky,  
Laid his hand upon his sword,  
As he leaned upon the railing,  
And his ships went sailing, sailing  
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed ;  
And the red light glanced and gleamed  
On the armor that he wore ;  
And he shouted, as the rifted  
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,  
" I accept thy challenge, Thor ! "

To avenge his father slain,  
And reconquer realm and reign,  
Came the youthful Olaf home,  
Through the midnight sailing, sailing,  
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,  
And the dashing of the foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name  
Of his mother Astrid came,  
And the tale she oft had told  
Of her flight by secret passes  
Through the mountains and morasses,  
To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back  
Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack,  
And a hurried flight by sea ;  
Of grim Vikings, and the rapture  
Of the sea-fight, and the capture,  
And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face  
In the Esthonian market-place,  
Scanned his features one by one,  
Saying, " We should know each other ;  
I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,  
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son ! "

Then as Queen Allogia's page,  
Old in honors, young in age,  
Chief of all her men-at-arms ;

Till vague whispers, and mysterious,  
Reached King Valdemar, the imperious,  
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,  
Westward to the Hebrides  
And to Scilly's rocky shore ;  
And the hermit's cavern dismal,  
Christ's great name and rites baptismal  
In the ocean's rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and strife  
Glimmered through his lurid life,  
As the stars' intenser light  
Through the red flames o'er him trail-  
ing,  
As his ships went sailing, sailing  
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,  
Skilful in each manly sport,  
Young and beautiful and tall ;  
Art of warfare, craft of chases,  
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,  
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,  
He along the bending oars  
Outside of his ship could run.  
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,  
And his shining shield suspended  
On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,  
Wield his sword with either hand,  
And at once two javelins throw ;  
At all feasts where ale was strongest  
Sat the merry monarch longest,  
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen  
One so beautiful of mien,  
One so royal in attire,  
When in arms completely furnished,  
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,  
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,  
When upon the night-wind blown  
Passed that cry along the shore ;  
And he answered, while the rifted  
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,  
" I accept thy challenge, Thor ! "

## III

## THORA OF RIMOL

"Thora of Rimol ! hide me ! hide me !  
 Danger and shame and death betide me !  
 For Olaf the King is hunting me down  
 Through field and forest, through thorp  
 and town !"

Thus cried Jarl Hakon  
 To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl ! for the love I bear thee  
 Neither shall shame nor death come near  
 thee !

But the hiding-place wherein thou must  
 lie

Is the cave underneath the swine in the  
 sty."

Thus to Jarl Hakon  
 Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker  
 Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon  
 darker,

As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,  
 Through the forest roads into Orkadale,  
 Demanding Jarl Hakon  
 Of Thora, the fairest of women.

"Rich and honored shall be whoever  
 The head of Hakon Jarl shall disserve !"  
 Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,  
 Through the breathing-holes of the dark-  
 some cave.

Alone in her chamber  
 Wept Thora, the fairest of women.

Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not slay  
 thee !

For all the king's gold I will never betray  
 thee !"

"Then why dost thou turn so pale, O  
 churl,

And then again black as the earth ?" said  
 the Earl.

More pale and more faithful  
 Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the thrall  
 started, saying,

"Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf  
 was laying !"

And Hakon answered, "Beware of the  
 king !

He will lay round thy neck a blood-red  
 ring."

At the ring on her finger  
 Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows  
 encumbered,

But screamed and drew up his feet as he  
 slumbered ;

The thrall in the darkness plunged with his  
 knife,

And the Earl awakened no more in this  
 life.

But wakeful and weeping  
 Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all singing,  
 Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swing-  
 ing ;

One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's,  
 And the people are shouting from windows  
 and walls ;

While alone in her chamber  
 Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

## IV

## QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and  
 aloft

In her chamber, that looked over meadow  
 and croft.

Heart's dearest,  
 Why dost thou sorrow so ?

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,  
 Filling the room with their fragrant scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun  
 shine,

The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright  
 river lay

Between her own kingdom and Norrway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand,  
 The sword would be sheathed, the river  
 be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee,  
Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rupe  
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of  
Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over it  
all  
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of  
gold,  
From the door of Ladé's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift,  
But her thoughts as arrows were keen and  
swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths  
twain,  
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty  
way,  
Said, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths,  
say?"

And they answered: "O Queen! if the  
truth must be told,  
The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and  
cheek,  
She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be,  
There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,  
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whis-  
pered of love,  
And swore to be true as the stars are above.

But she smiled with contempt as she an-  
swered: "O King,  
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on  
the ring?"

And the King: "Oh speak not of Odin to  
me,  
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must  
be."

Looking straight at the King, with her  
level brows,  
She said, "I keep true to my faith and my  
vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened  
with gloom,  
He rose in his anger and strode through  
the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have thee?"  
he said,—  
"A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,  
And he struck the Queen in the face with  
his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he  
fled,  
And the wooden stairway shook with his  
tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her  
breath,  
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy  
death!"  
Heart's dearest,  
Why dost thou sorrow so?

## V

## THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS

Now from all King Olaf's farms  
His men-at-arms  
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;  
To his house at Angvalds-ness  
Fast they press,  
Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung door  
Came the roar  
Of the sea upon the Skerry;  
And its thunder loud and near  
Reached the ear,  
Mingling with their voices merry.

"Hark!" said Olaf to his Scald,  
Halfred the Bald,  
"Listen to that song, and learn it!  
Half my kingdom would I give,  
As I live,  
If by such songs you would earn it!"

"For of all the runes and rhymes  
Of all times,  
Best I like the ocean's dirges,  
When the old harper heaves and rocks,  
His hoary locks  
Flowing and flashing in the surges!"

Halfred answered: "I am called  
The Unappalled!  
Nothing hinders me or daunts me.  
Hearken to me, then, O King,  
While I sing  
The great Ocean Song that haunts me."

"I will hear your song sublime  
Some other time,"  
Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,  
And retires; each laughing guest  
Applauds the jest;  
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,  
King Olaf's guard  
Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping  
O'er the sands, and up the hill,  
Gathering still  
Round the house where they were sleeping.

It was not the fog he saw,  
Nor misty flaw,  
That above the landscape brooded;  
It was Eyvind Kallda's crew  
Of warlocks blue  
With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,  
Weaving slow  
Magic circles to encumber  
And imprison in their ring  
Olaf the King,  
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun  
The Easter sun  
Streamed with one broad track of splendor!  
In their real forms appeared  
The warlocks weird,  
Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,  
They groped and stared,  
Round about with steps unsteady;  
From his window Olaf gazed,  
And, amazed,  
"Who are these strange people?" said he,

"Eyvind Kallda and his men!"  
Answered then  
From the yard a sturdy farmer;  
While the men-at-arms apace  
Filled the place,  
Busily buckling on their armor.

From the gates they sallied forth,  
South and north,  
Scoured the island coast around them,  
Seizing all the warlock band,  
Foot and hand  
On the Skerry's rocks they bound them.

And at eve the king again  
Called his train,  
And, with all the candles burning,  
Silent sat and heard once more  
The sullen roar  
Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair  
Filled the air,  
Growing fainter as they listened;  
Then the bursting surge alone  
Sounded on;—  
Thus the sorcerers were christened!

"Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,  
Your ocean-rhyme,"  
Cried King Olaf: "it will cheer me!"  
Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,  
"The Skerry of Shrieks  
Sings too loud for you to hear me!"

## VI

## THE WRAITH OF ODIN

The guests were loud, the ale was strong,  
King Olaf feasted late and long;  
The hoary Scalds together sang;  
O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din;  
A blast of cold night-air came in,  
And on the threshold shivering stood  
A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard pale!  
Come warm thee with this cup of ale."

The foaming draught the old man quaffed,  
The noisy guests looked on and laughed.  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then spake the King: "Be not afraid:  
Sit here by me." The guest obeyed,  
And, seated at the table, told  
Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,  
The King demanded yet one more;  
Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,  
"Tis late, O King, and time for bed."  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King retired; the stranger guest  
Followed and entered with the rest;  
The lights were out, the pages gone,  
But still the garrulous guest spake on.  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

As one who from a volume reads,  
He spake of heroes and their deeds,  
Of lands and cities he had seen,  
And stormy gulfs that tossed between.  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled  
The Havamal of Odin old,  
With sounds mysterious as the roar  
Of billows on a distant shore.  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

"Do we not learn from runes and rhymes  
Made by the gods in elder times,  
And do not still the great Scalds teach  
That silence better is than speech?"  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,  
"Thy lore is by thy tongue belied;  
For never was I so enthralled  
Either by Saga-man or Scald."  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The Bishop said, "Late hours we keep!  
Night wanes, O King! 't is time for  
sleep!"

Then slept the King, and when he woke  
The guest was gone, the morning broke.  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred,  
They found the watch-dog in the yard,

There was no footprint in the grass,  
And none had seen the stranger pass.  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said:  
"I know that Odin the Great is dead;  
Sure is the triumph of our Faith,  
The one-eyed stranger was his wraith."  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

## VII

## IRON-BEARD

Olaf the King, one summer morn,  
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,  
Sending his signal through the land of  
Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere  
Gathered the farmers far and near,  
With their war weapons ready to confront  
him.

Ploughing under the morning star,  
Old Iron-Beard in Yriar  
Heard the summons, chuckling with a low  
laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow,  
Unharnessed his horses from the plough,  
And clattering came on horseback to King  
Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls;  
Little he cared for king or earls;  
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foam-  
ing passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he wore,  
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore;  
He hated the narrow town, and all its  
fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,  
His ale at night, by the fireside warm,  
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen  
tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,  
The smell of the earth, and the song of  
birds,  
His well-filled barns, his brook with its  
watercresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame ;  
His beard, from which he took his name,  
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the  
Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,  
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,  
On horseback, in an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud,  
Out of the middle of the crowd,  
That tossed about him like a stormy  
ocean :

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring  
To Odin and to Thor, O King,  
As other kings have done in their devotion !"

King Olaf answered : "I command  
This land to be a Christian land ;  
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes !

"But if you ask me to restore  
Your sacrifices, stained with gore,  
Then will I offer human sacrifices !

"Not slaves and peasants shall they be,  
But men of note and high degree,  
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of  
Gryting !"

Then to their Temple strode he in,  
And loud behind him heard the din  
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely  
fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood,  
The image of great Odin stood,  
And other gods, with Thor supreme among  
them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade  
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,  
And downward shattered to the pavement  
flung them.

At the same moment rose without,  
From the contending crowd, a shout,  
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain  
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,  
Midway between the assailed and the  
assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke :  
"Choose ye between two things, my  
folk,  
To be baptized or given up to slaugh-  
ter !"

And seeing their leader stark and dead,  
The people with a murmur said,  
"O King, baptize us with thy holy water."

So all the Drontheim land became  
A Christian land in name and fame,  
In the old gods no more believing and  
trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon  
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun ;  
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim  
Hus-Ting !

## VIII

## GUDRUN

On King Olaf's bridal night  
Shines the moon with tender light,  
And across the chamber streams  
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,  
When all evil things have power,  
In the glimmer of the moon  
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast  
Something in her hand is pressed ;  
Like an icicle, its sheen  
Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes  
Where her murdered father lies,  
And a voice remote and drear  
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this !  
Cold will be the dagger's kiss ;  
Laden with the chill of death  
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps  
To the couch where Olaf sleeps ;  
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,  
His eyes meet hers.

"What is that," King Olaf said,  
 "Gleams so bright above my head ?  
 Wherefore standest thou so white  
 In pale moonlight ?"

"'T is the bodkin that I wear  
 When at night I bind my hair ;  
 It woke me falling on the floor ;  
 'T is nothing more."

"Forests have ears, and fields have eyes ;  
 Often treachery lurking lies  
 Underneath the fairest hair !  
 Gudrun beware !"

Ere the earliest peep of morn  
 Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn ;  
 And forever Sundered ride  
 Bridegroom and bride !

## IX

## THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

Short of stature, large of limb,  
 Burly face and russet beard,  
 All the women stared at him,  
 When in Iceland he appeared.  
 "Look !" they said,  
 With nodding head,  
 "There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,  
 He could preach like Chrysostome,  
 From the Fathers he could quote,  
 He had even been at Rome.  
 A learned clerk,  
 A man of mark,  
 Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,  
 And impatient of control,  
 Boisterous in the market crowd,  
 Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,  
 Everywhere  
 Would drink and swear,  
 Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this malcontent  
 Could the King no longer bear,  
 So to Iceland he was sent  
 To convert the heathen there,  
 And away  
 One summer day  
 Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books  
 Pored the people day and night,  
 But he did not like their looks,  
 Nor the songs they used to write.  
 "All this rhyme  
 Is waste of time !"  
 Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,  
 Came the Scalds and Saga-men ;  
 Is it to be wondered at  
 That they quarrelled now and then,  
 When o'er his beer  
 Began to leer  
 Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest ?

All the folk in Altafjord  
 Boasted of their island grand ;  
 Saying in a single word,  
 "Iceland is the finest land  
 That the sun  
 Doth shine upon !"  
 Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

And he answered : "What's the use  
 Of this bragging up and down,  
 When three women and one goose  
 Make a market in your town !"  
 Every Scald  
 Satires drawled  
 On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that ;  
 And what vexed him most of all  
 Was a figure in shovel hat,  
 Drawn in charcoal on the wall ;  
 With words that go  
 Sprawling below,  
 "This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,  
 Then he smote them might and main,  
 Thorvald Veile and Veterlid  
 Lay there in the alehouse slain.  
 "To-day we are gold,  
 To-morrow mould !"  
 Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,  
 Back to Norway sailed he then.  
 "O King Olaf ! little hope  
 Is there of these Iceland men !"  
 Meekly said,  
 With bending head,  
 Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

## X

## RAUD THE STRONG

"All the old gods are dead,  
 All the wild warlocks fled ;  
 But the White Christ lives and reigns,  
 And throughout my wide domains  
 His Gospel shall be spread !"  
 On the Evangelists  
 Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night  
 Beheld he the crimson light,  
 And heard the voice that defied  
 Him who was crucified,  
 And challenged him to the fight.  
 To Sigurd the Bishop  
 King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,  
 "The old gods are not dead,  
 For the great Thor still reigns,  
 And among the Jarls and Thanes  
 The old witchcraft still is spread."  
 Thus to King Olaf  
 Said Sigurd the Bishop.

"Far north in the Salten Fiord,  
 By rapine, fire, and sword,  
 Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong ;  
 All the Godoe Isles belong  
 To him and his heathen horde."  
 Thus went on speaking  
 Sigurd the Bishop.

"A warlock, a wizard is he,  
 And the lord of the wind and the sea ;  
 And whichever way he sails,  
 He has ever favoring gales,  
 By his craft in sorcery."  
 Here the sign of the cross  
 Made devoutly King Olaf.

"With rites that we both abhor,  
 He worships Odin and Thor ;  
 So it cannot yet be said,  
 That all the old gods are dead,  
 And the warlocks are no more,"  
 Flushing with anger  
 Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud :  
 "I will talk with this mighty Raud,

And along the Salten Fiord  
 Preach the Gospel with my sword,  
 Or be brought back in my shroud !"  
 So northward from Drontheim  
 Sailed King Olaf !

## XI

## BISHOP SIGURD OF SALTEN FIORD

Loud the angry wind was wailing  
 As King Olaf's ships came sailing  
 Northward out of Drontheim haven  
 To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray drenches  
 Fore and aft the rowers' benches,  
 Not a single heart is craven  
 Of the champions there on board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,  
 But within it storm and riot,  
 Such as on his Viking cruises  
 Raud the Strong was wont to ride.

And the sea through all its tide-ways  
 Swept the reeling vessels sideways,  
 As the leaves are swept through sluices,  
 When the flood-gates open wide.

"'T is the warlock ! 't is the demon  
 Raud !" cried Sigurd to the seamen ;  
 "But the Lord is not affrighted  
 By the witchcraft of his foes."

To the ship's bow he ascended,  
 By his choristers attended,  
 Round him were the tapers lighted,  
 And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,  
 In his robes, as one transfigured,  
 And the Crucifix he planted  
 High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled  
 All the ship ; the mass-bells tinkled :  
 Loud the monks around him chanted,  
 Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted,  
 On each side the water parted ;  
 Down a path like silver molten  
 Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships ;

Steadily burned all night the tapers,  
And the White Christ through the vapors  
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,  
As through John's Apocalypse, —

Till at last they reached Raud's dwelling  
On the little isle of Gelling ;  
Not a guard was at the doorway,  
Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,  
Lay the dragon-ship he builded ;  
'T was the grandest ship in Norway,  
With its crest and scales of green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,  
To the loft where Raud was sleeping,  
With their fists they burst asunder  
Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they found  
him,  
Dragged him from his bed and bound him,  
While he stared with stupid wonder  
At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said : " O Sea-King !  
Little time have we for speaking,  
Choose between the good and evil ;  
Be baptized ! or thou shalt die ! "

But in scorn the heathen scoffer  
Answered : " I disdain thine offer ;  
Neither fear I God nor Devil ;  
Thee and thy Gospel I defy ! "

Then between his jaws distended,  
When his frantic struggles ended,  
Through King Olaf's horn an adder,  
Touched by fire, they forced to glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,  
As he gnawed through bone and marrow ;  
But without a groan or shudder,  
Raud the Strong blaspheming died.

Then baptized they all that region,  
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,  
Far as swims the salmon, leaping,  
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin  
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,

As King Olaf, onward sweeping,  
Preached the Gospel with his sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded  
Dragon-ship that Raud had builded,  
And the tiller single-handed  
Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him,  
Southward sailed the ship that bore him,  
Till at Drontheim haven landed  
Olaf and his crew again.

## XII

## KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS

At Drontheim, Olaf the King  
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,  
As he sat in his banquet-hall,  
Drinking the nut-brown ale,  
With his bearded Berserks hale  
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts  
He held with Bishops and Priests,  
And his horn filled up to the brim ;  
But the ale was never too strong,  
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,  
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign  
He made of the cross divine,  
As he drank, and muttered his prayers ;  
But the Berserks evermore  
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor  
Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance  
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,  
And laugh in the eyes of the King ;  
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,  
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,  
" Sing ! "

" Sing me a song divine,  
With a sword in every line,  
And this shall be thy reward."  
And he loosened the belt at his waist,  
And in front of the singer placed  
His sword.

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,  
 Wherewith at a stroke he hewed  
     The millstone through and through,  
 And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong,  
 Were neither so broad nor so long,  
     Nor so true."

Then the Scald took his harp and sang,  
 And loud through the music rang  
     The sound of that shining word ;  
 And the harp-strings a clangor made,  
 As if they were struck with the blade  
     Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about  
 Broke forth into a shout  
     That made the rafters ring :  
 They smote with their fists on the board,  
 And shouted, "Long live the Sword,  
     And the King !"

But the King said, "O my son,  
 I miss the bright word in one  
     Of thy measures and thy rhymes."  
 And Halfred the Scald replied,  
 "In another 't was multiplied  
     Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt  
 Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,  
     And said, "Do not refuse ;  
 Count well the gain and the loss,  
 Thor's hammer or Christ's cross :  
     Choose !"

And Halfred the Scald said, "This  
 In the name of the Lord I kiss,  
     Who on it was crucified !"  
 And a shout went round the board,  
 "In the name of Christ the Lord,  
     Who died !"

Then over the waste of snows  
 The noonday sun uprose,  
     Through the driving mists revealed,  
 Like the lifting of the Host,  
 By incense-clouds almost  
     Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast  
 And shadowy cross was cast  
     From the hilt of the lifted sword,  
 And in foaming cups of ale  
 The Berserks drank "Was-hael !  
     To the Lord !"

## XIII

## THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

Thorberg Skafting, master-builder,  
 In his ship-yard by the sea,  
 Whistling, said, "It would bewilder  
 Any man but Thorberg Skafting,  
     Any man but me !"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,  
 Built of old by Raud the Strong,  
 And King Olaf had commanded  
 He should build another Dragon,  
     Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting,  
 As he sat with half-closed eyes,  
 And his head turned sideways, drafting  
 That new vessel for King Olaf  
     Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered  
 Mallet huge and heavy axe ;  
 Workmen laughed and sang and clam-  
     ored ;  
 Whirred the wheels, that into rigging  
     Spun the shining flax !

All this tumult heard the master, —  
 It was music to his ear ;  
 Fancy whispered all the faster,  
 "Men shall hear of Thorberg Skaft-  
     ing  
     For a hundred year !"

Workmen sweating at the forges  
 Fashioned iron bolt and bar,  
 Like a warlock's midnight orgies  
 Smoked and bubbled the black caldron  
     With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,  
 Thorberg Skafting, any curse ?  
 Could you not be gone a minute  
 But some mischief must be doing,  
     Turning bad to worse ?

'T was an ill wind that came wafting  
 From his homestead words of woe ;  
 To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,  
 Oft repeating to his workmen,  
     Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning  
 Came the master back by night ;  
 To his ship-yard longing, yearning,  
 Hurried he, and did not leave it  
 Till the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling !"  
 On the morrow said the King ;  
 "Finished now from keel to carling ;  
 Never yet was seen in Norway  
 Such a wondrous thing !"

In the ship-yard, idly talking,  
 At the ship the workmen stared :  
 Some one, all their labor balking,  
 Down her sides had cut deep gashes,  
 Not a plank was spared !

"Death be to the evil-doer !"  
 With an oath King Olaf spoke ;  
 "But rewards to his pursuer !"  
 And with wrath his face grew redder  
 Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,  
 Answered thus the angry King :  
 "Cease blaspheming and reviling,  
 Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting  
 Who has done this thing !"

Then he chipped and smoothed the plank-  
 ing,  
 Till the King, delighted, swore,  
 With much lauding and much thanking,  
 "Handsome is now my Dragon  
 Than she was before !"

Seventy ells and four extended  
 On the grass the vessel's keel ;  
 High above it, gilt and splendid,  
 Rose the figure-head ferocious  
 With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tressels,  
 In the ship-yard by the sea ;  
 She was the grandest of all vessels,  
 Never ship was built in Norway  
 Half so fine as she !

The Long Serpent was she christened,  
 'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer !  
 They who to the Saga listened  
 Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting  
 For a hundred year !

## XIV

## THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT

Safe at anchor in Drontheim bay  
 King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,  
 And, striped with white and blue,  
 Downward fluttered sail and banner,  
 As alights the screaming lanner ;  
 Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,  
 The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red ;  
 Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,  
 His teeth as large and white ;  
 His beard, of gray and russet blended,  
 Round as a swallow's nest descended ;  
 As standard-bearer he defended  
 Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,  
 Like the King in garb and face,  
 So gallant and so hale ;  
 Every cabin-boy and varlet  
 Wondered at his cloak of scarlet ;  
 Like a river, frozen and star-lit,  
 Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,  
 Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,  
 A figure gaunt and grand ;  
 On his hairy arm imprinted  
 Was an anchor, azure-tinted ;  
 Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted  
 Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare  
 To the winds his golden hair,  
 By the mainmast stood ;  
 Graceful was his form, and slender,  
 And his eyes were deep and tender  
 As a woman's, in the splendor  
 Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork  
 Watched the sailors at their work :  
 Heavens ! how they swore !  
 Thirty men they each commanded,  
 Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,  
 Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,  
 Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,  
 With King Olaf sailed the seas,

Till the waters vast  
Filled them with a vague devotion,  
With the freedom and the motion,  
With the roll and roar of ocean  
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,  
How they roared through Drontheim's  
street,

Boisterous as the gale !  
How they laughed and stamped and  
pounded,

Till the tavern roof resounded  
And the host looked on astounded  
As they drank the ale !

Never saw the wild North Sea  
Such a gallant company  
Sail its billows blue !  
Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,  
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald,  
Owned a ship so well apparelled,  
Boasted such a crew !

## XV

## A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR

A little bird in the air  
Is singing of Thyri the fair,  
The sister of Svend the Dane ;  
And the song of the garrulous bird  
In the streets of the town is heard,  
And repeated again and again.  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said,  
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,  
And a sorrowful bride went she ;  
And after a week and a day  
She has fled away and away  
From his town by the stormy sea.  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and through  
cold,  
Through weald, they say, and through  
wold,

By day and by night, they say,  
She has fled ; and the gossips report  
She has come to King Olaf's court,  
And the town is all in dismay.

Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,  
Has talked with the beautiful Queen ;  
And they wonder how it will end ;  
For surely, if here she remain,  
It is war with King Svend the Dane,  
And King Burislaf the Vend !  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

Oh, greatest wonder of all !  
It is published in hamlet and hall,  
It roars like a flame that is fanned !  
The King — yes, Olaf the King —  
Has wedded her with his ring,  
And Thyri is Queen in the land !  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

## XVI

## QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS

Northward over Drontheim,  
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,  
Sang the lark and linnet  
From the meadows green ;

Weeping in her chamber,  
Lonely and unhappy,  
Sat the Drottning Thyri,  
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows  
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,  
On the roof above her  
Softly cooed the dove ;

But the sound she heard not,  
Nor the sunshine heeded,  
For the thoughts of Thyri  
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,  
Beautiful as morning,  
Like the sun at Easter  
Shone his happy face ;

In his hand he carried  
Angelicas uprooted,  
With delicious fragrance  
Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight  
Sat the Drottning Thyri,  
Even the smile of Olaf  
Could not cheer her gloom ;

Nor the stalks he gave her  
With a gracious gesture,  
And with words as pleasant  
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,  
And her jewelled fingers  
Through the green leaves glistened  
Like the dew of morn ;

But she cast them from her,  
Haughty and indignant,  
On the floor she threw them  
With a look of scorn.

"Richer presents," said she,  
"Gave King Harald Gormson  
To the Queen, my mother,  
Than such worthless weeds ;

"When he ravaged Norway,  
Laying waste the kingdom,  
Seizing scatt and treasure  
For her royal needs.

"But thou darest not venture  
Through the Sound to Vendland,  
My domains to rescue  
From King Burislaf ;

"Lest King Svend of Denmark,  
Forked Beard, my brother,  
Scatter all thy vessels  
As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf,  
Like a reindeer bounding,  
With an oath he answered  
Thus the luckless Queen :

"Never yet did Olaf  
Fear King Svend of Denmark ;  
This right hand shall hale him  
By his forked chin !"

Then he left the chamber,  
Thundering through the doorway,  
Loud his steps resounded  
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,  
Through the streets of Drontheim  
Strode he red and wrathful,  
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,  
Summoned all his forces,  
Making his war levy  
In the region round.

Down the coast of Norway,  
Like a flock of sea-gulls,  
Sailed the fleet of Olaf  
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless  
Steered he the Long Serpent,  
Strained the creaking cordage,  
Bent each boom and gaff ;

Till in Vendland landing,  
The domains of Thyri  
He redeemed and rescued  
From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing,  
"Not ten yoke of oxen  
Have the power to draw us  
Like a woman's hair !

"Now will I confess it,  
Better things are jewels  
Than angelica stalks are  
For a queen to wear."

## XVII

## KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD

Loudly the sailors cheered  
Svend of the Forked Beard,  
As with his fleet he steered  
Southward to Vendland ;  
Where with their courses hauled  
All were together called,  
Under the Isle of Svald  
Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild's death,  
So the old Saga saith,  
Plighted King Svend his faith  
To Sigrid the Haughty ;

And to avenge his bride,  
Soothing her wounded pride,  
Over the waters wide  
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,  
Blushing with deep disgrace,  
Bore she the crimson trace  
Of Olaf's gauntlet ;  
Like a malignant star,  
Blazing in heaven afar,  
Red shone the angry scar  
Under her frontlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,  
" For thine own honor's sake  
Shalt thou swift vengeance take  
On the vile coward !"  
Until the King at last,  
Gusty and overcast,  
Like a tempestuous blast  
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared,  
Svend of the Forked Beard  
High his red standard reared,  
Eager for battle ;  
While every warlike Dane,  
Seizing his arms again,  
Left all unsown the grain,  
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King  
Summoned in haste a Thing,  
Weapons and men to bring  
In aid of Denmark ;  
Eric the Norseman, too,  
As the war-tidings flew,  
Sailed with a chosen crew  
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day  
Sailed the three kings away,  
Out of the sheltered bay,  
In the bright season ;  
With them Earl Sigvald came,  
Eager for spoil and fame ;  
Pity that such a name  
Stooped to such treason !

Safe under Svold at last,  
Now were their anchors cast,  
Safe from the sea and blast,  
Plotted the three kings ;

While, with a base intent,  
Southward Earl Sigvald went,  
On a foul errand bent,  
Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course  
Unto King Olaf's force,  
Lying within the hoarse  
Mouths of Stet-haven ;  
Him to ensnare and bring  
Unto the Danish king,  
Who his dead corpse would fling  
Forth to the raven !

## XVIII

## KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD

On the gray sea-sands  
King Olaf stands,  
Northward and seaward  
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl  
The sea-tides curl,  
Washing the sandals  
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,  
The ships swing about,  
The yards are all hoisted,  
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,  
The anchors are weighed,  
Like moths in the distance  
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,  
The harbor lies dead,  
As a corpse on the sea-shore,  
Whose spirit has fled !

On that fatal day,  
The histories say,  
Seventy vessels  
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide  
O'er the billows they ride,  
While Sigvald and Olaf  
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl : "Follow me !  
I your pilot will be,  
For I know all the channels  
Where flows the deep sea !"

So into the strait  
Where his foes lie in wait,  
Gallant King Olaf  
Sails to his fate !

Then the sea-fog veils  
The ships and their sails ;  
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,  
Thy vengeance prevails !

## XIX

## KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

"Strike the sails !" King Olaf said ;  
"Never shall men of mine take flight ;  
Never away from battle I fled,  
Never away from my foes !  
Let God dispose  
Of my life in the fight !"

"Sound the horns !" said Olaf the King ;  
And suddenly through the drifting brume  
The blare of the horns began to ring,  
Like the terrible trumpet shock  
Of Regnarock,  
On the Day of Doom !

Louder and louder the war-horns sang  
Over the level floor of the flood ;  
All the sails came down with a clang,  
And there in the midst overhead  
The sun hung red  
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet  
Three together the ships were lashed,  
So that neither should turn and retreat ;  
In the midst, but in front of the rest,  
The burnished crest  
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,  
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,  
His gilded shield was without a fleck,  
His helmet inlaid with gold,  
And in many a fold  
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red  
Watched the lashing of the ships ;  
"If the Serpent lie so far ahead,  
We shall have hard work of it here,"  
Said he with a sneer  
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,  
"Have I a coward on board ?" said he.  
"Shoot it another way, O King !"  
Sullenly answered Ulf,  
The old sea-wolf ;  
"You have need of me !"

In front came Svend, the King of the  
Danes,  
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers ;  
To the right, the Swedish king with his  
thanes ;  
And on board of the Iron Beard  
Earl Eric steered  
To the left with his oars.

"These soft Danes and Swedes," said the  
King,  
"At home with their wives had better stay,  
Than come within reach of my Serpent's  
sting ;  
But where Eric the Norseman leads  
Heroic deeds  
Will be done to-day !"

Then as together the vessels crashed,  
Eric severed the cables of hide,  
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,  
And left them to drive and drift  
With the currents swift  
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,  
Sharper the dragons bite and sting !  
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl  
A death-drink salt as the sea  
Pledges to thee,  
Olaf the King !

## XX

## EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

It was Einar Tamberskelver  
Stood beside the mast ;  
From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,  
Flew the arrows fast ;

Aimed at Eric unavailing,  
As he sat concealed,  
Half behind the quarter-railing,  
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,  
Just above his head ;  
"Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,"  
Then Earl Eric said.  
"Sing the song of Hakon dying,  
Sing his funeral wail !"  
And another arrow flying  
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,  
As the arrow passed,  
Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman  
Standing by the mast."  
Sooner than the word was spoken  
Flew the yeoman's shaft ;  
Einar's bow in twain was broken,  
Einar only laughed.

"What was that ?" said Olaf, standing  
On the quarter-deck.  
"Something heard I like the stranding  
Of a shattered wreck."  
Einar then, the arrow taking  
From the loosened string,  
Answered, "That was Norway breaking  
From thy hand, O King !"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"  
Straightway Olaf said ;  
"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,  
Let thy shafts be sped."  
Of his bows the fairest choosing,  
Reached he from above ;  
Einar saw the blood-drops oozing  
Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow ;  
At the first assay,  
O'er its head he drew the arrow,  
Flung the bow away ;  
Said, with hot and angry temper  
Flushing in his cheek,  
"Olaf ! for so great a Kämper  
Are thy bows too weak !"

Then, with smile of joy defiant  
On his beardless lip,  
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,  
Eric's dragon-ship.

Loose his golden locks were flowing,  
Bright his armor gleamed ;  
Like Saint Michael overthrowing  
Lucifer he seemed.

## XXI

## KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

All day has the battle raged,  
All day have the ships engaged,  
But not yet is assuaged  
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,  
The arrows of death are sped,  
The ships are filled with the dead,  
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,  
The grappling-irons are plied,  
The boarders climb up the side,  
The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah ! never shall Norway again  
See her sailors come back o'er the main ;  
They all lie wounded or slain,  
Or asleep in the billows blue !

On the deck stands Olaf the King,  
Around him whistle and sing  
The spears that the foemen fling,  
And the stones they hurl with their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears,  
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,  
His shield in the air he uprears,  
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck  
Of the Long Serpent's deck  
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,  
His lips with anger are pale ;

He hews with his axe at the mast,  
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,  
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast  
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,  
He rushes aft with his men,  
As a hunter into the den  
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon ! " he cries ;  
 When lo ! on his wondering eyes,  
 Two kingly figures arise,  
 Two Olafs in warlike array !

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear  
 Of King Olaf a word of cheer,  
 In a whisper that none may hear,  
 With a smile on his tremulous lip ;

Two shields raised high in the air,  
 Two flashes of golden hair,  
 Two scarlet meteors' glare,  
 And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats  
 Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,  
 And cry, from their hairy throats,  
 " See ! it is Olaf the King ! "

While far on the opposite side  
 Floats another shield on the tide,  
 Like a jewel set in the wide  
 Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,  
 How the King stripped off his mail,  
 Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,  
 As he swam beneath the main ;

But the young grew old and gray,  
 And never, by night or by day,  
 In his kingdom of Norrway  
 Was King Olaf seen again !

## XXII

## THE NUN OF NIDAROS

In the convent of Drontheim,  
 Alone in her chamber  
 Knelt Astrid the Abbess,  
 At midnight, adoring,  
 Beseeching, entreating  
 The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence  
 The voice of one speaking,  
 Without in the darkness,  
 In gusts of the night-wind,  
 Now louder, now nearer,  
 Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger  
 It seemed as she listened,  
 Of some one who answered  
 Beseeching, imploring,  
 A cry from afar off  
 She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,  
 The beloved disciple,  
 Who wandered and waited  
 The Master's appearance,  
 Alone in the darkness,  
 Unsheltered and friendless.

" It is accepted,  
 The angry defiance,  
 The challenge of battle !  
 It is accepted,  
 But not with the weapons  
 Of war that thou wieldest !

" Cross against corselet,  
 Love against hatred,  
 Peace-cry for war-cry !  
 Patience is powerful ;  
 He that o'ercometh  
 Hath power o'er the nations !

" As torrents in summer,  
 Half dried in their channels,  
 Suddenly rise, though the  
 Sky is still cloudless,  
 For rain has been falling  
 Far off at their fountains ;

" So hearts that are fainting  
 Grow full to o'erflowing,  
 And they that behold it  
 Marvel, and know not  
 That God at their fountains  
 Far off has been raining !

" Stronger than steel  
 Is the sword of the Spirit ;  
 Swifter than arrows  
 The light of the truth is,  
 Greater than anger  
 Is love, and subdueth !

" Thou art a phantom,  
 A shape of the sea-mist,  
 A shape of the brumal  
 Rain, and the darkness  
 Fearful and formless ;  
 Day dawns and thou art not !

"The dawn is not distant,  
Nor is the night starless ;  
Love is eternal !  
God is still God, and  
His faith shall not fail us ;  
Christ is eternal !"

### INTERLUDE

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,  
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,  
That with its cadence, wild and sweet,  
Made the long Saga more complete.

"Thank God," the Theologian said,  
"The reign of violence is dead,  
Or dying surely from the world ;  
While Love triumphant reigns instead,  
And in a brighter sky o'erhead  
His blessed banners are unfurled.  
And most of all thank God for this :  
The war and waste of clashing creeds  
Now end in words, and not in deeds,  
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,  
For thoughts that men call heresies.

"I stand without here in the porch,  
I hear the bell's melodious din,  
I hear the organ peal within,  
I hear the prayer, with words that scorch  
Like sparks from an inverted torch,  
I hear the sermon upon sin,  
With threatenings of the last account.  
And all, translated in the air,  
Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,  
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

"Must it be Calvin, and not Christ ?  
Must it be Athanasian creeds,  
Or holy water, books, and beads ?  
Must struggling souls remain content  
With councils and decrees of Trent ?  
And can it be enough for these  
The Christian Church the year embalms  
With evergreens and boughs of palms,  
And fills the air with litanies ?

"I know that yonder Pharisee  
Thanks God that he is not like me ;  
In my humiliation dressed,  
I only stand and beat my breast,  
And pray for human charity.

"Not to one church alone, but seven,  
The voice prophetic spake from heaven ;  
And unto each the promise came,  
Diversified, but still the same ;  
For him that overcometh are  
The new name written on the stone,  
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,  
And I will give him the Morning Star !

"Ah ! to how many Faith has been  
No evidence of things unseen,  
But a dim shadow, that recasts  
The creed of the Phantasiasts,  
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,  
For whom the Tragedy Divine  
Was but a symbol and a sign,  
And Christ a phantom crucified !

"For others a diviner creed  
Is living in the life they lead.  
The passing of their beautiful feet  
Blesses the pavement of the street,  
And all their looks and words repeat  
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,  
Not as a vulture, but a dove,  
The Holy Ghost came from above.

"And this brings back to me a tale  
So sad the hearer well may quail,  
And question if such things can be ;  
Yet in the chronicles of Spain  
Down the dark pages runs this stain,  
And naught can wash them white again,  
So fearful is the tragedy."

### THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

#### TORQUEMADA

"December 5 [at midnight]. Finished *Torquemada*, — a dismal story of fanaticism ; but in its main points historic. See De Castro, *Protestantes Españolas*, page 310."

IN the heroic days when Ferdinand  
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,  
And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,  
Ruled them as Grand Inquisitor of Spain,  
In a great castle near Valladolid,  
Moated and high and by fair woodlands  
hid,  
There dwelt, as from the chronicles we  
learn,  
An old Hidalgo proud and taciturn,

Whose name has perished, with his towers  
of stone,

And all his actions save this one alone ;  
This one, so terrible, perhaps 't were best  
If it, too, were forgotten with the rest ;  
Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein  
The martyrdom triumphant o'er the sin ;  
A double picture, with its gloom and glow,  
The splendor overhead, the death below.

This sombre man counted each day as lost  
On which his feet no sacred threshold  
crossed ;

And when he chanced the passing Host to  
meet,

He knelt and prayed devoutly in the  
street ;

Oft he confessed ; and with each mutinous  
thought,

As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he fought.  
In deep contrition scourged himself in  
Lent,

Walked in processions, with his head down  
bent,

At plays of Corpus Christi oft was seen,  
And on Palm Sunday bore his bough of  
green.

His sole diversion was to hunt the boar  
Through tangled thickets of the forest  
hoar,

Or with his jingling mules to hurry down  
To some grand bull-fight in the neighbor-  
ing town,

Or in the crowd with lighted taper stand,  
When Jews were burned, or banished from  
the land.

Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy ;  
The demon whose delight is to destroy  
Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet  
tone,

"Kill ! kill ! and let the Lord find out his  
own !"

And now, in that old castle in the wood,  
His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood,  
Returning from their convent school, had  
made

Resplendent with their bloom the forest  
shade,

Reminding him of their dead mother's  
face,

When first she came into that gloomy  
place,—

A memory in his heart as dim and sweet  
As moonlight in a solitary street,

Where the same rays, that lift the sea, are  
thrown

Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone.

These two fair daughters of a mother dead  
Were all the dream had left him as it fled.

A joy at first, and then a growing care,

As if a voice within him cried, "Beware !"

A vague presentiment of impending doom,

Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room,

Haunted him day and night ; a formless  
fear

That death to some one of his house was  
near,

With dark surmises of a hidden crime,  
Made life itself a death before its time.

Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame,

A spy upon his daughters he became ;

With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors,

He glided softly through half-open doors ;

Now in the room, and now upon the stair,

He stood beside them ere they were aware ;

He listened in the passage when they  
talked,

He watched them from the casement when  
they walked,

He saw the gypsy haunt the river's side,

He saw the monk among the cork-trees  
glide ;

And, tortured by the mystery and the  
doubt

Of some dark secret, past his finding out,

Baffled he paused ; then reassured again

Pursued the flying phantom of his brain.

He watched them even when they knelt in  
church ;

And then, descending lower in his search,

Questioned the servants, and with eager  
eyes

Listened incredulous to their replies ;

The gypsy ? none had seen her in the  
wood !

The monk ? a mendicant in search of food !

At length the awful revelation came,

Crushing at once his pride of birth and  
name ;

The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast

And the ancestral glories of the past,

All fell together, crumbling in disgrace,

A turret rent from battlement to base.

His daughters talking in the dead of night

In their own chamber, and without a light,

Listening, as he was wont, he overheard,

And learned the dreadful secret, word by  
word ;

And hurrying from his castle, with a cry  
 He raised his hands to the un pitying sky,  
 Repeating one dread word, till bush and tree  
 Caught it, and shuddering answered,  
 "Heresy !"

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn o'er  
 his face,  
 Now hurrying forward, now with lingering  
 pace,  
 He walked all night the alleys of his park,  
 With one unseen companion in the dark,  
 The demon who within him lay in wait  
 And by his presence turned his love to  
 hate,  
 Forever muttering in an undertone,  
 "Kill ! kill ! and let the Lord find out his  
 own !"

Upon the morrow, after early Mass,  
 While yet the dew was glistening on the  
 grass,  
 And all the woods were musical with birds,  
 The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful words,  
 Walked homeward with the Priest, and in  
 his room  
 Summoned his trembling daughters to their  
 doom.  
 When questioned, with brief answers they  
 replied,  
 Nor when accused evaded or denied ;  
 Expostulations, passionate appeals,  
 All that the human heart most fears or  
 feels,  
 In vain the Priest with earnest voice  
 essayed ;  
 In vain the father threatened, wept, and  
 prayed ;  
 Until at last he said, with haughty mien,  
 "The Holy Office, then, must intervene !"

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain,  
 With all the fifty horsemen of his train,  
 His awful name resounding, like the blast  
 Of funeral trumpets, as he onward passed,  
 Came to Valladolid, and there began  
 To harry the rich Jews with fire and ban.  
 To him the Hidalgo went, and at the gate  
 Demanded audience on affairs of state,  
 And in a secret chamber stood before  
 A venerable graybeard of fourscore,  
 Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar ;  
 Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire,  
 And in his hand the mystic horn he held,

Which poison and all noxious charms dis-  
 pelled.

He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale,  
 Then answered in a voice that made him  
 quail :  
 "Son of the Church ! when Abraham of old  
 To sacrifice his only son was told,  
 He did not pause to parley nor protest,  
 But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.  
 In him it was accounted righteousness ;  
 The Holy Church expects of thee no less !"

A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain,  
 And Mercy from that hour implored in  
 vain.

Ah ! who will e'er believe the words I say ?  
 His daughters he accused, and the same  
 day

They both were cast into the dungeon's  
 gloom,

That dismal antechamber of the tomb,  
 Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to  
 the flame,

The secret torture and the public shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more  
 The Hidalgo went more eager than before,  
 And said : "When Abraham offered up his  
 son,

He clave the wood wherewith it might be  
 done.

By his example taught, let me too bring  
 Wood from the forest for my offering !"  
 And the deep voice, without a pause, re-  
 plied :

"Son of the Church ! by faith now justified,  
 Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt ;  
 The Church absolves thy conscience from  
 all guilt !"

Then this most wretched father went his  
 way

Into the woods, that round his castle lay,  
 Where once his daughters in their child-  
 hood played

With their young mother in the sun and  
 shade.

Now all the leaves had fallen ; the branches  
 bare

Made a perpetual moaning in the air,  
 And screaming from their eyries overhead  
 The ravens sailed athwart the sky of lead.  
 With his own hands he lopped the boughs  
 and bound

Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound,

And on his mules, caparisoned and gay  
With bells and tassels, sent them on their  
way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose  
bent,

Again to the Inquisitor he went,  
And said: "Behold, the fagots I have  
brought,

And now, lest my atonement be as naught,  
Grant me one more request, one last de-  
sire, —

With my own hand to light the funeral  
fire!"

And Torquemada answered from his seat,  
"Son of the Church! Thine offering is  
complete;

Her servants through all ages shall not  
cease

To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!"

Upon the market-place, builded of stone  
The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed  
his own.

At the four corners, in stern attitude,  
Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood,  
Gazing with calm indifference in their  
eyes

Upon this place of human sacrifice,  
Round which was gathering fast the eager  
crowd,

With clamor of voices dissonant and loud,  
And every roof and window was alive  
With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks  
drew near,

Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes  
of fear,

A line of torches smoked along the street,  
There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,  
And, with its banners floating in the air,  
Slowly the long procession crossed the  
square,

And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,  
The victims stood, with fagots piled around.  
Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,  
And louder sang the monks with bell and  
book,

And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,  
Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the  
crowd,

Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,  
Lest those imploring eyes should strike him  
dead!

O pitiless skies! why did your clouds re-  
tain

For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded  
rain?

O pitiless earth! why open no abyss  
To bury in its chasm a crime like this?

That night, a mingled column of fire and  
smoke

From the dark thickets of the forest broke,  
And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues  
away,

Made all the fields and hamlets bright as  
day.

Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle  
blazed,

And as the villagers in terror gazed,  
They saw the figure of that cruel knight  
Lean from a window in the turret's height,  
His ghastly face illumined with the glare,  
His hands upraised above his head in  
prayer,

Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell  
Down the black hollow of that burning  
well.

Three centuries and more above his bones  
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral  
stones;

His name has perished with him, and no  
trace

Remains on earth of his afflicted race;  
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'er-  
cast,

Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,  
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,  
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!

## INTERLUDE

THUS closed the tale of guilt and gloom,  
That cast upon each listener's face  
Its shadow, and for some brief space  
Unbroken silence filled the room.  
The Jew was thoughtful and distressed;  
Upon his memory thronged and pressed  
The persecution of his race,  
Their wrongs and sufferings and disgrace;  
His head was sunk upon his breast,  
And from his eyes alternate came  
Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The Student first the silence broke,  
As one who long has lain in wait,

With purpose to retaliate,  
 And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.  
 "In such a company as this,  
 A tale so tragic seems amiss,  
 That by its terrible control  
 O'er masters and drags down the soul  
 Into a fathomless abyss.  
 The Italian Tales that you disdain,  
 Some merry Night of Straparole,  
 Or Machiavelli's Belpagor,  
 Would cheer us and delight us more,  
 Give greater pleasure and less pain  
 Than your grim tragedies of Spain!"

And here the Poet raised his hand,  
 With such entreaty and command,  
 It stopped discussion at its birth,  
 And said: "The story I shall tell  
 Has meaning in it, if not mirth;  
 Listen, and hear what once befell  
 The merry birds of Killingworth!"

## THE POET'S TALE

### THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

IT was the season, when through all the  
 land

The merle and mavis build, and build-  
 ing sing

Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,  
 Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-  
 heart King;

When on the boughs the purple buds ex-  
 pand,

The banners of the vanguard of the  
 Spring,

And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,  
 And wave their fluttering signals from the  
 steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,  
 Filled all the blossoming orchards with  
 their glee;

The sparrows chirped as if they still were  
 proud

Their race in Holy Writ should men-  
 tioned be;

And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,  
 Clamored their piteous prayer inces-  
 santly,

Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:  
 "Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily  
 bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage  
 sailed,

Speaking some unknown language  
 strange and sweet

Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed  
 The village with the cheers of all their  
 fleet;

Or quarrelling together, laughed and  
 railed

Like foreign sailors, landed in the street  
 Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise  
 Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls  
 and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killing-  
 worth,

In fabulous days, some hundred years  
 ago;

And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the  
 earth,

Heard with alarm the cawing of the  
 crow,

That mingled with the universal mirth,  
 Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;

They shook their heads, and doomed with  
 dreadful words

To swift destruction the whole race of  
 birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straight-  
 way

To set a price upon the guilty heads  
 Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,

Levied black-mail upon the garden  
 beds

And cornfields, and beheld without dis-  
 may

The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering  
 shreds;

The skeleton that waited at their feast,  
 Whereby their sinful pleasure was in-  
 creased.

Then from his house, a temple painted  
 white,

With fluted columns, and a roof of red,  
 The Squire came forth, august and splen-  
 did sight!

Slowly descending, with majestic tread,  
 Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor  
 right,

Down the long street he walked, as one  
 who said,

"A town that boasts inhabitants like me  
 Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,  
The instinct of whose nature was to  
kill ;

The wrath of God he preached from year  
to year,

And read, with fervor, Edwards on the  
Will ;

His favorite pastime was to slay the deer

In Summer on some Adirondac hill ;

E'en now, while walking down the rural  
lane,

He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned  
The hill of Science with its vane of  
brass,

Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,

Now at the clouds, and now at the green  
grass,

And all absorbed in reveries profound

Of fair Almira in the upper class,

Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,

As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,

In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as  
snow ;

A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;

His form was ponderous, and his step  
was slow ;

There never was so wise a man before ;

He seemed the incarnate " Well, I told  
you so ! "

And to perpetuate his great renown

There was a street named after him in  
town.

These came together in the new town-hall,  
With sundry farmers from the region  
round.

The Squire presided, dignified and tall,  
His air impressive and his reasoning  
sound ;

Ill fared it with the birds, both great and  
small ;

Hardly a friend in all that crowd they  
found,

But enemies enough, who every one

Charged them with all the crimes beneath  
the sun.

When they had ended, from his place  
apart

Rose the Preceptor, to redress the  
wrong,

And, trembling like a steed before the  
start,

Looked round bewildered on the expect-  
ant throng ;

Then thought of fair Almira, and took  
heart

To speak out what was in him, clear and  
strong,

Alike regardless of their smile or frown,

And quite determined not to be laughed  
down.

" Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,

From his Republic banished without pity

The Poets ; in this little town of yours,

You put to death, by means of a Com-  
mittee,

The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,

The street-musicians of the heavenly  
city,

The birds, who make sweet music for us  
all

In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

" The thrush that carols at the dawn of  
day

From the green steeples of the piny  
wood ;

The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,

Jargoning like a foreigner at his food ;

The bluebird balanced on some topmost  
spray,

Flooding with melody the neighbor-  
hood ;

Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng  
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of  
song.

" You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for  
the gain

Of a scant handful more or less of  
wheat,

Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,

Scratched up at random by industrious  
feet,

Searching for worm or weevil after rain !

Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet

As are the songs these uninvited guests

Sing at their feast with comfortable  
breasts.

" Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings  
these ?

Do you ne'er think who made them, and  
who taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies  
 Alone are the interpreters of thought ?  
 Whose household words are songs in many  
   keys,  
   Sweeter than instrument of man e'er  
   caught !  
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even  
 Are half-way houses on the road to  
   heaven !

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps  
   through  
   The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the  
   grove,  
 How jubilant the happy birds renew  
   Their old, melodious madrigals of love !  
 And when you think of this, remember  
   too  
   'T is always morning somewhere, and  
   above  
 The awakening continents, from shore to  
   shore,  
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without  
   birds !  
   Of empty nests that cling to boughs and  
   beams  
 As in an idiot's brain remembered words  
   Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his  
   dreams !  
 Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds  
   Make up for the lost music, when your  
   teams  
 Drag home the stingy harvest, and no  
   more  
 The feathered gleaners follow to your  
   door ?

"What ! would you rather see the incessant  
   sir  
   Of insects in the windrows of the hay,  
 And hear the locust and the grasshopper  
   Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ?  
 Is this more pleasant to you than the whirl  
   Of meadow-lark, and her sweet rounde-  
   lay,  
 Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take  
 Your nooning in the shade of bush and  
   brake ?

"You call them thieves and pillagers ; but  
   know,  
   They are the wingèd wardens of your  
   farms,

Who from the cornfields drive the insidious  
   foe,  
   And from your harvests keep a hundred  
   harms ;  
 Even the blackest of them all, the crow,  
   Renders good service as your man-at-  
   arms,  
 Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,  
 And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentle-  
   ness,  
   And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
 For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
   Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,  
 Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no  
   less  
   The selfsame light, although averted  
   hence,  
 When by your laws, your actions, and your  
   speech,  
 You contradict the very things I teach ? "

With this he closed ; and through the au-  
   dience went  
   A murmur, like the rustle of dead  
   leaves ;  
 The farmers laughed and nodded, and some  
   bent  
   Their yellow heads together like their  
   sheaves ;  
 Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment  
   Who put their trust in bullocks and in  
   beeves.  
 The birds were doomed ; and, as the record  
   shows,  
 A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,  
   Who had no voice nor vote in making  
   laws,  
 But in the papers read his little speech,  
   And crowned his modest temples with  
   applause ;  
 They made him conscious, each one more  
   than each,  
   He still was victor, vanquished in their  
   cause.  
 Sweetest of all the applause he won from  
   thee,  
 O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began ;  
   O'er fields and orchards, and o'er wood-  
   land crests,

The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.  
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on  
their breasts,  
Or wounded crept away from sight of  
man,  
While the young died of famine in their  
nests ;  
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,  
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The Summer came, and all the birds were  
dead ;  
The days were like hot coals ; the very  
ground  
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed  
Myriads of caterpillars, and around  
The cultivated fields and garden beds  
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and  
found  
No foe to check their march, till they had  
made  
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the  
town,  
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly  
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees  
spun down  
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,  
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and  
gown,  
Who shook them off with just a little  
cry ;  
They were the terror of each favorite walk,  
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few  
Confessed their error, and would not  
complain,  
For after all, the best thing one can do  
When it is raining, is to let it rain.  
Then they repealed the law, although they  
knew  
It would not call the dead to life again ;  
As school-boys, finding their mistake too  
late,  
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing  
slate.  
That year in Killingworth the Autumn  
came  
Without the light of his majestic look,  
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,  
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day  
book.

A few lost leaves blushed crimson with  
their shame,  
And drowned themselves despairing in  
the brook,  
While the wild wind went moaning every-  
where,  
Lamenting the dead children of the air !

But the next Spring a stranger sight was  
seen,  
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,  
As great a wonder as it would have been  
If some dumb animal had found a tongue !  
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,  
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages  
hung,  
All full of singing birds, came down the  
street,  
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds  
were brought,  
By order of the town, with anxious quest,  
And, loosened from their wicker prisons,  
sought  
In woods and fields the places they loved  
best,  
Singing loud canticles, which many thought  
Were satires to the authorities addressed,  
While others, listening in green lanes,  
averred  
Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder carolled they  
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to  
know  
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,  
And everywhere, around, above, below,  
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,  
Their songs burst forth in joyous over-  
flow,  
And a new heaven bent over a new earth  
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

## FINALE

THE hour was late ; the fire burned low,  
The Landlord's eyes were closed in sleep,  
And near the story's end a deep,  
Sonorous sound at times was heard,  
As when the distant bagpipes blow.  
At this all laughed ; the Landlord stirred,  
As one awaking from a swoond,  
And, gazing anxiously around,

Protested that he had not slept,  
But only shut his eyes, and kept  
His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said "Good Night."  
Alone remained the drowsy Squire  
To rake the embers of the fire,  
And quench the waning parlor light ;  
While from the windows, here and there,  
The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,  
And the illumined hostel seemed  
The constellation of the Bear,  
Downward, athwart the misty air,  
Sinking and setting toward the sun.  
Far off the village clock struck one.

## PART SECOND

### PRELUDE

A COLD, uninterrupted rain,  
That washed each southern window-pane,  
And made a river of the road ;  
A sea of mist that overflowed  
The house, the barns, the gilded vane,  
And drowned the upland and the plain,  
Through which the oak-trees, broad and  
    high,  
Like phantom ships went drifting by ;  
And, hidden behind a watery screen,  
The sun unseen, or only seen  
As a faint pallor in the sky ; —  
Thus cold and colorless and gray,  
The morn of that autumnal day,  
As if reluctant to begin,  
Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,  
And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not hear  
The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,  
Who on the empty threshing-floor,  
Disdainful of the rain outside,  
Was strutting with a martial stride,  
As if upon his thigh he wore  
The famous broadsword of the Squire,  
And said, "Behold me, and admire !"

Only the Poet seemed to hear,  
In drowse or dream, more near and near  
Across the border-land of sleep,  
The blowing of a blithesome horn,  
That laughed the dismal day to scorn ;  
A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels  
Through sand and mire like stranding keels,

As from the road with sudden sweep  
The Mail drove up the little steep,  
And stopped beside the tavern door ;  
A moment stopped, and then again  
With crack of whip and bark of dog  
Plunged forward through the sea of fog,  
And all was silent as before, —  
All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came down,  
And greeted with a smile the Squire,  
Who sat before the parlor fire,  
Reading the paper fresh from town.  
First the Sicilian, like a bird,  
Before his form appeared, was heard  
Whistling and singing down the stair ;  
Then came the Student with a look  
As placid as a meadow-brook ;  
The Theologian, still perplexed  
With thoughts of this world and the next ;  
The Poet then, as one who seems  
Walking in visions and in dreams ;  
Then the Musician, like a fair  
Hyperion from whose golden hair  
The radiance of the morning streams ;  
And last the aromatic Jew  
Of Alicant, who, as he threw  
The door wide open, on the air  
Breathed round about him a perfume  
Of damask roses in full bloom,  
Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pursued  
The promptings of his various mood ;  
Beside the fire in silence smoked  
The taciturn, impassive Jew,  
Lost in a pleasant reverie ;  
While, by his gravity provoked,  
His portrait the Sicilian drew,  
And wrote beneath it "Edrehi,  
At the Red Horse in Sudbury."

By far the busiest of them all,  
The Theologian in the hall  
Was feeding robins in a cage, —  
Two corpulent and lazy birds,  
Vagrants and pilferers at best,  
If one might trust the hostler's words,  
Chief instrument of their arrest ;  
Two poets of the Golden Age,  
Heirs of a boundless heritage  
Of fields and orchards, east and west,  
And sunshine of long summer days,  
Though outlawed now and dispossessed ! —  
Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held discourse  
 With the Musician, on the source  
 Of all the legendary lore  
 Among the nations, scattered wide  
 Like silt and seaweed by the force  
 And fluctuation of the tide ;  
 The tale repeated o'er and o'er,  
 With change of place and change of name,  
 Disguised, transformed, and yet the same  
 We've heard a hundred times before.

The Poet at the window mused,  
 And saw, as in a dream confused,  
 The countenance of the Sun, disrowned,  
 And haggard with a pale despair,  
 And saw the cloud-rack trail and drift  
 Before it, and the trees uplift  
 Their leafless branches, and the air  
 Filled with the arrôws of the rain,  
 And heard amid the mist below,  
 Like voices of distress and pain,  
 That haunt the thoughts of men insane,  
 The fateful cawings of the crow.

Then down the road, with mud besprent,  
 And drenched with rain from head to hoof,  
 The rain-drops dripping from his mane  
 And tail as from a pent-house roof,  
 A jaded horse, his head down bent,  
 Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian — who had grown  
 Impatient longer to abide  
 A prisoner, greatly mortified  
 To see completely overthrown  
 His plans for angling in the brook,  
 And, leaning o'er the bridge of stone,  
 To watch the speckled trout glide by,  
 And float through the inverted sky,  
 Still round and round the baited hook —  
 Now paced the room with rapid stride,  
 And, pausing at the Poet's side,  
 Looked forth, and saw the wretched steed,  
 And said : " Alas for human greed,  
 That with cold hand and stony eye  
 Thus turns an old friend out to die,  
 Or beg his food from gate to gate !  
 This brings a tale into my mind,  
 Which, if you are not disinclined  
 To listen, I will now relate."

All gave assent ; all wished to hear,  
 Not without many a jest and jeer,  
 The story of a spavined steed ;  
 And even the Student with the rest

Put in his pleasant little jest  
 Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus  
 Is but a horse that with all speed  
 Bears poets to the hospital ;  
 While the Sicilian, self-possessed,  
 After a moment's interval  
 Began his simple story thus.

## THE SICILIAN'S TALE

## THE BELL OF ATRI

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
 Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,  
 One of those little places that have run  
 Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,  
 And then sat down to rest, as if to say,  
 " I climb no farther upward, come what  
 may," —

The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,  
 So many monarchs since have borne the  
 name,

Had a great bell hung in the market-place,  
 Beneath a roof, projecting some small space  
 By way of shelter from the sun and rain.

Then rode he through the streets with all  
 his train,

And, with the blast of trumpets loud and  
 long,

Made proclamation, that whenever wrong  
 Was done to any man, he should but ring  
 The great bell in the square, and he, the  
 King,

Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.  
 Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,  
 What wrongs were righted, need not here  
 be said.

Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
 The hempen rope at length was worn away,  
 Unravelled at the end, and, strand by  
 strand,

Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,  
 Till one, who noted this in passing by,  
 Mended the rope with braids of briony,  
 So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine  
 Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt  
 A knight, with spur on heel and sword in  
 belt,

Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the  
 woods,

Who loved his falcons with their crimson  
hoods,  
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all  
sports  
And prodigalities of camps and courts ;—  
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last,  
grown old,  
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and  
hounds,  
Rented his vineyards and his garden-  
grounds,  
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of  
all,  
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,  
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said : " What is the use or  
need  
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
Eating his head off in my stables here,  
When rents are low and provender is dear ?  
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;  
I want him only for the holidays."  
So the old steed was turned into the heat  
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ;  
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,  
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and  
thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
It is the custom in the summer time,  
With bolted doors and window-shutters  
closed,  
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;  
When suddenly upon their senses fell  
The loud alarm of the accusing bell !  
The Syndic started from his deep repose,  
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then  
rose  
And donned his robes, and with reluctant  
pace  
Went panting forth into the market-place,  
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams  
swung,  
Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
In half-articulate jargon, the old song :  
" Some one hath done a wrong, hath done  
a wrong ! "

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade  
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its  
shade,

No shape of human form of woman born,  
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,  
Who with uplifted head and eager eye  
Was tugging at the vines of briony.  
" Domeneddio ! " cried the Syndic straight,  
" This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state !  
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,  
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy  
crowd

Had rolled together like a summer cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched beast  
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,  
With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
The Knight was called and questioned ; in  
reply

Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with  
his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King ; then said :  
" Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and  
gay,

But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;  
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds !  
These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly  
ear.

What fair renown, what honor, what re-  
pute

Can come to you from starving this poor  
brute ?

He who serves well and speaks not, merits  
more

Than they who clamor loudest at the door.  
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall  
take heed

To comfort his old age, and to provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people  
all

Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
The King heard and approved, and laughed  
in glee,

And cried aloud : " Right well it pleaseth  
me !

Church-bells at best but ring us to the  
 door ;  
 But go not in to mass ; my bell doth more :  
 It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
 Of creatures dumb and unknown to the  
 laws ;  
 And this shall make, in every Christian  
 clime,  
 The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

## INTERLUDE

"YES, well your story pleads the cause  
 Of those dumb mouths that have no speech,  
 Only a cry from each to each  
 In its own kind, with its own laws ;  
 Something that is beyond the reach  
 Of human power to learn or teach, —  
 An inarticulate moan of pain,  
 Like the immeasurable main  
 Breaking upon an unknown beach."

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh ;  
 Then added, with impassioned cry,  
 As one who feels the words he speaks,  
 The color flushing in his cheeks,  
 The fervor burning in his eye :  
 "Among the noblest in the land,  
 Though he may count himself the least,  
 That man I honor and revere  
 Who without favor, without fear,  
 In the great city dares to stand  
 The friend of every friendless beast,  
 And tames with his unflinching hand  
 The brutes that wear our form and face,  
 The were-wolves of the human race !"  
 Then paused, and waited with a frown,  
 Like some old champion of romance,  
 Who, having thrown his gauntlet down,  
 Expectant leans upon his lance ;  
 But neither Knight nor Squire is found  
 To raise the gauntlet from the ground,  
 And try with him the battle's chance.

"Wake from your dreams, O Edrehi !  
 Or dreaming speak to us, and make  
 A feint of being half awake,  
 And tell us what your dreams may be.  
 Out of the hazy atmosphere  
 Of cloud-land deign to reappear  
 Among us in this Wayside Inn ;  
 Tell us what visions and what scenes  
 Illuminate the dark ravines  
 In which you grope your way. Begin !"

Thus the Sicilian spake. The Jew  
 Made no reply, but only smiled,  
 As men unto a wayward child,  
 Not knowing what to answer, do.  
 As from a cavern's mouth, o'ergrown  
 With moss and intertangled vines,  
 A streamlet leaps into the light  
 And murmurs over root and stone  
 In a melodious undertone ;  
 Or as amid the noonday night  
 Of sombre and wind-haunted pines  
 There runs a sound as of the sea ;  
 So from his bearded lips there came  
 A melody without a name,  
 A song, a tale, a history,  
 Or whatsoever it may be,  
 Writ and recorded in these lines.

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

## KAMBALU

INTO the city of Kambalu,  
 By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,  
 At the head of his dusty caravan,  
 Laden with treasure from realms afar,  
 Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,  
 Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed,  
 And saw in the thronging street beneath,  
 In the light of the setting sun, that blazed  
 Through the clouds of dust by the caravan  
 raised,  
 The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,  
 And the shining scimitars of the guard,  
 And the weary camels that bared their  
 teeth,  
 As they passed and passed through the  
 gates unbarred  
 Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu  
 Rode the great captain Alau ;  
 And he stood before the Khan, and said :  
 "The enemies of my lord are dead ;  
 All the Kalifs of all the West  
 Bow and obey thy least behest ;  
 The plains are dark with the mulberry-  
 trees,  
 The weavers are busy in Samarcand,  
 The miners are sifting the golden sand,  
 The divers plunging for pearls in the seas,  
 And peace and plenty are in the land.

"Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,  
Rose in revolt against thy throne :  
His treasures are at thy palace-door,  
With the swords and the shawls and the  
jewels he wore ;  
His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate  
I left my forces to lie in wait,  
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,  
And forward dashed with a handful of  
men,

To lure the old tiger from his den  
Into the ambush I had planned.  
Ere we reached the town the alarm was  
spread,

For we heard the sound of gongs from  
within ;

And with clash of cymbals and warlike din  
The gates swung wide ; and we turned and  
fled ;

And the garrison sallied forth and pur-  
sued,

With the gray old Kalif at their head,  
And above them the banner of Mohammed :  
So we snared them all, and the town was  
subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold,  
A tower that is called the Tower of Gold !  
For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,  
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,  
Like sacks of wheat in a granary ;  
And thither the miser crept by stealth  
To feel of the gold that gave him health,  
And to gaze and gloat with his hungry  
eye

On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's  
spark,

Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif : 'Thou art old,  
Thou hast no need of so much gold.  
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden  
it here,

Till the breath of battle was hot and near,  
But have sown through the land these use-  
less hoards

To spring into shining blades of swords,  
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.  
These grains of gold are not grains of  
wheat ;

These bars of silver thou canst not eat ;  
These jewels and pearls and precious stones  
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,

Nor keep the feet of Death one hour  
From climbing the stairways of thy tower !"

"Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,  
And left him to feed there all alone  
In the honey-cells of his golden hive ;  
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan  
Was heard from those massive walls of  
stone,

Nor again was the Kalif seen alive !

"When at last we unlocked the door,  
We found him dead upon the floor ;  
The rings had dropped from his withered  
hands,

His teeth were like bones in the desert  
sands :

Still clutching his treasure he had died ;  
And as he lay there, he appeared  
A statue of gold with a silver beard,  
His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,  
That the great captain Alau  
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,  
When he rode that day into Kambalu  
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

## INTERLUDE

"I THOUGHT before your tale began,"  
The Student murmured, "we should have  
Some legend written by Judah Rav  
In his Gemara of Babylon ;  
Or something from the Gulistan, —  
The tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,  
Or of that King of Khorasan  
Who saw in dreams the eyes of one  
That had a hundred years been dead  
Still moving restless in his head,  
Undimmed, and gleaming with the lust  
Of power, though all the rest was dust.

"But lo ! your glittering caravan  
On the road that leadeth to Ispahan  
Hath led us farther to the East  
Into the regions of Cathay.  
Spite of your Kalif and his gold,  
Pleasant has been the tale you told,  
And full of color ; that at least  
No one will question or gainsay.  
And yet on such a dismal day  
We need a merrier tale to clear  
The dark and heavy atmosphere.

So listen, Lordlings, while I tell,  
Without a preface, what befell  
A simple cobbler, in the year —  
No matter ; it was long ago ;  
And that is all we need to know."

## THE STUDENT'S TALE

## THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU

I TRUST that somewhere and somehow  
You all have heard of Hagenau,  
A quiet, quaint, and ancient town  
Among the green Alsatian hills,  
A place of valleys, streams, and mills,  
Where Barbarossa's castle, brown  
With rust of centuries, still looks down  
On the broad, drowsy land below, —  
On shadowy forests filled with game,  
And the blue river winding slow  
Through meadows, where the hedges grow  
That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times,  
While yet the Master-singers filled  
The noisy workshop and the guild  
With various melodies and rhymes,  
That here in Hagenau there dwelt  
A cobbler, — one who loved debate,  
And, arguing from a postulate,  
Would say what others only felt ;  
A man of forecast and of thrift,  
And of a shrewd and careful mind  
In this world's business, but inclined  
Somewhat to let the next world drift.

Hans Sachs with vast delight he read,  
And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,  
For their poetic fame had spread  
Even to the town of Hagenau ;  
And some Quick Melody of the Plough,  
Or Double Harmony of the Dove  
Was always running in his head.  
He kept, moreover, at his side,  
Among his leathers and his tools,  
Reynard the Fox, the Ship of Fools,  
Or Eulenspiegel, open wide ;  
With these he was much edified :  
He thought them wiser than the Schools.

His good wife, full of godly fear,  
Liked not these worldly themes to hear ;  
The Psalter was her book of songs ;  
The only music to her ear

Was that which to the Church belongs,  
When the loud choir on Sunday chanted,  
And the two angels carved in wood,  
That by the windy organ stood,  
Blew on their trumpets loud and clear,  
And all the echoes, far and near,  
Gibbered as if the church were haunted.

Outside his door, one afternoon,  
This humble votary of the muse  
Sat in the narrow strip of shade  
By a projecting cornice made,  
Mending the Burgomaster's shoes,  
And singing a familiar tune : —

"Our ingress into the world  
Was naked and bare ;  
Our progress through the world  
Is trouble and care ;  
Our egress from the world  
Will be nobody knows where :  
But if we do well here  
We shall do well there ;  
And I could tell you no more,  
Should I preach a whole year !"

Thus sang the cobbler at his work ;  
And with his gestures marked the time,  
Closing together with a jerk  
Of his waxed thread the stitch and rhyme.

Meanwhile his quiet little dame  
Was leaning o'er the window-sill,  
Eager, excited, but mouse-still,  
Gazing impatiently to see  
What the great throng of folk might be  
That onward in procession came,  
Along the unfrequented street,  
With horns that blew, and drums that  
beat,

And banners flying, and the flame  
Of tapers, and, at times, the sweet  
Voices of nuns ; and as they sang  
Suddenly all the church-bells rang.

In a gay coach, above the crowd,  
There sat a monk in ample hood,  
Who with his right hand held aloft  
A red and ponderous cross of wood,  
To which at times he meekly bowed.  
In front three horsemen rode, and oft,  
With voice and air importunate,  
A boisterous herald cried aloud :  
"The grace of God is at your gate !"   
So onward to the church they passed.

The cobbler slowly turned his last,  
And, wagging his sagacious head,  
Unto his kneeling housewife said :  
" 'T is the monk Tetzl. I have heard  
The cawings of that reverend bird.  
Don't let him cheat you of your gold ;  
Indulgence is not bought and sold."

The church of Hagenau, that night,  
Was full of people, full of light ;  
An odor of incense filled the air,  
The priest intoned, the organ groaned  
Its inarticulate despair ;  
The candles on the altar blazed,  
And full in front of it upraised  
The red cross stood against the glare.  
Below, upon the altar-rail  
Indulgences were set to sale,  
Like ballads at a country fair.  
A heavy strong-box, iron-bound  
And carved with many a quaint device,  
Received, with a melodious sound,  
The coin that purchased Paradise.

Then from the pulpit overhead,  
Tetzl the monk, with fiery glow,  
Thundered upon the crowd below.  
" Good people all, draw near ! " he said ;  
" Purchase these letters, signed and sealed,  
By which all sins, though unrevealed  
And unrepented, are forgiven !  
Count but the gain, count not the loss !  
Your gold and silver are but dross,  
And yet they pave the way to heaven.  
I hear your mothers and your sires  
Cry from their purgatorial fires,  
And will ye not their ransom pay ?  
O senseless people ! when the gate  
Of heaven is open, will ye wait ?  
Will ye not enter in to-day ?  
To-morrow it will be too late ;  
I shall be gone upon my way.  
Make haste ! bring money while ye may ! "

The women shuddered, and turned pale ;  
Allured by hope or driven by fear,  
With many a sob and many a tear,  
All crowded to the altar-rail.  
Pieces of silver and of gold  
Into the tinkling strong-box fell  
Like pebbles dropped into a well ;  
And soon the ballads were all sold.  
The cobbler's wife among the rest  
Slipped into the capacious chest  
A golden florin ; then withdrew,

Hiding the paper in her breast ;  
And homeward through the darkness went  
Comforted, quieted, content ;  
She did not walk, she rather flew,  
A dove that settles to her nest,  
When some appalling bird of prey  
That scared her has been driven away.

The days went by, the monk was gone,  
The summer passed, the winter came ;  
Though seasons changed, yet still the same  
The daily round of life went on ;  
The daily round of household care,  
The narrow life of toil and prayer.  
But in her heart the cobbler's dame  
Had now a treasure beyond price,  
A secret joy without a name,  
The certainty of Paradise.  
Alas, alas ! Dust unto dust !  
Before the winter wore away,  
Her body in the churchyard lay,  
Her patient soul was with the Just !  
After her death, among the things  
That even the poor preserve with care, —  
Some little trinkets and cheap rings,  
A locket with her mother's hair,  
Her wedding gown, the faded flowers  
She wore upon her wedding day, —  
Among these memories of past hours,  
That so much of the heart reveal,  
Carefully kept and put away,  
The Letter of Indulgence lay  
Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved and  
pained,  
Waited and wondered that no word  
Of mass or requiem he heard,  
As by the Holy Church ordained :  
Then to the Magistrate complained,  
That as this woman had been dead  
A week or more, and no mass said,  
It was rank heresy, or at least  
Contempt of Church ; thus said the Priest ;  
And straight the cobbler was arraigned.

He came, confiding in his cause,  
But rather doubtful of the laws.  
The Justice from his elbow-chair  
Gave him a look that seemed to say :  
" Thou standest before a Magistrate,  
Therefore do not prevaricate ! "  
Then asked him in a business way,  
Kindly but cold : " Is thy wife dead ? "  
The cobbler meekly bowed his head ;

"She is," came struggling from his throat  
 Scarce audibly. The Justice wrote  
 The words down in a book, and then  
 Continued, as he raised his pen ;  
 "She is ; and hath a mass been said  
 For the salvation of her soul ?  
 Come, speak the truth ! confess the whole !"  
 The cobbler without pause replied :  
 "Of mass or prayer there was no need ;  
 For at the moment when she died  
 Her soul was with the glorified !"  
 And from his pocket with all speed  
 He drew the priestly title-deed,  
 And prayed the Justice he would read.

The Justice read, amused, amazed ;  
 And as he read his mirth increased ;  
 At times his shaggy brows he raised,  
 Now wondering at the cobbler gazed,  
 Now archly at the angry Priest.  
 "From all excesses, sins, and crimes  
 Thou hast committed in past times  
 Thee I absolve ! And furthermore,  
 Purified from all earthly taints,  
 To the communion of the Saints  
 And to the sacraments restore !  
 All stains of weakness, and all trace  
 Of shame and censure I efface ;  
 Remit the pains thou shouldst endure,  
 And make thee innocent and pure,  
 So that in dying, unto thee  
 The gates of heaven shall open be !  
 Though long thou livest, yet this grace  
 Until the moment of thy death  
 Unchangeable continueth !"

Then said he to the Priest : "I find  
 This document is duly signed  
 Brother John Tetzel, his own hand.  
 At all tribunals in the land  
 In evidence it may be used ;  
 Therefore acquitted is the accused."  
 Then to the cobbler turned : "My friend,  
 Pray tell me, didst thou ever read  
 Reynard the Fox ?" — "Oh yes, in-  
 deed !" —  
 "I thought so. Don't forget the end."

## INTERLUDE

"WHAT was the end ? I am ashamed  
 Not to remember Reynard's fate ;  
 I have not read the book of late ;  
 Was he not hanged ?" the Poet said.

The Student gravely shook his head,  
 And answered : "You exaggerate.  
 There was a tournament proclaimed,  
 And Reynard fought with Isegrim  
 The Wolf, and having vanquished him,  
 Rose to high honor in the State,  
 And Keeper of the Seals was named !"  
 At this the gay Sicilian laughed :  
 "Fight fire with fire, and craft with  
 craft ;  
 Successful cunning seems to be  
 The moral of your tale," said he.  
 "Mine had a better, and the Jew's  
 Had none at all, that I could see ;  
 His aim was only to amuse."

Meanwhile from out its ebon case  
 His violin the Minstrel drew,  
 And having tuned its strings anew,  
 Now held it close in his embrace,  
 And poising in his outstretched hand  
 The bow, like a magician's wand,  
 He paused, and said, with beaming face ;  
 "Last night my story was too long ;  
 To-day I give you but a song,  
 An old tradition of the North ;  
 But first, to put you in the mood,  
 I will a little while prelude,  
 And from this instrument draw forth  
 Something by way of overture."

He played ; at first the tones were pure  
 And tender as a summer night,  
 The full moon climbing to her height,  
 The sob and ripple of the seas,  
 The flapping of an idle sail ;  
 And then by sudden and sharp degrees  
 The multiplied, wild harmonies  
 Freshened and burst into a gale ;  
 A tempest howling through the dark,  
 A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,  
 A loud and melancholy wail.

Such was the prelude to the tale  
 Told by the Minstrel ; and at times  
 He paused amid its varying rhymes,  
 And at each pause again broke in  
 The music of his violin,  
 With tones of sweetness or of fear,  
 Movements of trouble or of calm,  
 Creating their own atmosphere ;  
 As sitting in a church we hear  
 Between the verses of the psalm  
 The organ playing soft and clear,  
 Or thundering on the startled ear.

# THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

## THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

## I

At Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,  
 Within the sandy bar,  
 At sunset of a summer's day,  
 Ready for sea, at anchor lay  
 The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,  
 And played along her side ;  
 And through the cabin windows streamed  
 In ripples of golden light, that seemed  
 The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends,  
 Old skippers brown and hale,  
 Who smoked and grumbled o'er their  
 grog,  
 And talked of iceberg and of fog,  
 Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn  
 About Klaboterman,  
 The Kobold of the sea ; a spright  
 Invisible to mortal sight,  
 Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the hold,  
 Sometimes upon the mast,  
 Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,  
 Or at the bows he sang and laughed,  
 And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,  
 And toiled with jovial din ;  
 He helped them hoist and reef the sails,  
 He helped them stow the casks and bales,  
 And heave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,  
 The idlers of the crew ;  
 Them to torment was his delight,  
 And worry them by day and night,  
 And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes  
 Klaboterman behold.  
 It is a certain sign of death ! —  
 The cabin-boy here held his breath,  
 He felt his blood run cold.

## II

The jolly skipper paused awhile,  
 And then again began ;  
 "There is a Spectre Ship," quoth he,  
 "A ship of the Dead that sails the sea,  
 And is called the Carmilhan.

"A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,  
 In tempests she appears ;  
 And before the gale, or against the gale,  
 She sails without a rag of sail,  
 Without a helmsman steers.

"She haunts the Atlantic north and south,  
 But mostly the mid-sea,  
 Where three great rocks rise bleak and  
 bare  
 Like furnace chimneys in the air,  
 And are called the Chimneys Three.

"And ill betide the luckless ship  
 That meets the Carmilhan ;  
 Over her decks the seas will leap,  
 She must go down into the deep,  
 And perish mouse and man."

The captain of the Valdemar  
 Laughed loud with merry heart.  
 "I should like to see this ship," said he ;  
 "I should like to find these Chimneys Three  
 That are marked down in the chart.

"I have sailed right over the spot," he said,  
 "With a good stiff breeze behind,  
 When the sea was blue, and the sky was  
 clear, —  
 You can follow my course by these pinholes  
 here, —  
 And never a rock could find."

And then he swore a dreadful oath,  
 He swore by the Kingdoms Three,  
 That, should he meet the Carmilhan,  
 He would run her down, although he ran  
 Right into Eternity !

All this, while passing to and fro,  
 The cabin-boy had heard ;  
 He lingered at the door to hear,  
 And drank in all with greedy ear,  
 And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,  
 But of a roving mind.

"Oh, it must be like heaven," thought he,  
 "Those far-off foreign lands to see,  
 And fortune seek and find!"

But in the fo'castle, when he heard  
 The mariners blaspheme,  
 He thought of home, he thought of God,  
 And his mother under the churchyard  
 sod,  
 And wished it were a dream.

One friend on board that ship had he;  
 'T was the Klaboterman,  
 Who saw the Bible in his chest,  
 And made a sign upon his breast,  
 All evil things to ban.

## III

The cabin windows have grown blank  
 As eyeballs of the dead;  
 No more the glancing sunbeams burn  
 On the gilt letters of the stern,  
 But on the figure-head;

On Valdemar Victorious,  
 Who looketh with disdain  
 To see his image in the tide  
 Dismembered float from side to side,  
 And reunite again.

"It is the wind," those skippers said,  
 "That swings the vessel so;  
 It is the wind; it freshens fast,  
 'T is time to say farewell at last,  
 'T is time for us to go."

They shook the captain by the hand,  
 "Good luck! good luck!" they cried;  
 Each face was like the setting sun,  
 As, broad and red, they one by one  
 Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose,  
 Serene o'er field and flood;  
 And all the winding creeks and bays  
 And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,  
 The sky was red as blood.

The southwest wind blew fresh and fair,  
 As fair as wind could be;  
 Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,  
 With all sail set, the Valdemar  
 Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky  
 As one who walks in dreams;  
 A tower of marble in her light,  
 A wall of black, a wall of white,  
 The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast  
 The lights begin to burn;  
 And now, uplifted high in air,  
 They kindle with a fiercer glare,  
 And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,  
 The sea is all around;  
 Then on each hand low hills of sand  
 Emerge and form another land;  
 She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack  
 She flitteth like a ghost;  
 By day and night, by night and day,  
 She bounds, she flies upon her way  
 Along the English coast.

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,  
 Cape Finisterre is past;  
 Into the open ocean stream  
 She floats, the vision of a dream  
 Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet  
 There is no land in sight;  
 The liquid planets overhead  
 Burn brighter now the moon is dead,  
 And longer stays the night.

## IV

And now along the horizon's edge  
 Mountains of cloud uprose,  
 Black as with forests underneath,  
 Above, their sharp and jagged teeth  
 Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,  
 But flushed each snowy peak  
 A little while with rosy light,  
 That faded slowly from the sight  
 As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky, — all black, all black;  
 The clouds were everywhere;  
 There was a feeling of suspense  
 In nature, a mysterious sense  
 Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar  
Was still as still could be ;  
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,  
As ever and anon she rolled,  
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck  
Went striding to and fro ;  
Now watched the compass at the wheel,  
Now lifted up his hand to feel  
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,  
And now upon the deep ;  
In every fibre of his frame  
He felt the storm before it came,  
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells ! and suddenly abaft,  
With a great rush of rain,  
Making the ocean white with spume,  
In darkness like the day of doom,  
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,  
And rent the sky in two ;  
A jagged flame, a single jet  
Of white fire, like a bayonet,  
That pierced the eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,  
And blacker than before ;  
But in that single flash of light  
He had beheld a fearful sight,  
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,  
The ghostly Carmilhan !  
Her masts were stripped, her yards were  
bare,  
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,  
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck  
Or clambering up the shrouds ;  
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's  
hail  
Were like the piping of the gale,  
And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan  
There rose up from the sea,  
As from a foundered ship of stone,  
Three bare and splintered masts alone :  
They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar  
And leaped into the dark ;  
A denser mist, a colder blast,  
A little shudder, and she had passed  
Right through the Phantom Bark.

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,  
But cleft it unaware ;  
As when, careering to her nest,  
The sea-gull severs with her breast  
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed ; again  
They saw the Carmilhan,  
Whole as before in hull and spar ;  
But now on board of the Valdemar  
Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was sealed ;  
They knew that death was near ;  
Some prayed who never prayed before,  
And some they wept, and some they  
swore,  
And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,  
And louder than wind or sea  
A cry burst from the crew on deck,  
As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless  
wreck,  
Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light  
To streak the east began ;  
The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,  
Survived the wreck, and only he,  
To tell of the Carmilhan.

## INTERLUDE

WHEN the long murmur of applause  
That greeted the Musician's lay  
Had slowly buzzed itself away,  
And the long talk of Spectre Ships  
That followed died upon their lips  
And came unto a natural pause,  
"These tales you tell are one and all  
Of the Old World," the Poet said,  
"Flowers gathered from a crumbling wall,  
Dead leaves that rustle as they fall ;  
Let me present you in their stead  
Something of our New England earth,  
A tale, which, though of no great worth,  
Has still this merit, that it yields

A certain freshness of the fields,  
A sweetness as of home-made bread."

The Student answered : " Be discreet ;  
For if the flour be fresh and sound,  
And if the bread be light and sweet,  
Who careth in what mill 't was ground,  
Or of what oven felt the heat,  
Unless, as old Cervantes said,  
You are looking after better bread  
Than any that is made of wheat ?  
You know that people nowadays  
To what is old give little praise ;  
All must be new in prose and verse ;  
They want hot bread, or something worse,  
Fresh every morning, and half baked ;  
The wholesome bread of yesterday,  
Too stale for them, is thrown away,  
Nor is their thirst with water slaked."

As oft we see the sky in May  
Threaten to rain, and yet not rain,  
The Poet's face, before so gay,  
Was clouded with a look of pain,  
But suddenly brightened up again ;  
And without further let or stay  
He told his tale of yesterday.

## THE POET'S TALE

LADY WENTWORTH

ONE hundred years ago, and something  
more,  
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tav-  
ern door,  
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,  
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,  
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.  
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,  
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,  
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,  
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,  
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,  
And half resolved, though he was past his  
prime,  
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,  
To fall down at her feet, and to declare  
The passion that had driven him to de-  
spair.  
For from his lofty station he had seen  
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-  
green,

Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four in  
hand,  
Down the long lane, and out into the land,  
And knew that he was far upon the way  
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay !

Just then the meditations of the Earl  
Were interrupted by a little girl,  
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,  
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders  
bare,

A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,  
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,  
A creature men would worship and adore,  
Though now in mean habiliments she bore  
A pail of water, dripping through the street,  
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace, —  
The slender form, the delicate, thin face ;  
The swaying motion, as she hurried by ;  
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,  
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and  
glanced,

As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced :  
And with uncommon feelings of delight  
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.  
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say  
These words, or thought he did, as plain as  
day :

" O Martha Hilton ! Fie ! how dare you  
go  
About the town half dressed, and looking  
so ! "

At which the gypsy laughed, and straight  
replied :

" No matter how I look ; I yet shall ride  
In my own chariot, ma'am." And on the  
child

The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,  
As with her heavy burden she passed on,  
Looked back, then turned the corner, and  
was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,  
Arrested his attention was a gay  
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and  
spun,

The silver harness glittering in the sun,  
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,  
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,  
While all alone within the chariot sat  
A portly person with three-cornered hat,  
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,  
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,

And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,  
 Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.  
 Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,  
 Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast ;  
 For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down  
 To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,  
 Where his Great House stood looking out to sea,  
 A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode  
 Near and yet hidden from the great high-road,  
 Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,  
 Baronial and colonial in its style ;  
 Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,  
 And stacks of chimneys rising high in air, —  
 Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew  
 Made mournful music the whole winter through.  
 Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,  
 Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry ;  
 Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs  
 Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs ;  
 Doors opening into darkness unawares,  
 Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs ;  
 And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,  
 The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scrip-  
 ture names.

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,  
 A widower and childless ; and he felt  
 The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,  
 That like a presence haunted every room ;  
 For though not given to weakness, he could feel  
 The pain of wounds, that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went, —  
 seven in all,  
 And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall ;  
 The dawns their splendor through its cham-  
 bers shed,  
 The sunsets flushed its western windows red ;

The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain ;  
 Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again ;  
 Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,  
 In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide,  
 Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,  
 And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha Hilton served  
 In the Great House, not wholly unob-  
 served :  
 By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,  
 Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining through ;  
 A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,  
 A servant who made service seem divine !  
 Through her each room was fair to look upon ;  
 The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,  
 The very knocker on the outer door,  
 If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill  
 Of time, that never for an hour stands still,  
 Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birth-  
 day,  
 And powdered his brown hair with silver-  
 gray.  
 The robin, the forerunner of the spring,  
 The bluebird with his jocund carolling,  
 The restless swallows building in the eaves,  
 The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,  
 The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,  
 All welcomed this majestic holiday !  
 He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,  
 Such as became the Governor of the State,  
 Who represented England and the King,  
 And was magnificent in everything.  
 He had invited all his friends and peers, —  
 The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,  
 The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest ;  
 For why repeat the name of every guest ?

But I must mention one in bands and gown,  
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur  
Brown

Of the Established Church ; with smiling  
face

He sat beside the Governor and said grace ;  
And then the feast went on, as others do,  
But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many  
a cheer,

The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,  
Who disappeared, and presently there stood  
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,  
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,  
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.  
Can this be Martha Hilton ? It must be !  
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she !  
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty  
years,

How ladylike, how queenlike she appears ;  
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by  
Is Dian now in all her majesty !  
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was  
there,

Until the Governor, rising from his chair,  
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked  
down,

And said unto the Reverend Arthur  
Brown :

" This is my birthday : it shall likewise be  
My wedding-day ; and you shall marry  
me ! "

The listening guests were greatly mystified,  
None more so than the rector, who replied :  
" Marry you ? Yes, that were a pleasant  
task,

Your Excellency ; but to whom ? I ask."

The Governor answered : " To this lady  
here ; "

And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.  
She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.  
The rector paused. The impatient Gov-  
ernor cried :

" This is the lady ; do you hesitate ?

Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."  
The rector read the service loud and clear :  
" Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"  
And so on to the end. At his command  
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand  
The Governor placed the ring ; and that  
was all :

Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall !

## INTERLUDE

WELL pleased the audience heard the tale.  
The Theologian said : " Indeed,  
To praise you there is little need ;  
One almost hears the farmer's flail  
Thresh out your wheat, nor does there  
fail

A certain freshness, as you said,  
And sweetness as of home-made bread.  
But not less sweet and not less fresh  
Are many legends that I know,  
Writ by the monks of long-ago,  
Who loved to mortify the flesh,  
So that the soul might purer grow,  
And rise to a diviner state ;  
And one of these — perhaps of all  
Most beautiful — I now recall,  
And with permission will narrate ;  
Hoping thereby to make amends  
For that grim tragedy of mine,  
As strong and black as Spanish wine,  
I told last night, and wish almost  
It had remained untold, my friends ;  
For Torquemada's awful ghost  
Came to me in the dreams I dreamed,  
And in the darkness glared and gleamed  
Like a great lighthouse on the coast."

The Student laughing said : " Far more  
Like to some dismal fire of bale  
Flaring portentous on a hill ;  
Or torches lighted on a shore  
By wreckers in a midnight gale.  
No matter ; be it as you will,  
Only go forward with your tale."

## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

### THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

" HADST thou stayed, I must have fled ! "  
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,  
Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition  
For his sins of indecision,  
Prayed for greater self-denial  
In temptation and in trial ;  
It was noonday by the dial,  
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
 An unwonted splendor brightened  
 All within him and without him  
 In that narrow cell of stone ;  
 And he saw the Blessed Vision  
 Of our Lord, with light Elysian  
 Like a vesture wrapped about Him,  
 Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,  
 Not in agonies of pain,  
 Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
 Did the Monk his Master see ;  
 But as in the village street,  
 In the house or harvest-field,  
 Halt and lame and blind He healed,  
 When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,  
 Hands upon his bosom crossed,  
 Wondering, worshipping, adoring,  
 Kneelt the Monk in rapture lost.  
 Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,  
 Who am I, that thus thou deignest  
 To reveal thyself to me ?  
 Who am I, that from the centre  
 Of thy glory thou shouldst enter  
 This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,  
 Loud the convent bell appalling,  
 From its belfry calling, calling,  
 Rang through court and corridor  
 With persistent iteration  
 He had never heard before.  
 It was now the appointed hour  
 When alike in shine or shower,  
 Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
 To the convent portals came  
 All the blind and halt and lame,  
 All the beggars of the street,  
 For their daily dole of food  
 Dealt them by the brotherhood ;  
 And their almoner was he  
 Who upon his bended knee,  
 Rapt in silent ecstasy  
 Of divinest self-surrender,  
 Saw the Vision and the Splendor.  
 Deep distress and hesitation  
 Mingled with his adoration ;  
 Should he go or should he stay ?  
 Should he leave the poor to wait  
 Hungry at the convent gate,  
 Till the Vision passed away ?

Should he slight his radiant guest,  
 Slight this visitant celestial,  
 For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
 Beggars at the convent gate ?  
 Would the Vision there remain ?  
 Would the Vision come again ?  
 Then a voice within his breast  
 Whispered, audible and clear  
 As if to the outward ear :  
 " Do thy duty ; that is best ;  
 Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! "

Straightway to his feet he started,  
 And with longing look intent  
 On the Blessed Vision bent,  
 Slowly from his cell departed,  
 Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
 Looking through the iron grating,  
 With that terror in the eye  
 That is only seen in those  
 Who amid their wants and woes  
 Hear the sound of doors that close,  
 And of feet that pass them by ;  
 Grown familiar with disfavor,  
 Grown familiar with the savor  
 Of the bread by which men die !  
 But to-day, they know not why,  
 Like the gate of Paradise  
 Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
 Like a sacrament divine  
 Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
 In his heart the Monk was praying,  
 Thinking of the homeless poor,  
 What they suffer and endure ;  
 What we see not, what we see ;  
 And the inward voice was saying :  
 " Whatsoever thing thou doest  
 To the least of mine and lowest,  
 That thou doest unto me ! "

Unto me ! but had the Vision  
 Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
 Come a mendicant imploring,  
 Would he then have knelt adoring,  
 Or have listened with derision,  
 And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
 Full of troublesome suggestion,  
 As at length, with hurried pace,  
 Towards his cell he turned his face,  
 And beheld the convent bright

With a supernatural light,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling  
At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Summoned him to feed the poor.  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn,  
Comprehending all the meaning,  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

### INTERLUDE

ALL praised the Legend more or less ;  
Some liked the moral, some the verse ;  
Some thought it better, and some worse  
Than other legends of the past ;  
Until, with ill-concealed distress  
At all their cavilling, at last  
The Theologian gravely said :  
"The Spanish proverb, then, is right ;  
Consult your friends on what you do,  
And one will say that it is white,  
And others say that it is red."  
And "Amen!" quoth the Spanish Jew.

"Six stories told! We must have seven,  
A cluster like the Pleiades,  
And lo! it happens, as with these,  
That one is missing from our heaven.  
Where is the Landlord? Bring him  
here ;  
Let the Lost Pleiad reappear."

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went  
Forthwith to seek his missing star,  
But did not find him in the bar,  
A place that landlords most frequent,  
Nor yet beside the kitchen fire,  
Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall ;  
It was in vain to ask or call,  
There were no tidings of the Squire.

So he came back with downcast head,  
Exclaiming: "Well, our bashful host  
Hath surely given up the ghost.  
Another proverb says the dead

Can tell no tales ; and that is true.  
It follows, then, that one of you  
Must tell a story in his stead.  
You must," he to the Student said,  
"Who know so many of the best,  
And tell them better than the rest."

Straight, by these flattering words be-  
guiled,  
The Student, happy as a child  
When he is called a little man,  
Assumed the double task imposed,  
And without more ado unclosed  
His smiling lips, and thus began.

### THE STUDENT'S SECOND TALE

#### THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine  
Has left his château in the Pyrenees,  
And sailed across the western seas.  
When he went away from his fair demesne  
The birds were building, the woods were  
green ;  
And now the winds of winter blow  
Round the turrets of the old château,  
The birds are silent and unseen,  
The leaves lie dead in the ravine,  
And the Pyrenees are white with snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray,  
Sits by the fireside day by day,  
Thinking ever one thought of care ;  
Through the southern windows, narrow and  
tall,  
The sun shines into the ancient hall,  
And makes a glory round his hair.  
The house-dog, stretched beneath his  
chair,  
Groans in his sleep, as if in pain,  
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps again,  
So silent is it everywhere, —  
So silent you can hear the mouse  
Run and rummage along the beams  
Behind the wainscot of the wall ;  
And the old man rouses from his dreams,  
And wanders restless through the house,  
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor  
Of a distant passage, and pause awhile ;  
He is standing by an open door  
Looking long, with a sad, sweet smile,

Into the room of his absent son.  
 There is the bed on which he lay,  
 There are the pictures bright and gay,  
 Horses and hounds and sun-lit seas ;  
 There are his powder-flask and gun,  
 And his hunting-knives in shape of a fan ;  
 The chair by the window where he sat,  
 With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat,  
 Looking out on the Pyrenees,  
 Looking out on Mount Marboré  
 And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan.  
 Ah me ! he turns away and sighs ;  
 There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,  
 Wind or rain or starry heaven,  
 Just as the clock is striking seven,  
 Those who look from the windows see  
 The village Curate, with lantern and maid,  
 Come through the gateway from the park  
 And cross the courtyard damp and  
     dark, —  
 A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he stands,  
 His voice is cheery, his heart expands,  
 He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze  
 Of the fire of fagots, about old days,  
 And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde,  
 And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond,  
 And what they did, and what they said,  
 When they heard his Eminence was dead.

And after a pause the old man says,  
 His mind still coming back again  
 To the one sad thought that haunts his  
     brain,

"Are there any tidings from over sea ?  
 Ah, why has that wild boy gone from  
     me ?"

And the Curate answers, looking down,  
 Harmless and docile as a lamb,  
 "Young blood ! young blood ! It must so  
     be !"

And draws from the pocket of his gown  
 A handkerchief like an oriflamb,  
 And wipes his spectacles, and they play  
 Their little game of lansquenet  
 In silence for an hour or so,  
 Till the clock at nine strikes loud and clear  
 From the village lying asleep below,  
 And across the courtyard, into the dark  
 Of the winding pathway in the park,  
 Curate and lantern disappear,  
 And darkness reigns in the old château.

The ship has come back from over sea,  
 She has been signalled from below,  
 And into the harbor of Bordeaux  
 She sails with her gallant company.  
 But among them is nowhere seen  
 The brave young Baron of St. Castine ;  
 He hath tarried behind, I ween,  
 In the beautiful land of Acadie !

And the father paces to and fro  
 Through the chambers of the old château,  
 Waiting, waiting to hear the hum  
 Of wheels on the road that runs below,  
 Of servants hurrying here and there,  
 The voice in the courtyard, the step on the  
     stair,

Waiting for some one who doth not come !  
 But letters there are, which the old man  
     reads

To the Curate, when he comes at night,  
 Word by word, as an acolyte  
 Repeats his prayers and tells his beads ;  
 Letters full of the rolling sea,  
 Full of a young man's joy to be  
 Abroad in the world, alone and free ;  
 Full of adventures and wonderful scenes  
 Of hunting the deer through forests vast  
 In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast ;  
 Of nights in the tents of the Tarratines ;  
 Of Madocawando the Indian chief,  
 And his daughters, glorious as queens,  
 And beautiful beyond belief ;  
 And so soft the tones of their native  
     tongue,

The words are not spoken, they are sung !

And the Curate listens, and smiling says :  
 "Ah yes, dear friend ! in our young days  
 We should have liked to hunt the deer  
 All day amid those forest scenes,  
 And to sleep in the tents of the Tarratines ;  
 But now it is better sitting here  
 Within four walls, and without the fear  
 Of losing our hearts to Indian queens ;  
 For man is fire and woman is tow,  
 And the Somebody comes and begins to  
     blow."

Then a gleam of distrust and vague sur-  
     mise

Shines in the father's gentle eyes,  
 As fire-light on a window-pane  
 Glimmers and vanishes again ;  
 But naught he answers ; he only sighs,  
 And for a moment bows his head ;  
 Then, as their custom is, they play

Their little game of lansquenet,  
And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day  
And many a week and month depart,  
When a fatal letter wings its way  
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,  
And strikes and tears the old man's heart.  
Lo! the young Baron of St. Castine,  
Swift as the wind is, and as wild,  
Has married a dusky Tarratine,  
Has married Madocawando's child!

The letter drops from the father's hand ;  
Though the sinews of his heart are wrung,  
He utters no cry, he breathes no prayer,  
No malediction falls from his tongue ;  
But his stately figure, erect and grand,  
Bends and sinks like a column of sand  
In the whirlwind of his great despair.  
Dying, yes, dying ! His latest breath  
Of parley at the door of death  
Is a blessing on his wayward son.  
Lower and lower on his breast  
Sinks his gray head ; he is at rest ;  
No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château  
Lies tenantless and desolate ;  
Rank grasses in the courtyard grow,  
About its gables caws the crow ;  
Only the porter at the gate  
Is left to guard it, and to wait  
The coming of the rightful heir ;  
No other life or sound is there ;  
No more the Curate comes at night,  
No more is seen the unsteady light,  
Threading the alleys of the park ;  
The windows of the hall are dark,  
The chambers dreary, cold, and bare !

At length, at last, when the winter is past,  
And birds are building, and woods are  
green,

With flying skirts is the Curate seen  
Speeding along the woodland way,  
Humming gayly, " No day is so long  
But it comes at last to vesper-song."  
He stops at the porter's lodge to say  
That at last the Baron of St. Castine  
Is coming home with his Indian queen,  
Is coming without a week's delay ;  
And all the house must be swept and clean,  
And all things set in good array !  
And the solemn porter shakes his head ;

And the answer he makes is : " Lackaday !  
We will see, as the blind man said ! "

Alert since first the day began,  
The cock upon the village church  
Looks northward from his airy perch,  
As if beyond the ken of man  
To see the ships come sailing on,  
And pass the Isle of Oléron,  
And pass the Tower of Cordouan.

In the church below is cold in clay  
The heart that would have leaped for joy —  
O tender heart of truth and trust ! —  
To see the coming of that day ;  
In the church below the lips are dust ;  
Dust are the hands, and dust the feet  
That would have been so swift to meet  
The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old château  
Is a blaze of light above and below ;  
There's a sound of wheels and hoofs in the  
street,

A cracking of whips, and scamper of feet,  
Bells are ringing, and horns are blown,  
And the Baron hath come again to his own.  
The Curate is waiting in the hall,  
Most eager and alive of all  
To welcome the Baron and Baroness ;  
But his mind is full of vague distress,  
For he hath read in Jesuit books  
Of those children of the wilderness,  
And now, good, simple man ! he looks  
To see a painted savage stride  
Into the room, with shoulders bare,  
And eagle feathers in her hair,  
And around her a robe of panther's hide.

Instead, he beholds with secret shame  
A form of beauty undefined,  
A loveliness without a name,  
Not of degree, but more of kind ;  
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,  
But a new mingling of them all.  
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,  
Transfigured and transfused, he sees  
The lady of the Pyrenees,  
The daughter of the Indian chief.  
Beneath the shadow of her hair  
The gold-bronze color of the skin  
Seems lighted by a fire within,  
As when a burst of sunlight shines  
Beneath a sombre grove of pines, —  
A dusky splendor in the air.

The two small hands, that now are pressed  
 In his, seem made to be caressed,  
 They lie so warm and soft and still,  
 Like birds half hidden in a nest,  
 Trustful, and innocent of ill.  
 And ah ! he cannot believe his ears  
 When her melodious voice he hears  
 Speaking his native Gascon tongue ;  
 The words she utters seem to be  
 Part of some poem of Goudouli,  
 They are not spoken, they are sung !  
 And the Baron smiles, and says, " You see,  
 I told you but the simple truth ;  
 Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth ! "

Down in the village day by day  
 The people gossip in their way,  
 And stared to see the Baroness pass  
 On Sunday morning to early mass ;  
 And when she kneeleth down to pray,  
 They wonder, and whisper together, and say  
 " Surely this is no heathen lass ! "  
 And in course of time they learn to bless  
 The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate learns  
 A secret so dreadful, that by turns  
 He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.  
 The Baron at confession hath said,  
 That though this woman be his wife,  
 He hath wed her as the Indians wed,  
 He hath bought her for a gun and a knife !  
 And the Curate replies : " O profligate,  
 O Prodigal Son ! return once more  
 To the open arms and the open door  
 Of the Church, or ever it be too late.  
 Thank God, thy father did not live  
 To see what he could not forgive ;  
 On thee, so reckless and perverse,  
 He left his blessing, not his curse.  
 But the nearer the dawn the darker the  
 night,  
 And by going wrong all things come right ;  
 Things have been mended that were worse,  
 And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.  
 For the sake of the living and the dead,  
 Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed,  
 And all things come to a happy end. "

O sun, that followest the night,  
 In yon blue sky, serene and pure,  
 And pourest thine impartial light  
 Alike on mountain and on moor,  
 Pause for a moment in thy course,  
 And bless the bridegroom and the bride !

O Gave, that from thy hidden source  
 In yon mysterious mountain-side  
 Pursuest thy wandering way alone,  
 And leaping down its steps of stone,  
 Along the meadow-lands demure  
 Stealest away to the Adour,  
 Pause for a moment in thy course  
 To bless the bridegroom and the bride !

The choir is singing the matin song,  
 The doors of the church are opened wide,  
 The people crowd, and press, and throng  
 To see the bridegroom and the bride.  
 They enter and pass along the nave ;  
 They stand upon the father's grave ;  
 The bells are ringing soft and slow ;  
 The living above and the dead below  
 Give their blessing on one and twain ;  
 The warm wind blows from the hills of  
 Spain,  
 The birds are building, the leaves are  
 green,  
 And Baron Castine of St. Castine  
 Hath come at last to his own again.

## FINALE

" *Nunc plaudite !* " the Student cried,  
 When he had finished ; " now applaud,  
 As Roman actors used to say  
 At the conclusion of a play ; "  
 And rose, and spread his hands abroad,  
 And smiling bowed from side to side,  
 As one who bears the palm away.

And generous was the applause and loud,  
 But less for him than for the sun,  
 That even as the tale was done  
 Burst from its canopy of cloud,  
 And lit the landscape with the blaze  
 Of afternoon on autumn days,  
 And filled the room with light, and made  
 The fire of logs a painted shade.

A sudden wind from out the west  
 Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill ;  
 The windows rattled with the blast,  
 The oak-trees shouted as it passed,  
 And straight, as if by fear possessed,  
 The cloud encampment on the hill  
 Broke up, and fluttering flag and tent  
 Vanished into the firmament,  
 And down the valley fled amain  
 The rear of the retreating rain.

Only far up in the blue sky  
 A mass of clouds, like drifted snow  
 Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,  
 Was heaped together, vast and high,  
 On which a shattered rainbow hung,  
 Not rising like the ruined arch  
 Of some aerial aqueduct,  
 But like a roseate garland plucked  
 From an Olympian god, and flung  
 Aside in his triumphal march.

Like prisoners from their dungeon gloom,  
 Like birds escaping from a snare,  
 Like school-boys at the hour of play,  
 All left at once the pent-up room,  
 And rushed into the open air ;  
 And no more tales were told that day.

## PART THIRD

## PRELUDE

THE evening came ; the golden vane  
 A moment in the sunset glanced,  
 Then darkened, and then gleamed again,  
 As from the east the moon advanced  
 And touched it with a softer light ;  
 While underneath, with flowing mane,  
 Upon the sign the Red Horse pranced,  
 And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon  
 That followed the dark day of rain,  
 And brighter than the golden vane  
 That glistened in the rising moon,  
 Within, the ruddy fire-light gleamed ;  
 And every separate window-pane,  
 Backed by the outer darkness, showed  
 A mirror, where the flamelets gleamed  
 And flickered to and fro, and seemed  
 A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow,  
 Like an old actor on the stage,  
 With the uncertain voice of age,  
 The singing chimney chanted low  
 The homely songs of long ago.

The voice that Ossian heard of yore,  
 When midnight winds were in his hall ;  
 A ghostly and appealing call,  
 A sound of days that are no more !  
 And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,  
 And listened to the sound, and knew

The passing of the airy hosts,  
 The gray and misty cloud of ghosts  
 In their interminable flight ;  
 And listening muttered in his beard,  
 With accent indistinct and weird,  
 " Who are ye, children of the Night ? "

Beholding his mysterious face,  
 " Tell me," the gay Sicilian said,  
 " Why was it that in breaking bread  
 At supper, you bent down your head  
 And, musing, paused a little space,  
 As one who says a silent grace ? "

The Jew replied, with solemn air,  
 " I said the Manichæan's prayer.  
 It was his faith, — perhaps is mine, —  
 That life in all its forms is one,  
 And that its secret conduits run  
 Unseen, but in unbroken line,  
 From the great fountain-head divine  
 Through man and beast, through grain and  
 grass.

Howe'er we struggle, strive, and cry,  
 From death there can be no escape,  
 And no escape from life, alas !  
 Because we cannot die, but pass  
 From one into another shape :  
 It is but into life we die.

" Therefore the Manichæan said  
 This simple prayer on breaking bread,  
 Lest he with hasty hand or knife  
 Might wound the incarcerated life,  
 The soul in things that we call dead :  
 ' I did not reap thee, did not bind thee,  
 I did not thrash thee, did not grind thee,  
 Nor did I in the oven bake thee !  
 It was not I, it was another  
 Did these things unto thee, O brother ;  
 I only have thee, hold thee, break thee ! ' "

" That birds have souls I can concede,"  
 The Poet cried, with glowing cheeks ;  
 " The flocks that from their beds of reed  
 Uprising north or southward fly,  
 And flying write upon the sky  
 The biforked letter of the Greeks,  
 As hath been said by Rucellai ;  
 All birds that sing or chirp or cry,  
 Even those migratory bands,  
 The minor poets of the air,  
 The plover, peep, and sanderling,  
 That hardly can be said to sing,  
 But pipe along the barren sands, —

All these have souls akin to ours ;  
 So hath the lovely race of flowers :  
 Thus much I grant, but nothing more.  
 The rusty hinges of a door  
 Are not alive because they creak ;  
 This chimney, with its dreary roar,  
 These rattling windows, do not speak ! ”  
 “ To me they speak,” the Jew replied ;  
 “ And in the sounds that sink and soar,  
 I hear the voices of a tide  
 That breaks upon an unknown shore ! ”

Here the Sicilian interfered :  
 “ That was your dream, then, as you dozed  
 A moment since, with eyes half-closed,  
 And murmured something in your beard.”  
 The Hebrew smiled, and answered, “ Nay ;  
 Not that, but something very near ;  
 Like, and yet not the same, may seem  
 The vision of my waking dream ;  
 Before it wholly-dies away,  
 Listen to me, and you shall hear.”

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

AZRAEL

KING SOLOMON, before his palace gate  
 At evening, on the pavement tessellate  
 Was walking with a stranger from the  
 East,

Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast,  
 The mighty Runjeet-Sing, a learned man,  
 And Rajah of the realms of Hindostan.  
 And as they walked the guest became  
 aware

Of a white figure in the twilight air,  
 Gazing intent, as one who with surprise  
 His form and features seemed to recog-  
 nize ;

And in a whisper to the king he said :  
 “ What is you shape, that, pallid as the  
 dead,

Is watching me, as if he sought to trace  
 In the dim light the features of my face ? ”

The king looked, and replied : “ I know  
 him well ;

It is the Angel men call Azrael,  
 ’T is the Death Angel ; what hast thou to  
 fear ? ”

And the guest answered : “ Lest he should  
 come near,

And speak to me, and take away my  
 breath !

Save me from Azrael, save me from  
 death !

O king, that hast dominion o’er the wind,  
 Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind.”

The king gazed upward at the cloudless  
 sky,

Whispered a word, and raised his hand on  
 high,

And lo ! the signet-ring of chrysoprase  
 On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze  
 With hidden fire, and rushing from the  
 west

There came a mighty wind, and seized the  
 guest

And lifted him from earth, and on they  
 passed,

His shining garments streaming in the  
 blast,

A silken banner o’er the walls upreared,  
 A purple cloud, that gleamed and disap-  
 peared.

Then said the Angel, smiling : “ If this  
 man

Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan,  
 Thou hast done well in listening to his  
 prayer ;

I was upon my way to seek him there.”

## INTERLUDE

“ O EDREHI, forbear to-night  
 Your ghostly legends of afright,  
 And let the Talmud rest in peace ;  
 Spare us your dismal tales of death  
 That almost take away one’s breath ;  
 So doing, may your tribe increase.”

Thus the Sicilian said ; then went  
 And on the spinet’s rattling keys  
 Played Marianina, like a breeze  
 From Naples and the Southern seas,  
 That brings us the delicious scent  
 Of citron and of orange trees,  
 And memories of soft days of ease  
 At Capri and Amalfi spent.

“ Not so,” the eager Poet said ;  
 “ At least, not so before I tell  
 The story of my Azrael,  
 An angel mortal as ourselves,  
 Which in an ancient tome I found

Upon a convent's dusty shelves,  
Chained with an iron chain, and bound  
In parchment, and with clasps of brass,  
Lest from its prison, some dark day,  
It might be stolen or steal away,  
While the good friars were singing mass.

"It is a tale of Charlemagne,  
When like a thunder-cloud, that lowers  
And sweeps from mountain-crest to coast,  
With lightning flaming through its show-  
ers,

He swept across the Lombard plain,  
Beleaguering with his warlike train  
Pavia, the country's pride and boast,  
The City of the Hundred Towers."

Thus heralded the tale began,  
And thus in sober measure ran.

## THE POET'S TALE

### CHARLEMAGNE

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio,  
King of the Lombards, on a lofty tower  
Stood gazing northward o'er the rolling  
plains,

League after league of harvests, to the  
foot

Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw ap-  
proach

A mighty army, thronging all the roads  
That led into the city. And the King  
Said unto Olger, who had passed his youth  
As hostage at the court of France, and  
knew

The Emperor's form and face : "Is Char-  
lemagne

Among that host ?" And Olger answered :  
"No."

And still the innumerable multitude  
Flowed onward and increased, until the  
King

Cried in amazement : "Surely Charle-  
magne

Is coming in the midst of all these  
knights !"

And Olger answered slowly : "No ; not  
yet ;

He will not come so soon." Then much  
disturbed

King Desiderio asked : "What shall we do,

If he approach with a still greater army ?"  
And Olger answered : "When he shall  
appear,

You will behold what manner of man he is ;  
But what will then befall us I know not."

Then came the guard that never knew  
repose,

The Paladins of France ; and at the sight  
The Lombard King o'ercome with terror  
cried :

"This must be Charlemagne !" and as  
before

Did Olger answer : "No ; not yet, not  
yet."

And then appeared in panoply complete  
The Bishops and the Abbots and the  
Priests

Of the imperial chapel, and the Counts ;  
And Desiderio could no more endure

The light of day, nor yet encounter death,  
But sobbed aloud and said : "Let us go  
down

And hide us in the bosom of the earth,  
Far from the sight and anger of a foe  
So terrible as this !" And Olger said :

"When you behold the harvests in the  
fields

Shaking with fear, the Po and the Ticino  
Lashing the city walls with iron waves,  
Then may you know that Charlemagne is  
come."

And even as he spake, in the northwest,  
Lo ! there uprose a black and threatening  
cloud,

Out of whose bosom flashed the light of  
arms

Upon the people pent up in the city ;  
A light more terrible than any darkness,  
And Charlemagne appeared ;—a Man of  
Iron !

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves  
Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves  
And tassets were of iron, and his shield.

In his left hand he held an iron spear,  
In his right hand his sword invincible.

The horse he rode on had the strength of  
iron,

And color of iron. All who went before  
him,

Beside him and behind him, his whole host,  
Were armed with iron, and their hearts  
within them

Were stronger than the armor that they wore.  
 The fields and all the roads were filled with iron,  
 And points of iron glistened in the sun  
 And shed a terror through the city streets.

This at a single glance Olger the Dane  
 Saw from the tower, and turning to the King  
 Exclaimed in haste : "Behold ! this is the man  
 You looked for with such eagerness !" and then  
 Fell as one dead at Desiderio's feet.

### INTERLUDE

WELL pleased all listened to the tale,  
 That drew, the Student said, its pith  
 And marrow from the ancient myth  
 Of some one with an iron flail ;  
 Or that portentous Man of Brass  
 Hephaestus made in days of yore,  
 Who stalked about the Cretan shore,  
 And saw the ships appear and pass,  
 And threw stones at the Argonauts,  
 Being filled with indiscriminate ire  
 That tangled and perplexed his thoughts ;  
 But, like a hospitable host,  
 When strangers landed on the coast,  
 Heated himself red-hot with fire,  
 And hugged them in his arms, and pressed  
 Their bodies to his burning breast.

The Poet answered : "No, not thus  
 The legend rose ; it sprang at first  
 Out of the hunger and the thirst  
 In all men for the marvellous.  
 And thus it filled and satisfied  
 The imagination of mankind,  
 And this ideal to the mind  
 Was truer than historic fact.  
 Fancy enlarged and multiplied  
 The terrors of the awful name  
 Of Charlemagne, till he became  
 Armipotent in every act,  
 And, clothed in mystery, appeared  
 Not what men saw, but what they feared.

"Besides, unless my memory fail,  
 Your some one with an iron flail  
 Is not an ancient myth at all,  
 But comes much later on the scene

As Talus in the Faerie Queene,  
 The iron groom of Artegall,  
 Who threshed out falsehood and deceit,  
 And truth upheld, and righted wrong,  
 And was, as is the swallow, fleet,  
 And as the lion is, was strong."

The Theologian said : "Perchance  
 Your chronicler in writing this  
 Had in his mind the Anabasis,  
 Where Xenophon describes the advance  
 Of Artaxerxes to the fight ;  
 At first the low gray cloud of dust,  
 And then a blackness o'er the fields  
 As of a passing thunder-gust,  
 Then flash of brazen armor bright,  
 And ranks of men, and spears up-thrust,  
 Bowmen and troops with wicker shields,  
 And cavalry equipped in white,  
 And chariots ranged in front of these  
 With scythes upon their axle-trees."

To this the Student answered : "Well,  
 I also have a tale to tell  
 Of Charlemagne ; a tale that throws  
 A softer light, more tinged with rose,  
 Than your grim apparition cast  
 Upon the darkness of the past.  
 Listen, and hear in English rhyme  
 What the good Monk of Lauresheim  
 Gives as the gossip of his time,  
 In mediæval Latin prose."

### THE STUDENT'S TALE

EMMA AND EGINHARD

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of Charle-  
 magne,  
 In the free schools of Aix, how kings should  
 reign,  
 And with them taught the children of the  
 poor  
 How subjects should be patient and endure,  
 He touched the lips of some, as best befitted,  
 With honey from the hives of Holy Writ ;  
 Others intoxicated with the wine  
 Of ancient history, sweet but less divine ;  
 Some with the wholesome fruits of grammar  
 fed ;  
 Others with mysteries of the stars o'erhead,  
 That hang suspended in the vaulted sky  
 Like lamps in some fair palace vast and  
 high.

In sooth, it was a pleasant sight to see  
That Saxon monk, with hood and rosary,  
With inkhorn at his belt, and pen and book,  
And mingled love and reverence in his look,  
Or hear the cloister and the court repeat  
The measured footfalls of his sandaled feet,  
Or watch him with the pupils of his school,  
Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule.

Among them, always earliest in his place,  
Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish race,  
Whose face was bright with flashes that  
forerun

The splendors of a yet unrisen sun.  
To him all things were possible, and seemed  
Not what he had accomplished, but had  
dreamed,

And what were tasks to others were his  
play,  
The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's, said,  
With many a shrug and shaking of the  
head,

Surely some demon must possess the lad,  
Who showed more wit than ever school-boy  
had,

And learned his Trivium thus without the  
rod ;

But Alcuin said it was the grace of God.

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-device,  
Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhetoric nice ;  
Science of Numbers, Geometric art,  
And lore of Stars, and Music knew by  
heart ;

A Minnesinger, long before the times  
Of those who sang their love in Suabian  
rhymes.

The Emperor, when he heard this good  
report

Of Eginhard much buzzed about the court,  
Said to himself, " This stripling seems to be  
Purposely sent into the world for me ;  
He shall become my scribe, and shall be  
schooled

In all the arts whereby the world is ruled."  
Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain  
To honor in the court of Charlemagne ;  
Became the sovereign's favorite, his right  
hand,

So that his fame was great in all the land,  
And all men loved him for his modest grace  
And comeliness of figure and of face.

An inmate of the palace, yet recluse,  
A man of books, yet sacred from abuse  
Among the armed knights with spur on  
heel,

The tramp of horses and the clang of steel ;  
And as the Emperor promised he was  
schooled

In all the arts by which the world is ruled.  
But the one art supreme, whose law is fate,  
The Emperor never dreamed of till too  
late.

Home from her convent to the palace came  
The lovely Princess Emma, whose sweet  
name,

Whispered by seneschal or sung by bard,  
Had often touched the soul of Eginhard.  
He saw her from his window, as in state  
She came, by knights attended through the  
gate ;

He saw her at the banquet of that day,  
Fresh as the morn, and beautiful as May ;  
He saw her in the garden, as she strayed  
Among the flowers of summer with her  
maid,

And said to him, " O Eginhard, disclose  
The meaning and the mystery of the rose ;"  
And trembling he made answer : " In good  
sooth,

Its mystery is love, its meaning youth !"

How can I tell the signals and the signs  
By which one heart another heart divines ?  
How can I tell the many thousand ways  
By which it keeps the secret it betrays ?

O mystery of love ! O strange romance !  
Among the Peers and Paladins of France,  
Shining in steel, and prancing on gay steeds,  
Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds,  
The Princess Emma had no words nor looks  
But for this clerk, this man of thought and  
books.

The summer passed, the autumn came ; the  
stalks

Of lilies blackened in the garden walks ;  
The leaves fell, russet-golden and blood-red,  
Love-letters thought the poet fancy-led,  
Or Jove descending in a shower of gold  
Into the lap of Danaë of old ;  
For poets cherish many a strange conceit,  
And love transmutes all nature by its heat.  
No more the garden lessons, nor the dark  
And hurried meetings in the twilight park ;

But now the studious lamp, and the de-  
lights  
Of firesides in the silent winter nights,  
And watching from his window hour by  
hour  
The light that burned in Princess Emma's  
tower.

At length one night, while musing by the  
fire,  
O'ercome at last by his insane desire, —  
For what will reckless love not do and  
dare ?

He crossed the court, and climbed the wind-  
ing stair,

With some feigned message in the Em-  
peror's name ;

But when he to the lady's presence came  
He knelt down at her feet, until she laid  
Her hand upon him, like a naked blade,  
And whispered in his ear : " Arise, Sir  
Knight,

To my heart's level, O my heart's delight."

And there he lingered till the crowing  
cock,

The Alectryon of the farmyard and the  
flock,

Sang his aubade with lusty voice and clear,  
To tell the sleeping world that dawn was  
near.

And then they parted ; but at parting, lo !  
They saw the palace courtyard white with  
snow,

And, placid as a nun, the moon on high  
Gazing from clondy cloisters of the sky.

" Alas ! " he said, " how hide the fatal line  
Of footprints leading from thy door to  
mine,

And none returning ! " Ah, he little knew  
What woman's wit, when put to proof, can  
do !

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the  
cares

And troubles that attend on state affairs,  
Had risen before the dawn, and musing  
gazed

Into the silent night, as one amazed  
To see the calm that reigned o'er all  
supreme,

When his own reign was but a troubled  
dream.

The moon lit up the gables capped with  
snow,

And the white roofs, and half the court  
below,

And he beheld a form, that seemed to  
cower

Beneath a burden, come from Emma's  
tower, —

A woman, who upon her shoulders bore  
Clerk Eginhard to his own private door,  
And then returned in haste, but still  
essay'd

To tread the footprints she herself had  
made ;

And as she passed across the lighted space,  
The Emperor saw his daughter Emma's  
face !

He started not ; he did not speak or moan,  
But seemed as one who hath been turned to  
stone ;

And stood there like a statue, nor awoke  
Out of his trance of pain, till morning  
broke,

Till the stars faded, and the moon went  
down,

And o'er the towers and steeples of the  
town

Came the gray daylight ; then the sun, who  
took

The empire of the world with sovereign  
look,

Suffusing with a soft and golden glow  
All the dead landscape in its shroud of  
snow,

Touching with flame the tapering chapel  
spires,

Windows and roofs, and smoke of house-  
hold fires,

And kindling park and palace as he came ;  
The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in  
flame.

And thus he stood till Eginhard appeared,  
Demure and modest with his comely beard

And flowing flaxen tresses, come to ask,  
As was his wont, the day's appointed task.

The Emperor looked upon him with a  
smile,

And gently said : " My son, wait yet  
awhile ;

This hour my council meets upon some  
great

And very urgent business of the state.  
Come back within the hour. On thy re-  
turn

The work appointed for thee shalt thou  
learn."

Having dismissed this gallant Troubadour,  
He summoned straight his council, and  
secure  
And steadfast in his purpose, from the  
throne  
All the adventure of the night made  
known ;  
Then asked for sentence ; and with eager  
breath  
Some answered banishment, and others  
death.

Then spake the king : " Your sentence is  
not mine ;  
Life is the gift of God, and is divine ;  
Nor from these palace walls shall one  
depart

Who carries such a secret in his heart ;  
My better judgment points another way.  
Good Alcuin, I remember how one day  
When my Pepino asked you, ' What are  
men ? '

You wrote upon his tablets with your pen,  
' Guests of the grave and travellers that  
pass ! '

This being true of all men, we, alas !  
Being all fashioned of the selfsame dust,  
Let us be merciful as well as just ;  
This passing traveller who hath stolen  
away

The brightest jewel of my crown to-day,  
Shall of himself the precious gem re-  
store ;

By giving it, I make it mine once more.  
Over those fatal footprints I will throw  
My ermine mantle like another snow."

Then Eginhard was summoned to the  
hall,

And entered, and in presence of them all,  
The Emperor said : " My son, for thou to  
me

Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be,  
Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and  
thy zeal

Pleads to me with importunate appeal,  
While I have been forgetful to requite  
Thy service and affection as was right.  
But now the hour is come, when I, thy  
Lord,

Will crown thy love with such supreme  
reward,

A gift so precious kings have striven in  
vain

To win it from the hands of Charlemagne."

Then sprang the portals of the chamber  
wide,

And Princess Emma entered, in the pride  
Of birth and beauty, that in part o'ercame  
The conscious terror and the blush of  
shame.

And the good Emperor rose up from his  
throne,

And taking her white hand within his own  
Placed it in Eginhard's, and said : " My  
son,

This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won ;  
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,  
And cover up the footprints in the snow."

## INTERLUDE

THUS ran the Student's pleasant rhyme  
Of Eginhard and love and youth ;  
Some doubted its historic truth,  
But while they doubted, ne'ertheless  
Saw in it gleams of truthfulness,  
And thanked the Monk of Lauresheim.

This they discussed in various mood ;  
Then in the silence that ensued  
Was heard a sharp and sudden sound  
As of a bowstring snapped in air ;  
And the Musician with a bound  
Sprang up in terror from his chair,  
And for a moment listening stood,  
Then strode across the room, and found  
His dear, his darling violin  
Still lying safe asleep within  
Its little cradle, like a child  
That gives a sudden cry of pain,  
And wakes to fall asleep again ;  
And as he looked at it and smiled,  
By the uncertain light beguiled,  
Despair ! two strings were broken in  
twain.

While all lamented and made moan,  
With many a sympathetic word  
As if the loss had been their own,  
Deeming the tones they might have heard  
Sweeter than they had heard before,  
They saw the Landlord at the door,  
The missing man, the portly Squire !  
He had not entered, but he stood  
With both arms full of seasoned wood,  
To feed the much-devouring fire,  
That like a lion in a cage  
Lashed its long tail and roared with rage.

The missing man ! Ah, yes, they said,  
Missing, but whither had he fled ?  
Where had he hidden himself away ?  
No farther than the barn or shed ;  
He had not hidden himself, nor fled ;  
How should he pass the rainy day  
But in his barn with hens and hay,  
Or mending harness, cart, or sled ?  
Now, having come, he needs must stay  
And tell his tale as well as they.

The Landlord answered only : " These  
Are logs from the dead apple-trees  
Of the old orchard planted here  
By the first Howe of Sudbury.  
Nor oak nor maple has so clear  
A flame, or burns so quietly,  
Or leaves an ash so clean and white ;"  
Thinking by this to put aside  
The impending tale that terrified ;  
When suddenly, to his delight,  
The Theologian interposed,  
Saying that when the door was closed,  
And they had stopped that draft of cold,  
Unpleasant night air, he proposed  
To tell a tale world-wide apart  
From that the Student had just told ;  
World-wide apart, and yet akin,  
As showing that the human heart  
Beats on forever as of old,  
As well beneath the snow-white fold  
Of Quaker kerchief, as within  
Sendal or silk or cloth of gold,  
And without preface would begin.

And then the clamorous clock struck eight,  
Deliberate, with sonorous chime  
Slow measuring out the march of time,  
Like some grave Consul of Old Rome  
In Jupiter's temple driving home  
The nails that marked the year and date.

Thus interrupted in his rhyme,  
The Theologian needs must wait ;  
But quoted Horace, where he sings  
The dire Necessity of things,  
That drives into the roofs sublime  
Of new-built houses of the great  
The adamantine nails of Fate.

When ceased the little carillon  
To herald from its wooden tower  
The important transit of the hour,  
The Theologian hastened on,  
Content to be allowed at last  
To sing his Idyl of the Past.

## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

ELIZABETH

I

" Ah, how short are the days ! How soon  
the night overtakes us !  
In the old country the twilight is longer ;  
but here in the forest  
Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a  
pause in its coming,  
Hardly a moment between the two lights,  
the day and the lamplight ;  
Yet how grand is the winter ! How spot-  
less the snow is, and perfect ! "

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at night-  
fall to Hannah the housemaid,  
As in the farm-house kitchen, that served  
for kitchen and parlor,  
By the window she sat with her work, and  
looked on the landscape  
White as the great white sheet that Peter  
saw in his vision,  
By the four corners let down and descend-  
ing out of the heavens.  
Covered with snow were the forests of pine,  
and the fields and the meadows.  
Nothing was dark but the sky, and the dis-  
tant Delaware flowing  
Down from its native hills, a peaceful and  
bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made an-  
swer Hannah the housemaid :  
" Beautiful winter ! yea, the winter is beau-  
tiful, surely,  
If one could only walk like a fly with one's  
feet on the ceiling.  
But the great Delaware River is not like  
the Thames, as we saw it  
Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe  
Street in the Borough,  
Crowded with masts and sails of vessels  
coming and going ;  
Here there is nothing but pines, with  
patches of snow on their branches.  
There is snow in the air, and see ! it is fall-  
ing already ;  
All the roads will be blocked, and I pity  
Joseph to-morrow,  
Breaking his way through the drifts, with  
his sled and oxen ; and then, too,  
How in all the world shall we get to Meet-  
ing on First-Day ? "

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered,  
mildly reproving :  
"Surely the Lord will provide ; for unto  
the snow He sayeth,  
Be thou on the earth, the good Lord sayeth ;  
He is it  
Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters  
the hoar-frost."  
So she folded her work and laid it away in  
her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had  
closed and fastened the shutters,  
Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on  
the table, and placed there  
Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown  
rye loaf, and the butter  
Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting  
her hand with a holder,  
Took from the crane in the chimney the  
steaming and simmering kettle,  
Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the  
earthen teapot,  
Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint  
and wonderful figures.

Then Elizabeth said, "Lo ! Joseph is  
long on his errand.  
I have sent him away with a hamper of food  
and of clothing  
For the poor in the village. A good lad  
and cheerful is Joseph ;  
In the right place is his heart, and his hand  
is ready and willing."

Thus in praise of her servant she spake,  
and Hannah the housemaid  
Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but  
governed her tongue, and was silent,  
While her mistress went on : "The house  
is far from the village ;  
We should be lonely here, were it not for  
Friends that in passing  
Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us  
glad by their coming."

Thereupon answered Hannah the house-  
maid, the thrifty, the frugal :  
"Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy  
house were a tavern ;  
Open to all are its doors, and they come  
and go like the pigeons  
In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house  
over the hayloft, .  
Cooing and smoothing their feathers and  
basking themselves in the sunshine."

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly,  
Elizabeth answered :  
"All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give  
or withhold it ;  
I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to  
those of his people  
Who in journeyings often surrender their  
lives to his service.  
His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far  
can I make them  
Mine, as in giving I add my heart to what-  
ever is given.  
Therefore my excellent father first built  
this house in the clearing ;  
Though he came not himself, I came ; for  
the Lord was my guidance,  
Leading me here for this service. We  
must not grudge, then, to others  
Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that  
fall from our table."

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the  
penitent housemaid ;  
And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter  
and softer :  
"Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great  
May-Meeting in London,  
When I was still a child, how we sat in the  
silent assembly,  
Waiting upon the Lord in patient and pas-  
sive submission ?  
No one spake, till at length a young man,  
a stranger, John Estaugh,  
Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were  
John the Apostle,  
Speaking such words of power that they  
bowed our hearts, as a strong  
wind  
Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that  
is ripe for the sickle.  
Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne  
inward upon me,  
Wherefore I do not know ; but strong is  
the feeling within me  
That once more I shall see a face I have  
never forgotten."

## II

E'en as she spake they heard the musical  
jangle of sleigh-bells,  
First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint  
in the distance,  
Then growing nearer and louder, and turn-  
ing into the farmyard,

Till it stopped at the door, with sudden  
 creaking of runners.  
 Then there were voices heard as of two  
 men talking together,  
 And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding  
 said Hannah the housemaid,  
 "It is Joseph come back, and I wonder  
 what stranger is with him."

Down from its nail she took and lighted  
 the great tin lantern  
 Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed  
 like the top of a lighthouse,  
 And went forth to receive the coming guest  
 at the doorway,  
 Casting into the dark a network of glimmer  
 and shadow  
 Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh,  
 and the horses,  
 And the forms of men, snow-covered, loom-  
 ing gigantic.  
 Then giving Joseph the lantern, she en-  
 tered the house with the stranger.  
 Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks  
 aglow with the night air ;  
 And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going  
 to meet him,  
 As if an unseen power had announced and  
 preceded his presence,  
 And he had come as one whose coming had  
 long been expected,  
 Quietly gave him her hand, and said,  
 "Thou art welcome, John Estaugh."  
 And the stranger replied, with staid and  
 quiet behavior,  
 "Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth ?  
 After so many  
 Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful  
 thing that I find thee.  
 Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me  
 here to thy threshold.  
 For as I journeyed along, and pondered  
 alone and in silence  
 On his ways, that are past finding out, I  
 saw in the snow-mist,  
 Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer,  
 who by the wayside  
 Paused and waited. Forthwith I remem-  
 bered Queen Candace's eunuch,  
 How on the way that goes down from  
 Jerusalem unto Gaza,  
 Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed,  
 and spake unto Philip,  
 Praying him to come up and sit in his  
 chariot with him.

So I greeted the man, and he mounted the  
 sledge beside me,  
 And as we talked on the way he told me of  
 thee and thy homestead,  
 How, being led by the light of the Spirit,  
 that never deceiveth,  
 Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou  
 hadst come to this country.  
 And I remembered thy name, and thy  
 father and mother in England,  
 And on my journey have stopped to see  
 thee, Elizabeth Haddon,  
 Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the  
 labors of love thou art doing."

And Elizabeth answered with confident  
 voice, and serenely  
 Looking into his face with her innocent  
 eyes as she answered,  
 "Surely the hand of the Lord is in it ; his  
 Spirit hath led thee  
 Out of the darkness and storm to the light  
 and peace of my fireside."

Then, with stamping of feet the door  
 was opened, and Joseph  
 Entered, bearing the lantern, and, care-  
 fully blowing the light out,  
 Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to  
 their supper ;  
 For underneath that roof was no distinction  
 of persons,  
 But one family only, one heart, one hearth,  
 and one household.

When the supper was ended they drew  
 their chairs to the fireplace,  
 Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame  
 and of firewood,  
 Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner  
 of fagots,  
 Spreading its arms to embrace with inex-  
 haustible bounty  
 All who fled from the cold, exultant, laugh-  
 ing at winter !  
 Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in  
 clearing the table,  
 Coming and going, and bustling about in  
 closet and chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to  
 John Estaugh,  
 Going far back to the past, to the early  
 days of her childhood ;

How she had waited and watched, in all  
her doubts and besetments,  
Comforted with the extendings and holy,  
sweet inflowings  
Of the spirit of love, till the voice impera-  
tive sounded,  
And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her  
lot with her people  
Here in the desert land, and God would  
provide for the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands,  
and demurely  
Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the  
silence that followed  
Nothing was heard for a while but the step  
of Hannah the housemaid  
Walking the floor overhead, and setting the  
chambers in order.  
And Elizabeth said, with a smile of com-  
passion, "The maiden  
Hath a light heart in her breast, but her  
feet are heavy and awkward."  
Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his  
tongue, and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's  
counterfeit, nightly rehearsal  
Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting  
of shadows, where no man  
Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace  
and rest are unbroken !  
Silently over that house the blessing of  
slumber descended.  
But when the morning dawned, and the sun  
uprose in his splendor,  
Breaking his way through clouds that  
encumbered his path in the hea-  
vens,  
Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen  
breaking a pathway  
Through the drifts of snow; the horses  
already were harnessed,  
And John Estaugh was standing and taking  
leave at the threshold,  
Saying that he should return at the Meet-  
ing in May ; while above them  
Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was  
looking out of the attic,  
Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly  
closing the casement,  
As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of  
its window,  
Then disappears again, and closes the  
shutter behind it.

## III

Now was the winter gone, and the snow ;  
and Robin the Redbreast  
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was  
he and no other  
That had covered with leaves the Babes in  
the Wood, and blithely  
All the birds sang with him, and little cared  
for his boasting,  
Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel  
Uncle, and only  
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and  
cared for the nests they were build-  
ing.  
With them, but more sedately and meekly,  
Elizabeth Haddon  
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were  
silent and songless.  
Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of  
blossoms and music,  
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the  
air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morn-  
ing, that slowly  
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of  
pilgrims,  
Men and women, wending their way to the  
Quarterly Meeting  
In the neighboring town ; and with them  
came riding John Estaugh.  
At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest,  
and alighting  
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of  
rye, and the honey  
Brought from the hives, that stood by the  
sunny wall of the garden ;  
Then remounted their horses, refreshed,  
and continued their journey,  
And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and  
Hannah the housemaid.  
But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a  
little, and leaning  
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to  
John Estaugh :  
"Tarry awhile behind, for I have some-  
thing to tell thee,  
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the pres-  
ence of others ;  
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me  
it concerneth."  
And they rode slowly along through the  
woods, conversing together.

It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant  
air of the forest ;  
It was a pleasure to live on that bright  
and happy May morning !

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a  
certain reluctance,  
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain  
would have guarded :  
"I will no longer conceal what is laid upon  
me to tell thee ;  
I have received from the Lord a charge to  
love thee, John Estaugh."

And John Estaugh made answer, sur-  
prised at the words she had spo-  
ken,  
"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy  
ways, thy meekness of spirit ;  
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy  
soul's immaculate whiteness,  
Love without dissimulation, a holy and in-  
ward adorning.  
But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice  
to direct me.  
When the Lord's work is done, and the  
toil and the labor completed  
He hath appointed to me, I will gather  
into the stillness  
Of my own heart awhile, and listen and  
wait for his guidance."

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor  
wounded in spirit,  
"So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not  
speak of it further.  
It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this,  
for to-morrow  
Thou art going away, across the sea, and  
I know not  
When I shall see thee more ; but if the  
Lord hath decreed it,  
Thou wilt return again to seek me here and  
to find me."  
And they rode onward in silence, and en-  
tered the town with the others.

## IV

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each  
other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in  
the darkness ;

So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak  
one another,  
Only a look and a voice, then darkness  
again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of  
the homestead.  
Patient and unrepining Elizabeth labored,  
in all things  
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the bur-  
dens of others,  
Always thoughtful and kind and untrou-  
bled ; and Hannah the housemaid  
Diligent early and late, and rosy with  
washing and scouring,  
Still as of old disparaged the eminent mer-  
its of Joseph,  
And was at times reproved for her light  
and frothy behavior,  
For her shy looks, and her careless words,  
and her evil surmisings,  
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart  
with sheaves overladen,  
As she would sometimes say to Joseph,  
quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across  
the sea, and departing  
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and  
precious,  
Filling its chambers with fragrance, and  
seeming to him in its sweetness  
Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled  
all the house with its odor.  
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in  
doubting and waiting !  
O lost hours and days in which we might  
have been happy !  
But the light shone at last, and guided his  
wavering footsteps,  
And at last came the voice, imperative,  
questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the  
sea for the gift that was offered,  
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a  
woman's affection.  
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose  
in the Silent Assembly,  
Holding in his strong hand a hand that  
trembled a little,  
Promising to be kind and true and faithful  
in all things.  
Such were the marriage rites of John and  
Elizabeth Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest,  
 the diligent servant,  
 Sped in his bashful wooing with homely  
 Hannah the housemaid ;  
 For when he asked her the question, she  
 answered, "Nay ;" and then added :  
 "But thee may make believe, and see what  
 will come of it, Joseph."

## INTERLUDE

"A PLEASANT and a winsome tale,"  
 The Student said, "though somewhat pale  
 And quiet in its coloring,  
 As if it caught its tone and air  
 From the gray suits that Quakers wear ;  
 Yet worthy of some German bard,  
 Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard,  
 Who love of humble themes to sing,  
 In humble verse ; but no more true  
 Than was the tale I told to you."

The Theologian made reply,  
 And with some warmth, "That I deny ;  
 'T is no invention of my own,  
 But something well and widely known  
 To readers of a riper age,  
 Writ by the skilful hand that wrote  
 The Indian tale of Hobomok,  
 And Philothea's classic page.  
 I found it like a waif afloat,  
 Or dulse uprooted from its rock,  
 On the swift tides that ebb and flow  
 In daily papers, and at flood  
 Bear freighted vessels to and fro,  
 But later, when the ebb is low,  
 Leave a long waste of sand and mud."

"It matters little," quoth the Jew ;  
 "The cloak of truth is lined with lies,  
 Sayeth some proverb old and wise ;  
 And Love is master of all arts,  
 And puts it into human hearts  
 The strangest things to say and do."

And here the controversy closed  
 Abruptly, ere 't was well begun ;  
 For the Sicilian interposed  
 With, "Lordlings, listen, every one  
 That listen may, unto a tale  
 That's merrier than the nightingale ;  
 A tale that cannot boast, forsooth,  
 A single rag or shred of truth ;  
 That does not leave the mind in doubt

As to the with it or without ;  
 A naked falsehood and absurd  
 As mortal ever told or heard.  
 Therefore I tell it ; or, maybe,  
 Simply because it pleases me."

## THE SICILIAN'S TALE

## THE MONK OF CASAL-MAGGIORE

ONCE on a time, some centuries ago,  
 In the hot sunshine two Franciscan friars  
 Wended their weary way, with footsteps  
 slow,  
 Back to their convent, whose white walls  
 and spires  
 Gleamed on the hillside like a patch of  
 snow ;  
 Covered with dust they were, and torn  
 by briars,  
 And bore like sumpter-mules upon their  
 backs  
 The badge of poverty, their beggar's sacks.

The first was Brother Anthony, a spare  
 And silent man, with pallid cheeks and  
 thin,  
 Much given to vigils, penance, fasting,  
 prayer,  
 Solemn and gray, and worn with disci-  
 pline,  
 As if his body but white ashes were,  
 Heaped on the living coals that glowed  
 within ;  
 A simple monk, like many of his day,  
 Whose instinct was to listen and obey.

A different man was Brother Timothy,  
 Of larger mould and of a coarser paste ;  
 A rubicund and stalwart monk was he,  
 Broad in the shoulders, broader in the  
 waist,  
 Who often filled the dull refectory  
 With noise by which the convent was dis-  
 graced,  
 But to the mass-book gave but little heed,  
 By reason he had never learned to read.

Now, as they passed the outskirts of a  
 wood,  
 They saw, with mingled pleasure and  
 surprise,  
 Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that stood  
 Lazily winking his large, limpid eyes.

The farmer Gilbert, of that neighborhood,  
His owner was, who, looking for supplies  
Of fagots, deeper in the wood had strayed,  
Leaving his beast to ponder in the shade.

As soon as Brother Timothy espied  
The patient animal, he said : " Good-lack !

Thus for our needs doth Providence provide ;

We 'll lay our wallets on the creature's back."

This being done, he leisurely untied  
From head and neck the halter of the jack,

And put it round his own, and to the tree  
Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he.

And, bursting forth into a merry laugh,  
He cried to Brother Anthony : " Away !  
And drive the ass before you with your staff ;

And when you reach the convent you may say

You left me at a farm, half tired and half  
Ill with a fever, for a night and day,  
And that the farmer lent this ass to bear  
Our wallets, that are heavy with good fare."

Now Brother Anthony, who knew the pranks

Of Brother Timothy, would not persuade  
Or reason with him on his quirks and cranks,

But, being obedient, silently obeyed ;

And, smiting with his staff the ass's flanks,  
Drove him before him over hill and glade,

Safe with his provend to the convent gate,  
Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his fate.

Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for his fire,  
Forth issued from the wood, and stood aghast

To see the ponderous body of the friar  
Standing where he had left his donkey last.

Trembling he stood, and dared not venture nigher,

But stared, and gaped, and crossed himself full fast ;

For, being credulous and of little wit,  
He thought it was some demon from the pit.

While speechless and bewildered thus he gazed,

And dropped his load of fagots on the ground,

Quoth Brother Timothy : " Be not amazed  
That where you left a donkey should be found

A poor Franciscan friar, half-starved and crazed,

Standing demure and with a halter bound ;

But set me free, and hear the piteous story  
Of Brother Timothy of Casal-Maggiore.

" I am a sinful man, although you see  
I wear the consecrated cowl and cape ;  
You never owned an ass, but you owned me,

Changed and transformed from my own natural shape

All for the deadly sin of gluttony,  
From which I could not otherwise escape,

Than by this penance, dieting on grass,  
And being worked and beaten as an ass.

" Think of the ignominy I endured ;  
Think of the miserable life I led,  
The toil and blows to which I was inured,  
My wretched lodging in a windy shed,  
My scanty fare so grudgingly procured,  
The damp and musty straw that formed my bed !

But, having done this penance for my sins,  
My life as man and monk again begins."

The simple Gilbert, hearing words like these,

Was conscience-stricken, and fell down apace

Before the friar upon his bended knees,  
And with a suppliant voice implored his grace ;

And the good monk, now very much at ease,

Granted him pardon with a smiling face,  
Nor could refuse to be that night his guest,  
It being late, and he in need of rest.

Upon a hillside, where the olive thrives,  
With figures painted on its whitewashed walls,

The cottage stood ; and near the humming hives

Made murmurs as of far-off waterfalls ;

A place where those who love secluded  
lives  
Might live content, and, free from noise  
and brawls,  
Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona here  
Measure by fruits the slow-revolving year.

And, coming to this cottage of content,  
They found his children, and the buxom  
wench

His wife, Dame Cicely, and his father, bent  
With years and labor, seated on a bench,  
Repeating over some obscure event

In the old wars of Milanese and French ;  
All welcomed the Franciscan, with a sense  
Of sacred awe and humble reverence.

When Gilbert told them what had come to  
pass,

How beyond question, cavil, or surmise,  
Good Brother Timothy had been their ass,  
You should have seen the wonder in  
their eyes ;

You should have heard them cry "Alas !  
alas !"

Have heard their lamentations and their  
sighs !

For all believed the story, and began  
To see a saint in this afflicted man.

Forthwith there was prepared a grand  
repast,

To satisfy the craving of the friar  
After so rigid and prolonged a fast ;  
The bustling housewife stirred the kitch-  
en fire ;

Then her two barn-yard fowls, her best and  
last,

Were put to death, at her express desire,  
And served up with a salad in a bowl,  
And flasks of country wine to crown the  
whole.

It would not be believed should I repeat  
How hungry Brother Timothy appeared ;  
It was a pleasure but to see him eat,

His white teeth flashing through his  
russet beard,

His face aglow and flushed with wine and  
meat,

His roguish eyes that rolled and laughed  
and leered !

Lord ! how he drank the blood-red country  
wine

As if the village vintage were divine !

And all the while he talked without sur-  
cease,

And told his merry tales with jovial glee  
That never flagged, but rather did in-  
crease,

And laughed aloud as if insane were he,  
And wagged his red beard, matted like a  
fleece,

And cast such glances at Dame Cicely  
That Gilbert now grew angry with his guest,  
And thus in words his rising wrath ex-  
pressed.

"Good father," said he, "easily we see  
How needful in some persons, and how  
right,

Mortification of the flesh may be.

The indulgence you have given it to-  
night,

After long penance, clearly proves to me  
Your strength against temptation is but  
slight,

And shows the dreadful peril you are in  
Of a relapse into your deadly sin.

"To-morrow morning, with the rising sun,  
Go back unto your convent, nor refrain  
From fasting and from scourging, for you  
run

Great danger to become an ass again,  
Since monkish flesh and asinine are one ;

Therefore be wise, nor longer here re-  
main,

Unless you wish the scourge should be ap-  
plied

By other hands, that will not spare your  
hide."

When this the monk had heard, his color  
fled

And then returned, like lightning in the  
air,

Till he was all one blush from foot to  
head,

And even the bald spot in his russet hair  
Turned from its usual pallor to bright  
red !

The old man was asleep upon his chair.

Then all retired, and sank into the deep  
And helpless imbecility of sleep.

They slept until the dawn of day drew  
near,

Till the cock should have crowed, but  
did not crow,

For they had slain the shining chanticleer  
And eaten him for supper, as you know.  
The monk was up betimes and of good cheer,

And, having breakfasted, made haste to go,  
As if he heard the distant matin bell,  
And had but little time to say farewell.

Fresh was the morning as the breath of kine ;

Odors of herbs commingled with the sweet

Balsamic exhalations of the pine ;

A haze was in the air presaging heat ;

Uprose the sun above the Apennine,

And all the misty valleys at its feet  
Were full of the delirious song of birds,  
Voices of men, and bells, and low of herds.

All this to Brother Timothy was naught ;

He did not care for scenery, nor here

His busy fancy found the thing it sought ;

But when he saw the convent walls appear,  
And smoke from kitchen chimneys upward caught

And whirled aloft into the atmosphere,  
He quickened his slow footsteps, like a beast

That scents the stable a league off at least.  
And as he entered through the convent gate

He saw there in the court the ass, who stood

Twirling his ears about, and seemed to wait,

Just as he found him waiting in the wood ;

And told the Prior that, to alleviate

The daily labors of the brotherhood,  
The owner, being a man of means and thrift,

Bestowed him on the convent as a gift.

And thereupon the Prior for many days

Revolved this serious matter in his mind,

And turned it over many different ways,  
Hoping that some safe issue he might find ;

But stood in fear of what the world would say,

If he accepted presents of this kind,

Employing beasts of burden for the packs  
That lazy monks should carry on their backs.

Then, to avoid all scandal of the sort,

And stop the mouth of cavil, he decreed  
That he would cut the tedious matter short,

And sell the ass with all convenient speed,

Thus saving the expense of his support,  
And hoarding something for a time of need.

So he despatched him to the neighboring Fair,

And freed himself from cumber and from care.

It happened now by chance, as some might say,

Others perhaps would call it destiny,  
Gilbert was at the Fair ; and heard a bray,

And nearer came, and saw that it was he,

And whispered in his ear, " Ah, lackaday !

Good father, the rebellious flesh, I see,  
Has changed you back into an ass again,

And all my admonitions were in vain."

The ass, who felt this breathing in his ear,  
Did not turn round to look, but shook his head,

As if he were not pleased these words to hear,

And contradicted all that had been said.

And this made Gilbert cry in voice more clear,

" I know you well ; your hair is russet-red ;

Do not deny it ; for you are the same  
Franciscan friar, and Timothy by name."

The ass, though now the secret had come out,  
Was obstinate, and shook his head again ;

Until a crowd was gathered round about  
To hear this dialogue between the twain ;

And raised their voices in a noisy shout  
When Gilbert tried to make the matter plain,

And flouted him and mocked him all day long

With laughter and with jibes and scraps of song.

"If this be Brother Timothy," they cried,  
 "Buy him, and feed him on the tenderest  
 grass ;  
 Thou canst not do too much for one so  
 tried  
 As to be twice transformed into an ass."  
 So simple Gilbert bought him, and untied  
 His halter, and o'er mountain and mo-  
 rass  
 He led him homeward, talking as he went  
 Of good behavior and a mind content.

The children saw them coming, and ad-  
 vanced,  
 Shouting with joy, and hung about his  
 neck, —  
 Not Gilbert's, but the ass's, — round him  
 danced,  
 And wove green garlands wherewithal  
 to deck  
 His sacred person ; for again it chanced  
 Their childish feelings, without rein or  
 check,  
 Could not discriminate in any way  
 A donkey from a friar of Orders Gray.

"O Brother Timothy," the children said,  
 "You have come back to us just as  
 before ;  
 We were afraid, and thought that you were  
 dead,  
 And we should never see you any more."  
 And then they kissed the white star on his  
 head,  
 That like a birth-mark or a badge he  
 wore,  
 And patted him upon the neck and face,  
 And said a thousand things with childish  
 grace.

Thenceforward and forever he was known  
 As Brother Timothy, and led away  
 A life of luxury, till he had grown  
 Ungrateful, being stuffed with corn and  
 hay,  
 And very vicious. Then in angry tone,  
 Rousing himself, poor Gilbert said one  
 day,  
 "When simple kindness is misunderstood  
 A little flagellation may do good."

His many vices need not here be told ;  
 Among them was a habit that he had  
 Of flinging up his heels at young and old,  
 Breaking his halter, running off like mad

O'er pasture-lands and meadow, wood and  
 wold,  
 And other misdemeanors quite as bad ;  
 But worst of all was breaking from his  
 shed  
 At night, and ravaging the cabbage-bed.

So Brother Timothy went back once more  
 To his old life of labor and distress ;  
 Was beaten worse than he had been  
 before ;  
 And now, instead of comfort and ca-  
 ress,  
 Came labors manifold and trials sore ;  
 And as his toils increased his food grew  
 less,  
 Until at last the great consoler, Death,  
 Ended his many sufferings with his breath.

Great was the lamentation when he died ;  
 And mainly that he died impenitent ;  
 Dame Cicely bewailed, the children cried,  
 The old man still remembered the event  
 In the French war, and Gilbert magni-  
 fied  
 His many virtues, as he came and went,  
 And said : "Heaven pardon Brother Tim-  
 othy,  
 And keep us from the sin of gluttony."

## INTERLUDE

"SIGNOR LUIGI," said the Jew,  
 When the Sicilian's tale was told,  
 "The were-wolf is a legend old,  
 But the were-ass is something new,  
 And yet for one I think it true.  
 The days of wonder have not ceased ;  
 If there are beasts in forms of men,  
 As sure it happens now and then,  
 Why may not man become a beast,  
 In way of punishment at least ?

"But this I will not now discuss ;  
 I leave the theme, that we may thus  
 Remain within the realm of song.  
 The story that I told before,  
 Though not acceptable to all,  
 At least you did not find too long.  
 I beg you, let me try again,  
 With something in a different vein,  
 Before you bid the curtain fall.  
 Meanwhile keep watch upon the door,  
 Nor let the Landlord leave his chair,

Lest he should vanish into air,  
And so elude our search once more."

Thus saying, from his lips he blew  
A little cloud of perfumed breath,  
And then, as if it were a clew  
To lead his footsteps safely through,  
Began his tale as followeth.

## THE SPANISH JEW'S SECOND TALE

### SCANDERBEG

THE battle is fought and won  
By King Ladislaus, the Hun,  
In fire of hell and death's frost,  
On the day of Pentecost.  
And in rout before his path  
From the field of battle red  
Flee all that are not dead  
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night  
Iskander, the pride and boast  
Of that mighty Othman host,  
With his routed Turks, takes flight  
From the battle fought and lost  
On the day of Pentecost ;  
Leaving behind him dead  
The army of Amurath,  
The vanguard as it led,  
The rearguard as it fled,  
Mown down in the bloody swath  
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars,  
Nor for Baron or Voivode,  
As on through the night he rode  
And gazed at the fateful stars,  
That were shining overhead ;  
But smote his steed with his staff,  
And smiled to himself, and said :  
"This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night,  
In a halt of the hurrying flight,  
There came a Scribe of the King  
Wearing his signet ring,  
And said in a voice severe :  
"This is the first dark blot  
On thy name, George Castriot !  
Alas ! why art thou here,  
And the army of Amurath slain,  
And left on the battle plain ?"

And Iskander answered and said :  
"They lie on the bloody sod  
By the hoofs of horses trod ;  
But this was the decree  
Of the watchers overhead ;  
For the war belongeth to God,  
And in battle who are we,  
Who are we, that shall withstand  
The wind of his lifted hand ?"

Then he bade them bind with chains  
This man of books and brains ;  
And the Scribe said : "What misdeed  
Have I done, that, without need,  
Thou doest to me this thing ?"  
And Iskander answering  
Said unto him : "Not one  
Misdeed to me hast thou done ;  
But for fear that thou shouldst run  
And hide thyself from me,  
Have I done this unto thee.

"Now write me a writing, O Scribe,  
And a blessing be on thy tribe !  
A writing sealed with thy ring,  
To King Amurath's Pasha  
In the city of Croia,  
The city moated and walled,  
That he surrender the same  
In the name of my master, the King ;  
For what is writ in his name  
Can never be recalled."

And the Scribe bowed low in dread,  
And unto Iskander said :  
"Allah is great and just,  
But we are as ashes and dust ;  
How shall I do this thing,  
When I know that my guilty head  
Will be forfeit to the King ?"

Then swift as a shooting star  
The curved and shining blade  
Of Iskander's scimeter  
From its sheath, with jewels bright,  
Shot, as he thundered : "Write !"  
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,  
And wrote in the fitful glare  
Of the bivouac fire apart,  
With the chill of the midnight air  
On his forehead white and bare,  
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried :  
"Now follow whither I ride,

For here thou must not stay.  
 Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,  
 And honors without end  
 Shall surround thee on every side,  
 And attend thee night and day."  
 But the sullen Scribe replied :  
 " Our pathways here divide ;  
 Mine leadeth not thy way."

And even as he spoke  
 Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,  
 When no one else was near ;  
 And the Scribe sank to the ground,  
 As a stone, pushed from the brink  
 Of a black pool, might sink  
 With a sob and disappear ;  
 And no one saw the deed ;  
 And in the stillness around  
 No sound was heard but the sound  
 Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,  
 As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,  
 With scarce three hundred men,  
 Through river and forest and fen,  
 O'er the mountains of Argentar ;  
 And his heart was merry within,  
 When he crossed the river Drin,  
 And saw in the gleam of the morn  
 The White Castle Ak-Hissar,  
 The city Croia called,  
 The city moated and walled,  
 The city where he was born,—  
 And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van  
 On their silver bugles blew,  
 And in crowds about him ran  
 Albanian and Turkoman,  
 That the sound together drew.  
 And he feasted with his friends,  
 And when they were warm with wine,  
 He said : " O friends of mine,  
 Behold what fortune sends,  
 And what the fates design !  
 King Amurath commands  
 That my father's wide domain,  
 This city and all its lands,  
 Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White  
 He rode in regal state,  
 And entered in at the gate  
 In all his arms bedight,  
 And gave to the Pasha

Who ruled in Croia  
 The writing of the King,  
 Sealed with his signet ring.  
 And the Pasha bowed his head,  
 And after a silence said :  
 " Allah is just and great !  
 I yield to the will divine,  
 The city and lands are thine ;  
 Who shall contend with fate ? "

Anon from the castle walls  
 The crescent banner falls,  
 And the crowd beholds instead,  
 Like a portent in the sky,  
 Iskander's banner fly,  
 The Black Eagle with double head ;  
 And a shout ascends on high,  
 For men's souls are tired of the Turks,  
 And their wicked ways and works,  
 That have made of Ak-Hissar  
 A city of the plague ;  
 And the loud, exultant cry  
 That echoes wide and far  
 Is : " Long live Scanderbeg ! "

It was thus Iskander came  
 Once more unto his own ;  
 And the tidings, like the flame  
 Of a conflagration blown  
 By the winds of summer, ran,  
 Till the land was in a blaze,  
 And the cities far and near,  
 Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,  
 In his Book of the Words of the Days,  
 " Were taken as a man  
 Would take the tip of his ear."

## INTERLUDE

" Now that is after my own heart,"  
 The Poet cried ; " one understands  
 Your swarthy hero Scanderbeg,  
 Gauntlet on hand and boot on leg,  
 And skilled in every warlike art,  
 Riding through his Albanian lands,  
 And following the auspicious star  
 That shone for him o'er Ak-Hissar."

The Theologian added here  
 His word of praise not less sincere,  
 Although he ended with a jibe ;  
 " The hero of romance and song  
 Was born," he said, " to right the wrong ;  
 And I approve ; but all the same

That bit of treason with the Scribe  
Adds nothing to your hero's fame."

The Student praised the good old times,  
And liked the canter of the rhymes,  
That had a hoofbeat in their sound ;  
But longed some further word to hear  
Of the old chronicler Ben Meir,  
And where his volume might be found.

The tall Musician walked the room  
With folded arms and gleaming eyes,  
As if he saw the Vikings rise,  
Gigantic shadows in the gloom ;  
And much he talked of their emprise  
And meteors seen in Northern skies,  
And Heimdal's horn, and day of doom.  
But the Sicilian laughed again ;  
"This is the time to laugh," he said,  
For the whole story he well knew  
Was an invention of the Jew,  
Spun from the cobwebs in his brain,  
And of the same bright scarlet thread  
As was the Tale of Kambalu.

Only the Landlord spake no word ;  
"T was doubtful whether he had heard  
The tale at all, so full of care  
Was he of his impending fate,  
That, like the sword of Damocles,  
Above his head hung blank and bare,  
Suspended by a single hair,  
So that he could not sit at ease,  
But sighed and looked disconsolate,  
And shifted restless in his chair,  
Revolving how he might evade  
The blow of the descending blade.

The Student came to his relief  
By saying in his easy way  
To the Musician : "Calm your grief,  
My fair Apollo of the North,  
Balder the Beautiful and so forth ;  
Although your magic lyre or lute  
With broken strings is lying mute,  
Still you can tell some doleful tale  
Of shipwreck in a midnight gale,  
Or something of the kind to suit  
The mood that we are in to-night  
For what is marvellous and strange ;  
So give your nimble fancy range,  
And we will follow in its flight."

But the Musician shook his head ;  
"No tale I tell to-night," he said,

"While my poor instrument lies there,  
Even as a child with vacant stare  
Lies in its little coffin dead."

Yet, being urged, he said at last :  
"There comes to me out of the Past  
A voice, whose tones are sweet and wild,  
Singing a song almost divine,  
And with a tear in every line ;  
An ancient ballad, that my nurse  
Sang to me when I was a child,  
In accents tender as the verse ;  
And sometimes wept, and sometimes smiled  
While singing it, to see arise  
The look of wonder in my eyes,  
And feel my heart with terror beat.  
This simple ballad I retain  
Clearly imprinted on my brain,  
And as a tale will now repeat."

## THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

### THE MOTHER'S GHOST

SVEND DYRING he rideth adown the glade ;  
*I myself was young !*  
There he hath wooed him so winsome a  
maid ;  
*Fair words gladden so many a heart.*

Together were they for seven years,  
And together children six were theirs.

Then came Death abroad through the land,  
And blighted the beautiful lily-wand.

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the glade,  
And again hath he wooed him another maid.

He hath wooed him a maid and brought  
home a bride,  
But she was bitter and full of pride.

When she came driving into the yard,  
There stood the six children weeping so  
hard.

There stood the small children with sorrow-  
ful heart ;  
From before her feet she thrust them apart.

She gave to them neither ale nor bread ;  
"Ye shall suffer hunger and hate," she  
said.

She took from them their quilts of blue,  
And said : "Ye shall lie on the straw we  
strew."

She took from them the great waxlight :  
"Now ye shall lie in the dark at night."

In the evening late they cried with cold ;  
The mother heard it under the mould.

The woman heard it the earth below :  
"To my little children I must go."

She standeth before the Lord of all :  
"And may I go to my children small ?"

She prayed him so long, and would not  
cease,  
Until he bade her depart in peace.

"At cock-crow thou shalt return again ;  
Longer thou shalt not there remain !"

She girded up her sorrowful bones,  
And rifted the walls and the marble  
stones.

As through the village she flitted by,  
The watch-dogs howled aloud to the sky.

When she came to the castle gate,  
There stood her eldest daughter in wait.

"Why standest thou here, dear daughter  
mine ?  
How fares it with brothers and sisters  
thine ?"

"Never art thou mother of mine,  
For my mother was both fair and fine.

"My mother was white, with cheeks of  
red,  
But thou art pale, and like to the dead."

"How should I be fair and fine ?  
I have been dead ; pale cheeks are mine.

"How should I be white and red,  
So long, so long have I been dead ?"

When she came in at the chamber door,  
There stood the small children weeping  
sore.

One she braided, another she brushed,  
The third she lifted, the fourth she hushed.

The fifth she took on her lap and pressed,  
As if she would suckle it at her breast.

Then to her eldest daughter said she,  
"Do thou bid Svend Dyring come hither  
to me."

Into the chamber when he came  
She spake to him in anger and shame.

"I left behind me both ale and bread ;  
My children hunger and are not fed.

"I left behind me quilts of blue ;  
My children lie on the straw ye strew.

"I left behind me the great waxlight ;  
My children lie in the dark at night.

"If I come again unto your hall,  
As cruel a fate shall you befall !

"Now crows the cock with feathers red ;  
Back to the earth must all the dead.

"Now crows the cock with feathers swart ;  
The gates of heaven fly wide apart.

"Now crows the cock with feathers white ;  
I can abide no longer to-night."

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs wail,  
They gave the children bread and ale.

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bay,  
They feared lest the dead were on their  
way.

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bark,  
*I myself was young !*  
They feared the dead out there in the  
dark.

*Fair words gladden so many a heart.*

## INTERLUDE

TOUCHED by the pathos of these rhymes,  
The Theologian said : "All praise  
Be to the ballads of old times  
And to the bards of simple ways,

Who walked with Nature hand in hand,  
Whose country was their Holy Land,  
Whose singing robes were homespun brown  
From looms of their own native town,  
Which they were not ashamed to wear,  
And not of silk or sendal gay,  
Nor decked with fanciful array  
Of cockle-shells from Outre-Mer."

To whom the Student answered ; " Yes ;  
All praise and honor ! I confess  
That bread and ale, home-baked, home-  
brewed,

Are wholesome and nutritious food,  
But not enough for all our needs ;  
Poets — the best of them — are birds  
Of passage ; where their instinct leads  
They range abroad for thoughts and words,  
And from all climes bring home the seeds  
That germinate in flowers or weeds.  
They are not fowls in barnyards born  
To cackle o'er a grain of corn ;  
And, if you shut the horizon down  
To the small limits of their town,  
What do you do but degrade your bard  
Till he at last becomes as one  
Who thinks the all-encircling sun  
Rises and sets in his back yard ? "

The Theologian said again :  
" It may be so ; yet I maintain  
That what is native still is best,  
And little care I for the rest.  
'T is a long story ; time would fail  
To tell it, and the hour is late ;  
We will not waste it in debate,  
But listen to our Landlord's tale."

And thus the sword of Damocles  
Descending not by slow degrees,  
But suddenly, on the Landlord fell,  
Who blushing, and with much demur  
And many vain apologies,  
Plucking up heart, began to tell  
The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher.

### THE LANDLORD'S TALE

#### THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER

It was Sir Christopher Gardiner,  
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,  
From Merry England over the sea,  
Who stepped upon this continent

As if his august presence lent  
A glory to the colony.

You should have seen him in the street  
Of the little Boston of Winthrop's time,  
His rapier dangling at his feet,  
Doublet and hose and boots complete,  
Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume,  
Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume,  
Luxuriant curls and air sublime,  
And superior manners now obsolete !

He had a way of saying things  
That made one think of courts and kings,  
And lords and ladies of high degree ;  
So that not having been at court  
Seemed something very little short  
Of treason or lese-majesty,  
Such an accomplished knight was he.

His dwelling was just beyond the town,  
At what he called his country-seat ;  
For, careless of Fortune's smile or frown,  
And weary grown of the world and its  
ways,  
He wished to pass the rest of his days  
In a private life and a calm retreat.

But a double life was the life he led,  
And, while professing to be in search  
Of a godly course, and willing, he said,  
Nay, anxious to join the Puritan church,  
He made of all this but small account,  
And passed his idle hours instead  
With roystering Morton of Merry Mount,  
That pettifogger from Furnival's Inn,  
Lord of misrule and riot and sin,  
Who looked on the wine when it was red.

This country-seat was little more  
Than a cabin of logs ; but in front of the  
door

A modest flower-bed thickly sown  
With sweet alyssum and columbine  
Made those who saw it at once divine  
The touch of some other hand than his  
own.

And first it was whispered, and then it was  
known,

That he in secret was harboring there  
A little lady with golden hair,  
Whom he called his cousin, but whom he  
had wed

In the Italian manner, as men said,  
And great was the scandal everywhere.

But worse than this was the vague surmise,

Though none could vouch for it or aver,  
That the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre  
Was only a Papist in disguise ;  
And the more to imbitter their bitter lives,  
And the more to trouble the public mind,  
Came letters from England, from two other  
wives,

Whom he had carelessly left behind ;  
Both of them letters of such a kind  
As made the governor hold his breath ;  
The one imploring him straight to send  
The husband home, that he might amend ;  
The other asking his instant death,  
As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it right,  
When all this wickedness was revealed,  
To send his warrant signed and sealed,  
And take the body of the knight.  
Armed with this mighty instrument,  
The marshal, mounting his gallant steed,  
Rode forth from town at the top of his  
speed,

And followed by all his bailiffs bold,  
As if on high achievement bent,  
To storm some castle or stronghold,  
Challenge the warders on the wall,  
And seize in his ancestral hall  
A robber-baron grim and old.

But when through all the dust and heat  
He came to Sir Christopher's country-seat,  
No knight he found, nor warder there,  
But the little lady with golden hair,  
Who was gathering in the bright sunshine  
The sweet alyssum and columbine ;  
While gallant Sir Christopher, all so gay,  
Being forewarned, through the postern gate  
Of his castle wall had tripped away,  
And was keeping a little holiday  
In the forests, that bounded his estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true  
The marshal searched the castle through,  
Not crediting what the lady said ;  
Searched from cellar to garret in vain,  
And, finding no knight, came out again  
And arrested the golden damsel instead,  
And bore her in triumph into the town,  
While from her eyes the tears rolled down  
On the sweet alyssum and columbine,  
That she held in her fingers white and  
fine.

The governor's heart was moved to see  
So fair a creature caught within  
The snares of Satan and of sin,  
And he read her a little homily  
On the folly and wickedness of the lives  
Of women half cousins and half wives ;  
But, seeing that naught his words availed,  
He sent her away in a ship that sailed  
For Merry England over the sea,  
To the other two wives in the old countree,  
To search her further, since he had failed  
To come at the heart of the mystery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wandered away  
Through pathless woods for a month and a  
day,

Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at night  
With the noble savage, who took delight  
In his feathered hat and his velvet vest,  
His gun and his rapier and the rest.  
But as soon as the noble savage heard  
That a bounty was offered for this gay bird,  
He wanted to slay him out of hand,  
And bring in his beautiful scalp for a show,  
Like the glossy head of a kite or crow,  
Until he was made to understand  
They wanted the bird alive, not dead ;  
Then he followed him whithersoever he fled,  
Through forest and field, and hunted him  
down,

And brought him prisoner into the town.

Alas ! it was a rueful sight,  
To see this melancholy knight  
In such a dismal and hapless case ;  
His hat deformed by stain and dent,  
His plumage broken, his doublet rent,  
His beard and flowing locks forlorn,  
Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn,  
His boots with dust and mire besprent ;  
But dignified in his disgrace,  
And wearing an unblushing face.  
And thus before the magistrate  
He stood to hear the doom of fate.  
In vain he strove with wonted ease  
To modify and extenuate  
His evil deeds in church and state,  
For gone was now his power to please ;  
And his pompous words had no more weight  
Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With suavity equal to his own  
The governor lent a patient ear  
To the speech evasive and high-flown,  
In which he endeavored to make clear

That colonial laws were too severe  
 When applied to a gallant cavalier,  
 A gentleman born, and so well known,  
 And accustomed to move in a higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard,  
 And deigned in answer never a word ;  
 But in summary manner shipped away,  
 In a vessel that sailed from Salem Bay,  
 This splendid and famous cavalier,  
 With his Rupert hat and his popery,  
 To Merry England over the sea,  
 As being unmeet to inhabit here.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir Christo-  
 pher,  
 Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,  
 The first who furnished this barren land  
 With apples of Sodom and ropes of sand.

### FINALE

THESE are the tales those merry guests  
 Told to each other, well or ill ;  
 Like summer birds that lift their crests  
 Above the borders of their nests  
 And twitter, and again are still.

These are the tales, or new or old,  
 In idle moments idly told ;  
 Flowers of the field with petals thin,  
 Lilies that neither toil nor spin,  
 And tufts of wayside weeds and gorse  
 Hung in the parlor of the inn  
 Beneath the sign of the Red Horse.

And still, reluctant to retire,  
 The friends sat talking by the fire  
 And watched the smouldering embers  
 burn

To ashes, and flash up again  
 Into a momentary glow,  
 Lingering like them when forced to go,  
 And going when they would remain ;  
 For on the morrow they must turn  
 Their faces homeward, and the pain

Of parting touched with its unrest  
 A tender nerve in every breast.

But sleep at last the victory won ;  
 They must be stirring with the sun,  
 And drowsily good night they said,  
 And went still gossiping to bed,  
 And left the parlor wrapped in gloom.  
 The only live thing in the room  
 Was the old clock, that in its pace  
 Kept time with the revolving spheres  
 And constellations in their flight,  
 And struck with its uplifted mace  
 The dark, unconscious hours of night,  
 To senseless and unlistening ears.

Uprose the sun ; and every guest,  
 Uprisen, was soon equipped and dressed  
 For journeying home and city-ward ;  
 The old stage-coach was at the door,  
 With horses harnessed, long before  
 The sunshine reached the withered sward  
 Beneath the oaks, whose branches hoar  
 Murmured : " Farewell forevermore."

" Farewell ! " the portly Landlord cried ;  
 " Farewell ! " the parting guests replied,  
 But little thought that nevermore  
 Their feet would pass that threshold o'er ;  
 That nevermore together there  
 Would they assemble, free from care,  
 To hear the oaks' mysterious roar,  
 And breathe the wholesome country air.

Where are they now ? What lands and skies  
 Paint pictures in their friendly eyes ?  
 What hope deludes, what promise cheers,  
 What pleasant voices fill their ears ?  
 Two are beyond the salt sea waves,  
 And three already in their graves.  
 Perchance the living still may look  
 Into the pages of this book,  
 And see the days of long ago  
 Floating and fleeting to and fro,  
 As in the well-remembered brook  
 They saw the inverted landscape gleam,  
 And their own faces like a dream  
 Look up upon them from below.

## FLOWER-DE-LUCE

The poems in this division were published under the title *Flower-de-Luce* in 1867. The title poem was written March 20, 1866.

## FLOWER-DE-LUCE

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still rivers,  
Or solitary mere,  
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers  
Its waters to the weir !

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirl and worry  
Of spindle and of loom,  
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry  
And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasure,  
Thou dost not toil nor spin,  
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence  
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,  
And round thee throng and run  
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,  
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thy attendant,  
And tilts against the field,  
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent  
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,  
Who, armed with golden rod  
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest  
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities  
Hauntest the sylvan streams,  
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties  
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river  
Linger to kiss thy feet !  
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever  
The world more fair and sweet.

## PALINGENESIS

In a letter dated March 20, 1859, Mr. Longfellow says :  
" For my own part, I am delighted to hear the birds again. Spring always reminds me of the *Paligenesis*, or re-creation, of the old alchemists, who believed that form is indestructible and that out of the ashes of a rose the rose itself could be reconstructed, — if they could only discover the great secret of Nature. It is done every spring beneath our windows and before our eyes ; and is always so wonderful and so beautiful ! " The poem, which was printed in the *Atlantic* for July, 1864, appears to have been written, or at any rate revised, just before publication.

I LAY upon the headland-height, and listened  
To the incessant sobbing of the sea  
In caverns under me,  
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,  
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst  
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started ;  
For round about me all the sunny capes  
Seemed peopled with the shapes  
Of those whom I had known in days departed,  
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams  
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory  
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore  
Stood lonely as before ;  
And the wild-roses of the promontory  
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed  
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers  
Of all things their primordial form exists,  
And cunning alchemists

Could re-create the rose with all its mem-  
bers  
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,  
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me ! what wonder-working, occult sci-  
ence  
Can from the ashes in our hearts once  
more  
The rose of youth restore ?  
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance  
To time and change, and for a single hour  
Renew this phantom-flower ?

"Oh, give me back," I cried, "the van-  
ished splendors,  
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,  
When the swift stream of life  
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and sur-  
renders  
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap  
Into the unknown deep !"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,  
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,  
"Alas ! thy youth is dead !  
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsa-  
tion ;  
In the dark places with the dead of old  
It lies forever cold !"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cere-  
ments  
I will not drag this sacred dust again,  
Only to give me pain ;  
But, still remembering all the lost endear-  
ments,  
Go on my way, like one who looks be-  
fore,  
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what planta-  
tions  
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow  
Of sunsets burning low ;  
Beneath what midnight skies, whose con-  
stellations  
Light up the spacious avenues between  
This world and the unseen !

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,  
What households, though not alien, yet not  
mine,  
What bowers of rest divine ;

To what temptations in lone wildernesses,  
What famine of the heart, what pain and  
loss,  
The bearing of what cross !

I do not know ; nor will I vainly question  
Those pages of the mystic book which hold  
The story still untold,  
But without rash conjecture or suggestion  
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good  
heed,  
Until "The End" I read.

### THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD

BURN, O evening hearth, and waken  
Pleasant visions, as of old !  
Though the house by winds be shaken,  
Safe I keep this room of gold !

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy  
Builds her castles in the air,  
Luring me by necromancy  
Up the never-ending stair !

But, instead, she builds me bridges  
Over many a dark ravine,  
Where beneath the gusty ridges  
Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding  
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,  
As I follow the receding  
Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring gesture,  
Naught avails the cry of pain !  
When I touch the flying vesture,  
'T is the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and, leaning  
O'er the parapets of cloud,  
Watch the mist that intervening  
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending  
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,  
Murmur of bells and voices blending  
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden,  
Every tower and town and farm,  
And again the land forbidden  
Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,  
And the nests in hedge and tree ;  
At what doors are friendly faces,  
In what hearts are thoughts of me.

Through the mist and darkness sinking,  
Blown by wind and beaten by shower,  
Down I fling the thought I 'm thinking,  
Down I toss this Alpine flower.

### HAWTHORNE

MAY 23, 1864

The date is that of the burial of Hawthorne. The poem was written just a month later. Mr. Longfellow wrote to Mr. Fields: "I send you a poem, premising that I have not seen Holmes's article in the *Atlantic*. I hope we have not been singing and saying the same things. I have only tried to describe the state of mind I was in on that day. Did you not feel so likewise?" In sending a copy of the lines at the same time to Mrs. Hawthorne, he wrote: "I feel how imperfect and inadequate they are; but I trust you will pardon their deficiencies for the love I bear his memory."

How beautiful it was, that one bright day  
In the long week of rain !  
Though all its splendor could not chase  
away  
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-  
blooms,  
And the great elms o'erhead  
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms  
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old  
manse,  
The historic river flowed :  
I was as one who wanders in a trance,  
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed  
strange ;  
Their voices I could hear,  
And yet the words they uttered seemed to  
change  
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not  
there,  
The one low voice was mute ;  
Only an unseen presence filled the air,  
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and  
stream

Dimly my thought defines ;  
I only see — a dream within a dream —  
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest  
Their tender undertone,  
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,  
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men  
The wizard hand lies cold,  
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,  
And left the tale half told.

Ah ! who shall lift that wand of magic  
power,  
And the lost clew regain ?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower  
Unfinished must remain !

### CHRISTMAS BELLS

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black, accursed mouth  
The cannon thundered in the South,  
And with the sound  
The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
And made forlorn  
The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head ;  
 "There is no peace on earth," I said ;  
     "For hate is strong,  
     And mocks the song  
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep :  
 "God is not dead ; nor doth he sleep !  
     The Wrong shall fail,  
     The Right prevail,  
 With peace on earth, good-will to men !"

### THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY

SEE, the fire is sinking low,  
 Dusky red the embers glow,  
     While above them still I cower,  
 While a moment more I linger,  
 Though the clock, with lifted finger,  
     Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune  
 Learned in some forgotten June  
     From a school-boy at his play,  
 When they both were young together,  
 Heart of youth and summer weather  
     Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark !  
 How above there in the dark,  
     In the midnight and the snow,  
 Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,  
 Like the trumpets of Iskander,  
     All the noisy chimneys blow !

Every quivering tongue of flame  
 Seems to murmur some great name,  
     Seems to say to me, "Aspire !"  
 But the night-wind answers, "Hollow  
 Are the visions that you follow,  
     Into darkness sinks your fire !"

Then the flicker of the blaze  
 Gleams on volumes of old days,  
     Written by masters of the art,  
 Loud through whose majestic pages  
 Rolls the melody of ages,  
     Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame  
 Start exulting and exclaim :  
     "These are prophets, bards, and seers ;  
 In the horoscope of nations,

Like ascendant constellations,  
 They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries : "Despair !  
 Those who walk with feet of air  
     Leave no long-enduring marks ;  
 At God's forges incandescent  
 Mighty hammers beat incessant,  
     These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought ;  
 Books are sepulchres of thought ;  
     The dead laurels of the dead  
 Rustle for a moment only,  
 Like the withered leaves in lonely  
     Churchyards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down ;  
 Sink the rumors of renown ;  
     And alone the night-wind drear  
 Clamors louder, wilder, vaguer, —  
 "T is the brand of Meleager  
     Dying on the hearth-stone here !"

And I answer, — "Though it be,  
 Why should that discomfort me ?  
     No endeavor is in vain ;  
 Its reward is in the doing,  
 And the rapture of pursuing  
     Is the prize the vanquished gain."

### THE BELLS OF LYNN

HEARD AT NAHANT

O CURFEW of the setting sun ! O Bells of  
     Lynn !  
 O requiem of the dying day ! O Bells of  
     Lynn !

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathe-  
     dral wafted,  
 Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of  
     Lynn !

Borne on the evening wind across the crim-  
     son twilight,  
 O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells  
     of Lynn !

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond  
     the headland,  
 Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells  
     of Lynn !

Over the shining sands the wandering  
cattle homeward  
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of  
Lynn !

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his  
flaming signal  
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O  
Bells of Lynn !

And down the darkening coast run the tu-  
multuous surges,  
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O  
Bells of Lynn !

Till from the shuddering sea, with your  
wild incantations,  
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells  
of Lynn !

And startled at the sight, like the weird  
woman of Endor,  
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of  
Lynn !

### KILLED AT THE FORD

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,  
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,  
He, the life and light of us all,  
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,  
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,  
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose plea-  
sant word,  
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,  
Down the dark of the mountain gap,  
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,  
Little dreaming of any mishap,  
He was humming the words of some old  
song :  
"Two red roses he had on his cap  
And another he bore at the point of his  
sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball  
Came out of a wood, and the voice was  
still ;  
Something I heard in the darkness fall,  
And for a moment my blood grew chill ;  
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks  
In a room where some one is lying dead ;  
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,  
And through the mire and the mist and  
the rain  
Carried him back to the silent camp,  
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;  
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's  
lamp  
Two white roses upon his cheeks,  
And one, just over his heart, blood-red !

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet  
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,  
Till it reached a town in the distant North,  
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,  
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat  
Without a murmur, without a cry ;  
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town,  
For one who had passed from cross to  
crown,  
And the neighbors wondered that she  
should die.

### GIOTTO'S TOWER

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet  
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,  
Whose pleasure is to run without com-  
plaint  
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,  
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,  
Fail of the nimbus which the artists  
paint  
Around the shining forehead of the saint,  
And are in their completeness incom-  
plete !  
In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's  
tower,  
The lily of Florence blossoming in  
stone, —  
A vision, a delight, and a desire, —  
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,  
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,  
But wanting still the glory of the spire.

### TO-MORROW

'T IS late at night, and in the realm of sleep  
My little lambs are folded like the  
flocks ;  
From room to room I hear the wakeful  
clocks  
Challenge the passing hour, like guards  
that keep

Their solitary watch on tower and steep ;  
 Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,  
 And through the opening door that time  
 unlocks  
 Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow  
 creep.  
 To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown  
 guest,  
 Who cries to me : "Remember Barme-  
 cide,  
 And tremble to be happy with the rest."  
 And I make answer : "I am satisfied ;  
 I dare not ask ; I know not what is  
 best ;  
 God hath already said what shall be-  
 tide."

### DIVINA COMMEDIA

The six sonnets which follow were written during the progress of Mr. Longfellow's work in translating the *Divina Commedia*, and were published as poetical fly-leaves to the three parts. The first was written just after he had put the first two cantos of the *Inferno* into the hands of the printer. This, with the second, prefaced the *Inferno*. The third and fourth introduced the *Purgatorio*, and the fifth and sixth the *Paradiso*.

#### I

ORT have I seen at some cathedral door  
 A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,  
 Lay down his burden, and with reverent  
 feet  
 Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor  
 Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er ;  
 Far off the noises of the world retreat ;  
 The loud vociferations of the street  
 Become an undistinguishable roar.  
 So, as I enter here from day to day,  
 And leave my burden at this minster  
 gate,  
 Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to  
 pray,  
 The tumult of the time disconsolate  
 To inarticulate murmurs dies away,  
 While the eternal ages watch and wait.

#### II

How strange the sculptures that adorn these  
 towers !  
 This crowd of statues, in whose folded  
 sleeves

Birds build their nests ; while canopied  
 with leaves  
 Parvis and portal bloom like trellised  
 bowers,  
 And the vast minster seems a cross of  
 flowers !  
 But fiends and dragons on the gar-  
 goyle eaves  
 Watch the dead Christ between the liv-  
 ing thieves,  
 And, underneath, the traitor Judas low-  
 ers !  
 Ah ! from what agonies of heart and brain,  
 What exultations trampling on despair,  
 What tenderness, what tears, what hate  
 of wrong,  
 What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,  
 Uprose this poem of the earth and air,  
 This mediæval miracle of song !

#### III

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom  
 Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine !  
 And strive to make my steps keep pace  
 with thine.  
 The air is filled with some unknown per-  
 fume ;  
 The congregation of the dead make room  
 For thee to pass ; the votive tapers  
 shine ;  
 Like rocks that haunt Ravenna's groves  
 of pine  
 The hovering echoes fly from tomb to  
 tomb.  
 From the confessionals I hear arise  
 Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,  
 And lamentations from the crypts be-  
 low ;  
 And then a voice celestial that begins  
 With the pathetic words, "Although  
 your sins  
 As scarlet be," and ends with "as the  
 snow."

#### IV

With snow-white veil and garments as of  
 flame,  
 She stands before thee, who so long ago  
 Filled thy young heart with passion and  
 the woe  
 From which thy song and all its splen-  
 dors came ;

And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy  
name,  
The ice about thy heart melts as the  
snow  
On mountain heights, and in swift over-  
flow  
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of  
shame.  
Thou makest full confession ; and a gleam,  
As of the dawn on some dark forest east,  
Seems on thy lifted forehead to in-  
crease ;  
Lethe and Eunoë — the remembered  
dream  
And the forgotten sorrow — bring at last  
That perfect pardon which is perfect  
peace.

## V

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze  
With forms of Saints and holy men who  
died,  
Here martyred and hereafter glorified ;  
And the great Rose upon its leaves dis-  
plays  
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic rounde-  
lays,  
With splendor upon splendor multiplied ;  
And Beatrice again at Dante's side  
No more rebukes, but smiles her words  
of praise.  
And then the organ sounds, and unseen  
choirs  
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and  
love  
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost ;  
And the melodious bells among the spires  
O'er all the house-tops and through  
heaven above  
Proclaim the elevation of the Host !

## VI

O star of morning and of liberty !  
O bringer of the light, whose splendor  
shines  
Above the darkness of the Apennines,  
Forerunner of the day that is to be !  
The voices of the city and the sea,  
The voices of the mountains and the  
pines,  
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines  
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy !

Thy flame is blown abroad from all the  
heights,  
Through all the nations, and a sound is  
heard,  
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,  
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,  
In their own language hear thy won-  
drous word,  
And many are amazed and many doubt.

## NOËL

ENVOYÉ À M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE DE  
NOËL 1864, AVEC UN PANIER DE VINS  
DIVERS

The basket of wine which Mr. Longfellow sent to his  
friend with these verses was accompanied by the follow-  
ing note : " A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year  
to all the house of Agassiz ! I send also six good  
wishes in the shape of bottles. Or is it wine ? It is  
both ; good wine and good wishes and kind memories  
of you on this Christmas Eve."

A translation of the verses was printed by Mr. John  
E. Norcross of Philadelphia in a brochure, 1867.

L'Académie en respect,  
Nonobstant l'incorrection  
A la faveur du sujet,  
Ture-lure,  
N'y fera point de rature ;  
Noël ! ture-lure-lure.

GUI BARÔZAL

QUAND les astres de Noël  
Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,  
Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,  
Chantaient gaiment dans le givre,  
" Bons amis,  
Allons donc chez Agassiz ! "

Ces illustres Pèlerins  
D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins,  
Se donnant des airs de prêtre,  
A l'envi se vantaient d'être  
" Bons amis  
De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz ! "

Œil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,  
Sans reproche et sans pudeur,  
Dans son patois de Bourgogne,  
Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,  
" Bons amis,  
J'ai dansé chez Agassiz ! "

Verzenay le Champenois,  
Bon Français, point New-Yorquois,  
Mais des environs d'Avize,  
Fredonne à mainte reprise,  
" Bons amis,  
J'ai chanté chez Agassiz ! "

À côté marchait un vieux  
Hidalgo, mais non mousseux ;  
Dans le temps de Charlemagne  
Fut son père Grand d'Espagne !

"Bons amis,  
J'ai diné chez Agassiz !"

Derrière eux un Bordelais,  
Gascon, s'il en fut jamais,  
Parfumé de poésie  
Riait, chantait, plein de vie,

"Bons amis,  
J'ai soupé chez Agassiz !"

Avec ce beau cadet roux,  
Bras dessus et bras dessous,  
Mine altière et couleur terne,  
Vint le Sire de Sauterne ;

"Bons amis,  
J'ai couché chez Agassiz !"

Mais le dernier de ces preux,  
Était un pauvre Chartreux,  
Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,

"Bénédiction sur le Juste !  
Bons amis,  
Bénéissons Père Agassiz !"

Ils arrivent trois à trois,  
Montent l'escalier de bois  
Clopin-clopant ! quel gendarme  
Peut permettre ce vacarme,  
Bons amis,  
À la porte d'Agassiz !

"Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,  
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur ;  
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes  
Gens de bien et gentilshommes,  
Bons amis  
De la famille Agassiz !"

Chut, ganaches ! taisez-vous !  
C'en est trop de vos glouglous ;  
Épargnez aux Philosophes  
Vos abominables strophes !  
Bons amis,  
Respectez mon Agassiz !

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

### FLIGHT THE THIRD

Contained in the volume entitled *Aftermath*, 1873.

#### FATA MORGANA

O SWEET illusions of Song,  
That tempt me everywhere,  
In the lonely fields, and the throng  
Of the crowded thoroughfare !

I approach, and ye vanish away,  
I grasp you, and ye are gone ;  
But ever by night and by day,  
The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees  
In desert or prairie vast,  
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,  
That a pleasant shadow cast ;

Fair towns with turrets high,  
And shining roofs of gold,  
That vanish as he draws nigh,  
Like mists together rolled, —

So I wander and wander along,  
And forever before me gleams  
The shining city of song,  
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate  
Of that golden atmosphere,  
It is gone, and I wonder and wait  
For the vision to reappear.

#### THE HAUNTED CHAMBER

EACH heart has its haunted chamber,  
Where the silent moonlight falls !  
On the floor are mysterious footsteps,  
There are whispers along the walls !

And mine at times is haunted  
By phantoms of the Past,  
As motionless as shadows  
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window,  
That is not seen by day,  
For as soon as the dawn approaches  
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,  
Itself as pale and still,  
And points with its airy finger  
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,  
There stands a gloomy pine,  
Whose boughs wave upward and downward  
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches  
Is the grave of a little child,  
Who died upon life's threshold,  
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms !  
That haunt my troubled brain ?  
That vanish when day approaches,  
And at night return again ?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms !  
But the statues without breath,  
That stand on the bridge overarching  
The silent river of death ?

### THE MEETING

AFTER so long an absence  
At last we meet again :  
Does the meeting give us pleasure,  
Or does it give us pain ?

The tree of life has been shaken,  
And but few of us linger now,  
Like the Prophet's two or three berries  
In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other  
In the old, familiar tone ;  
And we think, though we do not say it,  
How old and grown he is grown !

We speak of a Merry Christmas  
And many a Happy New Year ;  
But each in his heart is thinking  
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their fortunes,  
And of what they did and said,  
Till the dead alone seem living,  
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish  
Between the ghosts and the guests ;  
And a mist and shadow of sadness  
Steals over our merriest jests.

### VOX POPULI

WHEN Mazárvan the Magician  
Journeyed westward through Cathay,  
Nothing heard he but the praises  
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumor ended  
When he came to Khaledan,  
There the folk were talking only  
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets :  
Every province hath its own ;  
Camaralzaman is famous  
Where Badoura is unknown.

### THE CASTLE-BUILDER

A GENTLE boy, with soft and silken locks,  
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender  
eyes,  
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,  
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,  
An eager listener unto stories told  
At the Round Table of the nursery,  
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build ;  
There will be other steeds for thee to  
ride ;  
There will be other legends, and all filled  
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and  
fair,  
Rising and reaching upward to the skies ;  
Listen to voices in the upper air,  
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

## CHANGED

"November 25, 1847. [In Portland.] After church, walked with Fessenden to the 'gallows' that used to be, — a fine hillside, looking down and over the cove." This was the scene of *Changed*, but the poem was not written till 1858, when the poet was on a visit to Portland.

FROM the outskirts of the town,  
Where of old the mile-stone stood,  
Now a stranger, looking down,  
I behold the shadowy crown  
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed ?  
Ah ! the oaks are fresh and green,  
But the friends with whom I ranged  
Through their thickets are estranged  
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,  
Bright as ever shines the sun,  
But alas ! they seem to me  
Not the sun that used to be,  
Not the tides that used to run.

## THE CHALLENGE

I HAVE a vague remembrance  
Of a story, that is told  
In some ancient Spanish legend  
Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez  
Was before Zamora slain,  
And his great besieging army  
Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordoñez  
Sallied forth in front of all,  
And shouted loud his challenge  
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,  
Both the born and the unborn,  
As traitors did he challenge  
With taunting words of scorn.

The living, in their houses,  
And in their graves, the dead !

And the waters of their rivers,  
And their wine, and oil, and bread !

There is a greater army,  
That besets us round with strife,  
A starving, numberless army,  
At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions  
Who challenge our wine and bread,  
And impeach us all as traitors,  
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,  
Where the feast and song are high,  
Amid the mirth and the music  
I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces  
Look into the lighted hall,  
And wasted hands are extended  
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,  
And odors fill the air ;  
But without there is cold and darkness,  
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine  
In wind and cold and rain,  
Christ, the great Lord of the army,  
Lies dead upon the plain !

## THE BROOK AND THE WAVE

THE brooklet came from the mountain,  
As sang the bard of old,  
Running with feet of silver  
Over the sands of gold !

Far away in the briny ocean  
There rolled a turbulent wave,  
Now singing along the sea-beach,  
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,  
Though they flowed so far apart,  
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness  
That turbulent, bitter heart !

## AFTERMATH

This poem, placed last in the book, gave title to the volume published in 1873, which contained the third part of *Tales of a Wayside Inn* and the third flight of *Birds of Passage*. The completion of the *Tales* on his sixty-sixth birthday may have given rise to this poem.

WHEN the summer fields are mown,  
When the birds are fledged and flown,  
And the dry leaves strew the path ;

With the falling of the snow,  
With the cawing of the crow,  
Once again the fields we mow  
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers  
Is this harvesting of ours ;  
Not the upland clover bloom ;  
But the rowen mixed with weeds,  
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,  
Where the poppy drops its seeds  
In the silence and the gloom.

## THE MASQUE OF PANDORA

## THE MASQUE OF PANDORA

The title poem in the volume, *The Masque of Pandora and other Poems*, published in 1875. It was adapted for the stage, and set to music by Alfred Cellier, and was brought out in an adaptation by Bolton Rowe at the Boston Theatre in 1881. Mr. Longfellow wrote for Miss Blanche Roosevelt, who was principally concerned in putting it on the stage, and who took the part of Pandora, the following song and chorus : —

What place is this ? Oh tell me, I implore !  
Tell me what I am feeling, hearing, seeing ;  
If this be life, oh give me more and more.  
Till I am filled with the delight of being.

What forms mysterious people this dark space ?  
What voices and what sounds of music greet me ?  
And who are these, so fair in form and face,  
That with such gracious welcome come to meet me ?

## CHORUS

Blow, bellows, blow ! and keep the flame from dying,  
Till from the iron on our anvils lying  
We forge the thunderbolts of Zeus supreme,  
Whose smothered lightnings in the ashes gleam.

## I

## THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS

HEPHÆSTUS (*standing before the statue of Pandora*).

Not fashioned out of gold, like Hera's throne,  
Nor forged of iron like the thunderbolts  
Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works  
Wrought by my hands at Lemnos or Olympus,  
But moulded in soft clay, that unresisting  
Yields itself to the touch, this lovely form  
Before me stands, perfect in every part.  
Not Aphrodite's self appeared more fair,  
When first upwafed by caressing winds

She came to high Olympus, and the gods  
Paid homage to her beauty. Thus her hair  
Was cinctured ; thus her floating drapery  
Was like a cloud about her, and her face  
Was radiant with the sunshine and the sea.

## THE VOICE OF ZEUS.

Is thy work done, Hephæstus ?

## HEPHÆSTUS.

It is finished !

## THE VOICE.

Not finished till I breathe the breath of life  
Into her nostrils, and she moves and speaks.

## HEPHÆSTUS.

Will she become immortal like ourselves ?

## THE VOICE.

The form that thou hast fashioned out of clay  
Is of the earth and mortal ; but the spirit,  
The life, the exhalation of my breath,  
Is of diviner essence and immortal.  
The gods shall shower on her their benefactions,  
She shall possess all gifts : the gift of song,  
The gift of eloquence, the gift of beauty,  
The fascination and the nameless charm  
That shall lead all men captive.

## HEPHÆSTUS.

Wherefore ? wherefore ?

*A wind shakes the house.*

I hear the rushing of a mighty wind  
Through all the halls and chambers of my house !

Her parted lips inhale it, and her bosom  
Heaves with the inspiration. As a reed  
Beside a river in the rippling current  
Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts her head.  
She gazes round about as if amazed ;  
She is alive ; she breathes, but yet she  
speaks not !

*PANDORA descends from the pedestal*

#### CHORUS OF THE GRACES

AGLAIA.

In the workshop of Hephæstus  
What is this I see ?  
Have the Gods to four increased us  
Who were only three ?  
Beautiful in form and feature,  
Lovely as the day,  
Can there be so fair a creature  
Formed of common clay ?

THALIA.

O sweet, pale face ! O lovely eyes of  
azure,  
Clear as the waters of a brook that run  
Limpid and laughing in the summer sun !  
O golden hair, that like a miser's treasure  
In its abundance overflows the measure !  
O graceful form, that cloudlike floateth  
on  
With the soft, undulating gait of one  
Who moveth as if motion were a pleasure !  
By what name shall I call thee ? Nymph  
or Muse,  
Callirrhœ or Urania ? Some sweet name  
Whose every syllable is a caress  
Would best befit thee ; but I cannot  
choose,  
Nor do I care to choose ; for still the  
same,  
Nameless or named, will be thy loveliness.

EUPHROSYNE.

Dowered with all celestial gifts,  
Skilled in every art  
That ennobles and uplifts  
And delights the heart,  
Fair on earth shall be thy fame  
As thy face is fair,  
And Pandora be the name  
Thou henceforth shalt bear.

## II

### OLYMPUS

*HERMES (putting on his sandals).*

Much must he toil who serves the Immortal Gods,

And I, who am their herald, most of all.  
No rest have I, nor respite. I no sooner  
Unclasp the wingèd sandals from my feet,  
Than I again must clasp them, and depart  
Upon some foolish errand. But to-day  
The errand is not foolish. Never yet  
With greater joy did I obey the summons  
That sends me earthward. I will fly so  
swiftly

That my caduceus in the whistling air  
Shall make a sound like the Pandæan  
pipes,

Cheating the shepherds ; for to-day I go,  
Commissioned by high-thundering Zeus, to  
lead

A maiden to Prometheus, in his tower,  
And by my cunning arguments persuade  
him

To marry her. What mischief lies concealed

In this design I know not ; but I know  
Who thinks of marrying hath already  
taken

One step upon the road to penitence.  
Such embassies delight me. Forth I  
launch

On the sustaining air, nor fear to fall  
Like Icarus, nor swerve aside like him  
Who drove amiss Hyperion's fiery steeds.  
I sink, I fly ! The yielding element  
Folds itself round about me like an arm,  
And holds me as a mother holds her child.

## III

### TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON MOUNT CAUCASUS

PROMETHEUS.

I hear the trumpet of Alectryon  
Proclaim the dawn. The stars begin to  
fade,  
And all the heavens are full of prophecies  
And evil auguries. Blood-red last night  
I saw great Kronos rise ; the crescent  
moon

Sank through the mist, as if it were the  
 scythe  
 His parricidal hand had flung far down  
 The western steeps. O ye Immortal Gods,  
 What evil are ye plotting and contriving ?

HERMES and PANDORA at the threshold.

PANDORA.

I cannot cross the threshold. An unseen  
 And icy hand repels me. These blank walls  
 Oppress me with their weight !

PROMETHEUS.

Powerful ye are,  
 But not omnipotent. Ye cannot fight  
 Against Necessity. The Fates control you,  
 As they do us, and so far we are equals !

PANDORA.

Motionless, passionless, companionless,  
 He sits there muttering in his beard. His  
 voice  
 Is like a river flowing underground !

HERMES.

Prometheus, hail !

PROMETHEUS.

Who calls me ?

HERMES.

It is I.  
 Dost thou not know me ?

PROMETHEUS.

By thy wingèd cap  
 And wingèd heels I know thee. Thou art  
 Hermes,  
 Captain of thieves ! Hast thou again been  
 stealing  
 The heifers of Admetus in the sweet  
 Meadows of asphodel ? or Hera's girdle ?  
 Or the earth-shaking trident of Poseidon ?

HERMES.

And thou, Prometheus ; say, hast thou  
 again  
 Been stealing fire from Helios' chariot-  
 wheels  
 To light thy furnaces ?

PROMETHEUS.

Why comest thou hither  
 So early in the dawn ?

HERMES.

The Immortal Gods  
 Know naught of late or early. Zeus him-  
 self,  
 The omnipotent hath sent me.

PROMETHEUS.

For what purpose ?

HERMES.

To bring this maiden to thee.

PROMETHEUS.

I mistrust  
 The Gods and all their gifts. If they have  
 sent her  
 It is for no good purpose.

HERMES.

What disaster  
 Could she bring on thy house, who is a  
 woman ?

PROMETHEUS.

The Gods are not my friends, nor am I  
 theirs.  
 Whatever comes from them, though in a  
 shape  
 As beautiful as this, is evil only.  
 Who art thou ?

PANDORA.

One who, though to thee unknown,  
 Yet knoweth thee.

PROMETHEUS.

How shouldst thou know me, woman ?

PANDORA.

Who knoweth not Prometheus the humane ?

PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus the unfortunate ; to whom  
 Both Gods and men have shown themselves  
 ungrateful.  
 When every spark was quenched on every  
 hearth  
 Throughout the earth, I brought to man  
 the fire  
 And all its ministrations. My reward  
 Hath been the rock and vulture.

HERMES.

But the Gods  
 At last relent and pardon.

PROMETHEUS.

They relent not ;  
They pardon not ; they are implacable,  
Revengeful, unforgiving !

HERMES.

As a pledge  
Of reconciliation they have sent to thee  
This divine being, to be thy companion,  
And bring into thy melancholy house  
The sunshine and the fragrance of her  
youth.

PROMETHEUS.

I need them not. I have within myself  
All that my heart desires ; the ideal beauty  
Which the creative faculty of mind  
Fashions and follows in a thousand shapes  
More lovely than the real. My own  
thoughts  
Are my companions ; my designs and labors  
And aspirations are my only friends.

HERMES.

Decide not rashly. The decision made  
Can never be recalled. The Gods implore  
not,  
Plead not, solicit not ; they only offer  
Choice and occasion, which once being  
passed  
Return no more. Dost thou accept the  
gift ?

PROMETHEUS.

No gift of theirs, in whatsoever shape  
It comes to me, with whatsoever charm  
To fascinate my sense, will I receive.  
Leave me.

PANDORA.

Let us go hence. I will not stay.

HERMES.

(We leave thee to thy vacant dreams, and  
all  
The silence and the solitude of thought,  
The endless bitterness of unbelief,  
The loneliness of existence without love.

CHORUS OF THE FATES.

CLOTHO.

How the Titan, the defiant,  
The self-centred, self-reliant,  
Wrapped in visions and illusions,

Robs himself of life's best gifts !  
Till by all the storm-winds shaken,  
By the blast of fate o'ertaken,  
Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken,  
In the mists of his confusions  
To the reefs of doom he drifts !

LACHESIS.

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,  
From no agonies exempted,  
In the penance of his trial,  
And the discipline of pain ;  
Often by illusions cheated,  
Often baffled and defeated  
In the tasks to be completed,  
He, by toil and self-denial,  
To the highest shall attain.

ATROPOS.

Tempt no more the noble schemer ;  
Bear unto some idle dreamer  
This new toy and fascination,  
This new dalliance and delight !  
To the garden where reposes  
Epimetheus crowned with roses,  
To the door that never closes  
Upon pleasure and temptation,  
Bring this vision of the night !

IV

THE AIR

HERMES (*returning to Olympus*).

As lonely as the tower that he inhabits,  
As firm and cold as are the crags about  
him,  
Prometheus stands. The thunderbolts of  
Zeus  
Alone can move him ; but the tender heart  
Of Epimetheus, burning at white heat,  
Hammers and flames like all his brother's  
forges !  
Now as an arrow from Hyperion's bow,  
My errand done, I fly, I float, I soar  
Into the air, returning to Olympus.  
O joy of motion ! O delight to cleave  
The infinite realms of space, the liquid  
ether,  
Through the warm sunshine and the cooling  
cloud,  
Myself as light as sunbeam or as cloud !  
With one touch of my swift and winged  
feet,

I spurn the solid earth, and leave it rock-  
ing  
As rocks the bough from which a bird takes  
wing.

## V

## THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS

EPIMETHEUS.

Beautiful apparition ! go not hence !  
Surely thou art a Goddess, for thy voice  
Is a celestial melody, and thy form  
Self-poised as if it floated on the air !

PANDORA.

No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly birth,  
But a mere woman fashioned out of clay  
And mortal as the rest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy face is fair ;  
There is a wonder in thine azure eyes  
That fascinates me. Thy whole presence  
seems  
A soft desire, a breathing thought of love.  
Say, would thy star like Merope's grow dim  
If thou shouldst wed beneath thee ?

PANDORA.

Ask me not ;  
I cannot answer thee. I only know  
The Gods have sent me hither.

EPIMETHEUS.

I believe,  
And thus believing am most fortunate.  
It was not Hermes led thee here, but Eros,  
And swifter than his arrows were thine eyes  
In wounding me. There was no moment's  
space  
Between my seeing thee and loving thee.  
Oh, what a telltale face thou hast ! Again  
I see the wonder in thy tender eyes.

PANDORA.

They do but answer to the love in thine,  
Yet secretly I wonder thou shouldst love  
me.  
Thou knowest me not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Perhaps I know thee better  
Than had I known thee longer. Yet it  
seems

That I have always known thee, and but  
now  
Have found thee. Ah, I have been waiting  
long.

PANDORA.

How beautiful is this house ! The atmos-  
phere  
Breathes rest and comfort, and the many  
chambers  
Seem full of welcomes.

EPIMETHEUS.

They not only seem,  
But truly are. This dwelling and its mas-  
ter  
Belong to thee.

PANDORA.

Here let me stay forever !  
There is a spell upon me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou thyself  
Art the enchantress, and I feel thy power  
Envelop me, and wrap my soul and sense  
In an Elysian dream.

PANDORA.

Oh, let me stay.  
How beautiful are all things round about  
me,  
Multiplied by the mirrors on the walls !  
What treasures hast thou here ! Yon oaken  
chest,  
Carven with figures and embossed with  
gold,  
Is wonderful to look upon ! What choice  
And precious things dost thou keep hidden  
in it ?

EPIMETHEUS.

I know not. 'T is a mystery.

PANDORA.

Hast thou never  
Lifted the lid ?

EPIMETHEUS.

The oracle forbids.  
Safely concealed there from all mortal eyes  
Forever sleeps the secret of the Gods.  
Seek not to know what they have hidden  
from thee,  
Till they themselves reveal it.

PANDORA.

As thou wilt.

EPIMETHEUS.

Let us go forth from this mysterious place.  
 The garden walks are pleasant at this  
 hour ;  
 The nightingales among the sheltering  
 boughs  
 Of populous and many-nested trees  
 Shall teach me how to woo thee, and shall  
 tell me  
 By what resistless charms or incantations  
 They won their mates.

PANDORA.

Thou dost not need a teacher.

*They go out.*

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

What the Immortals  
 Confide to thy keeping,  
 Tell unto no man ;  
 Waking or sleeping,  
 Closed be thy portals  
 To friend as to foe-man.

Silence conceals it ;  
 The word that is spoken  
 Betrays and reveals it ;  
 By breath or by token  
 The charm may be broken.

With shafts of their splendors  
 The Gods unforgiving  
 Pursue the offenders,  
 The dead and the living !  
 Fortune forsakes them,  
 Nor earth shall abide them,  
 Nor Tartarus hide them ;  
 Swift wrath overtakes them.

With useless endeavor,  
 Forever, forever,  
 Is Sisyphus rolling  
 His stone up the mountain !  
 Immersed in the fountain,  
 Tantalus tastes not  
 The water that wastes not !  
 Through ages increasing  
 The pangs that afflict him,  
 With motion unceasing  
 The wheel of Ixion  
 Shall torture its victim !

VI

IN THE GARDEN

EPIMETHEUS.

Yon snow-white cloud that sails sublime in  
 ether  
 Is but the sovereign Zeus, who like a swan  
 Flies to fair-ankled Leda !

PANDORA.

Or perchance  
 Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape of Hera,  
 That bore the Centaurs.

EPIMETHEUS.

The divine and human.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Gently swaying to and fro,  
 Rocked by all the winds that blow,  
 Bright with sunshine from above,  
 Dark with shadow from below,  
 Beak to beak and breast to breast  
 In the cradle of their nest,  
 Lie the fledglings of our love.

ECHO.

Love ! love !

EPIMETHEUS.

Hark ! listen ! Hear how sweetly over-  
 head  
 The feathered flute-players pipe their songs  
 of love,  
 And Echo answers, love and only love.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Every flutter of the wing,  
 Every note of song we sing,  
 Every murmur, every tone,  
 Is of love and love alone.

ECHO.

Love alone !

EPIMETHEUS.

Who would not love, if loving she might be  
 Changed like Callisto to a star in heaven ?

PANDORA.

Ah, who would love, if loving she might be  
 Like Semele consumed and burnt to  
 ashes ?

EPIMETHEUS.

Whence knowest thou these stories ?

PANDORA.

Hermes taught me ;  
He told me all the history of the Gods.

CHORUS OF REEDS.

Evermore a sound shall be  
In the reeds of Arcady,  
Evermore a low lament  
Of unrest and discontent,  
As the story is retold  
Of the nymph so coy and cold,  
Who with frightened feet outran  
The pursuing steps of Pan.

EPIMETHEUS.

The pipe of Pan out of these reeds is  
made,  
And when he plays upon it to the shep-  
herds  
They pity him, so mournful is the sound.  
Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx was.

PANDORA.

Nor thou as Pan be rude and mannerless.

PROMETHEUS (*without*).

Ho ! Epimetheus !

EPIMETHEUS.

'T is my brother's voice ;  
A sound unwelcome and inopportune  
As was the braying of Silenus' ass,  
Once heard in Cybele's garden.

PANDORA.

Let me go.  
I would not be found here. I would not  
see him.

*She escapes among the trees.*

CHORUS OF DRYADES.

Haste and hide thee,  
Ere too late,  
In these thickets intricate ;  
Lest Prometheus  
See and chide thee,  
Lest some hurt  
Or harm betide thee,  
Haste and hide thee !

PROMETHEUS (*entering*).

Who was it fled from here ? I saw a  
shape  
Flitting among the trees.

EPIMETHEUS.

It was Pandora.

PROMETHEUS.

O Epimetheus ! Is it then in vain  
That I have warned thee ? Let me now  
implore.  
Thou harborest in thy house a dangerous  
guest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Whom the Gods love they honor with such  
guests.

PROMETHEUS.

Whom the Gods would destroy they first  
make mad.

EPIMETHEUS.

Shall I refuse the gifts they send to me ?

PROMETHEUS.

Reject all gifts that come from higher  
powers.

EPIMETHEUS.

Such gifts as this are not to be rejected.

PROMETHEUS.

Make not thyself the slave of any woman.

EPIMETHEUS.

Make not thyself the judge of any man.

PROMETHEUS.

I judge thee not ; for thou art more than  
man ;  
Thou art descended from Titanic race,  
And hast a Titan's strength and faculties  
That make thee godlike ; and thou sittest  
here  
Like Heracles spinning Omphale's flax,  
And beaten with her sandals.

EPIMETHEUS.

O my brother !  
Thou drivest me to madness with thy taunts.

PROMETHEUS.

And me thou drivest to madness with thy follies.

Come with me to my tower on Caucasus :  
See there my forges in the roaring caverns,  
Beneficent to man, and taste the joy  
That springs from labor. Read with me  
the stars,

And learn the virtues that lie hidden in  
plants,

And all things that are useful.

EPIMETHEUS.

O my brother !

I am not as thou art. Thou dost inherit  
Our father's strength, and I our mother's  
weakness :

The softness of the Oceanides,  
The yielding nature that cannot resist.

PROMETHEUS.

Because thou wilt not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Nay ; because I cannot.

PROMETHEUS.

Assert thyself ; rise up to thy full height ;  
Shake from thy soul these dreams effemi-  
nate,

These passions born of indolence and ease.  
Resolve, and thou art free. But breathe  
the air

Of mountains, and their unapproachable  
summits

Will lift thee to the level of themselves.

EPIMETHEUS.

The roar of forests and of waterfalls,  
The rushing of a mighty wind, with loud  
And undistinguishable voices calling,  
Are in my ear !

PROMETHEUS.

Oh, listen and obey.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou leadest me as a child. I follow thee.

*They go out.*

CHORUS OF OREADES.

Centuries old are the mountains ;  
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted

Helios crowns by day,  
Pallid Selene by night ;  
From their bosoms uptossed  
The snows are driven and drifted,  
Like Tithonus' beard  
Streaming dishevelled and white.

Thunder and tempest of wind  
Their trumpets blow in the vastness ;  
Phantoms of mist and rain,  
Cloud and the shadow of cloud,  
Pass and repass by the gates  
Of their inaccessible fastness ;  
Ever unmoved they stand,  
Solemn, eternal, and proud.

VOICES OF THE WATERS.

Flooded by rain and snow  
In their inexhaustible sources,  
Swollen by affluent streams  
Hurrying onward and hurled  
Headlong over the crags,  
The impetuous water-courses  
Rush and roar and plunge  
Down to the nethermost world.

Say, have the solid rocks  
Into streams of silver been melted,  
Flowing over the plains,  
Spreading to lakes in the fields ?  
Or have the mountains, the giants,  
The ice-helmed, the forest-belted,  
Scattered their arms abroad ;  
Flung in the meadows their shields ?

VOICES OF THE WINDS.

High on their turreted cliffs  
That bolts of thunder have shattered,  
Storm-winds muster and blow  
Trumpets of terrible breath ;  
Then from the gateways rush,  
And before them routed and scattered  
Sullen the cloud-rack flies,  
Pale with the pallor of death.

Onward the hurricane rides,  
And flee for shelter the shepherds ;  
White are the frightened leaves,  
Harvests with terror are white ;  
Panic seizes the herds,  
And even the lions and leopards,  
Prowling no longer for prey,  
Crouch in their caverns with fright.

## VOICES OF THE FORESTS.

Guarding the mountains around  
Majestic the forests are standing,  
Bright are their crested helmets,  
Dark is their armor of leaves ;  
Filled with the breath of freedom  
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,  
Now like the ocean sinks,  
Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock,  
With foreheads stern and defiant,  
Loud they shout to the winds,  
Loud to the tempest they call ;  
Naught but Olympian thunders,  
That blasted Titan and Giant,  
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,  
Shaking the earth with their fall.

## CHORUS OF OREADES.

These are the Voices Three  
Of winds and forests and fountains,  
Voices of earth and of air,  
Murmur and rushing of streams,  
Making together one sound,  
The mysterious voice of the mountains,  
Waking the sluggard that sleeps,  
Waking the dreamer of dreams.

These are the Voices Three,  
That speak of endless endeavor,  
Speak of endurance and strength,  
Triumph and fulness of fame,  
Sounding about the world,  
An inspiration forever,  
Stirring the hearts of men,  
Shaping their end and their aim.

## VII

## THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS

## PANDORA.

Left to myself I wander as I will,  
And as my fancy leads me, through this  
house,  
Nor could I ask a dwelling more complete  
Were I indeed the Goddess that he deems  
me.  
No mansion of Olympus, framed to be  
The habitation of the Immortal Gods,  
Can be more beautiful. And this is mine,  
And more than this, the love wherewith he  
crowns me.

As if impelled by powers invisible  
And irresistible, my steps return  
Unto this spacious hall. All corridors  
And passages lead hither, and all doors  
But open into it. Yon mysterious chest  
Attracts and fascinates me. Would I  
knew

What there lies hidden ! But the oracle  
Forbids. Ah me ! The secret then is  
safe.

So would it be if it were in my keeping.  
A crowd of shadowy faces from the  
mirrors

That line these walls are watching me. I  
dare not

Lift up the lid. A hundred times the act  
Would be repeated, and the secret seen  
By twice a hundred incorporeal eyes.

*She walks to the other side of the hall.*

My feet are weary, wandering to and fro,  
My eyes with seeing and my heart with  
waiting.

I will lie here and rest till he returns,  
Who is my dawn, my day, my Helios.

*Throws herself upon a couch, and falls asleep.*

## ZEPHYRUS.

Come from thy caverns dark and deep,  
O son of Erebus and Night ;  
All sense of hearing and of sight  
Enfold in the serene delight  
And quietude of sleep !

Set all thy silent sentinels  
To bar and guard the Ivory Gate,  
And keep the evil dreams of fate  
And falsehood and infernal hate  
Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn,  
Whence, beautiful as planets, rise  
The dreams of truth, with starry eyes,  
And all the wondrous prophecies  
And visions of the morn.

## CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE IVORY GATE.

Ye sentinels of sleep,  
It is in vain ye keep  
Your drowsy watch before the Ivory Gate ;  
Though closed the portal seems,  
The airy feet of dreams  
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcerate.

We phantoms are and dreams  
Born by Tartarean streams,

As ministers of the infernal powers ;  
 O son of Erebus  
 And Night, behold ! we thus  
 Elude your watchful warders on the towers !

From gloomy Tartarus  
 The Fates have summoned us  
 To whisper in her ear, who lies asleep,  
 A tale to fan the fire  
 Of her insane desire  
 To know a secret that the Gods would  
 keep.

This passion, in their ire,  
 The Gods themselves inspire,  
 To vex mankind with evils manifold,  
 So that disease and pain  
 O'er the whole earth may reign,  
 And nevermore return the Age of Gold.

PANDORA (*waking*).

A voice said in my sleep : " Do not delay :  
 Do not delay ; the golden moments fly !  
 The oracle hath forbidden ; yet not thee  
 Doth it forbid, but Epimetheus only ! "  
 I am alone. These faces in the mirrors  
 Are but the shadows and phantoms of myself ;

They cannot help nor hinder. No one sees  
 me,  
 Save the all-seeing Gods, who, knowing  
 good

And knowing evil, have created me  
 Such as I am, and filled me with desire  
 Of knowing good and evil like themselves.

*She approaches the chest.*

I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe,  
 Or life or death, the moment shall decide.

*She lifts the lid. A dense mist rises from the chest, and fills the room. PANDORA falls senseless on the floor. Storm without.*

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE GATE OF HORN.

Yes, the moment shall decide !  
 It already hath decided ;  
 And the secret once confided  
 To the keeping of the Titan  
 Now is flying far and wide,  
 Whispered, told on every side,  
 To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain,  
 Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,  
 Moans of anguish, maniac laughter,  
 All the evils that hereafter

Shall afflict and vex mankind,  
 All into the air have risen  
 From the chambers of their prison ;  
 Only Hope remains behind.

## VIII

### IN THE GARDEN

EPIMETHEUS.

The storm is past, but it hath left behind  
 it  
 Ruin and desolation. All the walks  
 Are strewn with shattered boughs ; the birds  
 are silent ;  
 The flowers, downtrodden by the wind, lie  
 dead ;  
 The swollen rivulet sobs with secret pain ;  
 The melancholy reeds whisper together  
 As if some dreadful deed had been committed  
 They dare not name, and all the air is  
 heavy  
 With an unspoken sorrow ! Premonitions,  
 Foreshadowings of some terrible disaster  
 Oppress my heart. Ye Gods, avert the  
 omen !

PANDORA, *coming from the house*.

O Epimetheus, I no longer dare  
 To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear thy  
 voice,  
 Being no longer worthy of thy love.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.

Forgive me not, but kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.

I pray for death, not pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.

I dare not speak of it.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy pallor and thy silence terrify me !

PANDORA.

I have brought wrath and ruin on thy  
house !  
My heart hath braved the oracle that  
guarded  
The fatal secret from us, and my hand  
Lifted the lid of the mysterious chest !

EPIMETHEUS.

Then all is lost ! I am indeed undone.

PANDORA.

I pray for punishment, and not for pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.

Mine is the fault, not thine. On me shall  
fall  
The vengeance of the Gods, for I betrayed  
Their secret when, in evil hour, I said  
It was a secret ; when, in evil hour,  
I left thee here alone to this temptation.  
Why did I leave thee ?

PANDORA.

Why didst thou return ?  
Eternal absence would have been to me  
The greatest punishment. To be left  
alone  
And face to face with my own crime, had  
been  
Just retribution. Upon me, ye Gods,  
Let all your vengeance fall !

EPIMETHEUS.

On thee and me.  
I do not love thee less for what is done,  
And cannot be undone. Thy very weak-  
ness  
Hath brought thee nearer to me, and hence-  
forth  
My love will have a sense of pity in it,  
Making it less a worship than before.

PANDORA.

Pity me not ; pity is degradation.  
Love me and kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Beautiful Pandora !  
Thou art a Goddess still !

PANDORA.

I am a woman ;  
And the insurgent demon in my nature,

That made me brave the oracle, revolts  
At pity and compassion. Let me die ;  
What else remains for me ?

EPIMETHEUS.

Youth, hope, and love :  
To build a new life on a ruined life,  
To make the future fairer than the past,  
And make the past appear a troubled  
dream.  
Even now in passing through the garden  
walks  
Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest  
Ruined and full of rain ; and over me  
Beheld the uncomplaining birds already  
Busy in building a new habitation.

PANDORA.

Auspicious omen !

EPIMETHEUS.

May the Eumenides  
Put out their torches and behold us not,  
And fling away their whips of scorpions  
And touch us not.

PANDORA.

Me let them punish.  
Only through punishment of our evil deeds,  
Only through suffering, are we reconciled  
To the immortal Gods and to ourselves.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

Never shall souls like these  
Escape the Eumenides,  
The daughters dark of Acheron and Night !  
Unquenched our torches glare,  
Our scourges in the air  
Send forth prophetic sounds before they  
smite.

Never by lapse of time  
The soul defaced by crime  
Into its former self returns again ;  
For every guilty deed  
Holds in itself the seed  
Of retribution and undying pain.

Never shall be the loss  
Restored, till Helios  
Hath purified them with his heavenly fires ;  
Then what was lost is won,  
And the new life begun,  
Kindled with nobler passions and desires.

## THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

"One morning in the spring of 1867," writes Mr. T. B. Aldrich, "Mr. Longfellow came to the little home in Pinckney Street [Boston], where we had set up house-keeping in the light of our honeymoon. As we lingered a moment at the dining-room door, Mr. Longfellow turning to me said, 'Ah, Mr. Aldrich, your small round table will not always be closed. By and by you will find new young faces clustering about it; as years go on, leaf after leaf will be added until the time comes when the young guests will take flight, one by one, to build nests of their own elsewhere. Gradually the long table will shrink to a circle again, leaving two old people sitting there alone together. This is the story of life, the sweet and pathetic poem of the fireside. Make an idyl of it. I give the idea to you.' Several months

afterward, I received a note from Mr. Longfellow in which he expressed a desire to use this *motif* in case I had done nothing in the matter. The theme was one peculiarly adapted to his sympathetic handling, and out of it grew *The Hanging of the Crane*." Just when the poem was written does not appear, but its first publication was in the *New York Ledger*, March 28, 1874. Mr. Longfellow's old friend, Mr. Sam. Ward, had heard the poem, and offered to secure it for Mr. Robert Bonner, the proprietor of the *Ledger*, "touched," as he wrote to Mr. Longfellow, "by your kindness to poor —, and haunted by the idea of increasing handsomely your noble charity fund." Mr. Bonner paid the poet the sum of three thousand dollars for this poem.

## I

THE lights are out, and gone are all the  
guests

That thronging came with merriment and  
jests

To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane  
In the new house,—into the night are  
gone;

But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,  
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,  
When a new household finds its place  
Among the myriad homes of earth,  
Like a new star just sprung to birth,  
And rolled on its harmonious way  
Into the boundless realms of space!

So said the guests in speech and song,  
As in the chimney, burning bright,  
We hung the iron crane to-night,  
And merry was the feast and long.

## II

And now I sit and muse on what may  
be,

And in my vision see, or seem to see,  
Through floating vapors interfused with  
light,

Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,  
As shadows passing into deeper shade  
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,  
Is spread the table round and small;  
Upon the polished silver shine  
The evening lamps, but, more divine,  
The light of love shines over all;

Of love, that says not mine and thine,  
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.

They want no guests, to come between  
Their tender glances like a screen,  
And tell them tales of land and sea,  
And whatsoever may betide  
The great, forgotten world outside;  
They want no guests; they needs must  
be  
Each other's own best company.

## III

The picture fades; as at a village fair  
A showman's views, dissolving into air,  
Again appear transfigured on the screen,  
So in my fancy this; and now once more,  
In part transfigured, through the open  
door  
Appears the selfsame scene.

Seated, I see the two again,  
But not alone; they entertain  
A little angel unaware,  
With face as round as is the moon,  
A royal guest with flaxen hair,  
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,  
Drums on the table with his spoon,  
Then drops it careless on the floor,  
To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners? these  
The ways that win, the arts that please?  
Ah yes; consider well the guest,  
And whatso'er he does seems best;  
He ruleth by the right divine  
Of helplessness, so lately born  
In purple chambers of the morn,  
As sovereign over thee and thine.

He speaketh not ; and yet there lies  
 A conversation in his eyes ;  
 The golden silence of the Greek,  
 The gravest wisdom of the wise,  
 Not spoken in language, but in looks  
 More legible than printed books,  
 As if he could but would not speak.  
 And now, O monarch absolute,  
 Thy power is put to proof ; for, lo !  
 Resistless, fathomless, and slow,  
 The nurse comes rustling like the sea,  
 And pushes back thy chair and thee,  
 And so good night to King Canute.

## IV

As one who walking in a forest sees  
 A lovely landscape through the parted  
   trees,  
 Then sees it not, for boughs that inter-  
   vene ;  
 Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed  
 Through drifting clouds, and then again  
   concealed,  
 So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now ;  
 The king, deposed and older grown,  
 No longer occupies the throne, —  
 The crown is on his sister's brow ;  
 A Princess from the Fairy Isles,  
 The very pattern girl of girls,  
 All covered and embowered in curls,  
 Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,  
 And sailing with soft, silken sails  
 From far-off Dreamland into ours.  
 Above their bowls with rims of blue  
 Four azure eyes of deeper hue  
 Are looking, dreamy with delight ;  
 Limpid as planets that emerge  
 Above the ocean's rounded verge,  
 Soft-shining through the summer night.  
 Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see  
 Beyond the horizon of their bowls ;  
 Nor care they for the world that rolls  
 With all its freight of troubled souls  
 Into the days that are to be.

## V

Again the tossing boughs shut out the  
   scene,  
 Again the drifting vapors intervene,  
 And the moon's pallid disk is hidden  
   quite ;

And now I see the table wider grown,  
 As round a pebble into water thrown  
   Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,  
 I see it garlanded with guests,  
 As if fair Ariadne's Crown  
 Out of the sky had fallen down ;  
 Maidens within whose tender breasts  
 A thousand restless hopes and fears,  
 Forth reaching to the coming years,  
 Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,  
 Like timid birds that fain would fly,  
 But do not dare to leave their nests ; —  
 And youths, who in their strength elate  
 Challenge the van and front of fate,  
 Eager as champions to be  
 In the divine knight-errantry  
 Of youth, that travels sea and land  
 Seeking adventures, or pursues,  
 Through cities, and through solitudes  
 Frequented by the lyric Muse,  
 The phantom with the beckoning hand,  
 That still allures and still eludes.  
 O sweet illusions of the brain !  
 O sudden thrills of fire and frost !  
 The world is bright while ye remain,  
 And dark and dead when ye are lost !

## VI

The meadow-brook, that seemeth to stand  
   still,  
 Quickens its current as it nears the mill ;  
 And so the stream of Time that linger-  
   eth  
 In level places, and so dull appears,  
 Runs with a swifter current as it nears  
   The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's scroll,  
 That in the owner's keeping shrinks  
 With every wish he speaks or thinks,  
 Till the last wish consumes the whole,  
 The table dwindles, and again  
 I see the two alone remain.  
 The crown of stars is broken in parts ;  
 Its jewels, brighter than the day,  
 Have one by one been stolen away  
 To shine in other homes and hearts.  
 One is a wanderer now afar  
 In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,  
 Or sunny regions of Cathay ;  
 And one is in the boisterous camp  
 Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,

And battle's terrible array.  
 I see the patient mother read,  
 With aching heart, of wrecks that float  
 Disabled on those seas remote,  
 Or of some great heroic deed  
 On battle-fields, where thousands bleed  
 To lift one hero into fame.  
 Anxious she bends her graceful head  
 Above these chronicles of pain,  
 And trembles with a secret dread  
 Lest there among the drowned or slain  
 She find the one beloved name.

## VII

After a day of cloud and wind and rain  
 Sometimes the setting sun breaks out  
 again,  
 And, touching all the darksome woods  
 with light,  
 Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and  
 sing,  
 Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring  
 Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair,  
 The storm of grief, the clouds of care,  
 The wind, the rain, have passed away;

The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,  
 The house is full of life and light;  
 It is the Golden Wedding day.  
 The guests come thronging in once more,  
 Quick footsteps sound along the floor,  
 The trooping children crowd the stair,  
 And in and out and everywhere  
 Flashes along the corridor  
 The sunshine of their golden hair.  
 On the round table in the hall  
 Another Ariadne's Crown  
 Out of the sky hath fallen down;  
 More than one Monarch of the Moon  
 Is drumming with his silver spoon;  
 The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day!  
 The people sing, the people say.  
 The ancient bridegroom and the bride,  
 Smiling contented and serene  
 Upon the blithe, bewildering scene,  
 Behold, well pleased, on every side  
 Their forms and features multiplied,  
 As the reflection of a light  
 Between two burnished mirrors gleams,  
 Or lamps upon a bridge at night  
 Stretch on and on before the sight,  
 Till the long vista endless seems.

## MORITURI SALUTAMUS

POEM FOR THE FIFTIETH AN-  
 NIVERSARY OF THE CLASS OF  
 1825 IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,  
 Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.  
 OVID, *Fastorum*, Lib. vi.

In October, 1874, Mr. Longfellow was urged to write a poem for the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of his college class to be held the next summer. At first he said that he could not write the poem, so averse was he from occasional poems, but a sudden thought seems to have struck him, very likely upon seeing a representation of Gerome's famous picture, and ten days later he notes in his diary that he had finished the writing. He not only wrote the poem, but what was a rare act with him, read it before the audience gathered in the church at Brunswick on the occasion of the anniversary. He expressed his relief when he found that he could read his poem from the pulpit, and said, "Let me cover myself as much as possible; I wish it might be entirely."

"O CÆSAR, we who are about to die  
 Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry

In the arena, standing face to face  
 With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes, — ye groves of pine,  
 That once were mine and are no longer  
 mine, —

Thou river, widening through the meadows  
 green

To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen, —  
 Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose  
 Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose  
 And vanished, — we who are about to die,  
 Salute you; earth and air and sea and  
 sky,

And the Imperial Sun that scatters down  
 His sovereign splendors upon grove and  
 town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!  
 We are forgotten; and in your austere  
 And calm indifference, ye little care

Whether we come or go, or whence or where.

What passing generations fill these halls,  
What passing voices echo from these walls,  
Ye heed not ; we are only as the blast,  
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days  
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze ;

They answer us — alas ! what have I said ?  
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead ?

What salutation, welcome, or reply ?  
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie ?

They are no longer here ; they all are gone  
Into the land of shadows, — all save one.  
Honor and reverence, and the good repute  
That follows faithful service as its fruit,  
Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made  
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,

Met there the old instructor of his youth,  
And cried in tones of pity and of ruth :  
" Oh, never from the memory of my heart  
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,  
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,

Taught me how mortals are immortalized ;  
How grateful am I for that patient care  
All my life, long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,  
And utter them in plaintive undertone ;  
Nor to the living only be they said,  
But to the other living called the dead,  
Whose dear, paternal images appear  
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here ;

Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw,  
Were part and parcel of great Nature's law ;

Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,  
" Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"  
But labored in their sphere, as men who live  
In the delight that work alone can give.  
Peace be to them ; eternal peace and rest,  
And the fulfilment of the great behest :  
" Ye have been faithful over a few things,  
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once filled,  
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,  
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,

We who are old, and are about to die,  
Salute you ; hail you ; take your hands in ours,

And crown you with our welcome as with flowers !

(How beautiful is youth ! how bright it gleams

With its illusions, aspirations, dreams !  
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,  
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend !  
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,  
That holds the treasures of the universe !  
All possibilities are in its hands,  
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands ;

In its sublime audacity of faith,  
" Be thou removed ! " it to the mountain saith,

And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,  
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud ! )

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate  
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state  
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,

Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight

To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,

Of Trojans and Achæians in the field ;  
So from the snowy summits of our years  
We see you in the plain, as each appears,  
And question of you ; asking, " Who is he  
That towers above the others ? Which may be

Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,  
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus ? "

Let him not boast who puts his armor on  
As he who puts it off, the battle done.  
Study yourselves ; and most of all note well

Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.  
Not every blossom ripens into fruit ;  
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,  
Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed  
Distorted in a fountain as she played ;  
The unlucky Mæyas found it, and his fate

Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,

"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere,  
"Be bold ;

Be not too bold ! " Yet better the excess  
Than the defect ; better the more than  
less ;

Better like Hector in the field to die,  
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates ; ye remaining few  
That number not the half of those we knew,  
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet  
The fatal asterisk of death is set,  
Ye I salute ! The horologe of Time  
Strikes the half-century with a solemn  
chime,

And summons us together once again,  
The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.

Where are the others ? Voices from the  
deep  
Caverns of darkness answer me : " They  
sleep ! "

I name no names ; instinctively I feel  
Each at some well-remembered grave will  
kneel,

And from the inscription wipe the weeds  
and moss,

For every heart best knoweth its own loss.  
I see their scattered gravestones gleaming  
white

Through the pale dusk of the impending  
night ;

O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws  
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose ;  
We give to each a tender thought, and pass  
Out of the graveyards with their tangled  
grass,

Unto these scenes frequented by our feet  
When we were young, and life was fresh  
and sweet.

What shall I say to you ? What can I say  
Better than silence is ? When I survey  
This throng of faces turned to meet my  
own,

Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,  
Transformed the very landscape seems to  
be ;

It is the same, yet not the same to me.  
So many memories crowd upon my brain,  
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,  
I fain would steal away, with noiseless  
tread,

As from a house where some one lieth dead.  
I cannot go ; — I pause ; — I hesitate ;  
My feet reluctant linger at the gate ;  
As one who struggles in a troubled dream  
To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream ! Vanish the idle fears !  
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years !  
Whatever time or space may intervene,  
I will not be a stranger in this scene.  
Here every doubt, all indecision, ends ;  
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates,  
friends !

Ah me ! the fifty years since last we met  
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set  
By Time, the great transcriber, on his  
shelves,  
Wherein are written the histories of our-  
selves.

What tragedies, what comedies, are there ;  
What joy and grief, what rapture and de-  
spair !

What chronicles of triumph and defeat,  
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat !  
What records of regrets, and doubts, and  
fears !

What pages blotted, blistered by our tears !  
What lovely landscapes on the margin  
shine,

What sweet, angelic faces, what divine  
And holy images of love and trust,  
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or  
dust !

Whose hand shall dare to open and ex-  
plore

These volumes, closed and clasped forever-  
more ?

Not mine. With reverential feet I pass ;  
I hear a voice that cries, " Alas ! alas !  
Whatever hath been written shall remain,  
Nor be erased nor written o'er again ;  
The unwritten only still belongs to thee :  
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall  
be."

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud  
Are reassured if some one reads aloud  
A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,  
Or wild adventure, that diverts their  
thought,

Let me endeavor with a tale to chase  
The gathering shadows of the time and  
place,

And banish what we all too deeply feel  
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,  
There stood an image with its arm in air,  
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,  
A golden ring with the device, "Strike  
here !"

Greatly the people wondered, though none  
guessed

The meaning that these words but half  
expressed,

Until a learned clerk, who at noonday  
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,  
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked  
it well,

Whereon the shadow of the finger fell ;  
And, coming back at midnight, delved, and  
found

A secret stairway leading underground.  
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,  
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall ;  
And opposite, in threatening attitude,  
With bow and shaft a brazen statue stood.  
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,  
Were these mysterious words of menace  
set :

"That which I am, I am ; my fatal aim  
None can escape, not even yon luminous  
flame !"

Midway the hall was a fair table placed,  
With cloth of gold, and golden cups en-  
chased

With rubies, and the plates and knives were  
gold,

And gold the bread and viands manifold.  
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,  
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,  
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,  
But they were stone, their hearts within  
were stone ;

And the vast hall was filled in every part  
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,  
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder  
gazed ;

Then from the table, by his greed made  
bold,

He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,  
And suddenly from their seats the guests  
upsprang,

The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,  
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,

Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,  
And all was dark around and overhead ;—  
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay  
dead !

The writer of this legend then records  
Its ghostly application in these words :  
The image is the Adversary old,  
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of  
gold ;

Our lusts and passions are the downward  
stair

That leads the soul from a diviner air ;  
The archer, Death ; the flaming jewel,  
Life ;

Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife ;  
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and  
bone

By avarice have been hardened into stone ;  
The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf  
Tempts from his books and from his nobler  
self.

The scholar and the world ! The endless  
strife,

The discord in the harmonies of life !  
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,  
And all the sweet serenity of books ;  
The market-place, the eager love of gain,  
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain !

But why, you ask me, should this tale be  
told

To men grown old, or who are growing old ?  
It is too late ! Ah, nothing is too late  
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.  
Cato learned Greek at eighty ; Sophocles  
Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and Simonides  
Bore off the prize of verse from his com-  
peers,

When each had numbered more than four-  
score years,

And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,  
Had but begun his "Characters of Men."  
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightin-  
gales,

At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales* ;  
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,  
Completed *Faust* when eighty years were  
past.

These are indeed exceptions ; but they show  
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may  
flow

Into the arctic regions of our lives,  
Where little else than life itself survives.)

As the barometer foretells the storm  
While still the skies are clear, the weather  
warm,

So something in us, as old age draws near,  
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.  
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,  
Descends the elastic ladder of the air ;  
The telltale blood in artery and vein  
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain ;  
Whatever poet, orator, or sage  
May say of it, old age is still old age.  
It is the waning, not the crescent moon ;  
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon ;  
It is not strength, but weakness ; not de-  
sire,

But its surcease ; not the fierce heat of  
fire,

The burning and consuming element,  
But that of ashes and of embers spent,

In which some living sparks we still discern,  
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then ? Shall we sit idly down and  
say

The night hath come ; it is no longer day ?  
The night hath not yet come ; we are not  
quite

Cut off from labor by the failing light ;  
Something remains for us to do or dare ;  
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear ;  
Not *Edipus Coloneus*, or *Greek Ode*,  
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode  
Out of the gateway of the *Tabard Inn*,  
But other something, would we but begin ;  
For age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another dress,  
And as the evening twilight fades away  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

## A BOOK OF SONNETS

### THREE FRIENDS OF MINE

#### I

WHEN I remember them, those friends of  
mine,

Who are no longer here, the noble three,  
Who half my life were more than friends  
to me,

And whose discourse was like a generous  
wine,

I most of all remember the divine  
Something, that shone in them, and made  
us see

The archetypal man, and what might be  
The amplitude of Nature's first design.

In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their  
hands ;

I cannot find them. Nothing now is left  
But a majestic memory. They mean-  
while

Wander together in Elysian lands,  
Perchance remembering me, who am  
bereft

Of their dear presence, and, remember-  
ing, smile.

#### II

In Attica thy birthplace should have been,  
Or the Ionian Isles, or where the seas

Encircle in their arms the *Cyclades*,  
So wholly Greek wast thou in thy se-  
rene

And childlike joy of life, O *Philhellene* !  
Around thee would have swarmed the  
Attic bees ;

Homer had been thy friend, or *Socrates*,  
And *Plato* welcomed thee to his de-  
mesne.

For thee old legends breathed historic  
breath ;

Thou sawest *Poseidon* in the purple sea,  
And in the sunset *Jason's* fleece of gold !

Oh, what hadst thou to do with cruel *Death*,  
Who wast so full of life, or *Death* with  
thee,

That thou shouldst die before thou hadst  
grown old !

#### III

I stand again on the familiar shore,  
And hear the waves of the distracted  
sea

Piteously calling and lamenting thee,  
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.

The rocks, the sea-weed on the ocean floor,  
The willows in the meadow, and the free  
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me ;

Then why shouldst thou be dead, and  
come no more ?

Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men  
 Are busy with their trivial affairs,  
 Having and holding? Why, when thou  
 hadst read  
 Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then  
 Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,  
 Why art thou silent? Why shouldst  
 thou be dead?

## IV

River, that stealest with such silent pace  
 Around the City of the Dead, where lies  
 A friend who bore thy name, and whom  
 these eyes  
 Shall see no more in his accustomed  
 place,  
 Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace,  
 And say good night, for now the western  
 skies  
 Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise  
 Like damps that gather on a dead man's  
 face.  
 Good night! good night! as we so oft have  
 said  
 Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days  
 That are no more, and shall no more  
 return.  
 Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to  
 bed;  
 I stay a little longer, as one stays  
 To cover up the embers that still burn.

## V

The doors are all wide open; at the gate  
 The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze,  
 And seem to warm the air; a dreamy  
 haze  
 Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a  
 fate,  
 And on their margin, with sea-tides elate,  
 The flooded Charles, as in the happier  
 days,  
 Writes the last letter of his name, and  
 stays  
 His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.  
 I also wait; but they will come no more,  
 Those friends of mine, whose presence  
 satisfied  
 The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah  
 me!  
 They have forgotten the pathway to my  
 door!

Something is gone from nature since they  
 died,  
 And summer is not summer, nor can be.

## CHAUCER

AN old man in a lodge within a park;  
 The chamber walls depicted all around  
 With portraitures of huntsman, hawk,  
 and hound,  
 And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the  
 lark,  
 Whose song comes with the sunshine  
 through the dark  
 Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;  
 He listeneth and he laugheth at the  
 sound,  
 Then writeth in a book like any clerk.  
 He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote  
 The Canterbury Tales, and his old age  
 Made beautiful with song; and as I read  
 I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note  
 Of lark and linnet, and from every page  
 Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery  
 mead.

## SHAKESPEARE

A VISION as of crowded city streets,  
 With human life in endless overflow;  
 Thunder of thoroughfares; trumpets  
 that blow  
 To battle; clamor, in obscure retreats,  
 Of sailors landed from their anchored  
 fleets;  
 Tolling of bells in turrets, and below  
 Voices of children, and bright flowers  
 that throw  
 O'er garden-walls their intermingled  
 sweets!  
 This vision comes to me when I unfold  
 The volume of the Poet paramount,  
 Whom all the Muses loved, not one  
 alone;—  
 Into his hands they put the lyre of gold,  
 And, crowned with sacred laurel at their  
 fount,  
 Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

## MILTON

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and behold  
 How the voluminous billows roll and run,

Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun  
 Shines through their sleeted emerald far  
 unrolled,  
 And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold  
 by fold  
 All its loose-flowing garments into one,  
 Plunges upon the shore, and floods the  
 dun  
 Pale reach of sands, and changes them to  
 gold.  
 So in majestic cadence rise and fall  
 The mighty undulations of thy song,  
 O sightless bard, England's Mæonides !  
 And ever and anon, high over all  
 Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and  
 strong,  
 Floods all the soul with its melodious  
 seas.

## KEATS

THE young Endymion sleeps Endymion's  
 sleep ;  
 The shepherd-boy whose tale was left  
 half told !  
 The solemn grove uplifts its shield of  
 gold  
 To the red rising moon, and loud and  
 deep  
 The nightingale is singing from the steep ;  
 It is midsummer, but the air is cold ;  
 Can it be death ? Alas, beside the fold  
 A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near his  
 sheep.  
 Lo ! in the moonlight gleams a marble  
 white,  
 On which I read : " Here lieth one whose  
 name  
 Was writ in water." And was this the  
 meed  
 Of his sweet singing ? Rather let me  
 write :  
 " The smoking flax before it burst to  
 flame  
 Was quenched by death, and broken the  
 bruised reed."

## THE GALAXY

TORRENT of light and river of the air,  
 Along whose bed the glimmering stars  
 are seen  
 Like gold and silver sands in some ravine  
 Where mountain streams have left their  
 channels bare !

The Spaniard sees in thee the pathway,  
 where  
 His patron saint descended in the sheen  
 Of his celestial armor, on serene  
 And quiet nights, when all the heavens  
 were fair.  
 Not this I see, nor yet the ancient fable  
 Of Phaeton's wild course, that scorched  
 the skies  
 Where'er the hoofs of his hot coursers  
 trod ;  
 But the white drift of worlds o'er chasms  
 of sable,  
 The star-dust, that is whirled aloft and  
 flies  
 From the invisible chariot-wheels of God.

## THE SOUND OF THE SEA

THE sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,  
 And round the pebbly beaches far and  
 wide  
 I heard the first wave of the rising tide  
 Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep ;  
 A voice out of the silence of the deep,  
 A sound mysteriously multiplied  
 As of a cataract from the mountain's  
 side,  
 Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.  
 So comes to us at times, from the un-  
 known  
 And inaccessible solitudes of being,  
 The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul ;  
 And inspirations, that we deem our own,  
 Are some divine foreshadowing and fore-  
 seeing  
 Of things beyond our reason or control.

## A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA

THE sun is set ; and in his latest beams  
 Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,  
 Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,  
 The falling mantle of the Prophet  
 seems.  
 From the dim headlands many a light-house  
 gleams,  
 The street-lamps of the ocean ; and be-  
 hold,  
 O'erhead the banners of the night un-  
 fold ;  
 The day hath passed into the land of  
 dreams.

O summer day beside the joyous sea !  
 O summer day so wonderful and white,  
 So full of gladness and so full of pain !  
 Forever and forever shalt thou be  
 To some the gravestone of a dead delight,  
 To some the landmark of a new domain.

## THE TIDES

I SAW the long line of the vacant shore,  
 The sea-weed and the shells upon the  
 sand,  
 And the brown rocks left bare on every  
 hand,  
 As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.  
 Then heard I, more distinctly than before,  
 The ocean breathe and its great breast  
 expand,  
 And hurrying came on the defenceless  
 land  
 The insurgent waters with tumultuous  
 roar.  
 All thought and feeling and desire, I said,  
 Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of  
 song  
 Have ebbed from me forever ! Sud-  
 denly o'er me  
 They swept again from their deep ocean bed,  
 And in a tumult of delight, and strong  
 As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore  
 me.

## A SHADOW

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,  
 What would befall these children ?  
 What would be  
 Their fate, who now are looking up to me  
 For help and furtherance ? Their lives,  
 I said,  
 Would be a volume wherein I have read  
 But the first chapters, and no longer see  
 To read the rest of their dear history,  
 So full of beauty and so full of dread.  
 Be comforted ; the world is very old,  
 And generations pass, as they have  
 passed,  
 A troop of shadows moving with the sun ;  
 Thousands of times has the old tale been  
 told ;  
 The world belongs to those who come  
 the last,  
 They will find hope and strength as we  
 have done.

## A NAMELESS GRAVE

A newspaper description of a burying ground in New-  
 port News, where, on the head-board of a soldier were  
 the words, " A Union Soldier mustered out," was sent  
 to Mr. Longfellow in 1864. Ten years passed before  
 the poet used the incident, for he wrote the sonnet No-  
 vember 30, 1874.

" A SOLDIER of the Union mustered out,"  
 Is the inscription on an unknown grave  
 At Newport News, beside the salt-sea  
 wave,  
 Nameless and dateless ; sentinel or scout  
 Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout  
 Of battle, when the loud artillery drave  
 Its iron wedges through the ranks of  
 brave  
 And doomed battalions, storming the re-  
 doubt.  
 Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea  
 In thy forgotten grave ! with secret  
 shame  
 I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,  
 When I remember thou hast given for  
 me  
 All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very  
 name,  
 And I can give thee nothing in return.

## SLEEP

LULL me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful  
 sound  
 Seems from some faint Æolian harp-  
 string caught ;  
 Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of  
 thought  
 As Hermes with his lyre in sleep pro-  
 found  
 The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus bound ;  
 For I am weary, and am overwrought  
 With too much toil, with too much care  
 distraught,  
 And with the iron crown of anguish  
 crowned.  
 Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and  
 cheek,  
 O peaceful Sleep ! until from pain re-  
 leased  
 I breathe again uninterrupted breath !  
 Ah, with what subtle meaning did the  
 Greek  
 Call thee the lesser mystery at the feast  
 Whereof the greater mystery is death !

## THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old,  
 Five centuries old. I plant my foot of  
 stone  
 Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own  
 Was planted on the dragon. Fold by  
 fold  
 Beneath me as it struggles, I behold  
 Its glistening scales. Twice hath it  
 overthrown  
 My kindred and companions. Me alone  
 It moveth not, but is by me controlled.  
 I can remember when the Medici  
 Were driven from Florence ; longer still  
 ago  
 The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.  
 Florence adorns me with her jewelry ;  
 And when I think that Michael Angelo  
 Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

## IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE

GADDI mi fece ; il Ponte Vecchio sono ;  
 Cinquecent' anni già sull' Arno pianto  
 Il piede, come il suo Michele Santo  
 Piantò sul draco. Mentre eh' io ragiono  
 Lo vedo torcere con flebil suono  
 Le rilucenti scaglie. Ha questi affranto  
 Due volte i miei maggior. Me solo in-  
 tanto  
 Neppure muove, ed io non l' abbandono.  
 Io mi rammento quando fur cacciati  
 I Medici ; pur quando Ghibellino  
 E Guelfo fecer pace mi rammento.  
 Fiorenza i suoi gioielli m' ha prestati ;  
 E quando penso ch' Agnolo il divino  
 Su me posava, insuperbir mi sento.

## NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
 Leads by the hand her little child to  
 bed,  
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
 And leave his broken playthings on the  
 floor,  
 Still gazing at them through the open door,  
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
 By promises of others in their stead,  
 Which, though more splendid, may not  
 please him more ;

So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
 Our playthings one by one, and by the  
 hand

Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
 Being too full of sleep to understand  
 How far the unknown transcends the  
 what we know.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT  
TARRYTOWN

HERE lies the gentle humorist, who died  
 In the bright Indian Summer of his  
 fame !  
 A simple stone, with but a date and  
 name,  
 Marks his secluded resting-place beside  
 The river that he loved and glorified.  
 Here in the autumn of his days he came,  
 But the dry leaves of life were all aflame  
 With tints that brightened and were  
 multiplied.  
 How sweet a life was his ; how sweet a  
 death !  
 Living, to wing with mirth the weary  
 hours,  
 Or with romantic tales the heart to  
 cheer ;  
 Dying, to leave a memory like the breath  
 Of summers full of sunshine and of  
 showers,  
 A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

## ELIOT'S OAK

THOU ancient oak ! whose myriad leaves  
 are loud  
 With sounds of unintelligible speech,  
 Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,  
 Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd ;  
 With some mysterious gift of tongues  
 endowed,  
 Thou speakest a different dialect to  
 each ;  
 To me a language that no man can  
 teach,  
 Of a lost race, long vanished like a  
 cloud.  
 For underneath thy shade, in days remote,  
 Seated like Abraham at eventide  
 Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the un-  
 known

Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote  
His Bible in a language that hath died  
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

## THE DESCENT OF THE MUSES

Mr. Longfellow was one day visiting Wellesley College, and was asked to write one of his poems. He begged for a few moments' delay, wrote this sonnet from memory, — it had not been printed, — and read it to the ladies.

NINE sisters, beautiful in form and face,  
Came from their convent on the shining heights  
Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,  
To dwell among the people at its base.  
Then seemed the world to change. All time and space,  
Splendor of cloudless days and starry nights,  
And men and manners, and all sounds and sights,  
Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.  
Proud were these sisters, but were not too proud  
To teach in schools of little country towns  
Science and song, and all the arts that please ;  
So that while housewives span, and farmers ploughed,  
Their comely daughters, clad in home-spun gowns,  
Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

## VENICE

WHITE swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest  
So wonderfully built among the reeds  
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,  
As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest !  
White water-lily, cradled and caressed  
By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds  
Lifting thy golden filaments and seeds,  
Thy sun-illuminated spires, thy crown and crest !  
White phantom city, whose untrodden streets  
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting  
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky ;

I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets  
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud up-  
lifting  
In air their unsubstantial masonry.

## THE POETS

O YE dead Poets, who are living still  
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,  
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead  
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,  
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,  
With drops of anguish falling fast and red  
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,  
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil ?  
Yes ; for the gift and ministry of Song  
Have something in them so divinely sweet,  
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong ;  
Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

## PARKER CLEAVELAND

WRITTEN ON REVISITING BRUNSWICK  
IN THE SUMMER OF 1875

AMONG the many lives that I have known,  
None I remember more serene and sweet,  
More rounded in itself and more complete,  
Than his, who lies beneath this funeral stone.  
These pines, that murmur in low monotone,  
These walks frequented by scholastic feet,  
Were all his world ; but in this calm retreat  
For him the Teacher's chair became a throne.  
With fond affection memory loves to dwell  
On the old days, when his example made  
A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen ;  
And now, amid the groves he loved so well  
That naught could lure him from their grateful shade,  
He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God  
hath said, Amen !

## THE HARVEST MOON

It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded  
 vanes  
 And roofs of villages, on woodland  
 crests  
 And their aerial neighborhoods of nests  
 Deserted, on the curtained window-panes  
 Of rooms where children sleep, on country  
 lanes  
 And harvest-fields, its mystic splendor  
 rests!  
 Gone are the birds that were our summer  
 guests;  
 With the last sheaves return the labor-  
 ing wains!  
 All things are symbols: the external  
 shows  
 Of Nature have their image in the  
 mind,  
 As flowers and fruits and falling of the  
 leaves;  
 The song-birds leave us at the summer's  
 close,  
 Only the empty nests are left behind,  
 And pipings of the quail among the  
 sheaves.

## TO THE RIVER RHONE

THOU Royal River, born of sun and shower  
 In chambers purple with the Alpine  
 glow,  
 Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the  
 snow  
 And rocked by tempests!—at the ap-  
 pointed hour  
 Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a  
 tower,  
 With clang and clink of harness dost  
 thou go  
 To meet thy vassal torrents, that below  
 Rush to receive thee and obey thy  
 power.  
 And now thou movest in triumphal march,  
 A king among the rivers! On thy way  
 A hundred towns await and welcome  
 thee;  
 Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,  
 Vineyards encircle thee with garlands  
 gay,  
 And fleets attend thy progress to the  
 sea!

THE THREE SILENCES OF  
MOLINOS

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Written to be read at the dinner given by the pub-  
 lishers of *The Atlantic Monthly* to Mr. Whittier in honor  
 of his seventieth birthday, December 18, 1877.

THREE Silences there are: the first of  
 speech,  
 The second of desire, the third of  
 thought;  
 This is the lore a Spanish monk, dis-  
 traught  
 With dreams and visions, was the first to  
 teach.  
 These Silences, commingling each with  
 each,  
 Made up the perfect Silence that he  
 sought  
 And prayed for, and wherein at times he  
 caught  
 Mysterious sounds from realms beyond  
 our reach.  
 O thou, whose daily life anticipates  
 The life to come, and in whose thought  
 and word  
 The spiritual world preponderates,  
 Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard  
 Voices and melodies from beyond the  
 gates,  
 And speakest only when thy soul is  
 stirred!

## THE TWO RIVERS

I

SLOWLY the hour-hand of the clock moves  
 round;  
 So slowly that no human eye hath power  
 To see it move! Slowly in shine or  
 shower  
 The painted ship above it, homeward  
 bound,  
 Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground;  
 Yet both arrive at last; and in his tower  
 The slumberous watchman wakes and  
 strikes the hour,  
 A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.  
 Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!  
 The frontier town and citadel of night!  
 The watershed of Time, from which the  
 streams

Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their  
way,

One to the land of promise and of light,  
One to the land of darkness and of  
dreams !

## II

O River of Yesterday, with current swift  
Through chasms descending, and soon  
lost to sight,

I do not care to follow in their flight  
The faded leaves, that on thy bosom  
drift !

O River of To-morrow, I uplift  
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the night  
Wanes into morning, and the dawning  
light

Broadens, and all the shadows fade and  
shift !

I follow, follow, where thy waters run  
Through unfrequented, unfamiliar fields,  
Fragrant with flowers and musical with  
song ;

Still follow, follow ; sure to meet the sun,  
And confident, that what the future  
yields

Will be the right, unless myself be  
wrong.

## III

Yet not in vain, O River of Yesterday,  
Through chasms of darkness to the deep  
descending,

I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and  
blending

Thy voice with other voices far away.

I called to thee, and yet thou wouldst not  
stay,

But turbulent, and with thyself contend-  
ing,

And torrent-like thy force on pebbles  
spending,

Thou wouldst not listen to a poet's lay.

'Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of  
wings,

Regrets and recollections of things past,

With hints and prophecies of things to be,  
And inspirations, which, could they be  
things,

And stay with us, and we could hold  
them fast,

Were our good angels, — these I owe to  
thee.

## IV

And thou, O River of To-morrow, flowing  
Between thy narrow adamantine walls,  
But beautiful, and white with waterfalls,  
And wreaths of mist, like hauds the path-  
way showing ;

I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing,  
I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and  
calls,

And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's halls,  
Mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning,  
going !

It is the mystery of the unknown  
That fascinates us ; we are children still,  
Wayward and wistful ; with one hand we  
cling

To the familiar things we call our own,  
And with the other, resolute of will,  
Grope in the dark for what the day will  
bring.

## BOSTON

St. Botolph's Town ! Hither across the  
plains

And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,  
There came a Saxon monk, and founded  
here

A Priory, pillaged by marauding Danes,  
So that thereof no vestige now remains ;  
Only a name, that, spoken loud and clear,  
And echoed in another hemisphere,  
Survives the sculptured walls and painted  
panes.

St. Botolph's Town ! Far over leagues of  
land

And leagues of sea looks forth its noble  
tower,

And far around the chiming bells are  
heard ;

So may that sacred name forever stand  
A landmark, and a symbol of the power,  
That lies concentred in a single word.

## ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE

The memorial chapel of St. John's, erected by Robert  
Means Mason in connection with the Episcopal Theolo-  
gical School, stands close by the home of Mr. Longfellow.

I STAND beneath the tree, whose branches  
shade

Thy western window, Chapel of St.  
John !

And hear its leaves repeat their benison  
 On him, whose hand thy stones memorial  
 laid ;  
 Then I remember one of whom was said  
 In the world's darkest hour, " Behold  
 thy son ! "  
 And see him living still, and wandering on  
 And waiting for the advent long delayed.  
 Not only tongues of the apostles teach  
 Lessons of love and light, but these ex-  
 panding,  
 And sheltering boughs with all their  
 leaves implore,  
 And say in language clear as human speech,  
 " The peace of God, that passeth under-  
 standing,  
 Be and abide with you forevermore ! "

## MOODS

Oh that a Song would sing itself to me  
 Out of the heart of Nature, or the heart  
 Of man, the child of Nature, not of Art,  
 Fresh as the morning, salt as the salt sea,  
 With just enough of bitterness to be  
 A medicine to this sluggish mood, and  
 start  
 The life-blood in my veins, and so impart  
 Healing and help in this dull lethargy !  
 Alas ! not always doth the breath of song  
 Breathe on us. It is like the wind that  
 bloweth  
 At its own will, not ours, nor tarrieth long ;  
 We hear the sound thereof, but no man  
 knoweth  
 From whence it comes, so sudden and  
 swift and strong,  
 Nor whither in its wayward course it  
 goeth.

## WOODSTOCK PARK

HERE in a little rustic hermitage  
 Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the Great,  
 Postponed the cares of king-craft to  
 translate  
 The Consolations of the Roman sage.  
 Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old age  
 Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon  
 or late  
 The venturous hand that strives to imitate  
 Vanquished must fall on the unfinished  
 page.

Two kings were they, who ruled by right  
 divine,  
 And both supreme ; one in the realm of  
 Truth,  
 One in the realm of Fiction and of Song.  
 What prince hereditary of their line,  
 Uprising in the strength and flush of  
 youth,  
 Their glory shall inherit and prolong ?

THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT  
WILNA

## A PHOTOGRAPH

SWEET faces, that from pictured casements  
 lean  
 As from a castle window, looking down  
 On some gay pageant passing through a  
 town,  
 Yourselves the fairest figures in the  
 scene ;  
 With what a gentle grace, with what serene  
 Unconsciousness ye wear the triple  
 crown  
 Of youth and beauty and the fair re-  
 nown  
 Of a great name, that ne'er hath tarnished  
 been !  
 From your soft eyes, so innocent and sweet,  
 Four spirits, sweet and innocent as they,  
 Gaze on the world below, the sky above ;  
 Hark ! there is some one singing in the  
 street ;  
 " Faith, Hope, and Love ! these three,"  
 he seems to say ;  
 " These three ; and greatest of the three  
 is Love."

## HOLIDAYS

THE holiest of all holidays are those  
 Kept by ourselves in silence and apart ;  
 The secret anniversaries of the heart,  
 When the full river of feeling over-  
 flows ; —  
 The happy days unclouded to their close ;  
 The sudden joys that out of darkness  
 start  
 As flames from ashes ; swift desires that  
 dart  
 Like swallows singing down each wind  
 that blows !

White as the gleam of a receding sail,  
 White as a cloud that floats and fades in  
 air,  
 White as the whitest lily on a stream,  
 These tender memories are ;—a fairy tale  
 Of some enchanted land we know not  
 where,  
 But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

## WAPENTAKE

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

POET ! I come to touch thy lance with mine ;  
 Not as a knight, who on the listed field  
 Of tourney touched his adversary's shield  
 In token of defiance, but in sign  
 Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,  
 In English song ; nor will I keep con-  
 cealed,  
 And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,  
 My admiration for thy verse divine.  
 Not of the howling dervishes of song,  
 Who craze the brain with their delirious  
 dance,  
 Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart !  
 Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves be-  
 long,  
 To thee our love and our allegiance,  
 For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

## THE BROKEN OAR

"November 13, 1864. Stay at home and ponder upon  
 Dante. I am frequently tempted to write upon my  
 work the inscription found upon an oar cast on the  
 coast of Iceland,—

*Oft var ek dasa durek þro thick.*

Oft was I weary when I tugged at thee."

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary strand  
 A poet wandered with his book and pen,

Seeking some final word, some sweet  
 Amen,  
 Wherewith to close the volume in his  
 hand.  
 The billows rolled and plunged upon the  
 sand,  
 The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his  
 ken,  
 And from the parting cloud-rack now and  
 then  
 Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.  
 Then by the billows at his feet was tossed  
 A broken oar ; and carved thereon he  
 read :  
 "Oft was I weary, when I toiled at  
 thee ;"  
 And like a man, who findeth what was lost,  
 He wrote the words, then lifted up his  
 head,  
 And flung his useless pen into the sea.

## THE CROSS OF SNOW

IN the long, sleepless watches of the night,  
 A gentle face—the face of one long  
 dead—  
 Looks at me from the wall, where round  
 its head  
 The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.  
 Here in this room she died ; and soul more  
 white  
 Never through martyrdom of fire was led  
 To its repose ; nor can in books be read  
 The legend of a life more benedict.  
 There is a mountain in the distant West  
 That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines  
 Displays a cross of snow upon its side.  
 Such is the cross I wear upon my breast  
 These eighteen years, through all the  
 changing scenes  
 And seasons, changeless since the day  
 she died.

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

## FLIGHT THE FOURTH

The first draft of the first poem was made March 30, 1874. It did not satisfy the poet, for he wrote, April 2:

## CHARLES SUMNER

GARLANDS upon his grave  
And flowers upon his hearse,  
And to the tender heart and brave  
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,  
The conflict and the pain,  
The grief, the bitterness of strife,  
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took  
Into his manly breast  
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke  
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field  
Upon a nation's heart  
Borne like a warrior on his shield!—  
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,  
And stays our hurrying feet;  
The great design unfinished lies,  
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown  
Perfect their circles seem,  
Even as a bridge's arch of stone  
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the  
sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

(So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.)

"I have been trying to write something about Sumner but to little purpose. I cannot collect my faculties."

## TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE

Written October 7, 1874, as introduction to the series of volumes, *Poems of Places*, edited by Mr. Longfellow.

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,  
And yonder gilded vane,  
Immovable for three days past,  
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself  
And to the fireside gleams,  
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,  
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
And the bright days when I was young  
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again  
The Alpine torrent's roar,  
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,  
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall  
Rise from its groves of pine,  
And towers of old cathedrals tall,  
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,  
Beneath centennial trees,  
Through fields with poppies all on fire,  
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,  
No more I feel fatigue,  
While journeying with another's feet  
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,  
And toil through various climes,  
I turn the world round with my hand  
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies  
Beneath each changing zone,  
And see, when looking with their eyes,  
Better than with mine own.

## CADENABBIA

## LAKE OF COMO

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks  
 The silence of the summer day,  
 As by the loveliest of all lakes  
 I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade,  
 Where level branches of the plane  
 Above me weave a roof of shade  
 Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air  
 Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,  
 And gleams of sunshine toss and flare  
 Like torches down the path I tread.

By Somariva's garden gate  
 I make the marble stairs my seat,  
 And hear the water, as I wait,  
 Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells  
 Along the stony parapets,  
 And far away the floating bells  
 Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town  
 The freighted barges come and go,  
 Their pendent shadows gliding down  
 By town and tower submerged below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore,  
 With villas scattered one by one  
 Upon their wooded spurs, and lower  
 Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass  
 Of walls and woods, of light and shade,  
 Stands, beckoning up the Stelvio Pass,  
 Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream ?  
 Will it all vanish into air ?  
 Is there a land of such supreme  
 And perfect beauty anywhere ?

Sweet vision ! Do not fade away :  
 Linger, until my heart shall take  
 Into itself the summer day,  
 And all the beauty of the lake ;

Linger, until upon my brain  
 Is stamped an image of the scene ;  
 Then fade into the air again,  
 And be as if thou hadst not been.

## MONTE CASSINO

## TERRA DI LAVORO

BEAUTIFUL valley ! through whose verdant meads  
 Unheard the Garigliano glides along ; —  
 The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,  
 The river taciturn of classic song.

The Land of Labor and the Land of Rest,  
 Where mediæval towns are white on all  
 The hillsides, and where every mountain's crest  
 Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface  
 Was dragged with contumely from his throne ;  
 Sciarra Colonna, was that day's disgrace  
 The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own ?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade  
 Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,  
 When Manfred by his men-at-arms betrayed  
 Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

There is Aquinum, the old Volscian town,  
 Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light  
 Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown  
 Of splendor seen o'er cities in the night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets  
 The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,  
 And dreamed perhaps the dreams, that he repeats  
 In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud  
 That pauses on a mountain summit high,  
 Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud  
 And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed  
 The stony pathway leading to its gate ;  
 Above, the convent bells for vespers  
     chimed,  
 Below, the darkening town grew deso-  
     late.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,  
 The courtyard with its well, the terrace  
     wide,  
 From which, far down, the valley like a  
     park,  
 Veiled in the evening mists, was dim de-  
     scribed.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands  
 Caressed the mountain-tops ; the vales  
     between  
 Darkened ; the river in the meadow-lands  
 Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not  
     seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,  
 So full of rest it seemed ; each passing  
     trend  
 Was a reverberation from the deep  
 Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago,  
 Benedict fleeing from the gates of Rome,  
 A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,  
 Sought in these mountain solitudes a  
     home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule  
 Of prayer and work, and counted work  
     as prayer ;  
 The pen became a clarion, and his school  
 Flamed like a beacon in the midnight  
     air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless  
     way,  
 Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deploras  
 The illuminated manuscripts, that lay  
 Torn and neglected on the dusty floors ?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child  
 Of fancy and of fiction at the best !  
 This the urbane librarian said, and smiled  
 Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these, with one young  
     friar  
 I sat conversing late into the night,

Till in its cavernous chimney the wood-fire  
 Had burnt its heart out like an an-  
     chorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell,  
 Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay,  
 And, as a monk who hears the matin bell,  
 Started from sleep ; — already it was  
     day.

From the high window I beheld the scene  
 On which Saint Benedict so oft had  
     gazed, —  
 The mountains and the valley in the sheen  
 Of the bright sun, — and stood as one  
     amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing ;  
 The woodlands glistened with their jew-  
     elled crowns ;  
 Far off the mellow bells began to ring  
 For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,  
 The ideal and the actual in our life,  
 As on a field of battle held me fast,  
 Where this world and the next world  
     were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,  
 I saw the iron horses of the steam  
 Toss to the morning air their plumes of  
     smoke,  
 And woke, as one awaketh from a dream.

### AMALFI

SWEET the memory is to me  
 Of a land beyond the sea,  
 Where the waves and mountains meet,  
 Where amid her mulberry-trees  
 Sits Amalfi in the heat,  
 Bathing ever her white feet  
 In the tideless summer seas.

In the middle of the town,  
 From its fountains in the hills,  
 Tumbling through the narrow gorge,  
 The Canneto rushes down,  
 Turns the great wheels of the mills,  
 Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'T is a stairway, not a street,  
 That ascends the deep ravine,

Where the torrent leaps between  
 Rocky walls that almost meet.  
 Toiling up from stair to stair  
 Peasant girls their burdens bear ;  
 Sunburnt daughters of the soil,  
 Stately figures tall and straight,  
 What inexorable fate  
 Dooms them to this life of toil ?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,  
 Far above the convent stands.  
 On its terraced walk aloof  
 Leans a monk with folded hands.  
 Placid, satisfied, serene,  
 Looking down upon the scene  
 Over wall and red-tiled roof ;  
 Wondering unto what good end  
 All this toil and traffic tend,  
 And why all men cannot be  
 Free from care and free from pain,  
 And the sordid love of gain,  
 And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks  
 From the marts of east and west ?  
 Where the knights in iron sarks  
 Journeying to the Holy Land,  
 Glove of steel upon the hand,  
 Cross of crimson on the breast ?  
 Where the pomp of camp and court ?  
 Where the pilgrims with their prayers ?  
 Where the merchants with their wares,  
 And their gallant brigantines  
 Sailing safely into port  
 Chased by corsair Algerines ?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,  
 Like a passing trumpet-blast,  
 Are those splendors of the past,  
 And the commerce and the crowd !  
 Fathoms deep beneath the seas  
 Lie the ancient wharves and quays,  
 Swallowed by the engulfing waves ;  
 Silent streets and vacant halls,  
 Ruined roofs and towers and walls ;  
 Hidden from all mortal eyes  
 Deep the sunken city lies :  
 Even cities have their graves !

This is an enchanted land !  
 Round the headlands far away  
 Sweeps the blue Salernian bay  
 With its sickle of white sand :  
 Further still and furthestmost  
 On the dim discovered coast

Pæstum with its ruins lies,  
 And its roses all in bloom  
 Seem to tinge the fatal skies  
 Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,  
 Nothing doth the good monk care  
 For such worldly themes as these.  
 From the garden just below  
 Little puffs of perfume blow,  
 And a sound is in his ears  
 Of the murmur of the bees  
 In the shining chestnut trees ;  
 Nothing else he heeds or hears.  
 All the landscape seems to swoon  
 In the happy afternoon ;  
 Slowly o'er his senses creep  
 The encroaching waves of sleep,  
 And he sinks as sank the town,  
 Unresisting, fathoms down,  
 Into caverns cool and deep !

Walled about with drifts of snow,  
 Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,  
 Seeing all the landscape white  
 And the river cased in ice,  
 Comes this memory of delight,  
 Comes this vision unto me  
 Of a long-lost Paradise  
 In the land beyond the sea.

## THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

UP soared the lark into the air,  
 A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,  
 As if a soul released from pain  
 Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard : it was to him  
 An emblem of the Seraphim ;  
 The upward motion of the fire,  
 The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate  
 The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,  
 From moor and mere and darksome  
 wood  
 Come flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,  
 "Ye come to me and ask for bread,  
 But not with bread alone to-day  
 Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,  
With manna of celestial words ;  
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,  
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise  
The great Creator in your lays ;  
He giveth you your plumes of down,  
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly  
And breathe a purer air on high,  
And careth for you everywhere,  
Who for yourselves so little care !"

With flutter of swift wings and songs  
Together rose the feathered throngs,  
And singing scattered far apart ;  
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood  
His homily had understood ;  
He only knew that to one ear  
The meaning of his words was clear.

### BELISARIUS

I AM poor and old and blind ;  
The sun burns me, and the wind  
Blows through the city gate,  
And covers me with dust  
From the wheels of the august  
Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased  
The Persians o'er wild and waste,  
As General of the East ;  
Night after night I lay  
In their camps of yesterday ;  
Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,  
And torches at mast-head,  
Piloting the great fleet,  
I swept the Afric coasts  
And scattered the Vandal hosts,  
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again  
The Ausonian realm and reign,  
Rome and Parthenope ;  
And all the land was mine  
From the summits of Apennine  
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,  
I dared the battle's rage,  
To save Byzantium's state,  
When the tents of Zabergan  
Like snow-drifts overran  
The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold !  
Infirm and blind and old,  
With gray, uncovered head,  
Beneath the very arch  
Of my triumphal march,  
I stand and beg my bread !

Methinks I still can hear,  
Sounding distinct and near,  
The Vandal monarch's cry,  
As, captive and disgraced,  
With majestic step he paced, —  
"All, all is Vanity !"

Ah ! vainest of all things  
Is the gratitude of kings ;  
The plaudits of the crowd  
Are but the clatter of feet  
At midnight in the street,  
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace  
Is to see forever the face  
Of the Monk of Ephesus !  
The unconquerable will  
This, too, can bear ; — I still  
Am Belisarius !

### SONGO RIVER

Songo River is a winding stream which connects Lake Sebago with Long Lake in Cumberland County, Maine. Among the early literary plans of Mr. Longfellow was one for a prose tale, the scene of which was to be laid near Lake Sebago. This poem was written September 18, 1875, after a visit to the river in the summer then closing.

NOWHERE such a devious stream,  
Save in fancy or in dream,  
Winding slow through bush and  
brake,  
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,  
Ever doubling on itself  
Flows the stream, so still and slow  
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,  
Lost in woodland or on wold,  
Such a winding path pursued  
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy, in his quest  
After hazel-nut or nest,  
Through the forest in and out  
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide  
Tangled thickets on each side  
Hang inverted, and between  
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing  
Seems the only living thing,  
Or the loon, that laughs and flies  
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream ! thy Indian name  
Unfamiliar is to fame ;

For thou hidest here alone,  
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach  
Wisdom deep as human speech,  
Moving without haste or noise  
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,  
And art ever calm and still,  
Even thy silence seems to say  
To the traveller on his way : —

“ Traveller, hurrying from the heat  
Of the city, stay thy feet !  
Rest awhile, nor longer waste  
Life with inconsiderate haste !

“ Be not like a stream that brawls  
Loud with shallow waterfalls,  
But in quiet self-control  
Link together soul and soul.”

## KÉRAMOS

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! Turn round and round*

*Without a pause, without a sound :*

*So spins the flying world away !*

*This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,*

*Follows the motion of my hand ;*

*For some must follow, and some command,*

*Though all are made of clay !*

Thus sang the Potter at his task  
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree,  
While o'er his features, like a mask,  
The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade  
Moved, as the boughs above him swayed,  
And clothed him, till he seemed to be  
A figure woven in tapestry,  
So sumptuously was he arrayed  
In that magnificent attire  
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.  
Like a magician he appeared,  
A conjurer without book or beard ;  
And while he plied his magic art —  
For it was magical to me —  
I stood in silence and apart,  
And wondered more and more to see  
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay  
Rise up to meet the master's hand,  
And now contract and now expand,  
And even his slightest touch obey ;

While ever in a thoughtful mood  
He sang his ditty, and at times  
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,  
As a melodious interlude.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! All things must change  
To something new, to something strange ;*

*Nothing that is can pause or stay ;*

*The moon will wax, the moon will wane,*

*The mist and cloud will turn to rain,*

*The rain to mist and cloud again,*

*To-morrow be to-day.*

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,  
By some unconscious act of will,  
The melody and even the words  
Were intermingled with my thought,  
As bits of colored thread are caught  
And woven into nests of birds.  
And thus to regions far remote,  
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,  
This wizard in the motley coat  
Transported me on wings of song,  
And by the northern shores of France  
Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this that seems to be  
A mingling of the land and sea ?  
This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes ?

This water-net, that tessellates  
 The landscape ? this unending maze  
 Of gardens, through whose latticed gates  
 The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze ;  
 Where in long summer afternoons  
 The sunshine, softened by the haze,  
 Comes streaming down as through a screen ;  
 Where over fields and pastures green  
 The painted ships float high in air,  
 And over all and everywhere  
 The sails of windmills sink and soar  
 Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore ?

What land is this ? Yon pretty town  
 Is Delft, with all its wares displayed ;  
 The pride, the market-place, the crown  
 And centre of the Potter's trade.  
 See ! every house and room is bright  
 With glimmers of reflected light  
 From plates that on the dresser shine ;  
 Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,  
 Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,  
 And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-lis,  
 And ships upon a rolling sea,  
 And tankards pewter topped, and queer  
 With comic mask and musketeer !  
 Each hospitable chimney smiles  
 A welcome from its painted tiles ;  
 The parlor walls, the chamber floors,  
 The stairways and the corridors,  
 The borders of the garden walks,  
 Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,  
 That never droop in winds or showers,  
 And never wither on their stalks.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! All life is brief ;  
 What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
 What now is leaf will soon decay ;  
 The wind blows east, the wind blows west ;  
 The blue eggs in the robin's nest  
 Will soon have wings and beak and breast,  
 And flutter and fly away.*

Now southward through the air I glide,  
 The song my only pursuivant,  
 And see across the landscape wide  
 The blue Charente, upon whose tide  
 The belfries and the spires of Saintes  
 Ripple and rock from side to side,  
 As, when an earthquake rends its walls,  
 A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,  
 This Potter, working with such cheer,  
 In this mean house, this mean attire,  
 His manly features bronzed with fire,

Whose figulines and rustic wares  
 Scarce find him bread from day to day ?  
 This madman, as the people say,  
 Who breaks his tables and his chairs  
 To feed his furnace fires, nor cares  
 Who goes unfed if they are fed,  
 Nor who may live if they are dead ?  
 This alchemist with hollow cheeks  
 And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,  
 By mingled earths and ores combined  
 With potency of fire, to find  
 Some new enamel, hard and bright,  
 His dream, his passion, his delight ?

O Palissy ! within thy breast  
 Burned the hot fever of unrest ;  
 Thine was the prophet's vision, thine  
 The exultation, the divine  
 Insanity of noble minds,  
 That never falters nor abates,  
 But labors and endures and waits,  
 Till all that it foresees it finds,  
 Or what it cannot find creates !

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! This earthen jar  
 A touch can make, a touch can mar ;  
 And shall it to the Potter say,  
 What makest thou ? Thou hast no hand ?  
 As men who think to understand  
 A world by their Creator planned,  
 Who wiser is than they.*

Still guided by the dreamy song,  
 As in a trance I float along  
 Above the Pyrenean chain,  
 Above the fields and farms of Spain,  
 Above the bright Majorcan isle  
 That lends its softened name to art, —  
 A spot, a dot upon the chart,  
 Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile,  
 Are ruby-lusted with the light  
 Of blazing furnaces by night,  
 And crowned by day with wreaths of smoke.  
 Then eastward, wafted in my flight  
 On my enchanter's magic cloak,  
 I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea  
 Into the land of Italy,  
 And o'er the windy Apennines,  
 Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls,  
 The doors of houses and the walls  
 Of churches and of belfry towers,  
 Cloister and castle, street and mart,  
 Are garlanded and gay with flowers  
 That blossom in the fields of art.

Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and glow  
 With brilliant, iridescent dyes,  
 The dazzling whiteness of the snow,  
 The cobalt blue of summer skies ;  
 And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,  
 In perfect finish emulate  
 Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came  
 A youth with the angelic name  
 Of Raphael, in form and face  
 Himself angelic, and divine  
 In arts of color and design.  
 From him Francesco Xanto caught  
 Something of his transcendent grace,  
 And into fictile fabrics wrought  
 Suggestions of the master's thought.  
 Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines  
 With madre-perl and golden lines  
 Of arabesques, and interweaves  
 His birds and fruits and flowers and leaves  
 About some landscape, shaded brown,  
 With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose bowl,  
 Upon a ground of deepest blue  
 With yellow-lusted stars o'erlaid,  
 Colors of every tint and hue  
 Mingle in one harmonious whole !  
 With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze,  
 Her yellow hair in net and braid,  
 Necklace and ear-rings all ablaze  
 With golden lustre o'er the glaze,  
 A woman's portrait ; on the scroll,  
 Cana, the Beautiful ! A name  
 Forgotten save for such brief fame  
 As this memorial can bestow, —  
 A gift some lover long ago  
 Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

A nobler title to renown  
 Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,  
 Seated beside the Arno's stream ;  
 For Luca della Robbia there  
 Created forms so wondrous fair,  
 They made thy sovereignty supreme.  
 These choristers with lips of stone,  
 Whose music is not heard, but seen,  
 Still chant, as from their organ-screen,  
 Their Maker's praise ; nor these alone,  
 But the more fragile forms of clay,  
 Hardly less beautiful than they,  
 These saints and angels that adorn  
 The walls of hospitals, and tell  
 The story of good deeds so well

That poverty seems less forlorn,  
 And life more like a holiday.

Here in this old neglected church,  
 That long eludes the traveller's search,  
 Lies the dead bishop on his tomb ;  
 Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,  
 Life-like and death-like in the gloom ;  
 Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom  
 And foliage deck his resting-place ;  
 A shadow in the sightless eyes,  
 A pallor on the patient face,  
 Made perfect by the furnace heat ;  
 All earthly passions and desires  
 Burnt out by purgatorial fires ;  
 Seeming to say, " Our years are fleet,  
 And to the weary death is sweet."

But the most wonderful of all  
 The ornaments on tomb or wall  
 That grace the fair Ausonian shores  
 Are those the faithful earth restores,  
 Near some Apulian town concealed,  
 In vineyard or in harvest field, —  
 Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,  
 Memorials of forgotten griefs,  
 Or records of heroic deeds  
 Of demigods and mighty chiefs :  
 Figures that almost move and speak,  
 And, buried amid mould and weeds,  
 Still in their attitudes attest  
 The presence of the graceful Greek, —  
 Achilles in his armor dressed,  
 Alcides with the Cretan bull,  
 And Aphrodite with her boy,  
 Or lovely Helena of Troy,  
 Still living and still beautiful.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! 'Tis nature's plan  
 The child should grow into the man,  
 The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray ;  
 In youth the heart exults and sings,  
 The pulses leap, the feet have wings ;  
 In age the cricket chirps, and brings  
 The harvest-home of day.*

And now the winds that southward blow,  
 And cool the hot Sicilian isle,  
 Bear me away. I see below  
 The long line of the Libyan Nile,  
 Flooding and feeding the parched lands  
 With annual ebb and overflow,  
 A fallen palm whose branches lie  
 Beneath the Abyssinian sky,  
 Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.

On either bank huge water-wheels,  
 Belted with jars and dripping weeds,  
 Send forth their melancholy moans,  
 As if, in their gray mantles hid,  
 Dead anchorites of the Thebaid  
 Knelt on the shore and told their beads,  
 Beating their breasts with loud appeals  
 And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set  
 With glittering mosque and minaret,  
 Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars  
 The dreaming traveller first inhales  
 The perfume of Arabian gales,  
 And sees the fabulous earthen jars,  
 Huge as were those wherein the maid  
 Morgiana found the Forty Thieves  
 Concealed in midnight ambushade ;  
 And seeing, more than half believes  
 The fascinating tales that run  
 Through all the Thousand Nights and One,  
 Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than these  
 Are the Egyptian deities,  
 Ammon, and Emeth, and the grand  
 Osiris, holding in his hand  
 The lotus ; Isis, crowned and veiled ;  
 The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx ;  
 Bracelets with blue enamelled links ;  
 The Scarabee in emerald mailed,  
 Or spreading wide his funeral wings ;  
 Lamps that perchance their night-watch  
     kept  
 O'er Cleopatra while she slept, —  
 All plundered from the tombs of kings.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! The human race,  
 Of every tongue, of every place,  
     Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,  
 All that inhabit this great earth,  
 Whatever be their rank or worth,  
 Are kindred and allied by birth,  
     And made of the same clay.*

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,  
 O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,  
 Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,  
 To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,  
 And bird-like poise on balanced wing  
 Above the town of King-te-tching,  
 A burning town, or seeming so, —  
 Three thousand furnaces that glow  
 Incessantly, and fill the air  
 With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,

And painted by the lurid glare,  
 Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,  
 Spotted and veined with various hues,  
 Are swept along the avenues,  
 And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,  
 So from this grove of chimneys whirled  
 To all the markets of the world,  
 These porcelain leaves are wafted on,  
 Light yellow leaves with spots and stains  
 Of violet and of crimson dye,  
 Or tender azure of a sky  
 Just washed by gentle April rains,  
 And beautiful with celadon.

Nor less the coarser household wares,  
 The willow pattern, that we knew  
 In childhood, with its bridge of blue  
 Leading to unknown thoroughfares ;  
 The solitary man who stares  
 At the white river flowing through  
 Its arches, the fantastic trees  
 And wild perspective of the view ;  
 And intermingled among these  
 The tiles that in our nurseries  
 Filled us with wonder and delight,  
 Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold !  
 The Tower of Porcelain, strange and old,  
 Uplifting to the astonished skies  
 Its ninefold painted balconies,  
 With balustrades of twining leaves,  
 And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves  
 Hang porcelain bells that all the time  
 Ring with a soft, melodious chime ;  
 While the whole fabric is ablaze  
 With varied tints, all fused in one  
 Great mass of color, like a maze  
 Of flowers illumined by the sun.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! What is begun  
 At daybreak must at dark be done,  
     To-morrow will be another day ;  
 To-morrow the hot furnace flame  
 Will search the heart and try the frame,  
 And stamp with honor or with shame  
     These vessels made of clay.*

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,  
 The islands of the Japanese  
 Beneath me lie ; o'er lake and plain  
 The stork, the heron, and the crane  
 Through the clear realms of azure drift,

And on the hillside I can see  
 The villages of Imari,  
 Whose thronged and flaming workshops  
 lift  
 Their twisted columns of smoke on high,  
 Cloud cloisters that in ruins lie,  
 With sunshine streaming through each rift,  
 And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the land,  
 Ripple of waves on rock or sand,  
 The snow on Fusi-yama's cone,  
 The midnight heaven so thickly sown  
 With constellations of bright stars,  
 The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make  
 A whisper by each stream and lake,  
 The saffron dawn, the sunset red,  
 Are painted on these lovely jars ;  
 Again the skylark sings, again  
 The stork, the heron, and the crane  
 Float through the azure overhead,  
 The counterfeit and counterpart  
 Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature ; yes,  
 Her darling child, in whom we trace  
 The features of the mother's face,  
 Her aspect and her attitude ;  
 All her majestic loveliness  
 Chastened and softened and subdued  
 Into a more attractive grace,  
 And with a human sense imbued.

He is the greatest artist, then,  
 Whether of pencil or of pen,  
 Who follows Nature. Never man,  
 As artist or as artisan,  
 Pursuing his own fantasies,  
 Can touch the human heart, or please,  
 Or satisfy our nobler needs,  
 As he who sets his willing feet  
 In Nature's footprints, light and fleet,  
 And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May,  
 Wrapped in my visions like the Seer,  
 Whose eyes behold not what is near,  
 But only what is far away,  
 When, suddenly sounding peal on peal,  
 The church-bell from the neighboring  
 town

Proclaimed the welcome hour of noon.  
 The Potter heard, and stopped his wheel,  
 His apron on the grass threw down,  
 Whistled his quiet little tune,  
 Not overloud nor overlong,  
 And ended thus his simple song :

*Stop, stop, my wheel ! Too soon, too soon  
 The noon will be the afternoon,  
 Too soon to-day be yesterday ;  
 Behind us in our path we cast  
 The broken potsherds of the past,  
 And all are ground to dust at last,  
 And trodden into clay !*

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

### FLIGHT THE FIFTH

Collected in the volume entitled *Kéramos and other Poems*, 1873. Elmwood, in the first poem, was the home of James Russell Lowell.

#### THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD

WARM and still is the summer night,  
 As here by the river's brink I wander ;  
 White overhead are the stars, and white  
 The glimmering lamps on the hillside  
 yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day ;  
 Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,  
 And the cry of the herons winging their way  
 O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood  
 thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass  
 To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled  
 thrushes,  
 Sing him the song of the green morass,  
 And the tides that water the reeds and  
 rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Hern,  
 And the secret that baffles our utmost  
 seeking ;  
 For only a sound of lament we dis-  
 cern,  
 And cannot interpret the words you are  
 speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight  
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,

The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight  
Through the drift of the floating mists  
that infold you ;

Of the landscape lying so far below,  
With its towns and rivers and desert places ;

And the splendor of light above, and the glow  
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,  
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,  
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,  
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder  
and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,  
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,  
Some one hath lingered to meditate,  
And send him unseen this friendly greeting ;

That many another hath done the same,  
Though not by a sound was the silence broken ;

The surest pledge of a deathless name  
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

#### A DUTCH PICTURE

SIMON DANZ has come home again,  
From cruising about with his buccaneers ;  
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,  
And carried away the Dean of Jaen  
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,

And weathercocks flying aloft in air,  
There are silver tankards of antique styles,  
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles  
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,  
Overlooking the sluggish stream,

With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,  
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,  
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks  
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,  
And the listed tulips look like Turks,  
And the silent gardener as he works  
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost  
Verge of the landscape in the haze,  
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,  
With whiskered sentinels at their post,  
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,  
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,  
And old seafaring men come in,  
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,  
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine  
Of the flickering fire of the winter night ;  
Figures in color and design  
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,  
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won,  
And their talk is ever and ever the same,  
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,  
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,  
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides  
He paces his parlor to and fro ;  
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,  
And swings with the rising and falling tides,  
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,  
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,  
Are calling and whispering in his ear,  
"Simon Danz ! Why stayest thou here ?  
Come forth and follow me !"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again  
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,  
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,  
And capture another Dean of Jaen  
And sell him in Algiers.

## CASTLES IN SPAIN

How much of my young heart, O Spain,  
 Went out to thee in days of yore !  
 What dreams romantic filled my brain,  
 And summoned back to life again  
 The Paladins of Charlemagne,  
 The Cid Campeador !

And shapes more shadowy than these,  
 In the dim twilight half revealed ;  
 Phœnician galleys on the seas,  
 The Roman camps like hives of bees,  
 The Goth uplifting from his knees  
 Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,  
 From annals of remotest eld,  
 That lent the colors of romance  
 To every trivial circumstance,  
 And changed the form and countenance  
 Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid  
 In monkish chronicle or rhyme, —  
 Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,  
 Zamora and Valladolid,  
 Toledo, built and walled amid  
 The wars of Wamba's time ;

The long, straight line of the highway,  
 The distant town that seems so near,  
 The peasants in the fields, that stay  
 Their toil to cross themselves and pray,  
 When from the belfry at midday  
 The Angelus they hear ;

White crosses in the mountain pass,  
 Mules gay with tassels, the loud din  
 Of muleteers, the tethered ass  
 That crops the dusty wayside grass,  
 And cavaliers with spurs of brass  
 Alighting at the inn ;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,  
 White cities slumbering by the sea,  
 White sunshine flooding square and street,  
 Dark mountain ranges, at whose feet  
 The river beds are dry with heat, —  
 All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe  
 O'er the enchanted landscape reigned ;  
 A terror in the atmosphere

As if King Philip listened near,  
 Or Torquemada, the austere,  
 His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies  
 Dispelled the sadness and the gloom ;  
 There Cadiz by the seaside lies,  
 And Seville's orange-orchards rise,  
 Making the land a paradise  
 Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among  
 The palm, the olive, and the vine ;  
 Gem of the South, by poets sung,  
 And in whose mosque Almanzor hung  
 As lamps the bells that once had rung  
 At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,  
 The star of stars, the cynosure,  
 The artist's and the poet's theme,  
 The young man's vision, the old man's  
 dream, —  
 Granada by its winding stream,  
 The city of the Moor !

And there the Alhambra still recalls  
 Aladdin's palace of delight :  
 Allah il Allah ! through its halls  
 Whispers the fountain as it falls,  
 The Darro darts beneath its walls,  
 The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,  
 And cold with blasts that bite and  
 freeze ;  
 But in the happy vale below  
 The orange and pomegranate grow,  
 And wafts of air toss to and fro  
 The blossoming almond trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,  
 The fascination and allure  
 Of the sweet landscape chains the will ;  
 The traveller lingers on the hill,  
 His parted lips are breathing still  
 The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown  
 With flowers that hide the rents of  
 time,  
 Stands now the Past that I have known ;  
 Castles in Spain, not built of stone  
 But of white summer clouds, and blown  
 Into this little mist of rhyme !

## VITTORIA COLONNA

Vittoria Colonna, on the death of her husband, the Marchese di Pescara, retired to her castle at Ischia (Inarimé), and there wrote the Ode upon his death which gained her the title of Divine. H. W. L.

ONCE more, once more, Inarimé,  
I see thy purple halls ! — once more  
I hear the billows of the bay  
Wash the white pebbles on thy shore.

High o'er the sea-surge and the sands,  
Like a great galleon wrecked and cast  
Ashore by storms, thy castle stands,  
A mouldering landmark of the Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see  
A phantom gliding to and fro ;  
It is Colonna, — it is she  
Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,  
The type of perfect womanhood,  
Whose life was love, the life of life,  
That time and change and death with-  
stood.

For death, that breaks the marriage band  
In others, only closer pressed  
The wedding-ring upon her hand  
And closer locked and barred her breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom,  
The weariness, the endless pain  
Of waiting for some one to come  
Who nevermore would come again.

The shadows of the chestnut trees,  
The odor of the orange blooms,  
The song of birds, and, more than these,  
The silence of deserted rooms ;

The respiration of the sea,  
The soft caresses of the air,  
All things in nature seemed to be  
But ministers of her despair ;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so long  
Imprisoned in itself, found vent  
And voice in one impassioned song  
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden from sight,  
Transmutes to gold the leaden mist,

Her life was interfused with light,  
From realms that, though unseen, exist.

Inarimé ! Inarimé !  
Thy castle on the crags above  
In dust shall crumble and decay,  
But not the memory of her love.

THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-  
THE-FACE

IN that desolate land and lone,  
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone  
Roar down their mountain path,  
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs  
Muttered their woes and griefs  
And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge !" cried Rain-in-the-Face,  
"Revenge upon all the race  
Of the White Chief with yellow hair !"  
And the mountains dark and high  
From their crags reechoed the cry  
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide  
By woodland and river-side  
The Indian village stood ;  
All was silent as a dream,  
Save the rushing of the stream  
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war paint and his beads,  
Like a bison among the reeds,  
In ambush the Sitting Bull  
Lay with three thousand braves  
Crouched in the clefts and caves,  
Savage, unmerciful !

Into the fatal snare  
The White Chief with yellow hair  
And his three hundred men  
Dashed headlong, sword in hand ;  
But of that gallant band  
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death  
Overwhelmed them like the breath  
And smoke of a furnace fire :  
By the river's bank, and between  
The rocks of the ravine,  
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,  
 And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,  
 Uplifted high in air  
 As a ghastly trophy, bore  
 The brave heart, that beat no more,  
 Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong ?  
 Sing it, O funeral song,  
 With a voice that is full of tears,  
 And say that our broken faith  
 Wrought all this ruin and scathe,  
 In the Year of a Hundred Years.

## TO THE RIVER YVETTE

O LOVELY river of Yvette !  
 O darling river ! like a bride,  
 Some dimpled, bashful, fair Lisette,  
 Thou goest to wed the Orge's tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre,  
 See and salute thee on thy way,  
 And, with a blessing and a prayer,  
 Ring the sweet bells of St. Forget.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain  
 Would hold thee in its fond embrace ;  
 Thou glidest from its arms again  
 And hurriest on with swifter pace.

Thou wilt not stay ; with restless feet,  
 Pursuing still thine onward flight,  
 Thou goest as in haste to meet  
 Her sole desire, her heart's delight.

O lovely river of Yvette !  
 O darling stream ! on balanced wings  
 The wood-birds sang the chansonnette  
 That here a wandering poet sings.

## THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE

"Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire  
 un gant de cette grandeur ?" A play upon the words  
*gant*, a glove, and *Gand*, the French for Ghent. H. W.  
 L.

ON St. Bavon's tower, commanding  
 Half of Flanders, his domain,  
 Charles the Emperor once was standing,  
 While beneath him on the landing  
 Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables,  
 Or a model made for show,  
 With its pointed roofs and gables,  
 Dormer windows, scrolls and labels,  
 Lay the city far below.

Through its squares and streets and alleys  
 Poured the populace of Ghent ;  
 As a routed army rallies,  
 Or as rivers run through valleys,  
 Hurrying to their homes they went.

"Nest of Lutheran misbelievers !"  
 Cried Duke Alva as he gazed ;  
 "Haunt of traitors and deceivers,  
 Stronghold of insurgent weavers,  
 Let it to the ground be razed !"

On the Emperor's cap the feather  
 Nods, as laughing he replies :  
 "How many skins of Spanish leather,  
 Think you, would, if stitched together,  
 Make a glove of such a size ?"

## A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

OCTOBER, 1746

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*

Written at the instance of the Rev. E. E. Hale, when  
 efforts were making to save from destruction the Old  
 South Meeting House in Boston. Mr. Hale sent Mr.  
 Longfellow a passage out of Hutchinson's history, and  
 referred him to Prince's Thanksgiving sermon, given at  
 the Old South in 1746.

A FLEET with flags arrayed  
 Sailed from the port of Brest,  
 And the Admiral's ship displayed  
 The signal : "Steer southwest."  
 For this Admiral D'Anville  
 Had sworn by cross and crown  
 To ravage with fire and steel  
 Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,  
 In the houses there was fear  
 Of the coming of the fleet,  
 And the danger hovering near.  
 And while from mouth to mouth  
 Spread the tidings of dismay,  
 I stood in the Old South,  
 Saying humbly : "Let us pray !"

"O Lord ! we would not advise ;  
 But if in thy Providence  
 A tempest should arise  
 To drive the French Fleet hence,  
 And scatter it far and wide,  
 Or sink it in the sea,  
 We should be satisfied,  
 And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,  
 For my soul was all on flame,  
 And even as I prayed  
 The answering tempest came ;  
 It came with a mighty power,  
 Shaking the windows and walls,  
 And tolling the bell in the tower,  
 As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly  
 Unsheathed its flaming sword,  
 And I cried : " Stand still, and see  
 The salvation of the Lord ! "  
 The heavens were black with cloud,  
 The sea was white with hail,  
 And ever more fierce and loud  
 Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,  
 And the broad sails in the van  
 Like the tents of Cushan shook,  
 Or the curtains of Midian.  
 Down on the reeling decks  
 Crashed the o'erwhelming seas ;  
 Ah, never were there wrecks  
 So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke  
 The great ships of the line ;  
 They were carried away as a smoke,  
 Or sank like lead in the brine.  
 O Lord ! before thy path  
 They vanished and ceased to be,  
 When thou didst walk in wrath  
 With thine horses through the sea !

## THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,  
 His chestnut steed with four white feet,  
 Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,  
 Son of the road and bandit chief,  
 Seeking refuge and relief,  
 Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,  
 Never yet could any steed  
 Reach the dust-cloud in his course.  
 More than maiden, more than wife,  
 More than gold and next to life  
 Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond  
 Erzeroum and Trebizond,  
 Garden-girt his fortress stood ;  
 Plundered khan, or caravan  
 Journeying north from Koordistan,  
 Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore  
 Men at arms his livery wore,  
 Did his bidding night and day ;  
 Now, through regions all unknown,  
 He was wandering, lost, alone,  
 Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,  
 Sheer the precipice descends,  
 Loud the torrent roars unseen ;  
 Thirty feet from side to side  
 Yawns the chasm ; on air must ride  
 He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,  
 At the precipice's foot  
 Reyhan the Arab of Orfah  
 Halted with his hundred men,  
 Shouting upward from the glen,  
 " La illáh illa Alláh ! "

Gently Roushan Beg caressed  
 Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast ;  
 Kissed him upon both his eyes,  
 Sang to him in his wild way,  
 As upon the topmost spray  
 Sings a bird before it flies.

" O my Kyrat, O my steed,  
 Round and slender as a reed,  
 Carry me this peril through !  
 Satin housings shall be thine,  
 Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,  
 O thou soul of Kurroglou !

" Soft thy skin as silken skein,  
 Soft as woman's hair thy mane,  
 Tender are thine eyes and true ;  
 All thy hoofs like ivory shine,  
 Polished bright ; O life of mine,  
 Leap, and rescue Kurroglou ! "

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,  
Drew together his four white feet,  
Paused a moment on the verge,  
Measured with his eye the space,  
And into the air's embrace  
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand  
Bears a swimmer safe to land,  
Kyrat safe his rider bore ;  
Rattling down the deep abyss  
Fragments of the precipice  
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red  
Trembled not upon his head,  
Careless sat he and upright ;  
Neither hand nor bridle shook,  
Nor his head he turned to look,  
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,  
Seen a moment like the glare  
Of a sword drawn from its sheath ;  
Thus the phantom horseman passed,  
And the shadow that he cast  
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath  
While this vision of life and death  
Passed above him. "Allahu !"  
Cried he. "In all Koordistan  
Lives there not so brave a man  
As this Robber Kurroglou !"

### HAROUN AL RASCHID

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read  
A book wherein the poet said :—

"Where are the kings, and where the rest  
Of those who once the world possessed ?

"They're gone with all their pomp and show,  
They're gone the way that thou shalt go.

"O thou who chooseth for thy share  
The world, and what the world calls fair,

"Take all that it can give or lend,  
But know that death is at the end !"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head :  
Tears fell upon the page he read.

### KING TRISANKU

VISWAMITRA the Magician,  
By his spells and incantations,  
Up to Indra's realms elysian  
Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended  
Hurled him downward, and descending  
In the air he hung suspended,  
With these equal powers contending.

Thus by aspirations lifted,  
By misgivings downward driven,  
Human hearts are tossed and drifted  
Midway between earth and heaven.

### A WRAITH IN THE MIST

"Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live here."—BOSWELL'S *Johnson*.

ON the green little isle of Inchkenneth,  
Who is it that walks by the shore,  
So gay with his Highland blue bonnet,  
So brave with his targe and claymore ?

His form is the form of a giant,  
But his face wears an aspect of pain ;  
Can this be the Laird of Inchkenneth ?  
Can this be Sir Allan McLean ?

Ah, no ! It is only the Rambler,  
The Idler, who lives in Bolt Court,  
And who says, were he Laird of Inchkenneth,  
He would wall himself round with a fort.

### THE THREE KINGS

THREE Kings came riding from far away,  
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar ;  
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,  
And they travelled by night and they slept  
by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful, wonder-  
ful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,  
That all the other stars of the sky  
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,  
And by this they knew that the coming was  
near  
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,

Three caskets of gold with golden keys ;  
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows  
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,  
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,  
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,

And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,

And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,

With the people they met at some way-side well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,  
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news ;

For we in the East have seen his star,  
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,  
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain ;  
We know of no king but Herod the Great !"

They thought the Wise Men were men insane,

As they spurred their horses across the plain,

Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,  
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,

Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them ;

And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,  
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away ; and the star stood still,  
The only one in the gray of morn ;

Yes, it stopped,—it stood still of its own free will,

Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate  
and the guard,

Through the silent street, till their horses turned

And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard ;

But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,

And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,  
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,

The little child in the manger lay,  
The child, that would be king one day  
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth  
Sat watching beside his place of rest,  
Watching the even flow of his breath,  
For the joy of life and the terror of death  
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet :  
The gold was their tribute to a King,  
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,  
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,  
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,

And sat as still as a statue of stone ;  
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,  
Remembering what the Angel had said  
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,  
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;  
But they went not back to Herod the Great,  
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,

And returned to their homes by another way.

## SONG

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest ;  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,  
For those that wander they know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care ;  
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,  
They wander east, they wander west,  
And are baffled and beaten and blown about  
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt ;  
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest ;  
The bird is safest in its nest ;  
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly  
A hawk is hovering in the sky ;  
To stay at home is best.

### THE WHITE CZAR

The White Czar is Peter the Great. *Batyushka*, *Father dear*, and *Gosudar*, *Sovereign*, are titles the Russian people are fond of giving to the Czar in their popular songs. H. W. L.

Dost thou see on the rampart's height  
That wreath of mist, in the light  
Of the midnight moon ? Oh, hie !  
It is not a wreath of mist ;  
It is the Czar, the White Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

He has heard, among the dead,  
The artillery roll o'erhead ;  
The drums and the tramp of feet  
Of his soldiery in the street ;  
He is awake ! the White Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

He has heard in the grave the cries  
Of his people : "Awake ! arise !"   
He has rent the gold brocade  
Whereof his shroud was made ;  
He is risen ! the White Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

From the Volga and the Don  
He has led his armies on,  
Over river and morass,  
Over desert and mountain pass ;  
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

He looks from the mountain-chain  
Toward the seas, that cleave in twain  
The continents ; his hand  
Points southward o'er the land  
Of Roumili ! O Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

And the words break from his lips :  
"I am the builder of ships,  
And my ships shall sail these seas  
To the Pillars of Hercules !  
I say it ; the White Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

"The Bosphorus shall be free ;  
It shall make room for me ;  
And the gates of its water-streets  
Be unbarred before my fleets.  
I say it ; the White Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

"And the Christian shall no more  
Be crushed, as heretofore,  
Beneath thine iron rule,  
O Sultan of Istamboul !  
I swear it ! I the Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !"

### DELIA

SWEET as the tender fragrance that survives,  
When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives,  
Sweet as a song that once consoled our pain,  
But never will be sung to us again,  
Is thy remembrance. Now the hour of rest  
Hath come to thee. Sleep, darling ; it is best.

### ULTIMA THULE

The collection of poems under this title was published in 1880. The volume bore on the title-page these lines from Horace (Lib. I., Carmen XXX., *Ad Apollinem*):—

Precor, integrâ  
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam  
Degere, nec citharâ carentem.

The dedication is to his life-long friend, George Washington Greene, who himself dedicated his *Life of Nathaniel Greene* to Mr. Longfellow in words which give a glowing picture of the aspirations of the two in the days of their young manhood.

## DEDICATION

TO G. W. G.

WITH favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas,  
We sailed for the Hesperides,  
The land where golden apples grow ;  
But that, ah ! that was long ago.

How far since then the ocean streams  
Have swept us from that land of dreams,  
That land of fiction and of truth,  
The lost Atlantis of our youth !

Whither, ah, whither ? Are not these  
The tempest-haunted Orcades,  
Where sea-gulls scream, and breakers roar,  
And wreck and sea-weed line the shore ?

Ultima Thule ! Utmost Isle !  
Here in thy harbors for a while  
We lower our sails ; a while we rest  
From the unending, endless quest.

## POEMS

BAYARD TAYLOR

DEAD he lay among his books !  
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom  
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

So those volumes from their shelves  
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah ! his hand will nevermore  
Turn their storied pages o'er ;

Nevermore his lips repeat  
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest !  
He is gone, who was its guest ;

Gone, as travellers haste to leave  
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller ! in what realms afar,  
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast, aerial space,  
Shines the light upon thy face ?

In what gardens of delight  
Rest thy weary feet to-night ?

Poet ! thou, whose latest verse  
Was a garland on thy hearse ;

Thou hast sung, with organ tone,  
In Deukalion's life, thine own ;

On the ruins of the Past  
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend ! but yesterday the bells  
Rang for thee their loud farewells ;

And to-day they toll for thee,  
Lying dead beyond the sea ;

Lying dead among thy books,  
The peace of God in all thy looks !

## THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE

Written October 30, 1878. Suggested to the poet when writing a letter of condolence to the Bishop of Mississippi, whose son, the Rev. Duncan C. Green, had died at his post at Greenville, Mississippi, September 15, during the prevalence of yellow fever.

Is it so far from thee  
Thou canst no longer see,  
In the Chamber over the Gate,  
That old man desolate,  
Weeping and wailing sore  
For his son, who is no more ?  
O Absalom, my son !

Is it so long ago  
That cry of human woe  
From the walled city came,  
Calling on his dear name,  
That it has died away  
In the distance of to-day ?  
O Absalom, my son !

There is no far or near,  
There is neither there nor here,  
There is neither soon nor late,  
In that Chamber over the Gate,  
Nor any long ago  
To that cry of human woe,  
O Absalom, my son !

From the ages that are past  
The voice sounds like a blast,

Over seas that wreck and drown,  
Over tumult of traffic and town ;  
And from ages yet to be  
Come the echoes back to me,  
O Absalom, my son !

Somewhere at every hour  
The watchman on the tower  
Looks forth, and sees the fleet  
Approach of the hurrying feet  
Of messengers, that bear  
The tidings of despair.  
O Absalom, my son !

He goes forth from the door,  
Who shall return no more.  
With him our joy departs ;  
The light goes out in our hearts ;  
In the Chamber over the Gate  
We sit disconsolate.  
O Absalom, my son !

That 't is a common grief  
Bringeth but slight relief ;  
Ours is the bitterest loss,  
Ours is the heaviest cross ;  
And forever the cry will be  
"Would God I had died for thee,  
O Absalom, my son !"

## FROM MY ARM-CHAIR

## TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE

WHO PRESENTED TO ME, ON MY SEVENTY-  
SECOND BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1879, THIS  
CHAIR MADE FROM THE WOOD OF THE VIL-  
LAGE BLACKSMITH'S CHESTNUT TREE.

Mr. Longfellow had this poem, which he wrote on the  
same day, printed on a sheet, and was accustomed to give  
a copy to each child who visited him and sat in the chair.

AM I a king, that I should call my own  
This splendid ebony throne ?  
Or by what reason, or what right divine,  
Can I proclaim it mine ?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song  
It may to me belong ;  
Only because the spreading chestnut tree  
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,  
When in the summer-time  
The affluent foliage of its branches made  
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside  
the street,  
Its blossoms white and sweet  
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,  
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a  
shout,  
Tossed its great arms about,  
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the  
sheath,  
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches  
bare,  
Shaped as a stately chair,  
Have by my hearthstone found a home at  
last,  
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride  
Repel the ocean tide,  
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme  
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hear the children's voices shout and  
call,  
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,  
I hear the bellows blow,  
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat  
The iron white with heat !

And thus, dear children, have ye made for  
me  
This day a jubilee,  
And to my more than threescore years and  
ten  
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the  
mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious keepsakes, into which is  
wrought  
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches, leafless now so  
long,  
Blossom again in song.

## JUGURTHA

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !  
 Cried the African monarch, the splendid,  
 As down to his death in the hollow  
 Dark dungeons of Rome he descended,  
 Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended ;  
 How cold are thy baths, Apollo !

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !  
 Cried the Poet, unknown, unbefriended,  
 As the vision, that lured him to follow,  
 With the mist and the darkness blended,  
 And the dream of his life was ended ;  
 How cold are thy baths, Apollo !

## THE IRON PEN

Written June 20, 1879. The pen was made of a bit of iron from the prison of Bonnivard at Chillon ; the handle of wood from the Frigate Constitution, and bound with a circlet of gold, inset with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine. It was a gift from Miss Helen Hamlin, of Bangor, Maine.

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise  
 From the casket where it lies —  
 Of itself would arise and write  
 My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines,  
 I dreamed these gems from the mines  
 Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine  
 Would glimmer as thoughts in the lines ;

That this iron link from the chain  
 Of Bonnivard might retain  
 Some verse of the Poet who sang  
 Of the prisoner and his pain ;

That this wood from the frigate's mast  
 Might write me a rhyme at last,  
 As it used to write on the sky  
 The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,  
 Like a Bishop lying in state  
 Lies the Pen, with its mitre of gold,  
 And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say  
 That the light of that summer day  
 In the garden under the pines  
 Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,  
 Caressed by the fragrant air,  
 With the shadow on your face,  
 And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone  
 Of a voice before unknown,  
 Saying, "This is from me to you —  
 From me, and to you alone."

And in words not idle and vain  
 I shall answer and thank you again  
 For the gift, and the grace of the gift,  
 O beautiful Helen of Maine !

And forever this gift will be  
 As a blessing from you to me,  
 As a drop of the dew of your youth  
 On the leaves of an aged tree.

## ROBERT BURNS

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr  
 A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,  
 Sings at his task  
 So clear, we know not if it is  
 The laverock's song we hear, or his,  
 Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields  
 A more ethereal harvest yields  
 Than sheaves of grain ;  
 Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,  
 The plover's call, the curlew's cry,  
 Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed  
 Becomes a flower ; the lowliest reed  
 Beside the stream  
 Is clothed with beauty ; gorse and grass  
 And heather, where his footsteps pass,  
 The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines  
 The darkness of lone cottage rooms ;  
 He feels the force,  
 The treacherous undertow and stress  
 Of wayward passions, and no less  
 The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,  
 His voice is harsh, but not with hate ;  
 The brush-wood, hung  
 Above the tavern door, lets fall

Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall  
Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song  
Rises o'er all, elate and strong ;  
Its master-chords  
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood,  
Its discords but an interlude  
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave  
Unfinished what he might achieve !  
Yet better sure  
Is this, than wandering up and down,  
An old man in a country town,  
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land  
As an immortal youth ; his hand  
Guides every plough ;  
He sits beside each ingle-nook,  
His voice is in each rushing brook,  
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,  
A form of mingled mist and light  
From that far coast.  
Welcome beneath this roof of mine !  
Welcome ! this vacant chair is thine,  
Dear guest and ghost !

### HELEN OF TYRE

WHAT phantom is this that appears  
Through the purple mists of the years,  
Itself but a mist like these ?  
A woman of cloud and of fire ;  
It is she ; it is Helen of Tyre,  
The town in the midst of the seas.

O Tyre ! in thy crowded streets  
The phantom appears and retreats,  
And the Israelites that sell  
Thy lilies and lions of brass,  
Look up as they see her pass,  
And murmur " Jezebel ! "

Then another phantom is seen  
At her side, in a gray gabardine,  
With beard that floats to his waist ;  
It is Simon Magus, the Seer ;  
He speaks, and she pauses to hear  
The words he utters in haste.

He says : " From this evil fame,  
From this life of sorrow and shame,  
I will lift thee and make thee mine ;  
Thou hast been Queen Candace,  
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be  
The Intelligence Divine ! "

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,  
To the fallen and forlorn  
Are whispered words of praise ;  
For the famished heart believes  
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,  
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land  
The wizard's beckoning hand,  
As a leaf is blown by the gust,  
Till she vanishes into night.  
O reader, stoop down and write  
With thy finger in the dust.

O town in the midst of the seas,  
With thy rafts of cedar trees,  
Thy merchandise and thy ships,  
Thou, too, art become as naught,  
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,  
A name upon men's lips.

### ELEGIAC

DARK is the morning with mist ; in the  
narrow mouth of the harbor  
Motionless lies the sea, under its curtain  
of cloud ;  
Dreamily glimmer the sails of ships on the  
distant horizon,  
Like to the towers of a town, built on  
the verge of the sea.

Slowly and stately and still, they sail forth  
into the ocean ;  
With them sail my thoughts over the  
limitless deep,  
Farther and farther away, borne on by un-  
satisfied longings,  
Unto Hesperian isles, unto Ausonian  
shores.

Now they have vanished away, have dis-  
appeared in the ocean ;  
Sunk are the towers of the town into the  
depths of the sea !

All have vanished but those that, moored  
in the neighboring roadstead,  
Sailless at anchor ride, looming so large  
in the mist.

Vanished, too, are the thoughts, the dim,  
unsatisfied longings ;

Sunk are the turrets of cloud into the  
ocean of dreams ;

While in a haven of rest my heart is riding  
at anchor,

Held by the chains of love, held by the  
anchors of trust !

### OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RADNOR

At the time of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, Mr. Longfellow, who was a visitor, established himself with his family at Rosemont, a few miles from the city, in the immediate neighborhood of which is the old church of St. David's, the outgrowth of an English mission of Queen Anne's time.

WHAT an image of peace and rest  
Is this little church among its graves !  
All is so quiet ; the troubled breast,  
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,  
Here may find the repose it craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and expands  
Over this humble hermitage,  
And seems to caress with its little hands  
The rough, gray stones, as a child that  
stands

Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of age !

You cross the threshold ; and dim and small  
Is the space that serves for the Shepherd's Fold ;

The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall,  
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and tall,  
Whisper and say : " Alas ! we are old."

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton  
Hardly more spacious is than this ;  
But poet and pastor, blent in one,  
Clothed with a splendor, as of the sun,  
That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without  
That makes the building small or great,  
But the soul's light shining round about,  
And the faith that overcometh doubt,  
And the love that stronger is than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,  
Were I a pastor of Holy Church,  
More than a Bishop's diocese  
Should I prize this place of rest and release

From further longing and further search.

Here would I stay, and let the world  
With its distant thunder roar and roll ;

Storms do not rend the sail that is furled ;  
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and whirled  
In an eddy of wind, is the anchored soul.

### FOLK-SONGS

#### THE SIFTING OF PETER

IN St. Luke's Gospel we are told  
How Peter in the days of old  
Was sifted ;  
And now, though ages intervene,  
Sin is the same, while time and scene  
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,  
As wheat to sift us, and we all  
Are tempted ;  
Not one, however rich or great,  
Is by his station or estate  
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is  
But he, by some device of his,  
Can enter ;  
No heart hath armor so complete  
But he can pierce with arrows fleet  
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow,  
Who hear the warning voice, but go  
Unheeding,  
Till thrice and more they have denied  
The Man of Sorrows, crucified  
And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face  
Will make us feel the deep disgrace  
Of weakness ;  
We shall be sifted till the strength  
Of self-conceit be changed at length  
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will  
ache ;  
The reddening scars remain, and make  
Confession ;  
Lost innocence returns no more ;  
We are not what we were before  
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,  
Rise from disaster and defeat  
The stronger ;  
And conscious still of the divine  
Within them, lie on earth supine  
No longer.

## MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK

MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village spire,  
With your golden feathers all on fire,  
Tell me, what can you see from your  
perch  
Above there over the tower of the church ?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets below,  
And the people moving to and fro,  
And beyond, without either roof or street,  
The great salt sea, and the fishermen's  
fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in  
Beyond the headlands and harbor of Lynn,  
And a young man standing on the deck,  
With a silken kerchief round his neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,  
And now he is kissing his finger-tips,  
And now he is lifting and waving his  
hand,  
And blowing the kisses toward the land.

MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the sea,  
That is bringing my lover back to me,  
Bringing my lover so fond and true,  
Who does not change with the wind like  
you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that blow,  
It is only because they made me so,  
And people would think it wondrous strange,  
If I, a Weathercock, should not change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,  
With your dreamy eyes and your golden  
hair,  
When you and your lover meet to-day  
You will thank me for looking some other  
way.

## THE WINDMILL

BEHOLD ! a giant am I !  
Aloft here in my tower,  
With my granite jaws I devour  
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,  
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms ;  
In the fields of grain I see  
The harvest that is to be,  
And I fling to the air my arms,  
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails  
Far off, from the threshing-floors  
In barns, with their open doors,  
And the wind, the wind in my sails,  
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,  
With my foot on the rock below,  
And whichever way it may blow,  
I meet it face to face  
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,  
My master, the miller, stands  
And feeds me with his hands ;  
For he knows who makes him thrive,  
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest ;  
Church-going bells begin  
Their low, melodious din ;  
I cross my arms on my breast,  
And all is peace within.

## THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS

THE tide rises, the tide falls,  
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls ;  
Along the sea-sands damp and brown  
The traveller hastens toward the town,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,  
 But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls ;  
 The little waves, with their soft, white  
 hands,  
 Efface the footprints in the sands,  
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks ; the steeds in their  
 stalls  
 Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls ;  
 The day returns, but nevermore  
 Returns the traveller to the shore,  
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

## SONNETS

## MY CATHEDRAL

LIKE two cathedral towers these stately  
 pines  
 Uplift their fretted summits tipped with  
 cones ;  
 The arch beneath them is not built with  
 stones,  
 Not Art but Nature traced these lovely  
 lines,  
 And carved this graceful arabesque of  
 vines ;  
 No organ but the wind here sighs and  
 moans,  
 No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,  
 No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.  
 Enter ! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,  
 Gives back a softened echo to thy tread !  
 Listen ! the choir is singing ; all the birds,  
 In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,  
 Are singing ! listen, ere the sound be  
 fled,  
 And learn there may be worship without  
 words.

## THE BURIAL OF THE POET

RICHARD HENRY DANA

IN the old churchyard of his native town,  
 And in the ancestral tomb beside the  
 wall,  
 We laid him in the sleep that comes to  
 all,  
 And left him to his rest and his re-  
 nown.

The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped  
 down  
 White flowers of Paradise to strew his  
 pall ; —  
 The dead around him seemed to wake,  
 and call  
 His name, as worthy of so white a crown.  
 And now the moon is shining on the  
 scene,  
 And the broad sheet of snow is written  
 o'er  
 With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,  
 As once the winding-sheet of Saladin  
 With chapters of the Koran ; but, ah !  
 more  
 Mysterious and triumphant signs are  
 these.

## NIGHT

INTO the darkness and the hush of night  
 Slowly the landscape sinks, and fades  
 away,  
 And with it fade the phantoms of the day,  
 The ghosts of men and things, that haunt  
 the light.  
 The crowd, the clamor, the pursuit, the  
 flight,  
 The unprofitable splendor and display,  
 The agitations, and the cares that prey  
 Upon our hearts, all vanish out of sight.  
 The better life begins ; the world no more  
 Molests us ; all its records we erase  
 From the dull commonplace book of our  
 lives,  
 That like a palimpsest is written o'er  
 With trivial incidents of time and place,  
 And lo ! the ideal, hidden beneath, revives.

## L'ENVOI

## THE POET AND HIS SONGS

As the birds come in the Spring,  
 We know not from where ;  
 As the stars come at evening  
 From depths of the air ;

As the rain comes from the cloud,  
 And the brook from the ground ;  
 As suddenly, low or loud,  
 Out of silence a sound ;

As the grape comes to the vine,  
The fruit to the tree ;  
As the wind comes to the pine,  
And the tide to the sea ;

As come the white sails of ships  
O'er the ocean's verge ;  
As comes the smile to the lips,  
The foam to the surge ;

So come to the Poet his songs,  
All hitherward blown

From the misty realm, that belongs  
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays  
He sings ; and their fame  
Is his, and not his ; and the praise  
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,  
And haunt him by night,  
And he listens, and needs must obey,  
When the Angel says, " Write ! "

## IN THE HARBOR

Shortly after Mr. Longfellow's death, the collection entitled *In the Harbor, Ultima Thule, Part II.*, was published, bearing upon the title-page for a motto the

final stanza in the dedicatory poem which introduces *Ultima Thule*.

### BECALMED

BECALMED upon the sea of Thought,  
Still unattained the land it sought,  
My mind, with loosely-hanging sails,  
Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

On either side, behind, before,  
The ocean stretches like a floor, —  
A level floor of amethyst,  
Crowned by a golden dome of mist.

Blow, breath of inspiration, blow !  
Shake and uplift this golden glow !  
And fill the canvas of the mind  
With wafts of thy celestial wind.

Blow, breath of song ! until I feel  
The straining sail, the lifting keel,  
The life of the awakening sea,  
Its motion and its mystery !

## THE POET'S CALENDAR

### JANUARY

JANUS am I ; oldest of potentates ;  
Forward I look, and backward, and be-  
low  
I count, as god of avenues and gates,  
The years that through my portals come  
and go.

I block the roads, and drift the fields with  
snow ;  
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen  
fen ;  
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,  
My fires light up the hearths and hearts  
of men.

### FEBRUARY

I am lustration ; and the sea is mine !  
I wash the sands and headlands with my  
tide ;  
My brow is crowned with branches of the  
pine ;  
Before my chariot-wheels the fishes  
glide.  
By me all things unclean are purified,  
By me the souls of men washed white  
again ;  
E'en the unlovely tombs of those who died  
Without a dirge, I cleanse from every  
stain.

### MARCH

I Martius am ! Once first, and now the  
third !  
To lead the Year was my appointed  
place ;  
A mortal dispossessed me by a word,  
And set there Janus with the double  
face.

Hence I make war on all the human race ;  
 I shake the cities with my hurricanes ;  
 I flood the rivers and their banks efface,  
 And drown the farms and hamlets with  
 my rains.

## APRIL

I open wide the portals of the Spring  
 To welcome the procession of the flowers,  
 With their gay banners, and the birds that  
 sing  
 Their song of songs from their aerial  
 towers.

I soften with my sunshine and my showers  
 The heart of earth ; with thoughts of  
 love I glide

Into the hearts of men ; and with the  
 Hours

Upon the Bull with wreathèd horns I  
 ride.

## MAY

Hark ! The sea-faring wild-fowl loud pro-  
 claim

My coming, and the swarming of the  
 bees.

These are my heralds, and behold ! my  
 name

Is written in blossoms on the hawthorn-  
 trees.

I tell the mariner when to sail the seas ;  
 I waft o'er all the land from far away

The breath and bloom of the Hesperides,  
 My birthplace. I am Maia. I am May.

## JUNE

Mine is the Month of Roses ; yes, and  
 mine

The Month of Marriages ! All pleasant  
 sights

And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming  
 vine,

The foliage of the valleys and the  
 heights.

Mine are the longest days, the loveliest  
 nights ;

The mower's scythe makes music to my  
 ear ;

I am the mother of all dear delights ;

I am the fairest daughter of the year.

## JULY

My emblem is the Lion, and I breathe  
 The breath of Libyan deserts o'er the  
 land ;

My sickle as a sabre I unsheathe,  
 And bent before me the pale harvests  
 stand.

The lakes and rivers shrink at my com-  
 mand,

And there is thirst and fever in the air ;  
 The sky is changed to brass, the earth to  
 sand ;

I am the Emperor whose name I bear.

## AUGUST

The Emperor Octavian, called the August,  
 I being his favorite, bestowed his name

Upon me, and I hold it still in trust,  
 In memory of him and of his fame.

I am the Virgin, and my vestal flame  
 Burns less intensely than the Lion's  
 rage ;

Sheaves are my only garlands, and I claim  
 The golden Harvests as my heritage.

## SEPTEMBER

I bear the Scales, where hang in equipoise  
 The night and day ; and when unto my  
 lips

I put my trumpet, with its stress and noise  
 Fly the white clouds like tattered sails  
 of ships ;

The tree-tops lash the air with sounding  
 whips ;

Southward the clamorous sea-fowl wing  
 their flight ;

The hedges are all red with haws and hips,  
 The Hunter's Moon reigns empress of  
 the night.

## OCTOBER

My ornaments are fruits ; my garments  
 leaves,

Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson  
 dyed ;

I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,  
 O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I pre-  
 side.

Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride,  
 The dreamy air is full, and overflows  
 With tender memories of the summer-tide,  
 And mingled voices of the doves and  
 crows.

## NOVEMBER

The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,  
 Born of Ixion's and the cloud's embrace ;  
 With sounding hoofs across the earth I  
 fly,  
 A steed Thessalian with a human face.  
 Sharp winds the arrows are with which I  
 chase  
 The leaves, half dead already with  
 affright ;  
 I shroud myself in gloom ; and to the race  
 Of mortals bring nor comfort nor de-  
 light.

## DECEMBER

Riding upon the Goat, with snow-white  
 hair,  
 I come, the last of all. This crown of  
 mine  
 Is of the holly ; in my hand I bear  
 The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones  
 of pine.  
 I celebrate the birth of the Divine,  
 And the return of the Saturnian reign ; —  
 My songs are carols sung at every shrine,  
 Proclaiming " Peace on earth, good will  
 to men."

## AUTUMN WITHIN

It is autumn ; not without,  
 But within me is the cold.  
 Youth and spring are all about ;  
 It is I that have grown old.

Birds are darting through the air,  
 Singing, building without rest ;  
 Life is stirring everywhere,  
 Save within my lonely breast.

There is silence : the dead leaves  
 Fall and rustle and are still ;  
 Beats no flail upon the sheaves,  
 Comes no murmur from the mill.

## THE FOUR LAKES OF MADISON

Four limpid lakes, — four Naiades  
 Or sylvan deities are these,  
 In flowing robes of azure dressed ;  
 Four lovely handmaids, that uphold  
 Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold,  
 To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun  
 Drink of these waters as they run  
 Their swift diurnal round on high ;  
 By night the constellations glow  
 Far down the hollow deeps below,  
 And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,  
 Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,  
 How visionary ye appear !  
 All like a floating landscape seems  
 In cloud-land or the land of dreams,  
 Bathed in a golden atmosphere !

## VICTOR AND VANQUISHED

As one who long hath fled with panting  
 breath  
 Before his foe, bleeding and near to  
 fall,  
 I turn and set my back against the  
 wall,  
 And look thee in the face, triumphant  
 Death.  
 I call for aid, and no one answereth ;  
 I am alone with thee, who conquerest  
 all ;  
 Yet me thy threatening form doth not  
 appall,  
 For thou art but a phantom and a wraith.  
 Wounded and weak, sword broken at the  
 hilt,  
 With armor shattered, and without a  
 shield,  
 I stand unmoved ; do with me what thou  
 wilt ;  
 I can resist no more, but will not yield.  
 This is no tournament where cowards  
 tilt ;  
 The vanquished here is victor of the  
 field.

## MOONLIGHT

As a pale phantom with a lamp  
 Ascends some ruin's haunted stair,  
 So glides the moon along the damp  
 Mysterious chambers of the air.

Now hidden in cloud, and now revealed,  
 As if this phantom, full of pain,  
 Were by the crumbling walls concealed,  
 And at the windows seen again.

Until at last, serene and proud  
 In all the splendor of her light,  
 She walks the terraces of cloud,  
 Supreme as Empress of the Night.

I look, but recognize no more  
 Objects familiar to my view ;  
 The very pathway to my door  
 Is an enchanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass of shade,  
 The elm-trees drop their curtains down ;  
 By palace, park, and colonnade  
 I walk as in a foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet  
 Is clothed with a diviner air ;  
 While marble paves the silent street  
 And glimmers in the empty square.

Illusion ! Underneath there lies  
 The common life of every day ;  
 Only the spirit glorifies  
 With its own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift  
 Our eyes to heaven, if we are blind ;  
 We see but what we have the gift  
 Of seeing ; what we bring we find.

## THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

[A FRAGMENT]

## I

WHAT is this I read in history,  
 Full of marvel, full of mystery,  
 Difficult to understand ?  
 Is it fiction, is it truth ?  
 Children in the flower of youth,

Heart in heart, and hand in hand,  
 Ignorant of what helps or harms,  
 Without armor, without arms,  
 Journeying to the Holy Land !

Who shall answer or divine ?  
 Never since the world was made  
 Such a wonderful crusade  
 Started forth for Palestine.  
 Never while the world shall last  
 Will it reproduce the past ;  
 Never will it see again  
 Such an army, such a band,  
 Over mountain, over main,  
 Journeying to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown  
 From the parent trees were they ;  
 Like a flock of birds that fly  
 Through the unfrequented sky,  
 Holding nothing as their own,  
 Passed they into lands unknown,  
 Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple, child-like trust !  
 O the faith that could believe  
 What the harnessed, iron-mailed  
 Knights of Christendom had failed,  
 By their prowess, to achieve,  
 They, the children, could and must !

Little thought the Hermit, preaching  
 Holy Wars to knight and baron,  
 That the words dropped in his teaching,  
 His entreaty, his beseeching,  
 Would by children's hands be gleaned,  
 And the staff on which he leaned  
 Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

As a summer wind upheaves  
 The innumerable leaves  
 In the bosom of a wood, —  
 Not as separate leaves, but massed  
 All together by the blast, —  
 So for evil or for good  
 His resistless breath upheaved  
 All at once the many-leaved,  
 Many-thoughted multitude.

In the tumult of the air  
 Rock the boughs with all the nests  
 Cradled on their tossing crests ;  
 By the fervor of his prayer  
 Troubled hearts were everywhere  
 Rocked and tossed in human breasts.

For a century, at least,  
His prophetic voice had ceased ;  
But the air was heated still  
By his lurid words and will,  
As from fires in far-off woods,  
In the autumn of the year,  
An unwonted fever broods  
In the sultry atmosphere.

## II

In Cologne the bells were ringing,  
In Cologne the nuns were singing  
Hymns and canticles divine ;  
Loud the monks sang in their stalls,  
And the thronging streets were loud  
With the voices of the crowd ;—  
Underneath the city walls  
Silent flowed the river Rhine.

From the gates, that summer day,  
Clad in robes of hoddenn gray,  
With the red cross on the breast,  
Azure-eyed and golden-haired,  
Forth the young crusaders fared ;  
While above the band devoted  
Consecrated banners floated,  
Fluttered many a flag and streamer,  
And the cross o'er all the rest !  
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly,  
“ Give us, give us back the holy  
Sepulchre of the Redeemer ! ”  
On the vast procession pressed,  
Youths and maidens. . . .

## III

Ah ! what master hand shall paint  
How they journeyed on their way,  
How the days grew long and dreary,  
How their little feet grew weary,  
How their little hearts grew faint !

Ever swifter day by day  
Flowed the homeward river ; ever  
More and more its whitening current  
Broke and scattered into spray,  
Till the calmly-flowing river  
Changed into a mountain torrent,  
Rushing from its glacier green  
Down through chasm and black ravine.

Like a phoenix in its nest,  
Burned the red sun in the West,

Sinking in an ashen cloud ;  
In the East, above the crest  
Of the sea-like mountain chain,  
Like a phoenix from its shroud,  
Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with snow,  
Closed the mountain peaks. Below,  
Headlong from the precipice  
Down into the dark abyss,  
Plunged the cataract, white with foam ;  
And it said, or seemed to say :  
“ Oh return, while yet you may,  
Foolish children, to your home,  
There the Holy City is ! ”

But the dauntless leader said :  
“ Faint not, though your bleeding feet  
O'er these slippery paths of sleet  
Move but painfully and slowly ;  
Other feet than yours have bled ;  
Other tears than yours have shed.  
Courage ! lose not heart or hope ;  
On the mountains' southern slope  
Lies Jerusalem the Holy ! ”  
As a white rose in its pride,  
By the wind in summer-tide  
Tossed and loosened from the branch,  
Showers its petals o'er the ground,  
From the distant mountain's side,  
Scattering all its snows around,  
With mysterious, muffled sound,  
Loosened, fell the avalanche.  
Voices, echoes far and near,  
Roar of winds and waters blending,  
Mists uprising, clouds impending,  
Filled them with a sense of fear,  
Formless, nameless, never ending.

. . . . .

## SUNDOWN

THE summer sun is sinking low ;  
Only the tree-tops redden and glow :  
Only the weathercock on the spire  
Of the neighboring church is a flame of fire ;  
All is in shadow below.

O beautiful, awful summer day,  
What hast thou given, what taken away ?  
Life and death, and love and hate,  
Homes made happy or desolate,  
Hearts made sad or gay !

On the road of life one mile-stone more !  
 In the book of life one leaf turned o'er !  
 Like a red seal is the setting sun  
 On the good and the evil men have done, —  
 Naught can to-day restore !

## CHIMES

SWEET chimes ! that in the loneliness of  
 night  
 Salute the passing hour, and in the dark  
 And silent chambers of the household  
 mark  
 The movements of the myriad orbs of  
 light !  
 Through my closed eyelids, by the inner  
 sight,  
 I see the constellations in the arc  
 Of their great circles moving on, and  
 hark !  
 I almost hear them singing in their flight.  
 Better than sleep it is to lie awake,  
 O'er-canopied by the vast starry dome  
 Of the immeasurable sky ; to feel  
 The slumbering world sink under us, and  
 make  
 Hardly an eddy, —a mere rush of foam  
 On the great sea beneath a sinking keel.

## FOUR BY THE CLOCK

"Nahant, September 8, 1880, four o'clock in the morning."

Four by the clock ! and yet not day ;  
 But the great world rolls and wheels away,  
 With its cities on land, and its ships at  
 sea,  
 Into the dawn that is to be !

Only the lamp in the anchored bark  
 Sends its glimmer across the dark,  
 And the heavy breathing of the sea  
 Is the only sound that comes to me.

## AUF WIEDERSEHEN

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

In April, 1881, Mr. Longfellow notes in his diary :  
 "A sorrowful and distracted week. Fields died on Sun-  
 day, the 24th. Palfrey died on Tuesday. Two intimate  
 friends in one week !" The poem was written April  
 30, 1881.

UNTIL we meet again ! That is the mean-  
 ing  
 Of the familiar words, that men repeat  
 At parting in the street.  
 Ah yes, till then ! but when death inter-  
 vening  
 Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain  
 We wait for the Again !

The friends who leave us do not feel the  
 sorrow  
 Of parting, as we feel it, who must stay  
 Lamenting day by day,  
 And knowing, when we wake upon the  
 morrow,  
 We shall not find in its accustomed place  
 The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,  
 Being released from earth, should still re-  
 tain  
 A sense of earthly pain ;  
 It were a double grief, if the true-hearted,  
 Who loved us here, should on the farther  
 shore  
 Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,  
 That death is a beginning, not an end,  
 We cry to them, and send  
 Farewells, that better might be called pre-  
 dictions,  
 Being fore-shadowings of the future, thrown  
 Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our rea-  
 son,  
 And if by faith, as in old times was said,  
 Women received their dead  
 Raised up to life, then only for a season  
 Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain  
 Until we meet again !

## ELEGIAC VERSE

Written at various times, mostly between April and  
 July, 1881. In the notes at the end of the volume will  
 be found further examples.

## I

PERADVENTURE of old, some bard in Ionian  
 Islands,  
 Walking alone by the sea, hearing the  
 wash of the waves,

Learned the secret from them of the beautiful verse elegiac,  
Breathing into his song motion and sound  
of the sea.

For as the wave of the sea, upheaving in  
long undulations,  
Plunges loud on the sands, pauses, and  
turns, and retreats,  
So the Hexameter, rising and singing, with  
cadence sonorous,  
Falls ; and in reflux rhythm back the  
Pentameter flows.

## II

Not in his youth alone, but in age, may the  
heart of the poet  
Bloom into song, as the gorse blossoms  
in autumn and spring.

## III

Not in tenderness wanting, yet rough are  
the rhymes of our poet ;  
Though it be Jacob's voice, Esau's, alas !  
are the hands.

## IV

Let us be grateful to writers for what is  
left in the inkstand ;  
When to leave off is an art only attained  
by the few.

## V

How can the Three be One ? you ask me ;  
I answer by asking,  
Hail and snow and rain, are they not  
three, and yet one ?

## VI

By the mirage uplifted, the land floats  
vague in the ether,  
Ships and the shadows of ships hang in  
the motionless air ;  
So by the art of the poet our common life  
is uplifted,  
So, transfigured, the world floats in a  
luminous haze.

## VII

Like a French poem is Life ; being only  
perfect in structure  
When with the masculine rhymes mingled  
the feminine are.

## VIII

Down from the mountain descends the  
brooklet, rejoicing in freedom ;  
Little it dreams of the mill hid in the  
valley below ;  
Glad with the joy of existence, the child  
goes singing and laughing,  
Little dreaming what toils lie in the  
future concealed.

## IX

As the ink from our pen, so flow our  
thoughts and our feelings  
When we begin to write, however slug-  
gish before.

## X

Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the Fountain  
of Youth is within us ;  
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we  
grow in the search.

## XI

If you would hit the mark, you must aim  
a little above it ;  
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction  
of earth.

## XII

Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present tense  
in their language ;  
While we are speaking the word, it is  
already the Past.

## XIII

In the twilight of age all things seem  
strange and phantasmal,  
As between daylight and dark ghost-like  
the landscape appears.

## XIV

Great is the art of beginning, but greater  
the art is of ending ;  
Many a poem is marred by a superfluous  
verse.

## THE CITY AND THE SEA

THE panting City cried to the Sea,  
"I am faint with heat, — Oh breathe on  
me !"

And the Sea said, "Lo, I breathe ! but my  
breath  
To some will be life, to others death !"

As to Prometheus, bringing ease  
In pain, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with the flame  
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind came.

It came from the heaving breast of the  
deep,  
Silent as dreams are, and sudden as sleep.

Life-giving, death-giving, which will it be ;  
O breath of the merciful, merciless Sea ?

## MEMORIES

OF I remember those whom I have known  
In other days, to whom my heart was  
led

As by a magnet, and who are not dead,  
But absent, and their memories over-  
grown

With other thoughts and troubles of my  
own,

As graves with grasses are, and at their  
head

The stone with moss and lichens so o'er-  
spread,

Nothing is legible but the name alone.  
And is it so with them ? After long years,  
Do they remember me in the same way,  
And is the memory pleasant as to me ?  
I fear to ask ; yet wherefore are my fears ?  
Pleasures, like flowers, may wither and  
decay,  
And yet the root perennial may be.

## HERMES TRISMEGISTUS

As Seleucus narrates, Hermes describes the principles  
that rank as wholes in two myriads of books ; or, as we  
are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these  
principles in three myriads six thousand five hundred  
and twenty-five volumes. . . .

. . . Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their  
wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings  
with the name of Hermes. — IAMBELICUS.

STILL through Egypt's desert places  
Flows the lordly Nile,  
From its banks the great stone faces  
Gaze with patient smile.  
Still the pyramids imperious  
Pierce the cloudless skies,  
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,  
Solemn, stony eyes.

But where are the old Egyptian  
Demi-gods and kings ?  
Nothing left but an inscription  
Graven on stones and rings.  
Where are Helios and Hephestus,  
Gods of eldest eld ?  
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,  
Who their secrets held ?

Where are now the many hundred  
Thousand books he wrote ?  
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,  
Lost in lands remote ;  
In oblivion sunk forever,  
As when o'er the land  
Blows a storm-wind, in the river  
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,  
Seems this Theurgist,  
In deep meditation mostly  
Wrapped, as in a mist.  
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal  
To our thought he seems,  
Walking in a world ideal,  
In a land of dreams.

Was he one, or many, merging  
Name and fame in one,  
Like a stream, to which, converging,  
Many streamlets run ?  
Till, with gathered power proceeding,  
Ampler sweep it takes,  
Downward the sweet waters leading  
From unnumbered lakes.

By the Nile I see him wandering,  
 Pausing now and then,  
 On the mystic union pondering  
 Between gods and men ;  
 Half believing, wholly feeling,  
 With supreme delight,  
 How the gods, themselves concealing,  
 Lift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,  
 In the thoroughfare  
 Breathing, as if consecrated,  
 A diviner air ;  
 And amid discordant noises,  
 In the jostling throng,  
 Hearing far, celestial voices  
 Of Olympian song.

Who shall call his dreams fallacious ?  
 Who has searched or sought  
 All the unexplored and spacious  
 Universe of thought ?  
 Who, in his own skill confiding,  
 Shall with rule and line  
 Mark the border-land dividing  
 Human and divine ?

Trismegistus ! three times greatest !  
 How thy name sublime  
 Has descended to this latest  
 Progeny of time !  
 Happy they whose written pages  
 Perish with their lives,  
 If amid the crumbling ages  
 Still their name survives !

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately  
 Found I in the vast,  
 Weed-encumbered, sombre, stately,  
 Grave-yard of the Past ;  
 And a presence moved before me  
 On that gloomy shore,  
 As a waft of wind, that o'er me  
 Breathed, and was no more.

### TO THE AVON

Flow on, sweet river ! like his verse  
 Who lies beneath this sculptured hearse ;  
 Nor wait beside the churchyard wall  
 For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once ; I see him now  
 A boy with sunshine on his brow,

And hear in Stratford's quiet street  
 The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge  
 Wading knee-deep amid the sedge ;  
 And lost in thought, as if thy stream  
 Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows ;  
 And fain would follow where it goes,  
 To the wide world, that shall erelong  
 Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream ! That dream is o'er ;  
 He stands upon another shore ;  
 A vaster river near him flows,  
 And still he follows where it goes.

### PRESIDENT GARFIELD

"E venni dal martirio a questa pace."  
*Paradiso*, XV. 148.

THESE words the poet heard in Paradise,  
 Uttered by one who, bravely dying here,  
 In the true faith was living in that  
 sphere  
 Where the celestial cross of sacrifice  
 Spread its protecting arms athwart the  
 skies ;  
 And set thereon, like jewels crystal  
 clear,  
 The souls magnanimous, that knew not  
 fear,  
 Flashed their effulgence on his dazzled  
 eyes.  
 Ah me ! how dark the discipline of pain,  
 Were not the suffering followed by the  
 sense  
 Of infinite rest and infinite release !  
 This is our consolation ; and again  
 A great soul cries to us in our suspense,  
 "I came from martyrdom unto this  
 peace !"

### MY BOOKS

SADLY as some old mediæval knight  
 Gazed at the arms he could no longer  
 wield,  
 The sword two-handed and the shining  
 shield  
 Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,

While secret longings for the lost delight  
 Of tourney or adventure in the field  
 Came over him, and tears but half concealed  
 Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,  
 So I behold these books upon their shelf,  
 My ornaments and arms of other days ;  
 Not wholly useless, though no longer used,  
 For they remind me of my other self,  
 Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways  
 In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

## MAD RIVER

## IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

## TRAVELLER.

WHY dost thou wildly rush and roar,  
 Mad River, O Mad River ?  
 Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour  
 Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er  
 This rocky shelf forever ?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast ?  
 Why all this fret and flurry ?  
 Dost thou not know that what is best  
 In this too restless world is rest  
 From over-work and worry ?

## THE RIVER.

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek,  
 O stranger from the city ?  
 Is it perhaps some foolish freak  
 Of thine, to put the words I speak  
 Into a plaintive ditty ?

## TRAVELLER.

Yes ; I would learn of thee thy song,  
 With all its flowing numbers,  
 And in a voice as fresh and strong  
 As thine is, sing it all day long,  
 And hear it in my slumbers.

## THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown  
 Was I at first, resembling  
 A little child, that all alone  
 Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,  
 Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,  
 For the wide world I panted ;  
 Out of the forest, dark and dread,  
 Across the open fields I fled,  
 Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
 My voice exultant blending  
 With thunder from the passing cloud,  
 The wind, the forest bent and bowed,  
 The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,  
 Imploring and entreating ;  
 Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall  
 I plunged, and the loud waterfall  
 Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,  
 A toilsome life I follow ;  
 Compelled to carry from the hills  
 These logs to the impatient mills  
 Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms  
 The rudeness of my labors ;  
 Daily I water with these arms  
 The cattle of a hundred farms,  
 And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,  
 When, full of rage and trouble,  
 I burst my banks of sand and clay,  
 And sweep their wooden bridge away,  
 Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,  
 As of thine own creating.  
 Thou seest the day is past its prime ;  
 I can no longer waste my time ;  
 The mills are tired of waiting.

## POSSIBILITIES

WHERE are the Poets, unto whom belong  
 The Olympian heights ; whose singing  
 shafts were sent  
 Straight to the mark, and not from bows  
 half bent,  
 But with the utmost tension of the thong ?  
 Where are the stately argosies of song,  
 Whose rushing keels made music as they  
 went  
 Sailing in search of some new continent,

With all sail set, and steady winds and strong ?  
 Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, un-  
   taught  
 In schools, some graduate of the field or  
   street,  
 Who shall become a master of the art,  
 An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,  
 Fearless and first, and steering with his  
   fleet  
 For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

## DECORATION DAY

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest  
 On this Field of the Grounded Arms,  
 Where foes no more molest,  
 Nor sentry's shot alarms !

Ye have slept on the ground before,  
 And started to your feet  
 At the cannon's sudden roar,  
 Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death  
 No sound your slumber breaks ;  
 Here is no fevered breath,  
 No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,  
 Untrampled lies the sod ;  
 The shouts of battle cease,  
 It is the truce of God !

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep !  
 The thoughts of men shall be  
 As sentinels to keep  
 Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green  
 We deck with fragrant flowers ;  
 Yours has the suffering been,  
 The memory shall be ours.

## A FRAGMENT

AWAKE ! arise ! the hour is late !  
 Angels are knocking at thy door !  
 They are in haste and cannot wait,  
 And once departed come no more.

Awake ! arise ! the athlete's arm  
 Loses its strength by too much rest ;  
 The fallow land, the untilled farm  
 Produces only weeds at best.

## LOSS AND GAIN

WHEN I compare  
 What I have lost with what I have gained,  
 What I have missed with what attained,  
 Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware  
 How many days have been idly spent ;  
 How like an arrow the good intent  
 Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare  
 To measure loss and gain in this wise ?  
 Defeat may be victory in disguise ;  
 The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

INSCRIPTION ON THE SHANK-  
LIN FOUNTAIN

O TRAVELLER, stay thy weary feet ;  
 Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet ;  
 It flows for rich and poor the same.  
 Then go thy way, remembering still  
 The wayside well beneath the hill,  
 The cup of water in his name.

## THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS

The last poem written by Mr. Longfellow. The last verse but one is dated March 12, 1882. The final verse was added March 15. Mr. Longfellow died March 24. The poem was suggested by an article in *Harper's Magazine*, which the poet had just read.

WHAT say the Bells of San Blas.  
 To the ships that southward pass  
 From the harbor of Mazatlan ?  
 To them it is nothing more  
 Than the sound of surf on the shore, —  
 Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,  
 To whom what is and what seems  
 Are often one and the same, —  
 The Bells of San Blas to me  
 Have a strange, wild melody,  
 And are something more than a name.

For bells are the voice of the church ;  
 They have tones that touch and search  
 The hearts of young and old ;  
 One sound to all, yet each  
 Lends a meaning to their speech,  
 And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,  
Of an age that is fading fast,  
Of a power austere and grand ;  
When the flag of Spain unfurled  
Its folds o'er this western world,  
And the Priest was lord of the land.

The chapel that once looked down  
On the little seaport town  
Has crumbled into the dust ;  
And on oaken beams below  
The bells swing to and fro,  
And are green with mould and rust.

"Is, then, the old faith dead,"  
They say, "and in its stead  
Is some new faith proclaimed,  
That we are forced to remain  
Naked to sun and rain,  
Unsheltered and ashamed ?

"Once in our tower aloof  
We rang over wall and roof  
Our warnings and our complaints ;  
And round about us there  
The white doves filled the air,  
Like the white souls of the saints.

"The saints ! Ah, have they grown  
Forgetful of their own ?  
Are they asleep, or dead,  
That open to the sky  
Their ruined Missions lie,  
No longer tenanted ?

"Oh, bring us back once more  
The vanished days of yore,  
When the world with faith was filled ;  
Bring back the fervid zeal,  
The hearts of fire and steel,  
The hands that believe and build."

"Then from our tower again  
We will send over land and main  
Our voices of command,  
Like exiled kings who return  
To their thrones, and the people learn  
That the Priest is lord of the land !"

O Bells of San Blas, in vain  
Ye call back the Past again !  
The Past is deaf to your prayer ;  
Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light ;  
It is daybreak everywhere.

## FRAGMENTS

October 22, 1838.

NEGLECTED record of a mind neglected,  
Unto what "lets and stops" art thou sub-  
jected !

The day with all its toils and occupations,  
The night with its reflections and sensations,  
The future, and the present, and the past, —  
All I remember, feel, and hope at last,  
All shapes of joy and sorrow, as they pass, —  
Find but a dusty image in this glass.

August 18, 1847.

O faithful, indefatigable tides,  
That evermore upon God's errands go, —  
Now seaward bearing tidings of the land, —  
Now landward bearing tidings of the sea, —  
And filling every frith and estuary,  
Each arm of the great sea, each little creek,  
Each thread and filament of water-courses,  
Full with your ministration of delight !  
Under the rafters of this wooden bridge  
I see you come and go ; sometimes in haste  
To reach your journey's end, which being  
done

With feet unrested ye return again  
And recommence the never-ending task ;  
Patient, whatever burdens ye may bear,  
And fretted only by the impeding rocks.

December 18, 1847.

Soft through the silent air descend the  
feathery snow-flakes ;  
White are the distant hills, white are the  
neighboring fields ;  
Only the marshes are brown, and the river  
rolling among them  
Weareth the leaden hue seen in the eyes of  
the blind.

August 4, 1856.

A lovely morning, without the glare of the  
sun, the sea in great commotion, chafing  
and foaming.

So from the bosom of darkness our days  
come roaring and gleaming,  
Chafe and break into foam, sink into  
darkness again.  
But on the shores of Time each leaves some  
trace of its passage,  
Though the succeeding wave washes it  
out from the sand.

## CHRISTUS: A MYSTERY

The reader is referred for a consideration of the place which *Christus* held in the poet's scheme of work to the biographical sketch prefixed to this edition.

There is no one of Mr. Longfellow's writings which may be said to have so dominated his literary life. The study of Dante and the translation of the *Divina Commedia* subtended a wider arc in time, but from the nature of things the interpretation of a great work was subordinate to the development of a theme which was interior to the poet's thought and emotion. Yet even in point of time, that which elapsed between the first conception of *Christus* and its final accomplishment was scarcely less than that which extended from the day when Mr. Longfellow opened Dante to the end of his life, — for so long did he live in companionship with the great seer.

The first indication of actual work upon the subject does not appear until the end of 1849, when he seems to have decided to take up first the second division. He had dismissed his volume of poems, *The Seaside and the Fireside*, "another stone rolled over the hilltop!" and proceeded in his diary, November 19: "And now I long to try a loftier strain, the sublimer Song whose broken melodies have for so many years breathed through my soul in the better hours of life, and which I trust and believe will ere long unite themselves into a symphony not all unworthy the sublime theme, but furnishing 'some equivalent expression for the trouble and wrath of life, for its sorrow and its mystery.'" On December 10th, he wrote: "A bleak and dismal day. Wrote in the morning *The Challenge of Thor* as Prologue or *Introitus* to the second part of *Christus*." This he laid aside, taking it up again ten years later, when he proposed to write the *Saga of King Olaf*. It is probable that he had in mind the opposition of northern paganism to the Christianity of sacerdotalism, and the supremacy of the latter. But the theme of the drama was constantly before him in one shape or another. In his diary, under date of January 10, 1850, he records: "In the evening, pondered and meditated upon sundry scenes of *Christus*. In such meditation one tastes the delight of the poetic vision, without the pain of putting it into words." The scheme of his first venture had evidently been more or less determined upon, for a few weeks later he notes: "February 28. And so ends the winter and the vacation. Not quite satisfactorily to me. Yet something I have done. Some half dozen scenes or more are written of *The Golden Legend*, which is Part Second of *Christus*; and the whole is much clearer in my mind as to handling, division, and the form and pressure of the several parts." It is to be noted that already in 1839 there had crossed his mind the notion of writing a drama based upon the legend of *Der Arme Heinrich*, and that he had perceived the value of *Elsie*. "I have a heroine," he says, "as sweet as Imogen, could I but paint her so."

*The Golden Legend* was published near the close of 1851, but the author gave no intimation of the relation which the work held to a larger plan. He had taken for the core of his poem the story of *Der Arme Heinrich* as told by Hartmann von der Aue, a minnesinger of the twelfth century, to be found in Mailáth's *Altdeutsche Gedichte*, published in Stuttgart in 1809, and it was not till after the book was issued that he caught sight of Jacobus de Voragine's *Legenda Aurea*. His own account of his work may be read in brief in a letter which he wrote to an English correspondent at this time. "I am glad to know," he says, "that you find something to like in *The Golden Legend*. I have endeavored to show in it, among other things, that through the darkness and corruption of the Middle Ages ran a bright, deep stream of Faith, strong enough for all the exigen-

cies of life and death. In order to do this I had to introduce some portion of this darkness and corruption as a background. I am sure you will be glad to know that the monk's sermon is not wholly of my own invention. The worst passage in it is from a sermon of Fra Gabriella Barletta, an Italian preacher of the fifteenth century. The Miracle Play is founded on the Apocryphal Gospels of James and the Infancy of Christ. Both this and the sermon show how sacred themes were handled in 'the days of long ago.'"

It is a strong illustration of the importance which Mr. Longfellow attached to *The Golden Legend* as a portion of a larger, more inclusive work, that we find him regretting, while his book was in full tide of success, that he had not taken a theme more fit to his purpose which had been chosen by another poet. "We stayed at home," he writes, April 2, 1852, "reading *The Saint's Tragedy*, the story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary put into dramatic form with great power. I wish I had hit upon this theme for my *Golden Legend*, the mediæval part of my Trilogy. It is nobler and more characteristic than my obscure legend. Strange that while I was writing a dramatic poem illustrating the Middle Ages, Kingsley should have been doing the same, and that we should have chosen precisely the same period, about 1230. His poem was published first, but I never saw it, or a review of it, till two days ago." Whether or not Mr. Longfellow would have wrought at the other theme with any more satisfaction to himself, *The Golden Legend* has taken its place as a faithful exponent of the phase of Christianity which it described. "Longfellow," says a competent authority, "in his *Golden Legend* has entered more closely into the temper of the monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis."

*Christus* was, however, pressing upon the poet's mind; the completion of the second division only made him more desirous of fulfilling the noble theme. *The Golden Legend* had been published a few weeks when he wrote in his diary one Sunday: "Dec. 28, 1851. The weather, which has been intensely cold, suddenly changes to rain; and avalanches of snow thunder from the college-roofs all sermon-time. A grand accompaniment to Mr. Ellis, who was preaching about the old prophets, — an excellent discourse. Ah me! how many things there are to meditate upon in this great world! And all this meditation, — of what avail is it, if it does not end in some action? The great theme of my poem haunts me ever; but I cannot bring it into act."

It was nearly a score of years before another number of the Trilogy was ready, though it is probable that Mr. Longfellow was in the neighborhood of *The New England Tragedies* when he was diverted for the time by the attractive theme of *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. As far back as 1839 he had thought of a drama on Cotton Mather. It is curious that he should have mentioned that and a drama on "the old poetic legend of *Der Arme Heinrich*" in the same sentence as possible themes, a couple of years before the conception of *Christus* came to him. In the spring of 1856 he was contemplating a tragedy which should take in the Puritans and the Quakers, and preparing for it by looking over books on the two sects, "particularly," he says, "*Besse's Sufferings of the Quakers*, — a strange record of violent persecution for merest trifles." He notes on April 2d of that year: "Wrote a scene in my new drama, *The Old Colony*, just to break ground," and a month later: "May 1. At home all day pondering the New England Tragedy, and writing notes and bits of scenes." He was still experimenting on it in July

and in November, but then he seems to have made a new start and to have begun *The Courtship of Miles Standish* as a drama.

On the 27th of August, 1857, he had finished the first rough draft of *Wenlock Christison*, and later resumed his *Miles Standish* as an idyl. For a while this poem excluded the tragedy, but he took up the latter when the *Courtship* was completed and began a revision. On the 17th of August, 1858, he notes: "The morning, as usual, worm-eaten with the writing of letters. I am now going to try a scene in *Wenlock Christison*. I write accordingly scene second of act first. Just as I finish the bells ring noon. There is a distant booming of cannon. F. comes in and says, 'The Queen's message has arrived by the Atlantic cable.'" "December 13. I have been at work on *Wenlock Christison*, moulding and shaping it."

It was ten years after this that *The New England Tragedies* emerged from the printing-office. Ten copies at first were printed to guard against accident to the manuscript copy, as the author was about leaving home for a considerable absence in Europe. In October of the same year, 1868, the book was published simultaneously in Boston and London. It would seem as if this whole division of the Trilogy caused the poet great doubt, and that he held back from publication out of distrust of his work. He makes but little reference to it in his diary, recording once that he read a portion to Mr. Fields, who received it rather coldly. In this case more emphatically than in the case of *The Golden Legend*, the relation of the part to the whole was uppermost in the poet's mind. It may be that he in-

tended at first to wait until he could write the first part before publishing the third, but finally gave out the modern portion, as before, with no intimation of its place in a larger plan. But *The New England Tragedies* had no such intrinsic attractiveness as *The Golden Legend*, and in absence of any explanation of the author's ulterior design was taken on its own ground with comparative indifference. The title of *Wenlock Christison* given to the former of the two tragedies was changed when the book was published, to *John Endicott*.

Although Mr. Longfellow projected a third drama, the scene to be laid among the Moravians of Bethlehem, by which he hoped to be able to harmonize the discord of *The New England Tragedies* and thus give a not unfitting close to the work, he never wrote this drama, and it is most probable that Mr. Longfellow finally regarded the *Tragedies* as satisfying the requirements of the Trilogy, and was thenceforth impelled by an increased desire to complete his task by the preparation of the first and most difficult number. In the latter part of 1870 he began to make essays in it, and early in January, 1871, he writes in his diary: "The subject of *The Divine Tragedy* has taken entire possession of me. All day pondering upon and arranging it."

*The Divine Tragedy* was published thus at the close of 1871, and in the autumn of 1872 *Christus* appeared as a complete work. It is an interesting illustration of the place which the work held in his mind that he should now incorporate in it the poem of *Blind Bartimeus*, which, when he wrote, he was disposed to refer in imagination to a monk of the middle ages. The design of the poet now stood revealed.

## INTROITUS

*The ANGEL bearing the PROPHET HABAKKUK  
through the air.*

### PROPHET.

WHY dost thou bear me aloft,  
O Angel of God, on thy pinions  
O'er realms and dominions?  
Softly I float as a cloud  
In air, for thy right hand upholds me,  
Thy garment enfolds me!

### ANGEL.

Lo! as I passed on my way  
In the harvest-field I beheld thee,  
When no man compelled thee,  
Bearing with thine own hands  
This food to the famishing reapers,  
A flock without keepers!

The fragrant sheaves of the wheat  
Made the air above them sweet;  
Sweeter and more divine  
Was the scent of the scattered grain,  
That the reaper's hand let fall  
To be gathered again  
By the hand of the gleaner!  
Sweetest, divinest of all,  
Was the humble deed of thine,  
And the meekness of thy demeanor!

### PROPHET.

Angel of Light,  
I cannot gainsay thee,  
I can but obey thee!

### ANGEL.

Beautiful was it in the Lord's sight,  
To behold his Prophet  
Feeding those that toil,  
The tillers of the soil.  
But why should the reapers eat of it  
And not the Prophet of Zion  
In the den of the lion?  
The Prophet should feed the Prophet!  
Therefore I thee have uplifted,  
And bear thee aloft by the hair  
Of thy head, like a cloud that is drifted  
Through the vast unknown of the air!

Five days hath the Prophet been lying  
In Babylon, in the den  
Of the lions, death-defying,  
Defying hunger and thirst;  
But the worst  
Is the mockery of men!  
Alas! how full of fear  
Is the fate of Prophet and Seer!  
Forevermore, forevermore,  
It shall be as it hath been heretofore;  
The age in which they live  
Will not forgive

The splendor of the everlasting light,  
That makes their foreheads bright,  
Nor the sublime  
Fore-running of their time !

PROPHET.

Oh tell me, for thou knowest,  
Wherefore and by what grace,  
Have I, who am least and lowest,  
Been chosen to this place,  
To this exalted part ?

ANGEL.

Because thou art  
The Struggler ; and from thy youth  
Thy humble and patient life  
Hath been a strife  
And battle for the Truth ;  
Nor hast thou paused nor halted,  
Nor ever in thy pride  
Turned from the poor aside,  
But with deed and word and pen  
Hast served thy fellow-men ;  
Therefore art thou exalted !

PROPHET.

By thine arrow's light  
Thou goest onward through the night,  
And by the clear  
Sheen of thy glittering spear !  
When will our journey end ?

ANGEL.

Lo, it is ended !  
Yon silver gleam  
Is the Euphrates' stream.  
Let us descend  
Into the city splendid,  
Into the City of Gold !

PROPHET.

Behold !  
As if the stars had fallen from their places  
Into the firmament below,  
The streets, the gardens, and the vacant  
spaces  
With light are all aglow ;  
And hark !  
As we draw near,  
What sound is it I hear  
Ascending through the dark ?

ANGEL.

The tumultuous noise of the nations,  
Their rejoicings and lamentations,

The pleadings of their prayer,  
The groans of their despair,  
The cry of their imprecations.  
Their wrath, their love, their hate !

PROPHET.

Surely the world doth wait  
The coming of its Redeemer !

ANGEL.

Awake from thy sleep, O dreamer !  
The hour is near, though late ;  
Awake ! write the vision sublime,  
The vision, that is for a time,  
Though it tarry, wait ; it is nigh ;  
In the end it will speak and not lie.

## PART ONE

### THE DIVINE TRAGEDY

#### THE FIRST PASSOVER

##### I

VOX CLAMANTIS

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

REPENT ! repent ! repent !  
For the kingdom of God is at hand,  
And all the land  
Full of the knowledge of the Lord shall be  
As the waters cover the sea,  
And encircle the continent !

Repent ! repent ! repent !  
For lo, the hour appointed,  
The hour so long foretold  
By the Prophets of old,  
Of the coming of the Anointed,  
The Messiah, the Paraclete,  
The Desire of the Nations, is nigh !  
He shall not strive nor cry,  
Nor his voice be heard in the street ;  
Nor the bruised reed shall He break,  
Nor quench the smoking flax ;  
And many of them that sleep  
In the dust of earth shall awake,  
On that great and terrible day,  
And the wicked shall wail and weep,  
And be blown like a smoke away,  
And be melted away like wax.  
Repent ! repent ! repent !

O Priest, and Pharisee,  
 Who hath warned you to flee  
 From the wrath that is to be ?  
 From the coming anguish and ire ?  
 The axe is laid at the root  
 Of the trees, and every tree  
 That bringeth not forth good fruit  
 Is hewn down and cast into the fire !

Ye Scribes, why come ye hither ?  
 In the hour that is uncertain,  
 In the day of anguish and trouble,  
 He that stretcheth the heavens as a curtain  
 And spreadeth them out as a tent,  
 Shall blow upon you, and ye shall wither,  
 And the whirlwind shall take you away as  
 stubble !  
 Repent ! repent ! repent !

PRIEST.

Who art thou, O man of prayer !  
 In raiment of camel's hair,  
 Begirt with leathern thong,  
 That here in the wilderness,  
 With a cry as of one in distress,  
 Preachest unto this throng ?  
 Art thou the Christ ?

JOHN.

Priest of Jerusalem,  
 In meekness and humbleness,  
 I deny not, I confess  
 I am not the Christ !

PRIEST.

What shall we say unto them  
 That sent us here ? Reveal  
 Thy name, and naught conceal !  
 Art thou Elias ?

JOHN.

No !

PRIEST.

Art thou that Prophet, then,  
 Of lamentation and woe,  
 Who, as a symbol and sign  
 Of impending wrath divine  
 Upon unbelieving men,  
 Shattered the vessel of clay  
 In the Valley of Slaughter ?

JOHN.

I am not he thou namest !

Nay.

PRIEST.

Who art thou, and what is the word  
 That here thou proclaimest ?

JOHN.

I am the voice of one  
 Crying in the wilderness alone :  
 Prepare ye the way of the Lord ;  
 Make his paths straight  
 In the land that is desolate !

PRIEST.

If thou be not the Christ,  
 Nor yet Elias, nor he  
 That, in sign of the things to be,  
 Shattered the vessel of clay  
 In the Valley of Slaughter,  
 Then declare unto us, and say  
 By what authority now  
 Baptizest thou ?

JOHN.

I indeed baptize you with water  
 Unto repentance ; but He,  
 That cometh after me,  
 Is mightier than I and higher ;  
 The latchet of whose shoes  
 I am not worthy to unloose ;  
 He shall baptize you with fire,  
 And with the Holy Ghost !  
 Whose fan is in his hand ;  
 He will purge to the uttermost  
 His floor, and garner his wheat,  
 But will burn the chaff in the brand  
 And fire of unquenchable heat !  
 Repent ! repent ! repent !

II

## MOUNT QUARANTANIA

I

LUCIFER.

Not in the lightning's flash, nor in the  
 thunder,  
 Not in the tempest, nor the cloudy storm,  
 Will I array my form ;  
 But part invisible these boughs asunder,  
 And move and murmur, as the wind up-  
 heaves  
 And whispers in the leaves.

Not as a terror and a desolation,  
 Not in my natural shape, inspiring fear  
 And dread, will I appear ;  
 But in soft tones of sweetness and persua-  
 sion,  
 A sound as of the fall of mountain streams,  
 Or voices heard in dreams.

He sitteth there in silence, worn and wasted  
 With famine, and uplifts his hollow eyes  
 To the un pitying skies ;  
 For forty days and nights he hath not tasted  
 Of food or drink, his parted lips are pale,  
 Surely his strength must fail.

Wherefore dost thou in penitential fasting  
 Waste and consume the beauty of thy  
 youth ?  
 Ah, if thou be in truth  
 The Son of the Unnamed, the Everlasting,  
 Command these stones beneath thy feet to  
 be  
 Changed into bread for thee !

CHRISTUS.

'T is written : Man shall not live by bread  
 alone,  
 But by each word that from God's mouth  
 proceedeth !

II

LUCIFER.

Too weak, alas ! too weak is the temptation  
 For one whose soul to nobler things aspires  
 Than sensual desires !  
 Ah, could I, by some sudden aberration,  
 Lead and delude to suicidal death  
 This Christ of Nazareth !

Unto the holy Temple on Moriah,  
 With its resplendent domes, and manifold  
 Bright pinnacles of gold,  
 Where they await thy coming, O Messiah !  
 Lo, I have brought thee ! Let thy glory  
 here  
 Be manifest and clear.

Reveal thyself by royal act and gesture  
 Descending with the bright triumphant host  
 Of all the highermost  
 Archangels, and about thee as a vesture  
 The shining clouds, and all thy splendors  
 show  
 Unto the world below !

Cast thyself down, it is the hour appointed ;  
 And God hath given his angels charge and  
 care  
 To keep thee and upbear  
 Upon their hands his only Son, the Anointed,  
 Lest he should dash his foot against a stone  
 And die, and be unknown.

CHRISTUS.

'T is written : Thou shalt not tempt the  
 Lord thy God !

III

LUCIFER.

I cannot thus delude him to perdition !  
 But one temptation still remains untried,  
 The trial of his pride,  
 The thirst of power, the fever of ambition !  
 Surely by these a humble peasant's son  
 At last may be undone !

Above the yawning chasms and deep abysses,  
 Across the headlong torrents, I have brought  
 Thy footsteps, swift as thought ;  
 And from the highest of these precipices,  
 The Kingdoms of the world thine eyes be-  
 hold,  
 Like a great map unrolled.

From far-off Lebanon, with cedars crested,  
 To where the waters of the Asphalt Lake  
 On its white pebbles break,  
 And the vast desert, silent, sand-invested,  
 These kingdoms all are mine, and thine  
 shall be,  
 If thou wilt worship me !

CHRISTUS.

Get thee behind me, Satan ! thou shalt wor-  
 ship  
 The Lord thy God ; Him only shalt thou  
 serve !

ANGELS MINISTRANT.

The sun goes down ; the evening shadows  
 lengthen,  
 The fever and the struggle of the day  
 Abate and pass away ;  
 Thine Angels Ministrant, we come to  
 strengthen  
 And comfort thee, and crown thee with the  
 palm,  
 The silence and the calm.

## III

## THE MARRIAGE IN CANA

## THE MUSICIANS.

Rise up, my love, my fair one,  
 Rise up, and come away,  
 For lo! the winter is past,  
 The rain is over and gone,  
 The flowers appear on the earth,  
 The time of the singing of birds is come,  
 And the voice of the turtle is heard in  
 our land.

## THE BRIDEGROOM.

Sweetly the minstrels sing the Song of  
 Songs!

My heart runs forward with it, and I say :  
 Oh set me as a seal upon thine heart,  
 And set me as a seal upon thine arm ;  
 For love is strong as life, and strong as  
 death,  
 And cruel as the grave is jealousy !

## THE MUSICIANS.

I sleep, but my heart awaketh ;  
 'T is the voice of my beloved  
 Who knocketh, saying : Open to me,  
 My sister, my love, my dove,  
 For my head is filled with dew,  
 My locks with the drops of the night !

## THE BRIDE.

Ah yes, I sleep, and yet my heart awaketh.  
 It is the voice of my beloved who knocks.

## THE BRIDEGROOM.

O beautiful as Rebecca at the fountain,  
 O beautiful as Ruth among the sheaves !  
 O fairest among women ! O undefiled !  
 Thou art all fair, my love, there's no spot  
 in thee !

## THE MUSICIANS.

My beloved is white and ruddy,  
 The chiefest among ten thousand ;  
 His locks are black as a raven,  
 His eyes are the eyes of doves,  
 Of doves by the rivers of water,  
 His lips are like unto lilies,  
 Dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

Who is that youth with the dark azure  
 eyes,

And hair, in color like unto the wine,  
 Parted upon his forehead, and behind  
 Falling in flowing locks ?

## PARANYMPHUS.

The Nazarene  
 Who preacheth to the poor in field and  
 village  
 The coming of God's Kingdom.

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

How serene  
 His aspect is ! manly yet womanly.

## PARANYMPHUS.

Most beautiful among the sons of men !  
 Oft known to weep, but never known to  
 laugh.

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

And tell me, she with eyes of olive tint,  
 And skin as fair as wheat, and pale brown  
 hair,  
 The woman at his side ?

## PARANYMPHUS.

His mother, Mary.

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

And the tall figure standing close behind  
 them,  
 Clad all in white, with face and beard like  
 ashes,  
 As if he were Elias, the White Witness,  
 Come from his cave on Carmel to fore-  
 tell  
 The end of all things ?

## PARANYMPHUS.

That is Manahem  
 The Essenan, he who dwells among the  
 palms  
 Near the Dead Sea.

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

He who foretold to Herod  
 He should one day be King ?

## PARANYMPHUS.

The same.

## ARCHITRICLINUS.

Then why  
 Doth he come here to sadden with his  
 presence

Our marriage feast, belonging to a sect  
Haters of women, and that taste not wine ?

THE MUSICIANS.

My undefiled is but one,  
The only one of her mother,  
The choice of her that bare her ;  
The daughters saw her and blessed her ;  
The queens and the concubines praised  
her ;  
Saying, Lo ! who is this  
That looketh forth as the morning ?

MANAHEM, *aside*.

The Ruler of the Feast is gazing at me,  
As if he asked, why is that old man here  
Among the revellers ? And thou, the  
Anointed !

Why art thou here ? I see as in a vision  
A figure clothed in purple, crowned with  
thorns ;

I see a cross uplifted in the darkness,  
And hear a cry of agony, that shall echo  
Forever and forever through the world !

ARCHITRICLINUS.

Give us more wine. These goblets are all  
empty.

MARY to CHRISTUS.

They have no wine !

CHRISTUS.

O woman, what have I  
To do with thee ? Mine hour is not yet  
come.

MARY to the servants.

Whatever he shall say to you, that do.

CHRISTUS.

Fill up these pots with water.

THE MUSICIANS.

Come, my beloved,  
Let us go forth into the field,  
Let us lodge in the villages ;  
Let us get up early to the vineyards,  
Let us see if the vine flourish,  
Whether the tender grape appear,  
And the pomegranates bud forth.

CHRISTUS.

Draw out now  
And bear unto the Ruler of the Feast.

MANAHEM, *aside*.

O thou, brought up among the Essenians,  
Nurtured in abstinence, taste not the wine !  
It is the poison of dragons from the vine-  
yards  
Of Sodom, and the taste of death is in it !

ARCHITRICLINUS to the BRIDEGROOM.

All men set forth good wine at the be-  
ginning,  
And when men have well drunk, that which  
is worse ;  
But thou hast kept the good wine until  
now.

MANAHEM, *aside*.

The things that have been and shall be no  
more,

The things that are, and that hereafter  
shall be,

The things that might have been, and yet  
were not,

The fading twilight of great joys departed,  
The daybreak of great truths as yet un-  
risen,

The intuition and the expectation  
Of something, which, when come, is not the  
same,

But only like its forecast in men's dreams,  
The longing, the delay, and the delight,  
Sweeter for the delay ; youth, hope, love,  
death,

And disappointment which is also death,  
All these make up the sum of human life ;  
A dream within a dream, a wind at night  
Howling across the desert in despair,  
Seeking for something lost it cannot find.

Fate or foreseeing, or whatever name  
Men call it, matters not ; what is to be  
Hath been fore-written in the thought  
divine

From the beginning. None can hide  
from it,

But it will find him out ; nor run from it,  
But it o'ertaketh him ! The Lord hath  
said it.

THE BRIDEGROOM to the BRIDE, on the balcony.

When Abraham went with Sarah into  
Egypt,

The land was all illumined with her  
beauty ;

But thou dost make the very night itself  
Brighter than day ! Behold, in glad pro-  
cession,

Crowding the threshold of the sky above us,  
The stars come forth to meet thee with  
their lamps ;  
And the soft winds, the ambassadors of  
flowers,  
From neighboring gardens and from fields  
unseen,  
Come laden with odors unto thee, my  
Queen !

## THE MUSICIANS.

Awake, O north-wind,  
And come, thou wind of the South.  
Blow, blow upon my garden,  
That the spices thereof may flow out.

## IV

## IN THE CORNFIELDS

## PHILIP.

Onward through leagues of sun-illuminated  
corn,  
As if through parted seas, the pathway  
runs,  
And crowned with sunshine as the Prince  
of Peace  
Walks the beloved Master, leading us,  
As Moses led our fathers in old times  
Out of the land of bondage ! We have  
found  
Him of whom Moses and the Prophets  
wrote,  
Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph.

## NATHANAEL.

Can any good come out of Nazareth ?  
Can this be the Messiah ?

## PHILIP.

Come and see.

## NATHANAEL.

The summer sun grows hot : I am an-  
hungered.  
How cheerily the Sabbath-breaking quail  
Pipes in the corn, and bids us to his Feast  
Of Wheat Sheaves ! How the bearded,  
ripening ears  
Toss in the roofless temple of the air ;  
As if the unseen hand of some High-Priest  
Waved them before Mount Tabor as an  
altar !  
It were no harm, if we should pluck and eat.

## PHILIP.

How wonderful it is to walk abroad  
With the Good Master ! Since the miracle  
He wrought at Cana, at the marriage feast,  
His fame hath gone abroad through all the  
land,  
And when we come to Nazareth, thou shalt  
see  
How his own people will receive their  
Prophet,  
And hail him as Messiah ! See, he turns  
And looks at thee.

## CHRISTUS.

Behold an Israelite  
In whom there is no guile.

## NATHANAEL.

Whence knowest thou me ?

## CHRISTUS.

Before that Philip called thee, when thou  
wast  
Under the fig-tree, I beheld thee.

## NATHANAEL.

Rabbi !  
Thou art the Son of God, thou art the King  
Of Israel !

## CHRISTUS.

Because I said I saw thee  
Under the fig-tree, before Philip called thee,  
Believest thou ? Thou shalt see greater  
things.  
Hereafter thou shalt see the heavens un-  
closed,  
The angels of God ascending and descend-  
ing  
Upon the Son of Man !

PHARISEES, *passing.*

Hail, Rabbi !

## CHRISTUS.

Hail !

## PHARISEES.

Behold how thy disciples do a thing  
Which is not lawful on the Sabbath-day,  
And thou forbiddest them not !

## CHRISTUS.

Have ye not read  
What David did when he anhungered was,

And all they that were with him ? How  
 he entered  
 Into the house of God, and ate the shew-  
 bread,  
 Which was not lawful, saving for the  
 priests ?  
 Have ye not read, how on the Sabbath-days  
 The priests profane the Sabbath in the  
 Temple,  
 And yet are blameless ? But I say to you,  
 One in this place is greater than the  
 Temple !  
 And had ye known the meaning of the  
 words,  
 I will have mercy and not sacrifice,  
 The guiltless ye would not condemn. The  
 Sabbath  
 Was made for man, and not man for the  
 Sabbath.

*Passes on with the disciples.*

PHARISEES.

This is, alas ! some poor demoniac  
 Wandering about the fields, and uttering  
 His unintelligible blasphemies  
 Among the common people, who receive  
 As prophecies the words they comprehend  
 not !  
 Deluded folk ! The incomprehensible  
 Alone excites their wonder. There is none  
 So visionary, or so void of sense,  
 But he will find a crowd to follow him !

V

NAZARETH

CHRISTUS, *reading in the Synagogue.*

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me.  
 He hath anointed me to preach good tidings  
 Unto the poor ; to heal the broken-hearted ;  
 To comfort those that mourn, and to throw  
 open  
 The prison doors of captives, and proclaim  
 The Year Acceptable of the Lord, our God !  
*He closes the book and sits down.*

A PHARISEE.

Who is this youth ? He hath taken the  
 Teacher's seat !  
 Will he instruct the Elders ?

A PRIEST.

Fifty years  
 Have I been Priest here in the Synagogue,

And never have I seen so young a man  
 Sit in the Teacher's seat !

CHRISTUS.

Behold, to-day  
 This scripture is fulfilled. One is appointed  
 And hath been sent to them that mourn in  
 Zion,  
 To give them beauty for ashes, and the oil  
 Of joy for mourning ! They shall build  
 again  
 The old waste-places ; and again raise up  
 The former desolations, and repair  
 The cities that are wasted ! As a bride-  
 groom  
 Decketh himself with ornaments ; as a bride  
 Adorneth herself with jewels, so the Lord  
 Hath clothed me with the robe of righteous-  
 ness !

A PRIEST.

He speaks the Prophet's words ; but with  
 an air  
 As if himself had been foreshadowed in  
 them !

CHRISTUS.

For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace,  
 And for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest  
 Until its righteousness be as a brightness,  
 And its salvation as a lamp that burneth !  
 Thou shalt be called no longer the For-  
 saken,  
 Nor any more thy land the Desolate.  
 The Lord hath sworn, by his right hand  
 hath sworn,  
 And by his arm of strength : I will no more  
 Give to thine enemies thy corn as meat ;  
 The sons of strangers shall not drink thy  
 wine.  
 Go through, go through the gates ! Pre-  
 pare a way  
 Unto the people ! Gather out the stones !  
 Lift up a standard for the people !

A PRIEST.

Ah !

These are seditious words !

CHRISTUS.

And they shall call them  
 The holy people ; the redeemed of God !  
 And thou, Jerusalem, shalt be called Sought  
 out,  
 A city not forsaken !

A PHARISEE.

Is not this

The carpenter Joseph's son? Is not his mother

Called Mary? and his brethren and his sisters

Are they not with us? Doth he make himself

To be a Prophet?

CHRISTUS.

No man is a Prophet

In his own country, and among his kin.

In his own house no Prophet is accepted.

I say to you, in the land of Israel

Were many widows in Elijah's day,

When for three years and more the heavens were shut,

And a great famine was throughout the land;

But unto no one was Elijah sent

Save to Sarepta, to a city of Sidon,

And to a woman there that was a widow.

And many lepers were there in the land

Of Israel, in the time of Eliseus

The Prophet, and yet none of them was cleansed,

Save Naaman the Syrian!

A PRIEST.

Say no more!

Thou comest here into our Synagogue

And speakest to the Elders and the Priests,

As if the very mantle of Elijah

Had fallen upon thee! Art thou not ashamed?

A PHARISEE.

We want no Prophets here! Let him be driven

From Synagogue and city! Let him go

And prophesy to the Samaritans!

AN ELDER.

The world is changed. We Elders are as nothing!

We are but yesterdays, that have no part

Or portion in to-day! Dry leaves that rustle,

That make a little sound, and then are dust!

A PHARISEE.

A carpenter's apprentice! a mechanic,

Whom we have seen at work here in the town

Day after day; a stripling without learning,

Shall he pretend to unfold the Word of God To men grown old in study of the Law?

*CHRISTUS is thrust out.*

VI

THE SEA OF GALILEE

*PETER and ANDREW mending their nets.*

PETER.

Never was such a marvellous draught of fishes

Heard of in Galilee! The market-places

Both of Bethsaida and Capernaum

Are full of them! Yet we had toiled all night

And taken nothing, when the Master said: Launch out into the deep, and cast your nets;

And doing this, we caught such multitudes, Our nets like spiders' webs were snapped asunder,

And with the draught we filled two ships so full

That they began to sink. Then I knelt down

Amazed, and said: O Lord, depart from me, I am a sinful man. And he made answer: Simon, fear not; henceforth thou shalt catch men!

What was the meaning of those words?

ANDREW.

I know not.

But here is Philip, come from Nazareth.

He hath been with the Master. Tell us, Philip,

What tidings dost thou bring?

PHILIP.

Most wonderful!

As we drew near to Nain, out of the gate

Upon a bier was carried the dead body

Of a young man, his mother's only son,

And she a widow, who with lamentation

Bewailed her loss, and the much people with her;

And when the Master saw her he was filled

With pity; and he said to her: Weep not!

And came and touched the bier, and they that bare it

Stood still ; and then he said : Young man,  
arise !

And he that had been dead sat up, and  
soon

Began to speak ; and he delivered him  
Unto his mother. And there came a fear  
On all the people, and they glorified  
The Lord, and said, rejoicing : A great  
Prophet

Is risen up among us ! and the Lord  
Hath visited his people !

PETER.

A great Prophet ?  
Ay, greater than a Prophet : greater even  
Than John the Baptist !

PHILIP.

Yet the Nazarenes  
Rejected him.

PETER.

The Nazarenes are dogs !  
As natural brute beasts, they growl at  
things  
They do not understand ; and they shall  
perish,  
Utterly perish in their own corruption.  
The Nazarenes are dogs !

PHILIP.

They drave him forth  
Out of their Synagogue, out of their city,  
And would have cast him down a precipice,  
But, passing through the midst of them, he  
vanished  
Out of their hands.

PETER.

Wells are they without water,  
Clouds carried with a tempest, unto whom  
The mist of darkness is reserved forever !

PHILIP.

Behold he cometh. There is one man with  
him  
I am amazed to see !

ANDREW.

What man is that ?

PHILIP.

Judas Iscariot ; he that cometh last,  
Girt with a leathern apron. No one  
knoweth

His history ; but the rumor of him is  
He had an unclean spirit in his youth.  
It hath not left him yet.

CHRISTUS, *passing.*

Comé unto me,  
All ye that labor and are heavy laden,  
And I will give you rest ! Come unto me,  
And take my yoke upon you and learn of me,  
For I am meek, and I am lowly in heart,  
And ye shall all find rest unto your souls !

PHILIP.

Oh, there is something in that voice that  
reaches  
The innermost recesses of my spirit !  
I feel that it might say unto the blind :  
Receive your sight ! and straightway they  
would see !  
I feel that it might say unto the dead,  
Arise ! and they would hear it and obey !  
Behold, he beckons to us !

CHRISTUS, *to PETER and ANDREW.*

Follow me !

PETER.

Master, I will leave all and follow thee.

## VII

### THE DEMONIAK OF GADARA

A GADARENE.

He hath escaped, hath plucked his chains  
asunder,  
And broken his fetters ; always night and  
day  
Is in the mountains here, and in the tombs,  
Crying aloud, and cutting himself with  
stones,  
Exceeding fierce, so that no man can tame  
him !

THE DEMONIAK *from above, unseen.*

O Aschmedai ! O Aschmedai, have pity !

A GADARENE.

Listen ! It is his voice ! Go warn the people  
Just landing from the lake !

THE DEMONIAK.

O Aschmedai !  
Thou angel of the bottomless pit, have  
pity !

It was enough to hurl King Solomon,  
On whom be peace ! two hundred leagues  
away  
Into the country, and to make him scul-  
lion  
In the kitchen of the King of Maschke-  
men !  
Why dost thou hurl me here among these  
rocks,  
And cut me with these stones ?

A GADARENE.

He raves and mutters  
He knows not what.

THE DEMONIAC, *appearing from a tomb among  
the rocks.*

The wild cock Tarnegal  
Singeth to me, and bids me to the banquet,  
Where all the Jews shall come ; for they  
have slain

Behemoth the great ox, who daily cropped  
A thousand hills for food, and at a draught  
Drank up the river Jordan, and have slain  
The huge Leviathan, and stretched his  
skin

Upon the high walls of Jerusalem,  
And made them shine from one end of the  
world

Unto the other ; and the fowl Barjuchne,  
Whose outspread wings eclipse the sun,  
and make

Midnight at noon o'er all the continents !  
And we shall drink the wine of Paradise  
From Adam's cellars.

A GADARENE.

O thou unclean spirit !

THE DEMONIAC, *hurling down a stone.*

This is the wonderful Barjuchne's egg,  
That fell out of her nest, and broke to  
pieces

And swept away three hundred cedar-  
trees,

And threescore villages ! — Rabbi Eliezer,  
How thou didst sin there in that seaport  
town

When thou hadst carried safe thy chest of  
silver

Over the seven rivers for her sake !

I too have sinned beyond the reach of  
pardon.

Ye hills and mountains, pray for mercy on  
me !

Ye stars and planets, pray for mercy on  
me !

Ye sun and moon, oh pray for mercy on  
me !

CHRISTUS and his disciples pass.

A GADARENE.

There is a man here of Decapolis,  
Who hath an unclean spirit ; so that none  
Can pass this way. He lives among the  
tombs

Up there upon the cliffs, and hurls down  
stones

On those who pass beneath.

CHRISTUS.

Come out of him,

Thou unclean spirit !

THE DEMONIAC.

What have I to do  
With thee, thou Son of God ? Do not  
torment us.

CHRISTUS.

What is thy name ?

THE DEMONIAC.

Legion ; for we are many.  
Cain, the first murderer ; and the King  
Belshazzar,

And Evil Merodach of Babylon,  
And Admatha, the death-cloud, prince of  
Persia ;

And Aschmedai, the angel of the pit,  
And many other devils. We are Legion.

Send us not forth beyond Decapolis ;

Command us not to go into the deep !

There is a herd of swine here in the pas-  
tures,

Let us go into them.

CHRISTUS.

Come out of him,

Thou unclean spirit !

A GADARENE.

See, how stupefied,  
How motionless he stands ! He cries no  
more ;

He seems bewildered and in silence stares  
As one who, walking in his sleep, awakes  
And knows not where he is, and looks  
about him,

And at his nakedness, and is ashamed.

## THE DEMONIAK.

Why am I here alone among the tombs ?  
 What have they done to me, that I am  
 naked ?  
 Ah, woe is me !

## CHRISTUS.

Go home unto thy friends  
 And tell them how great things the Lord  
 hath done  
 For thee, and how He had compassion on  
 thee !

A SWINEHERD, *running*.

The herds ! the herds ! O most unlucky  
 day !  
 They were all feeding quiet in the sun,  
 When suddenly they started, and grew  
 savage  
 As the wild boars of Tabor, and together  
 Rushed down a precipice into the sea !  
 They are all drowned !

## PETER.

Thus righteously are punished  
 The apostate Jews, that eat the flesh of  
 swine,  
 And broth of such abominable things !

## GREEKS OF GADARA.

We sacrifice a sow unto Demeter  
 At the beginning of harvest, and another  
 To Dionysus at the vintage-time.  
 Therefore we prize our herds of swine, and  
 count them  
 Not as unclean, but as things consecrate  
 To the immortal gods. O great magician,  
 Depart out of our coasts ; let us alone,  
 We are afraid of thee.

## PETER.

Let us depart ;  
 For they that sanctify and purify  
 Themselves in gardens, eating flesh of swine,  
 And the abomination, and the mouse,  
 Shall be consumed together, saith the Lord !

## VIII

## TALITHA CUMI

JAIRUS *at the feet of* CHRISTUS.

O Master ! I entreat thee ! I implore thee !  
 My daughter lieth at the point of death ;

I pray thee come and lay thy hands upon  
 her,  
 And she shall live !

## CHRISTUS.

Who was it touched my garments ?

## SIMON PETER.

Thou seest the multitude that throng and  
 press thee,  
 And sayest thou : Who touched me ?  
 'T was not I.

## CHRISTUS.

Some one hath touched my garments ; I  
 perceive  
 That virtue is gone out of me.

## A WOMAN.

O Master !  
 Forgive me ! For I said within myself,  
 If I so much as touch his garment's hem,  
 I shall be whole.

## CHRISTUS.

Be of good comfort, daughter !  
 Thy faith hath made thee whole. Depart  
 in peace.

A MESSENGER *from the house*.

Why troublest thou the Master ? Hearest  
 thou not  
 The flute-players, and the voices of the wo-  
 men  
 Singing their lamentation ? She is dead !

## THE MINSTRELS AND MOURNERS.

We have girded ourselves with sackcloth !  
 We have covered our heads with ashes !  
 For our young men die, and our maidens  
 Swoon in the streets of the city ;  
 And into their mother's bosom  
 They pour out their souls like water !

CHRISTUS, *going in*.

Give place. Why make ye this ado, and  
 weep ?  
 She is not dead, but sleepeth.

THE MOTHER, *from within*.

Cruel Death !  
 To take away from me this tender blos-  
 som !  
 To take away my dove, my lamb, my dar-  
 ling !

## THE MINSTRELS AND MOURNERS.

He hath led me and brought into darkness,  
 Like the dead of old in dark places !  
 He hath bent his bow, and hath set me  
 Apart as a mark for his arrow !  
 He hath covered himself with a cloud,  
 That our prayer should not pass through  
 . and reach him !

## THE CROWD.

He stands beside her bed ! He takes her  
 hand !  
 Listen, he speaks to her !

CHRISTUS, *within*.

Maiden, arise !

## THE CROWD.

See, she obeys his voice ! She stirs ! She  
 lives !  
 Her mother holds her folded in her arms !  
 O miracle of miracles ! O marvel !

## IX

## THE TOWER OF MAGDALA

## MARY MAGDALENE.

Companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn,  
 I sit here in this lonely tower, and look  
 Upon the lake below me, and the hills  
 That swoon with heat, and see as in a  
 vision

All my past life unroll itself before me.  
 The princes and the merchants come to  
 me,

Merchants of Tyre and Princes of Damas-  
 cus,

And pass, and disappear, and are no more ;  
 But leave behind their merchandise and  
 jewels,

Their perfumes, and their gold, and their  
 disgust.

I loathe them, and the very memory of them  
 Is unto me as thought of food to one  
 Cloyed with the luscious figs of Dalmanu-  
 tha !

What if hereafter, in the long hereafter  
 Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain,  
 It were my punishment to be with them  
 Grown hideous and decrepit in their sins,  
 And hear them say : Thou that hast brought  
 us here,

Be unto us as thou hast been of old !

I look upon this raiment that I wear,  
 These silks, and these embroideries, and  
 they seem

Only as ceremonies wrapped about my  
 limbs !

I look upon these rings thick set with pearls,  
 And emerald and amethyst and jasper,  
 And they are burning coals upon my flesh !  
 This serpent on my wrist becomes alive !  
 Away, thou viper ! and away, ye garlands,  
 Whose odors bring the swift remembrance  
 back

Of the unhallowed revels in these cham-  
 bers !

But yesterday, — and yet it seems to me  
 Something remote, like a pathetic song  
 Sung long ago by minstrels in the street, —  
 But yesterday, as from this tower I gazed,  
 Over the olive and the walnut trees  
 Upon the lake and the white ships, and  
 wondered

Whither and whence they steered, and who  
 was in them,

A fisher's boat drew near the landing-place  
 Under the oleanders, and the people  
 Came up from it, and passed beneath the  
 tower,

Close under me. In front of them, as  
 leader,

Walked one of royal aspect, clothed in  
 white,

Who lifted up his eyes, and looked at me,  
 And all at once the air seemed filled and  
 living

With a mysterious power, that streamed  
 from him,

And overflowed me with an atmosphere  
 Of light and love. As one entranced I  
 stood,

And when I woke again, lo ! he was gone ;  
 So that I said : Perhaps it is a dream.  
 But from that very hour the seven demons  
 That had their habitation in this body  
 Which men call beautiful, departed from  
 me !

This morning, when the first gleam of the  
 dawn

Made Lebanon a glory in the air,  
 And all below was darkness, I beheld  
 An angel, or a spirit glorified,  
 With wind-tossed garments walking on the  
 lake.

The face I could not see, but I distin-  
 guished

The attitude and gesture, and I knew  
'T was he that healed me. And the gusty  
wind

Brought to mine ears a voice, which seemed  
to say :

Be of good cheer ! 'T is I ! Be not afraid !  
And from the darkness, scarcely heard, the  
answer :

If it be thou, bid me come unto thee  
Upon the water ! And the voice said :  
Come !

And then I heard a cry of fear : Lord,  
save me !

As of a drowning man. And then the  
voice :

Why didst thou doubt, O thou of little  
faith !

At this all vanished, and the wind was  
hushed,

And the great sun came up above the hills,  
And the swift-flying vapors hid themselves  
In caverns among the rocks ! Oh, I must  
find him

And follow him, and be with him forever !

Thou box of alabaster, in whose walls  
The souls of flowers lie pent, the precious  
balm

And spikenard of Arabian farms, the spirits  
Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures  
Nursed by the sun and dew, not all un-  
worthy

To bathe his consecrated feet, whose step  
Makes every threshold holy that he crosses ;  
Let us go forth upon our pilgrimage,  
Thou and I only ! Let us search for him  
Until we find him, and pour out our souls  
Before his feet, till all that 's left of us  
Shall be the broken caskets that once held  
us !

## X

## THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE PHARISEE

A GUEST *at table.*

Are ye deceived ? Have any of the Rulers  
Believed on him ? or do they know indeed  
This man to be the very Christ ? Howbeit  
We know whence this man is, but when the  
Christ

Shall come, none knoweth whence he is.

CHRISTUS.

Whereunto shall I liken, then, the men

Of this generation ? and what are they  
like ?

They are like children sitting in the mar-  
kets,

And calling unto one another, saying :

We have piped unto you, and ye have not  
danced ;

We have mourned unto you, and ye have  
not wept !

This say I unto you, for John the Baptist  
Came neither eating bread nor drinking  
wine ;

Ye say he hath a devil. The Son of Man  
Eating and drinking cometh, and ye say :  
Behold a gluttonous man, and a wine-bib-  
ber ;

Behold a friend of publicans and sinners !

A GUEST *aside to SIMON.*

Who is that woman yonder, gliding in  
So silently behind him ?

SIMON.

It is Mary,

Who dwelleth in the Tower of Magdala.

THE GUEST.

See, how she kneels there weeping, and her  
tears

Fall on his feet ; and her long, golden hair  
Waves to and fro and wipes them dry again.

And now she kisses them, and from a box  
Of alabaster is anointing them  
With precious ointment, filling all the house  
With its sweet odor !

SIMON, *aside.*

Oh, this man, forsooth,

Were he indeed a Prophet, would have  
known

Who and what manner of woman this may  
be

That toucheth him ! would know she is a  
sinner !

CHRISTUS.

Simon, somewhat have I to say to thee.

SIMON.

Master, say on.

CHRISTUS.

A certain creditor

Had once two debtors ; and the one of them  
Owed him five hundred pence ; the other,  
fifty.

They having naught to pay withal, he  
frankly  
Forgave them both. Now tell me which of  
them  
Will love him most ?

SIMON.

He, I suppose, to whom  
He most forgave.

CHRISTUS.

Yea, thou hast rightly judged.  
Seest thou this woman ? When thine  
house I entered,  
Thou gavest me no water for my feet,  
But she hath washed them with her tears,  
and wiped them  
With her own hair. Thou gavest me no  
kiss ;  
This woman hath not ceased, since I came  
in,  
To kiss my feet. My head with oil didst  
thou  
Anoint not ; but this woman hath anointed  
My feet with ointment. Hence I say to  
thee,  
Her sins, which have been many, are for-  
given,  
For she loved much.

THE GUESTS.

Oh, who, then, is this man  
That pardoneth also sins without atone-  
ment ?

CHRISTUS.

Woman, thy faith hath saved thee ! Go in  
peace !

## THE SECOND PASSOVER

### I

#### BEFORE THE GATES OF MACHÆRUS

MANAHEM.

WELCOME, O wilderness, and welcome,  
night  
And solitude, and ye swift-flying stars  
That drift with golden sands the barren  
heavens,  
Welcome once more ! The Angels of the  
Wind

Hasten across the desert to receive me ;  
And sweeter than men's voices are to me  
The voices of these solitudes ; the sound  
Of unseen rivulets, and the far-off cry  
Of bitterns in the reeds of water-pools.  
And lo ! above me, like the Prophet's arrow  
Shot from the eastern window, high in air  
The clamorous cranes go singing through  
the night.  
O ye mysterious pilgrims of the air,  
Would I had wings that I might follow  
you !

I look forth from these mountains, and be-  
hold  
The omnipotent and omnipresent night,  
Mysterious as the future and the fate  
That hangs o'er all men's lives ! I see be-  
neath me  
The desert stretching to the Dead Sea shore,  
And westward, faint and far away, the  
glimmer  
Of torches on Mount Olivet, announcing  
The rising of the Moon of Passover.  
Like a great cross it seems, on which sus-  
pended,  
With head bowed down in agony, I see  
A human figure ! Hide, O merciful heaven,  
The awful apparition from my sight !

And thou, Machærus, lifting high and black  
Thy dreadful walls against the rising moon,  
Haunted by demons and by apparitions,  
Lilith, and Jezerhara, and Bedargon,  
How grim thou showest in the uncertain  
light,  
A palace and a prison, where King Herod  
Feasts with Herodias, while the Baptist  
John  
Fasts, and consumes his unavailing life !  
And in thy court-yard grows the untithed  
rue,  
Huge as the olives of Gethsemane,  
And ancient as the terebinth of Hebron,  
Coeval with the world. Would that its  
leaves  
Medicinal could purge thee of the demons  
That now possess thee, and the cunning fox  
That burrows in thy walls, contriving mis-  
chief !

*Music is heard from within.*

Angels of God ! Sandalphon, thou that  
weavest  
The prayers of men into immortal garlands,

And thou, Metatron, who dost gather up  
Their songs, and bear them to the gates of  
heaven,

Now gather up together in your hands  
The prayers that fill this prison, and the  
songs

That echo from the ceiling of this palace,  
And lay them side by side before God's  
feet !

*He enters the castle.*

## II

## HEROD'S BANQUET-HALL

MANAHÉM.

Thou hast sent for me, O King, and I am  
here.

HEROD.

Who art thou ?

MANAHÉM.

Manahem, the Essenian.

HEROD.

I recognize thy features, but what mean  
These torn and faded garments ? On thy  
road

Have demons crowded thee, and rubbed  
against thee,

And given thee weary knees ? A cup of  
wine !

MANAHÉM.

The Essenians drink no wine.

HEROD.

What wilt thou, then ?

MANAHÉM.

Nothing.

HEROD.

Not even a cup of water ?

MANAHÉM.

Nothing.

Why hast thou sent for me ?

HEROD.

Dost thou remember  
One day when I, a schoolboy in the streets  
Of the great city, met thee on my way  
To school, and thou didst say to me : Here-  
after

Thou shalt be king ?

MANAHÉM.

Yea, I remember it.

HEROD.

Thinking thou didst not know me, I re-  
plied :

I am of humble birth ; whereat thou, smil-  
ing,

Didst smite me with thy hand, and saidst  
again :

Thou shalt be King ; and let the friendly  
blows

That Manahem hath given thee on this day  
Remind thee of the fickleness of fortune.

MANAHÉM.

What more ?

HEROD.

No more.

MANAHÉM.

Yea, for I said to thee :

It shall be well with thee if thou love jus-  
tice

And clemency towards thy fellow-men.  
Hast thou done this, O King ?

HEROD.

Go, ask my people.

MANAHÉM.

And then, foreseeing all thy life, I added :  
But these thou wilt forget ; and at the end  
Of life the Lord will punish thee.

HEROD.

The end !

When will that come ? For this I sent to  
thee.

How long shall I still reign ? Thou dost  
not answer !

Speak ! shall I reign ten years ?

MANAHÉM.

Thou shalt reign twenty,  
Nay, thirty years. I cannot name the end.

HEROD.

Thirty ? I thank thee, good Essenian !  
This is my birthday, and a happier one  
Was never mine. We hold a banquet here.  
See, yonder are Herodias and her daughter.

MANAHÉM, *aside.*

'Tis said that devils sometimes take the  
shape

Of ministering angels, clothed with air,  
That they may be inhabitants of earth,  
And lead man to destruction. Such are  
these.

HEROD.

Knowest thou John the Baptist ?

MANAHAM.

Yea, I know him ;  
Who knows him not ?

HEROD.

Know, then, this John the Baptist  
Said that it was not lawful I should marry  
My brother Philip's wife, and John the  
Baptist

Is here in prison. In my father's time  
Matthias Margaloth was put to death  
For tearing the golden eagle from its sta-  
tion

Above the Temple Gate, — a slighter  
crime

Than John is guilty of. These things are  
warnings

To intermeddlers not to play with eagles,  
Living or dead. I think the Essenians  
Are wiser, or more wary, are they not ?

MANAHAM.

The Essenians do not marry.

HEROD.

Thou hast given  
My words a meaning foreign to my  
thought.

MANAHAM.

Let me go hence, O King !

HEROD.

Stay yet awhile,  
And see the daughter of Herodias dance.  
Cleopatra of Jerusalem, my mother,  
In her best days, was not more beautiful.

*Music.* THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS *dances.*

HEROD.

Oh, what was Miriam dancing with her  
timbrel,  
Compared to this one ?

MANAHAM, *aside.*

O thou Angel of Death,  
Dancing at funerals among the women,

When men bear out the dead ! The air is  
hot

And stifles me ! Oh for a breath of air !  
Bid me depart, O King !

HEROD.

Not yet. Come hither,  
Salome, thou enchantress ! Ask of me  
Whate'er thou wilt ; and even unto the  
half

Of all my kingdom, I will give it thee,  
As the Lord liveth !

DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS, *kneeling.*

Give me here the head  
Of John the Baptist on this silver charger !

HEROD.

Not that, dear child ! I dare not ; for the  
people  
Regard John as a prophet.

DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

Thou hast sworn it.

HEROD.

For mine oath's sake, then. Send unto the  
prison ;  
Let him die quickly. Oh, accursed oath !

MANAHAM.

Bid me depart, O King !

HEROD.

Good Manaham,  
Give me thy hand. I love the Essenians.  
He 's gone and hears me not ! The guests  
are dumb,

Awaiting the pale face, the silent witness.  
The lamps flare ; and the curtains of the  
doorways

Wave to and fro as if a ghost were  
passing !

Strengthen my heart, red wine of Ascalon !

### III

#### UNDER THE WALLS OF MACHÆRUS

MANAHAM, *rushing out.*

Away from this Palace of sin !  
The demons, the terrible powers  
Of the air, that haunt its towers  
And hide in its water-spouts,

Deafen me with the din  
Of their laughter and their shouts  
For the crimes that are done within !

Sink back into the earth,  
Or vanish into the air,  
Thou castle of despair !  
Let it all be but a dream  
Of the things of monstrous birth,  
Of the things that only seem !  
White Angel of the Moon,  
Onafiel ! be my guide  
Out of this hateful place  
Of sin and death, nor hide  
In yon black cloud too soon  
Thy pale and tranquil face !

*A trumpet is blown from the walls.*

Hark ! hark ! It is the breath  
Of the trump of doom and death,  
From the battlements overhead  
Like a burden of sorrow cast  
On the midnight and the blast,  
A wailing for the dead,  
That the gusts drop and uplift !  
O Herod, thy vengeance is swift !  
O Herodias, thou hast been  
The demon, the evil thing,  
That in place of Esther the Queen,  
In place of the lawful bride,  
Hast lain at night by the side  
Of Ahasuerus the king !

*The trumpet again.*

The Prophet of God is dead !  
At a drunken monarch's call,  
At a dancing-woman's beck,  
They have severed that stubborn neck  
And into the banquet-hall  
Are bearing the ghastly head !

*A body is thrown from the tower.*

A torch of lurid red  
Lights the window with its glow ;  
And a white mass as of snow  
Is hurled into the abyss  
Of the black precipice,  
That yawns for it below !  
O hand of the Most High,  
O hand of Adonai !  
Bury it, hide it away  
From the birds and beasts of prey,  
And the eyes of the homicide,  
More pitiless than they,  
As thou didst bury of yore  
The body of him that died  
On the mountain of Peor !

Even now I behold a sign,  
A threatening of wrath divine,  
A watery, wandering star,  
Through whose streaming hair, and the  
white  
Unfolding garments of light,  
That trail behind it afar,  
The constellations shine !  
And the whiteness and brightness appear  
Like the Angel bearing the Seer  
By the hair of his head, in the night  
And rush of his vehement flight.  
And I listen until I hear  
From fathomless depths of the sky  
The voice of his prophecy  
Sounding louder and more near !

Malediction ! malediction !  
May the lightnings of heaven fall  
On palace and prison wall,  
And their desolation be  
As the day of fear and affliction,  
As the day of anguish and ire,  
With the burning and fuel of fire,  
In the Valley of the Sea !

IV

## NICODEMUS AT NIGHT

NICODEMUS.

The streets are silent. The dark houses  
seem  
Like sepulchres, in which the sleepers lie  
Wrapped in their shrouds, and for the mo-  
ment dead.  
The lamps are all extinguished ; only one  
Burns steadily, and from the door its light  
Lies like a shining gate across the street.  
He waits for me. Ah, should this be at last  
The long-expected Christ ! I see him there  
Sitting alone, deep-buried in his thought,  
As if the weight of all the world were rest-  
ing  
Upon him, and thus bowed him down. O  
Rabbi,  
We know thou art a Teacher come from  
God,  
For no man can perform the miracles  
Thou dost perform, except the Lord be with  
him.  
Thou art a Prophet, sent here to proclaim  
The Kingdom of the Lord. Behold in me

A Ruler of the Jews, who long have waited  
The coming of that kingdom. Tell me of it.

CHRISTUS.

Verily, verily I say unto thee,  
Except a man be born again, he cannot  
Behold the Kingdom of God !

NICODEMUS.

Be born again ?  
How can a man be born when he is old ?  
Say, can he enter for a second time  
Into his mother's womb, and so be born ?

CHRISTUS.

Verily I say unto thee, except  
A man be born of water and the spirit,  
He cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.  
For that which of the flesh is born, is  
flesh ;  
And that which of the spirit is born, is  
spirit.

NICODEMUS.

We Israelites from the Primeval Man  
Adam Abelson derive our bodies ;  
Our souls are breathings of the Holy Ghost.  
No more than this we know, or need to  
know.

CHRISTUS.

Then marvel not, that I said unto thee  
Ye must be born again.

NICODEMUS.

The mystery  
Of birth and death we cannot comprehend.

CHRISTUS.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we  
hear  
The sound thereof, but know not whence it  
cometh,  
Nor whither it goeth. So is every one  
Born of the spirit !

NICODEMUS, *aside.*

How can these things be ?  
He seems to speak of some vague realm of  
shadows,  
Some unsubstantial kingdom of the air !  
It is not this the Jews are waiting for,  
Nor can this be the Christ, the Son of  
David,  
Who shall deliver us !

CHRISTUS.

Art thou a master  
Of Israel, and knowest not these things ?  
We speak that we do know, and testify  
That we have seen, and ye will not receive  
Our witness. If I tell you earthly things,  
And ye believe not, how shall ye believe,  
If I should tell you of things heavenly ?  
And no man hath ascended up to heaven,  
But He alone that first came down from  
heaven,  
Even the Son of Man which is in heaven !

NICODEMUS, *aside.*

This is a dreamer of dreams ; a visionary,  
Whose brain is overtaken, until he deems  
The unseen world to be a thing substantial,  
And this we live in, an unreal vision !  
And yet his presence fascinates and fills me  
With wonder, and I feel myself exalted  
Into a higher region, and become  
Myself in part a dreamer of his dreams,  
A seer of his visions !

CHRISTUS.

And as Moses  
Uplifted the serpent in the wilderness,  
So must the Son of Man be lifted up ;  
That whosoever shall believe in Him  
Shall perish not, but have eternal life.  
He that believes in Him is not condemned ;  
He that believes not, is condemned already.

NICODEMUS, *aside.*

He speaketh like a Prophet of the Lord !

CHRISTUS.

This is the condemnation ; that the light  
Is come into the world, and men loved  
darkness  
Rather than light, because their deeds are  
evil !

NICODEMUS, *aside.*

Of me he speaketh ! He reproveth me,  
Because I come by night to question him !

CHRISTUS.

For every one that doeth evil deeds  
Hateth the light, nor cometh to the light,  
Lest he should be reproved.

NICODEMUS, *aside.*

Alas, how truly  
He readeth what is passing in my heart !

CHRISTUS.

But he that doeth truth comes to the light,  
So that his deeds may be made manifest,  
That they are wrought in God.

NICODEMUS.

Alas ! alas !

V

BLIND BARTIMEUS

BARTIMEUS.

Be not impatient, Chilion ; it is pleasant  
To sit here in the shadow of the walls  
Under the palms, and hear the hum of  
bees,  
And rumor of voices passing to and fro,  
And drowsy bells of caravans on their way  
To Sidon or Damascus. This is still  
The City of Palms, and yet the walls thou  
seest  
Are not the old walls, not the walls where  
Rahab  
Hid the two spies, and let them down by  
cords  
Out of the window, when the gates were  
shut,  
And it was dark. Those walls were over-  
thrown  
When Joshua's army shouted, and the  
priests  
Blew with their seven trumpets.

CHILION.

When was that ?

BARTIMEUS.

O my sweet rose of Jericho, I know not.  
Hundreds of years ago. And over there  
Beyond the river, the great prophet Elijah  
Was taken by a whirlwind up to heaven  
In chariot of fire, with fiery horses.  
That is the plain of Moab ; and beyond  
it  
Rise the blue summits of Mount Abarim,  
Nebo and Pisgah and Peor, where Moses  
Died, whom the Lord knew face to face,  
and whom  
He buried in a valley, and no man  
Knows of his sepulchre unto this day.

CHILION.

Would thou couldst see these places, as I  
see them.

BARTIMEUS.

I have not seen a glimmer of the light  
Since thou wast born. I never saw thy face,  
And yet I seem to see it ; and one day  
Perhaps shall see it ; for there is a Prophet  
In Galilee, the Messiah, the Son of David,  
Who heals the blind, if I could only find  
him.

I hear the sound of many feet approaching,  
And voices, like the murmur of a crowd !  
What seest thou ?

CHILION.

A young man clad in white  
Is coming through the gateway, and a  
crowd  
Of people follow.

BARTIMEUS.

Can it be the Prophet !  
O neighbors, tell me who it is that passes ?

ONE OF THE CROWD.

Jesus of Nazareth.

BARTIMEUS, *crying*.

O Son of David !  
Have mercy on me !

MANY OF THE CROWD.

Peace, Blind Bartimeus !  
Do not disturb the Master.

BARTIMEUS, *crying more vehemently*.

Son of David,  
Have mercy on me !

ONE OF THE CROWD.

See, the Master stops.  
Be of good comfort ; rise, He calleth thee !

BARTIMEUS, *casting away his cloak*.

Chilion ! good neighbors ! lead me on.

CHRISTUS.

What wilt thou  
That I should do to thee ?

BARTIMEUS.

Good Lord ! my sight —  
That I receive my sight !

CHRISTUS.

Receive thy sight !  
Thy faith hath made thee whole !

THE CROWD.

He sees again !

CHRISTUS *passes on. The crowd gathers round*  
BARTIMEUS.

BARTIMEUS.

I see again ; but sight bewilders me !  
Like a remembered dream, familiar things  
Come back to me. I see the tender sky  
Above me, see the trees, the city walls,  
And the old gateway, through whose echo-  
ing arch  
I groped so many years ; and you, my  
neighbors ;  
But know you by your friendly voices only.  
How beautiful the world is ! and how  
wide !

Oh, I am miles away, if I but look !  
Where art thou, Chilion ?

CHILION.

Father, I am here.

BARTIMEUS.

Oh let me gaze upon thy face, dear child !  
For I have only seen thee with my hands !  
How beautiful thou art ! I should have  
known thee ;  
Thou hast her eyes whom we shall see  
hereafter !  
O God of Abraham ! Elion ! Adonai !  
Who art thyself a Father, pardon me  
If for a moment I have thee postponed  
To the affections and the thoughts of  
earth,  
Thee, and the adoration that I owe thee,  
When by thy power alone these darkened  
eyes  
Have been unsealed again to see thy light !

## VI

### JACOB'S WELL

A SAMARITAN WOMAN.

The sun is hot ; and the dry east-wind  
blowing  
Fills all the air with dust. The birds are  
silent ;  
Even the little fieldfares in the corn  
No longer twitter ; only the grasshoppers  
Sing their incessant song of sun and sum-  
mer.

I wonder who those strangers were I met  
Going into the city ? Galileans  
They seemed to me in speaking, when they  
asked

The short way to the market-place. Per-  
haps

They are fishermen from the lake ; or  
travellers,

Looking to find the inn. And here is some  
one

Sitting beside the well ; another stranger ;  
A Galilean also by his looks.

What can so many Jews be doing here  
Together in Samaria ? Are they going  
Up to Jerusalem to the Passover ?

Our Passover is better here at Sychem,  
For here is Ebal ; here is Gerizim,  
The mountain where our father Abra-  
ham

Went up to offer Isaac ; here the tomb  
Of Joseph, — for they brought his bones  
from Egypt

And buried them in this land, and it is  
holy.

CHRISTUS.

Give me to drink.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

How can it be that thou,  
Being a Jew, askest to drink of me  
Which am a woman of Samaria ?

You Jews despise us ; have no dealings  
with us ;

Make us a byword ; call us in derision  
The silly folk of Sychar. Sir, how is it  
Thou askest drink of me ?

CHRISTUS.

If thou hadst known  
The gift of God, and who it is that sayeth  
Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked  
of Him ;

He would have given thee the living water.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Sir, thou hast naught to draw with, and the  
well

Is deep ! Whence hast thou living water ?  
Say, art thou greater than our father

Jacob,  
Which gave this well to us, and drank  
thereof

Himself, and all his children and his  
cattle ?

CHRISTUS.

Ah, whosoever drinketh of this water  
Shall thirst again ; but whosoever drinketh  
The water I shall give him shall not thirst  
Forevermore, for it shall be within him  
A well of living water, springing up  
Into life everlasting.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Every day

I must go to and fro, in heat and cold,  
And I am weary. Give me of this water,  
That I may thirst not, nor come here to  
draw.

CHRISTUS.

Go call thy husband, woman, and come  
hither.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

I have no husband, Sir.

CHRISTUS.

Thou hast well said

I have no husband. Thou hast had five  
husbands ;  
And he whom now thou hast is not thy  
husband.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Surely thou art a Prophet, for thou readest  
The hidden things of life ! Our fathers  
worshipped

Upon this mountain Gerizim ; and ye say  
The only place in which men ought to wor-  
ship

Is at Jerusalem.

CHRISTUS.

Believe me, woman,

The hour is coming, when ye neither shall  
Upon this mount, nor at Jerusalem,  
Worship the Father ; for the hour is coming,  
And is now come, when the true worship-  
pers

Shall worship the Father in spirit and in  
truth !

The Father seeketh such to worship Him.  
God is a spirit ; and they that worship Him  
Must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Master, I know that the Messiah cometh,  
Which is called Christ ; and He will tell  
us all things.

CHRISTUS.

I that speak unto thee am He !

THE DISCIPLES, *returning.*

Behold,

The Master sitting by the well, and talk-  
ing

With a Samaritan woman ! With a woman  
Of Sychar, the silly people, always boast-  
ing

Of their Mount Ebal, and Mount Gerizim,  
Their Everlasting Mountain, which they  
think

Higher and holier than our Mount Moriah !  
Why, once upon the Feast of the New  
Moon,

When our great Sanhedrim of Jerusalem  
Had all its watch-fires kindled on the hills  
To warn the distant villages, these people  
Lighted up others to mislead the Jews,  
And make a mockery of their festival !

See, she has left the Master ; and is run-  
ning

Back to the city !

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Oh, come see a man

Who hath told me all things that I ever  
did !

Say, is not this the Christ ?

THE DISCIPLES.

Lo, Master, here

Is food, that we have brought thee from  
the city.

We pray thee eat it.

CHRISTUS.

I have food to eat

Ye know not of.

THE DISCIPLES, *to each other.*

Hath any man been here,  
And brought Him aught to eat, while we  
were gone ?

CHRISTUS.

The food I speak of is to do the will  
Of Him that sent me, and to finish his  
work.

Do ye not say, Lo ! there are yet four  
months

And cometh harvest ? I say unto you,  
Lift up your eyes, and look upon the fields,  
For they are white already unto harvest !

## VII

## THE COASTS OF CÆSAREA PHILIPPI

CHRISTUS, *going up the mountain.*

Who do the people say I am ?

JOHN.

Some say  
That thou art John the Baptist ; some,  
Elias ;  
And others Jeremiah.

JAMES.

Or that one  
Of the old Prophets is arisen again.

CHRISTUS.

But who say ye I am ?

PETER.

Thou art the Christ !  
Thou art the Son of God !

CHRISTUS.

Blessed art thou,  
Simon Barjona ! Flesh and blood hath  
not  
Revealed it unto thee, but even my Father,  
Which is in Heaven. And I say unto thee  
That thou art Peter ; and upon this rock  
I build my Church, and all the gates of  
Hell  
Shall not prevail against it. But take heed  
Ye tell to no man that I am the Christ.  
For I must go up to Jerusalem,  
And suffer many things, and be rejected  
Of the Chief Priests, and of the Scribes and  
Elders,  
And must be crucified, and the third day  
Shall rise again !

PETER.

Be it far from thee, Lord !  
This shall not be !

CHRISTUS.

Get thee behind me, Satan !  
Thou savorest not the things that be of  
God,  
But those that be of men ! If any will  
Come after me, let him deny himself,  
And daily take his cross, and follow me.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose  
it,  
And whosoever will lose his life shall find  
it.  
For wherein shall a man be profited  
If he shall gain the whole world, and shall  
lose  
Himself or be a castaway ?

JAMES, *after a long pause.*

Why doth  
The Master lead us up into this mountain ?

PETER.

He goeth up to pray.

JOHN.

See, where He standeth  
Above us on the summit of the hill !  
His face shines as the sun ! and all his  
raiment  
Exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller  
On earth can white them ! He is not  
alone ;  
There are two with Him there ; two men  
of eld,  
Their white beards blowing on the moun-  
tain air,  
Are talking with him.

JAMES.

I am sore afraid !

PETER.

Who and whence are they ?

JOHN.

Moses and Elias !

PETER.

O Master ! it is good for us to be here !  
If thou wilt, let us make three taberna-  
cles ;  
For thee one, and for Moses and Elias !

JOHN.

Behold a bright cloud sailing in the sun !  
It overshadows us. A golden mist  
Now hides them from us, and envelops us  
And all the mountain in a luminous shadow !  
I see no more. The nearest rocks are hid-  
den.

VOICE *from the cloud.*

Lo ! this is my beloved Son ! Hear Him !

PETER.

It is the voice of God. He speaketh to us,  
As from the burning bush He spake to  
Moses !

JOHN.

The cloud-wreaths roll away. The veil is  
lifted ;

We see again. Behold ! He is alone.  
It was a vision that our eyes beheld,  
And it hath vanished into the unseen.

CHRISTUS, *coming down from the mountain.*

I charge ye, tell the vision unto no one,  
Till the Son of Man be risen from the dead !

PETER, *aside.*

Again He speaks of it ! What can it mean,  
This rising from the dead ?

JAMES.

Why say the Scribes  
Elias must first come ?

CHRISTUS.

He cometh first,  
Restoring all things. But I say to you,  
That this Elias is already come.  
They knew him not, but have done unto  
him  
Whate'er they listed, as is written of him.

PETER, *aside.*

It is of John the Baptist He is speaking.

JAMES.

As we descend, see, at the mountain's foot,  
A crowd of people ; coming, going, throng-  
ing  
Round the disciples, that we left behind us,  
Seeming impatient, that we stay so long.

PETER.

It is some blind man, or some paralytic  
That waits the Master's coming to be  
healed.

JAMES.

I see a boy, who struggles and demeans him  
As if an unclean spirit tormented him !

A CERTAIN MAN, *running forward.*

Lord ! I beseech thee, look upon my son.  
He is mine only child ; a lunatic,  
And sorely vexed ; for oftentimes he falleth

Into the fire and oft into the water.  
Wherever the dumb spirit taketh him  
He teareth him. He gnasheth with his  
teeth,  
And pines away. I spake to thy disciples  
That they should cast him out, and they  
could not.

CHRISTUS.

O faithless generation and perverse !  
How long shall I be with you, and suffer  
you ?  
Bring thy son hither.

BYSTANDERS.

How the unclean spirit  
Seizes the boy, and tortures him with pain !  
He falleth to the ground and wallows,  
foaming !  
He cannot live.

CHRISTUS.

How long is it ago  
Since this came unto him ?

THE FATHER.

Even of a child.  
Oh, have compassion on us, Lord, and help  
us,  
If thou canst help us.

CHRISTUS.

If thou canst believe.  
For unto him that verily believeth,  
All things are possible.

THE FATHER.

Lord, I believe !  
Help thou mine unbelief !

CHRISTUS.

Dumb and deaf spirit,  
Come out of him, I charge thee, and no  
more  
Enter thou into him !

*The boy utters a loud cry of pain, and then lies  
still.*

BYSTANDERS.

How motionless  
He lieth there. No life is left in him.  
His eyes are like a blind man's, that see not.  
The boy is dead !

OTHERS.

Behold ! the Master stoops,

And takes him by the hand, and lifts him  
up.  
He is not dead.

DISCIPLES.

But one word from those lips,  
But one touch of that hand, and he is  
healed!  
Ah, why could we not do it?

THE FATHER.

My poor child!  
Now thou art mine again. The unclean  
spirit  
Shall never more torment thee! Look at  
me!  
Speak unto me! Say that thou knowest  
me!

DISCIPLES to CHRISTUS, *departing*.

Good Master, tell us, for what reason was it  
We could not cast him out?

CHRISTUS.

Because of your unbelief!

## VIII

### THE YOUNG RULER

CHRISTUS.

Two men went up into the temple to pray.  
The one was a self-righteous Pharisee,  
The other a Publican. And the Pharisee  
Stood and prayed thus within himself! O  
God,

I thank thee I am not as other men,  
Extortioners, unjust, adulterers,  
Or even as this Publican. I fast  
Twice in the week, and also I give tithes  
Of all that I possess! The Publican,  
Standing afar off, would not lift so much  
Even as his eyes to heaven, but smote his  
breast,

Saying: God be merciful to me a sinner!  
I tell you that this man went to his house  
More justified than the other. Every one  
That doth exalt himself shall be abased,  
And he that humbleth himself shall be  
exalted!

CHILDREN, *among themselves*.

Let us go nearer! He is telling stories!  
Let us go listen to them.

AN OLD JEW.

Children, children!  
What are ye doing here? Why do ye  
crowd us?  
It was such little vagabonds as you,  
That followed Elisha, mocking him and  
crying:  
Go up, thou bald-head! But the bears—  
the bears  
Came out of the wood, and tare them!

A MOTHER.

Speak not thus!  
We brought them here, that He might lay  
his hands  
On them, and bless them.

CHRISTUS.

Suffer little children  
To come unto me, and forbid them not;  
Of such is the kingdom of heaven; and  
their angels  
Look always on my Father's face.  
*Takes them in his arms and blesses them.*

A YOUNG RULER, *running*.

Good Master!  
What good thing shall I do, that I may  
have  
Eternal life?

CHRISTUS.

Why callest thou me good?  
There is none good but one, and that is  
God.  
If thou wilt enter into life eternal,  
Keep the commandments.

YOUNG RULER.

Which of them?

CHRISTUS.

Thou shalt not  
Commit adultery; thou shalt not kill;  
Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear  
false witness;  
Honor thy father and thy mother; and  
love  
Thy neighbor as thyself.

YOUNG RULER.

From my youth up  
All these things have I kept. What lack I  
yet?

JOHN.

With what divine compassion in his eyes  
The Master looks upon this eager youth,  
As if He loved him !

CHRISTUS.

Wouldst thou perfect be,  
Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,  
And come, take up thy cross, and follow me,  
And thou shalt have thy treasure in the  
heavens.

JOHN.

Behold, how sorrowful he turns away !

CHRISTUS.

Children ! how hard it is for them that trust  
In riches to enter into the kingdom of God !  
'T is easier for a camel to go through  
A needle's eye, than for the rich to enter  
The kingdom of God !

JOHN.

Ah, who then can be saved ?

CHRISTUS.

With men this is indeed impossible,  
But unto God all things are possible !

PETER.

Behold, we have left all, and followed thee.  
What shall we have therefor ?

CHRISTUS.

Eternal life.

IX

AT BETHANY

MARTHA *busy about household affairs.* MARY  
*sitting at the feet of* CHRISTUS.

MARTHA.

She sitteth idly at the Master's feet,  
And troubles not herself with household  
cares.

'T is the old story. When a guest arrives  
She gives up all to be with him ; while I  
Must be the drudge, make ready the guest-  
chamber,

Prepare the food, set everything in order,  
And see that naught is wanting in the house.  
She shows her love by words, and I by  
works.

MARY.

O Master ! when thou comest, it is always  
A Sabbath in the house. I cannot work ;  
I must sit at thy feet ; must see thee, hear  
thee !

I have a feeble, wayward, doubting heart,  
Incapable of endurance or great thoughts,  
Striving for something that it cannot reach,  
Baffled and disappointed, wounded, hungry ;  
And only when I hear thee am I happy,  
And only when I see thee am at peace !  
Stronger than I, and wiser, and far better  
In every manner, is my sister Martha.  
Thou seest how well she orders everything  
To make thee welcome ; how she comes  
and goes,

Careful and cumbered ever with much  
serving,

While I but welcome thee with foolish  
words !

Whene'er thou speakest to me, I am  
happy ;

When thou art silent, I am satisfied.

Thy presence is enough. I ask no more.

Only to be with thee, only to see thee,  
Sufficeth me. My heart is then at rest.

I wonder I am worthy of so much.

MARTHA.

Lord, dost thou care not that my sister  
Mary

Hath left me thus to wait on thee alone ?  
I pray thee, bid her help me.

CHRISTUS.

Martha, Martha,  
Careful and troubled about many things  
Art thou, and yet one thing alone is need-  
ful !

Thy sister Mary hath chosen that good  
part,

Which never shall be taken away from her !

X

BORN BLIND

A JEW.

Who is this beggar blinking in the sun ?  
Is it not he who used to sit and beg  
By the Gate Beautiful ?

ANOTHER.

It is the same.

A THIRD.

It is not he, but like him, for that beggar  
Was blind from birth. It cannot be the  
same.

THE BEGGAR.

Yea, I am he.

A JEW.

How have thine eyes been opened ?

THE BEGGAR.

A man that is called Jesus made a clay  
And put it on mine eyes, and said to me :  
Go to Siloam's Pool and wash thyself.  
I went and washed, and I received my  
sight.

A JEW.

Where is He ?

THE BEGGAR.

I know not.

PHARISEES.

What is this crowd  
Gathered about a beggar ? What has hap-  
pened ?

A JEW.

Here is a man who hath been blind from  
birth,  
And now he sees. He says a man called  
Jesus  
Hath healed him.

PHARISEES.

As God liveth, the Nazarene !  
How was this done ?

THE BEGGAR.

Rabboni, he put clay  
Upon mine eyes ; I washed, and now I  
see.

PHARISEES.

When did he this ?

THE BEGGAR.

Rabboni, yesterday.

PHARISEES.

The Sabbath day. This man is not of God  
Because he keepeth not the Sabbath day !

A JEW.

How can a man that is a sinner do  
Such miracles ?

PHARISEES.

What dost thou say of him  
That hath restored thy sight ?

THE BEGGAR.

He is a Prophet.

A JEW.

This is a wonderful story, but not true.  
A beggar's fiction. He was not born blind,  
And never has been blind !

OTHERS.

Here are his parents.

Ask them.

PHARISEES.

Is this your son ?

THE PARENTS.

Rabboni, yea ;

We know this is our son.

PHARISEES.

Was he born blind ?

THE PARENTS.

He was born blind.

PHARISEES.

Then how doth he now see ?

THE PARENTS, *aside*.

What answer shall we make ? If we con-  
fess

It was the Christ, we shall be driven forth  
Out of the Synagogue ! We know, Rab-  
boni,

This is our son, and that he was born  
blind ;

But by what means he seeth, we know not,  
Or who his eyes hath opened, we know  
not.

He is of age ; ask him ; we cannot say ;  
He shall speak for himself.

PHARISEES.

Give God the praise !  
We know the man that healed thee is a  
sinner !

## THE BEGGAR.

Whether He be a sinner, I know not ;  
One thing I know ; that whereas I was  
blind,  
I now do see.

## PHARISEES.

How opened he thine eyes ?  
What did he do ?

## THE BEGGAR.

I have already told you.  
Ye did not hear : why would ye hear  
again ?  
Will ye be his disciples ?

## PHARISEES.

God of Moses !  
Are we demoniacs, are we halt or blind,  
Or palsy-stricken, or lepers, or the like,  
That we should join the Synagogue of  
Satan,  
And follow jugglers ? Thou art his dis-  
ciple,  
But we know  
That God spake unto Moses ; but this  
fellow,  
We know not whence he is !

## THE BEGGAR.

Why, herein is  
A marvellous thing ! Ye know not whence  
He is,  
Yet He hath opened mine eyes ! We know  
that God  
Heareth not sinners ; but if any man  
Doeth God's will, and is his worshipper,  
Him doth He hear. Oh, since the world  
began  
It was not heard that any man hath  
opened  
The eyes of one that was born blind. If  
He  
Were not of God, surely He could do no-  
thing !

## PHARISEES.

Thou, who wast altogether born in sins  
And in iniquities, dost thou teach us ?  
Away with thee out of the holy places,  
Thou reprobate, thou beggar, thou blas-  
phemer !

THE BEGGAR *is cast out.*

## XI

SIMON MAGUS AND HELEN OF TYRE

*On the house-top at Endor. Night. A lighted  
lantern on a table.*

## SIMON.

Swift are the blessed Immortals to the  
mortal  
That perseveres ! So doth it stand re-  
corded  
In the divine Chaldæan Oracles  
Of Zoroaster, once Ezekiel's slave,  
Who in his native East betook himself  
To lonely meditation, and the writing  
On the dried skins of oxen the Twelve  
Books  
Of the Avesta and the Oracles !  
Therefore I persevere ; and I have brought  
thee  
From the great city of Tyre, where men  
deride  
The things they comprehend not, to this  
plain  
Of Esdraelon, in the Hebrew tongue  
Called Armageddon, and this town of Endor,  
Where men believe ; where all the air is full  
Of marvellous traditions, and the Enchan-  
tress  
That summoned up the ghost of Samuel  
Is still remembered. Thou hast seen the  
land ;  
Is it not fair to look on ?

## HELEN.

It is fair,  
Yet not so fair as Tyre.

## SIMON.

Is not Mount Tabor  
As beautiful as Carmel by the Sea ?

## HELEN.

It is too silent and too solitary ;  
I miss the tumult of the streets ; the sounds  
Of traffic, and the going to and fro  
Of people in gay attire, with cloaks of  
purple,  
And gold and silver jewelry !

## SIMON.

Inventions  
Of Ahriman, the spirit of the dark,  
The Evil Spirit !

HELEN.

I regret the gossip  
Of friends and neighbors at the open door  
On summer nights.

SIMON.

An idle waste of time.

HELEN.

The singing and the dancing, the delight  
Of music and of motion. Woe is me,  
To give up all these pleasures, and to lead  
The life we lead !

SIMON.

Thou canst not raise thyself  
Up to the level of my higher thought,  
And though possessing thee, I still remain  
Apart from thee, and with thee, am alone  
In my high dreams.

HELEN.

Happier was I in Tyre.  
Oh, I remember how the gallant ships  
Came sailing in, with ivory, gold, and silver,  
And apes and peacocks ; and the singing  
sailors,  
And the gay captains with their silken  
dresses,  
Smelling of aloes, myrrh, and cinnamon !

SIMON.

But the dishonor, Helen ! Let the ships  
Of Tarshish howl for that !

HELEN.

And what dishonor ?  
Remember Rahab, and how she became  
The ancestress of the great Psalmist David ;  
And wherefore should not I, Helen of Tyre,  
Attain like honor ?

SIMON.

Thou art Helen of Tyre,  
And hast been Helen of Troy, and hast  
been Rahab,  
The Queen of Sheba, and Semiramis,  
And Sara of seven husbands, and Jezebel,  
And other women of the like allurements ;  
And now thou art Minerva, the first Æon,  
The Mother of Angels !

HELEN.

And the concubine  
Of Simon the Magician ! Is it honor

For one who has been all these noble dames,  
To tramp about the dirty villages  
And cities of Samaria with a juggler ?  
A charmer of serpents ?

SIMON.

He who knows himself  
Knows all things in himself. I have  
charmed thee,  
Thou beautiful asp : yet am I no magician.  
I am the Power of God, and the Beauty of  
God !  
I am the Paraclete, the Comforter !

HELEN.

Illusions ! Thou deceiver, self-deceived !  
Thou dost usurp the titles of another ;  
Thou art not what thou sayest.

SIMON.

Am I not ?

Then feel my power.

HELEN.

Would I had ne'er left Tyre !  
*He looks at her, and she sinks into a deep sleep.*

SIMON.

Go, see it in thy dreams, fair unbeliever !  
And leave me unto mine, if they be dreams,  
That take such shapes before me, that I see  
them ;  
These effable and ineffable impressions  
Of the mysterious world, that come to me  
From the elements of Fire and Earth and  
Water,  
And the all-nourishing Ether ! It is written,  
Look not on Nature, for her name is fatal !  
Yet there are Principles, that make ap-  
parent  
The images of unapparent things,  
And the impression of vague characters  
And visions most divine appear in ether.  
So speak the Oracles ; then wherefore  
fatal ?  
I take this orange-bough, with its five  
leaves,  
Each equidistant on the upright stem ;  
And I project them on a plane below,  
In the circumference of a circle drawn  
About a centre where the stem is planted,  
And each still equidistant from the other ;  
As if a thread of gossamer were drawn  
Down from each leaf, and fastened with a  
pin.

Now if from these five points a line be traced

To each alternate point, we shall obtain  
The Pentagram, or Solomon's Pentangle,  
A charm against all witchcraft, and a sign,  
Which on the banner of Antiochus  
Drove back the fierce barbarians of the  
North,

Demons esteemed, and gave the Syrian  
King

The sacred name of Soter, or of Savior.  
Thus Nature works mysteriously with  
man ;

And from the Eternal One, as from a  
centre,

All things proceed, in fire, air, earth, and  
water,

And all are subject to one law, which  
broken

Even in a single point, is broken in all ;  
Demons rush in, and chaos comes again.

By this will I compel the stubborn spirits,  
That guard the treasures, hid in caverns  
deep

On Gerizim, by Uzzi the High-Priest,  
The ark and holy vessels, to reveal  
Their secret unto me, and to restore  
These precious things to the Samaritans.

A mist is rising from the plain below me,  
And as I look, the vapors shape themselves  
Into strange figures, as if unawares  
My lips had breathed the Tetragrammaton,  
And from their graves, o'er all the battle-  
fields

Of Armageddon, the long-buried captains  
Had started, with their thousands, and ten  
thousands,

And rushed together to renew their wars,  
Powerless, and weaponless, and without a  
sound !

Wake, Helen, from thy sleep ! The air  
grows cold ;

Let us go down.

HELEN, *awaking.*

Oh, would I were at home !

SIMON.

Thou sayest that I usurp another's titles.  
In youth I saw the Wise Men of the East,  
Magalath and Pangalath and Saracen,  
Who followed the bright star, but home  
returned

For fear of Herod by another way.

Oh shining worlds above me ! in what deep  
Recesses of your realms of mystery  
Lies hidden now that star ? and where are  
they  
That brought the gifts of frankincense and  
myrrh ?

HELEN.

The Nazarene still liveth.

SIMON.

We have heard  
His name in many towns, but have not  
seen Him.

He flits before us ; tarries not ; is gone  
When we approach, like something unsub-  
stantial,

Made of the air, and fading into air.

He is at Nazareth, He is at Nain,  
Or at the Lovely Village on the Lake,  
Or sailing on its waters.

HELEN.

So say those  
Who do not wish to find Him.

SIMON.

Can this be  
The King of Israel, whom the Wise Men  
worshipped ?

Or does He fear to meet me ? It would  
seem so.

We should soon learn which of us twain  
usurps

The titles of the other, as thou sayest.

*They go down.*

## THE THIRD PASSOVER

### I

#### THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN and her  
DAUGHTER on the house-top at Jerusalem.

THE DAUGHTER, *singing.*

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;  
He hears the crowd ; — he hears a breath  
Say, It is Christ of Nazareth !  
And calls, in tones of agony,  
*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !*

The thronging multitudes increase :  
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !

But still, above the noisy crowd,  
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;  
Until they say, He calleth thee !  
*Θάρσει · ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε !*

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands  
The crowd, What wilt thou at my hands ?  
And he replies, Oh, give me light !  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight !  
And Jesus answers, *Ἔπαγε ·*  
*Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !*

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty voices three,  
*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !*  
*Θάρσει · ἔγειραι, ἔπαγε !*  
*Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !*

## THE MOTHER.

Thy faith hath saved thee ! Ah, how true  
that is !

For I had faith ; and when the Master  
came

Into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, fleeing  
From those who sought to slay Him, I went  
forth

And cried unto Him, saying : Have mercy  
on me,

O Lord, thou Son of David ! for my  
daughter

Is grievously tormented with a devil.

But He passed on, and answered not a word.

And his disciples said, beseeching Him :

Send her away ! She crieth after us !

And then the Master answered them and  
said :

I am not sent but unto the lost sheep

Of the House of Israel ! Then I wor-  
shipped Him,

Saying : Lord, help me ! And He an-  
swered me,

It is not meet to take the children's bread

And cast it unto dogs ! Truth, Lord, I said ;

And yet the dogs may eat the crumbs  
which fall

From off their master's table ; and He  
turned,

And answered me ; and said to me : O  
woman,

Great is thy faith ; then be it unto thee

Even as thou wilt. And from that very  
hour

Thou wast made whole, my darling ! my  
delight !

## THE DAUGHTER.

There came upon my dark and troubled  
mind

A calm, as when the tumult of the city  
Suddenly ceases, and I lie and hear  
The silver trumpets of the Temple blowing  
Their welcome to the Sabbath. Still I  
wonder,

That one who was so far away from me,  
And could not see me, by his thought alone  
Had power to heal me. Oh that I could see  
Him !

## THE MOTHER.

Perhaps thou wilt ; for I have brought  
thee here

To keep the holy Passover, and lay  
Thine offering of thanksgiving on the altar.  
Thou mayst both see and hear Him.  
Hark !

VOICES *afar off*.

Hosanna !

## THE DAUGHTER.

A crowd comes pouring through the city  
gate !

O mother, look !

VOICES *in the street*.

Hosanna to the Son

Of David !

## THE DAUGHTER.

A great multitude of people  
Fills all the street ; and riding on an ass  
Comes one of noble aspect, like a king !  
The people spread their garments in the  
way,

And scatter branches of the palm-trees !

## VOICES.

Blessed

Is He that cometh in the name of the  
Lord !

Hosanna in the highest !

## OTHER VOICES.

Who is this ?

## VOICES.

Jesus of Nazareth !

## THE DAUGHTER.

Mother, it is He !

## VOICES.

He hath called Lazarus of Bethany  
Out of his grave, and raised him from the  
dead !  
Hosanna in the highest !

## PHARISEES.

Ye perceive  
That nothing we prevail. Behold, the  
world  
Is all gone after him !

## THE DAUGHTER.

What majesty,  
What power is in that care-worn counte-  
nance !  
What sweetness, what compassion ! I no  
longer  
Wonder that He hath healed me !

## VOICES.

Peace in heaven,  
And glory in the highest !

## PHARISEES.

Rabbi ! Rabbi !  
Rebuke thy followers !

## CHRISTUS.

Should they hold their peace  
The very stones beneath us would cry  
out !

## THE DAUGHTER.

All hath passed by me like a dream of won-  
der !  
But I have seen Him, and have heard his  
voice,  
And I am satisfied ! I ask no more !

## II

## SOLOMON'S PORCH

## GAMALIEL THE SCRIBE.

When Rabban Simeon, upon whom be  
peace !  
Taught in these Schools, he boasted that  
his pen  
Had written no word that he could call his  
own,  
But wholly and always had been conse-  
crated

To the transcribing of the Law and Pro-  
phets.

He used to say, and never tired of saying,  
The world itself was built upon the Law.  
And ancient Hillel said, that whosoever  
Gains a good name, gains something for  
himself,

But he who gains a knowledge of the Law  
Gains everlasting life. And they spake  
truly.

Great is the Written Law ; but greater still  
The Unwritten, the Traditions of the  
Elders,

The lovely words of Levites, spoken first  
To Moses on the Mount, and handed down  
From mouth to mouth, in one unbroken  
sound

And sequence of divine authority,  
The voice of God resounding through the  
ages.

The Written Law is water ; the Unwritten  
Is precious wine ; the Written Law is salt,  
The Unwritten costly spice ; the Written  
Law

Is but the body ; the Unwritten, the soul  
That quickens it and makes it breathe and  
live.

I can remember, many years ago,  
A little bright-eyed school-boy, a mere  
stripling,

Son of a Galilean carpenter,  
From Nazareth, I think, who came one day  
And sat here in the Temple with the Scribes,  
Hearing us speak, and asking many ques-  
tions,

And we were all astonished at his quickness.  
And when his mother came, and said : Be-  
hold

Thy father and I have sought thee, sorrow-  
ing ;

He looked as one astonished, and made an-  
swer,

How is it that ye sought me ? Wist ye not  
That I must be about my Father's busi-  
ness ?

Often since then I see him here among us,  
Or dream I see him, with his upraised face  
Intent and eager, and I often wonder  
Unto what manner of manhood he hath  
grown !

Perhaps a poor mechanic, like his father,  
Lost in his little Galilean village  
And toiling at his craft, to die unknown  
And be no more remembered among men.

CHRISTUS *in the outer court.*

The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat ;  
All, therefore, whatsoever they command you,  
Observe and do ; but follow not their works ;  
They say and do not. They bind heavy burdens  
And very grievous to be borne, and lay them  
Upon men's shoulders, but they move them not  
With so much as a finger !

GAMALIEL, *looking forth.*

Who is this  
Exhorting in the outer courts so loudly ?

CHRISTUS.

Their works they do for to be seen of men.  
They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge  
The borders of their garments, and they love  
The uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats  
In Synagogues, and greetings in the markets,  
And to be called of all men Rabbi, Rabbi !

GAMALIEL.

It is that loud and turbulent Galilean,  
That came here at the Feast of Dedication,  
And stirred the people up to break the Law !

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites ! for ye shut up the kingdom  
Of heaven, and neither go ye in yourselves  
Nor suffer them that are entering to go in !

GAMALIEL.

How eagerly the people throng and listen,  
As if his ribald words were words of wisdom !

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites ! for ye devour the houses  
Of widows, and for pretence ye make long prayers ;  
Therefore shall ye receive the more damnation.

GAMALIEL.

This brawler is no Jew, — he is a vile Samaritan, and hath an unclean spirit !

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites ! ye compass sea and land  
To make one proselyte, and when he is made  
Ye make him twofold more the child of hell  
Than you yourselves are !

GAMALIEL.

O my father's father !  
Hillel of blessed memory, hear and judge !

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites ! for ye pay tithe of mint,  
Of anise, and of cummin, and omit  
The weightier matters of the law of God,  
Judgment and faith and mercy ; and all these  
Ye ought to have done, nor leave undone the others !

GAMALIEL.

O Rabban Simeon ! how must thy bones  
Stir in their grave to hear such blasphemies !

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites ! for ye make clean and sweet  
The outside of the cup and of the platter,  
But they within are full of all excess !

GAMALIEL.

Patience of God ! canst thou endure so long ?  
Or art thou deaf, or gone upon a journey ?

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites ! for ye are very like  
To whited sepulchres, which indeed appear  
Beautiful outwardly, but are within  
Filled full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness !

GAMALIEL.

Am I awake ? Is this Jerusalem ?  
And are these Jews that throng and stare  
and listen ?

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites ! because ye build the tombs  
Of prophets, and adorn the sepulchres  
Of righteous men, and say : If we had  
lived

When lived our fathers, we would not have  
been

Partakers with them in the blood of Pro-  
phets.

So ye be witnesses unto yourselves,  
That ye are children of them that killed the  
Prophets !

Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.  
I send unto you Prophets and Wise Men,  
And Scribes, and some ye crucify, and  
some

Scourge in your Synagogues, and perse-  
cute

From city to city ; that on you may come  
The righteous blood that hath been shed on  
earth,

From the blood of righteous Abel to the  
blood

Of Zacharias, son of Barachias,  
Ye slew between the Temple and the altar !

GAMALIEL.

Oh, had I here my subtle dialectician,  
My little Saul of Tarsus, the tent-maker,  
Whose wit is sharper than his needle's  
point,  
He would delight to foil this noisy wran-  
gler !

CHRISTUS.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! O thou  
That killest the Prophets, and that stonest  
them

Which are sent unto thee, how often would I  
Have gathered together thy children, as a  
hen

Gathereth her chickens underneath her  
wing,

And ye would not ! Behold, your house is  
left

Unto you desolate !

THE PEOPLE.

This is a Prophet !  
This is the Christ that was to come !

GAMALIEL.

Ye fools !  
Think ye, shall Christ come out of Galilee ?

III

LORD, IS IT I ?

CHRISTUS.

One of you shall betray me.

THE DISCIPLES.

Is it I ?

Lord, is it I ?

CHRISTUS.

One of the Twelve it is  
That dippeth with me in this dish his hand ;  
He shall betray me. Lo, the Son of Man  
Goeth indeed as it is written of Him ;  
But woe shall be unto that man by whom  
He is betrayed ! Good were it for that  
man  
If he had ne'er been born !

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

Lord, is it I ?

CHRISTUS.

Ay, thou hast said. And that thou doest,  
do quickly.

JUDAS ISCARIOT, *going out.*

Ah, woe is me !

CHRISTUS.

All ye shall be offended  
Because of me this night ; for it is written :  
Awake, O sword against my shepherd !  
Smite  
The shepherd, saith the Lord of hosts, and  
scattered  
Shall be the sheep ! — But after I am  
risen  
I go before you into Galilee.

PETER.

O Master ! though all men shall be of-  
fended  
Because of thee, yet will not I be !

CHRISTUS.

Simon,  
Behold how Satan hath desired to have you,  
That he may sift you as one sifteth wheat !  
Whither I go thou canst not follow me —  
Not now ; but thou shalt follow me here-  
after.

PETER.

Wherefore can I not follow thee? I am  
ready  
To go with thee to prison and to death.

CHRISTUS.

Verily say I unto thee, this night,  
Ere the cock crow, thou shalt deny me  
thrice!

PETER.

Though I should die, yet will I not deny  
thee.

CHRISTUS.

When first I sent you forth without a  
purse,  
Or scrip, or shoes, did ye lack anything?

THE DISCIPLES.

Not anything.

CHRISTUS.

But he that hath a purse,  
Now let him take it, and likewise his  
scrip;  
And he that hath no sword, let him go sell  
His clothes and buy one. That which hath  
been written  
Must be accomplished now: He hath  
poured out  
His soul even unto death; he hath been  
numbered  
With the transgressors, and himself hath  
borne  
The sin of many, and made intercession  
For the transgressors. And here have an  
end  
The things concerning me.

PETER.

Behold, O Lord,  
Behold, here are two swords!

CHRISTUS.

It is enough.

## IV

## THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

CHRISTUS.

My spirit is exceeding sorrowful  
Even unto death! Tarry ye here and  
watch.

*He goes apart.*

PETER.

Under this ancient olive-tree, that spreads  
Its broad centennial branches like a tent,  
Let us lie down and rest.

JOHN.

What are those torches  
That glimmer on Brook Kedron there  
below us?

JAMES.

It is some marriage feast; the joyful maid-  
ens  
Go out to meet the bridegroom.

PETER.

I am weary.  
The struggles of this day have overcome  
me.

*They sleep.*

CHRISTUS, *falling on his face.*

Father! all things are possible to thee,—  
Oh let this cup pass from me! Neverthe-  
less

Not as I will, but as thou wilt, be done!

*Returning to the Disciples.*

What! could ye not watch with me for one  
hour?

Oh watch and pray, that ye may enter not  
Into temptation. For the spirit indeed  
Is willing, but the flesh is weak!

JOHN.

Alas!  
It is for sorrow that our eyes are heavy.—  
I see again the glimmer of those torches  
Among the olives; they are coming hither.

JAMES.

Outside the garden wall the path divides;  
Surely they come not lither.  
*They sleep again.*

CHRISTUS, *as before.*

O my Father!  
If this cup may not pass away from me,  
Except I drink of it, thy will be done.  
*Returning to the Disciples.*  
Sleep on; and take your rest!

JOHN.

Beloved Master,  
Alas! we know not what to answer thee!  
It is for sorrow that our eyes are heavy.—  
Behold, the torches now encompass us.

JAMES.

They do but go about the garden wall,  
Seeking for some one, or for something lost.  
*They sleep again.*

CHRISTUS, as before.

If this cup may not pass away from me,  
Except I drink of it, thy will be done.

*Returning to the Disciples.*

It is enough ! Behold, the Son of Man  
Hath been betrayed into the hands of sin-  
ners !

The hour is come. Rise up, let us be go-  
ing ;

For he that shall betray me is at hand.

JOHN.

Ah me ! See, from his forehead, in the  
torchlight,  
Great drops of blood are falling to the  
ground !

PETER.

What lights are these ? What torches  
glare and glisten

Upon the swords and armor of these men ?  
And there among them Judas Iscariot !

*He smites the servant of the High-Priest with his  
sword.*

CHRISTUS.

Put up thy sword into its sheath ; for they  
That take the sword shall perish with the  
sword.

The cup my Father hath given me to drink,  
Shall I not drink it ? Think'st thou that  
I cannot

Pray to my Father, and that He shall give  
me

More than twelve legions of angels pres-  
ently ?

*JUDAS to CHRISTUS, kissing him.*

Hail, Master ! hail !

CHRISTUS.

Friend, wherefore art thou come ?  
Whom seek ye ?

CAPTAIN OF THE TEMPLE.

Jesus of Nazareth.

CHRISTUS.

I am he.

Are ye come hither as against a thief,

With swords and staves to take me ?  
When I daily  
Was with you in the Temple, ye stretched  
forth

No hands to take me ! But this is your  
hour,

And this the power of darkness. If ye  
seek

Me only, let these others go their way.

*The Disciples depart. CHRISTUS is bound and  
led away. A certain young man follows Him,  
having a linen cloth cast about his body. They  
lay hold of him, and the young man flees from  
them naked.*

V

## THE PALACE OF CAIAPHAS

PHARISEES.

What do we ? Clearly something must  
we do,

For this man worketh many miracles.

CAIAPHAS.

I am informed that he is a mechanic ;  
A carpenter's son ; a Galilean peasant,  
Keeping disreputable company.

PHARISEES.

The people say that here in Bethany  
He hath raised up a certain Lazarus,  
Who had been dead three days.

CAIAPHAS.

Impossible !

There is no resurrection of the dead ;  
This Lazarus should be taken, and put to  
death

As an impostor. If this Galilean  
Would be content to stay in Galilee,  
And preach in country towns, I should not  
heed him.

But when he comes up to Jerusalem  
Riding in triumph, as I am informed,  
And drives the money-changers from the  
Temple,

That is another matter.

PHARISEES.

If we thus

Let him alone, all will believe on him,  
And then the Romans come and take  
away

Our place and nation.

CAIAPHAS.

Ye know nothing at all.  
Simon Ben Camith, my great predecessor,  
On whom be peace! would have dealt  
presently  
With such a demagogue. I shall no less.  
The man must die. Do ye consider not  
It is expedient that one man should die,  
Not the whole nation perish? What is  
death?

It differeth from sleep but in duration.  
We sleep and wake again; an hour or two  
Later or earlier, and it matters not,  
And if we never wake it matters not;  
When we are in our graves we are at peace,  
Nothing can wake us or disturb us more.  
There is no resurrection.

PHARISEES, *aside*.

O most faithful

Disciple of Hircanus Maccabæus,  
Will nothing but complete annihilation  
Comfort and satisfy thee?

CAIAPHAS.

While ye are talking  
And plotting, and contriving how to take  
him,  
Fearing the people, and so doing naught,  
I, who fear not the people, have been act-  
ing;  
Have taken this Prophet, this young Naza-  
rene,

Who by Beelzebub the Prince of devils  
Casteth out devils, and doth raise the dead,  
That might as well be dead, and left in  
peace.

Annas my father-in-law hath sent him  
hither.

I hear the guard. Behold your Galilean!

CHRISTUS is brought in bound.

SERVANT, *in the vestibule*.

Why art thou up so late, my pretty damsel?

DAMSEL.

Why art thou up so early, pretty man?  
It is not cock-crow yet, and art thou stir-  
ring?

SERVANT.

What brings thee here?

DAMSEL.

What brings the rest of you?

SERVANT.

Come here and warm thy hands.

DAMSEL to PETER.

Art thou not also  
One of this man's disciples?

PETER.

I am not.

DAMSEL.

Now surely thou art also one of them;  
Thou art a Galilean, and thy speech  
Bewrayeth thee.

PETER.

Woman, I know him not!

CAIAPHAS to CHRISTUS, *in the Hall*.

Who art thou? Tell us plainly of thyself  
And of thy doctrines, and of thy disciples.

CHRISTUS.

Lo, I have spoken openly to the world,  
I have taught ever in the Synagogue,  
And in the Temple, where the Jews resort;  
In secret have said nothing. Wherefore  
then  
Askest thou me of this? Ask them that  
heard me  
What I have said to them. Behold, they  
know  
What I have said!

OFFICER, *striking him*.

What, fellow! answerest thou  
The High-Priest so?

CHRISTUS.

If I have spoken evil,  
Bear witness of the evil; but if well,  
Why smitest thou me?

CAIAPHAS.

Where are the witnesses?  
Let them say what they know.

THE TWO FALSE WITNESSES.

We heard him say:  
I will destroy this Temple made with hands,  
And will within three days build up another  
Made without hands.

SCRIBES and PHARISEES.

He is o'erwhelmed with shame  
And cannot answer!

CAIAPHAS.

Dost thou answer nothing ?  
What is this thing they witness here against  
thee ?

SCRIBES and PHARISEES.

He holds his peace.

CAIAPHAS.

Tell us, art thou the Christ ?  
I do adjure thee by the living God,  
Tell us, art thou indeed the Christ ?

CHRISTUS.

I am.

Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man  
Sit on the right hand of the power of God,  
And come in clouds of heaven !

CAIAPHAS, *rending his clothes.*

It is enough.

He hath spoken blasphemy ! What further  
need

Have we of witnesses ? Now ye have heard  
His blasphemy. What think ye ? Is he  
guilty ?

SCRIBES and PHARISEES.

Guilty of death !

KINSMAN OF MALCHUS to PETER, *in the vestibule.*

Surely I know thy face,  
Did I not see thee in the garden with him ?

PETER.

How couldst thou see me ? I swear unto  
thee

I do not know this man of whom ye speak !  
*The cock crows.*

Hark ! the cock crows ! That sorrowful,  
pale face

Seeks for me in the crowd, and looks at me,  
As if He would remind me of those words :  
Ere the cock crow thou shalt deny me  
thrice !

*Goes out weeping.* CHRISTUS is blindfolded and  
buffeted.

AN OFFICER, *striking him with his palm.*

Prophecy unto us, thou Christ, thou  
Prophet !

Who is it smote thee ?

CAIAPHAS.

Lead him unto Pilate !

VI

PONTIUS PILATE

PILATE.

Wholly incomprehensible to me,  
Vainglorious, obstinate, and given up  
To unintelligible old traditions,  
And proud, and self-conceited are these  
Jews !

Not long ago, I marched the legions down  
From Cæsarea to their winter-quarters  
Here in Jerusalem, with the effigies  
Of Cæsar on their ensigns, and a tumult  
Arose among these Jews, because their  
Law

Forbids the making of all images !  
They threw themselves upon the ground  
with wild

Expostulations, bared their necks, and  
cried

That they would sooner die than have their  
Law

Infringed in any manner ; as if Numa  
Were not as great as Moses, and the Laws  
Of the Twelve Tables as their Pentateuch !

And then, again, when I desired to span  
Their valley with an aqueduct, and bring  
A rushing river in to wash the city  
And its inhabitants, — they all rebelled  
As if they had been herds of unwashed  
swine !

Thousands and thousands of them got  
together

And raised so great a clamor round my  
doors,

That, fearing violent outbreak, I desisted,  
And left them to their wallowing in the  
mire.

And now here comes the reverend Sanhe-  
drin

Of lawyers, priests, and Scribes and Phari-  
sees,

Like old and toothless mastiffs, that can  
bark

But cannot bite, howling their accusations  
Against a mild enthusiast, who hath  
preached

I know not what new doctrine, being King  
Of some vague kingdom in the other world,  
That hath no more to do with Rome and  
Cæsar

Than I have with the patriarch Abraham !

Finding this man to be a Galilean  
I sent him straight to Herod, and I hope  
That is the last of it ; but if it be not,  
I still have power to pardon and release him,

As is the custom at the Passover,  
And so accommodate the matter smoothly,  
Seeming to yield to them, yet saving him ;  
A prudent and sagacious policy  
For Roman Governors in the Provinces.

Incomprehensible, fanatic people !  
Ye have a God, who seemeth like yourselves

Incomprehensible, dwelling apart,  
Majestic, cloud-encompassed, clothed in darkness !

One whom ye fear, but love not ; yet ye have

No Goddesses to soften your stern lives,  
And make you tender unto human weakness,

While we of Rome have everywhere around us

Our amiable divinities, that haunt  
The woodlands, and the waters, and frequent

Our households, with their sweet and gracious presence !

I will go in, and while these Jews are wrangling,

Read my Ovidius on the Art of Love.

## VII

### BARABBAS IN PRISON

*BARABBAS, to his fellow-prisoners.*

Barabbas is my name,  
Barabbas, the Son of Shame,  
Is the meaning I suppose ;  
I'm no better than the best,  
And whether worse than the rest  
Of my fellow-men, who knows ?

I was once, to say it in brief,  
A highwayman, a robber-chief,  
In the open light of day.  
So much I am free to confess ;  
But all men, more or less,  
Are robbers in their way.

From my cavern in the crags,  
From my lair of leaves and flags,  
I could see, like ants, below,  
The camels with their load  
Of merchandise, on the road  
That leadeth to Jericho.

And I struck them unaware,  
As an eagle from the air  
Drops down upon bird or beast ;  
And I had my heart's desire  
Of the merchants of Sidon and Tyre,  
And Damascus and the East.

But it is not for that I fear ;  
It is not for that I am here  
In these iron fetters bound ;  
Sedition ! that is the word  
That Pontius Pilate heard,  
And he liketh not the sound.

What think ye, would he care  
For a Jew slain here or there,  
Or a plundered caravan ?  
But Cæsar ! — ah, that is a crime,  
To the uttermost end of time  
Shall not be forgiven to man.

Therefore was Herod wroth  
With Matthias Margaloth,  
And burned him for a show !  
Therefore his wrath did smite  
Judas the Gaulonite,  
And his followers, as ye know.

For that cause and no more,  
Am I here, as I said before ;  
For one unlucky night,  
Jucundus, the captain of horse,  
Was upon us with all his force,  
And I was caught in the fight.

I might have fled with the rest,  
But my dagger was in the breast  
Of a Roman equerry ;  
As we rolled there in the street,  
They bound me, hands and feet ;  
And this is the end of me.

Who cares for death ? Not I !  
A thousand times I would die,  
Rather than suffer wrong !  
Already those women of mine  
Are mixing the myrrh and the wine ;  
I shall not be with you long.

## VIII

## ECCE HOMO

PILATE, *on the tessellated pavement in front of his palace.*

Ye have brought unto me this man, as  
one  
Who doth pervert the people ; and be-  
hold !

I have examined him, and found no fault  
Touching the things whereof ye do accuse  
him.

No, nor yet Herod ; for I sent you to him,  
And nothing worthy of death he findeth in  
him.

Ye have a custom at the Passover,  
That one condemned to death shall be re-  
leased.

Whom will ye, then, that I release to you ?  
Jesus Barabbas, called the Son of Shame,  
Or Jesus, Son of Joseph, called the Christ ?

THE PEOPLE, *shouting.*

Not this man, but Barabbas !

PILATE.

What then will ye  
That I should do with him that is called  
Christ ?

THE PEOPLE.

Crucify him !

PILATE.

Why, what evil hath he done ?  
Lo, I have found no cause of death in him ;  
I will chastise him, and then let him go.

THE PEOPLE, *more vehemently.*

Crucify him ! crucify him !

A MESSENGER, *to PILATE.*

Thy wife sends  
This message to thee, — Have thou naught  
to do  
With that just man ; for I this day in  
dreams  
Have suffered many things because of him.

PILATE, *aside.*

The Gods speak to us in our dreams ! I  
tremble  
At what I have to do ! O Claudia,

How shall I save him ? Yet one effort  
more,

Or he must perish !

*Washes his hands before them.*

I am innocent

Of the blood of this just person ; see ye to  
it !

THE PEOPLE.

Let his blood be on us and on our children !

VOICES, *within the palace.*

Put on thy royal robes ; put on thy crown,  
And take thy sceptre ! Hail, thou King of  
the Jews !

PILATE.

I bring him forth to you, that ye may know  
I find no fault in him. Behold the man !

CHRISTUS *is led in with the purple robe and crown  
of thorns.*

CHIEF PRIESTS and OFFICERS.

Crucify him ! crucify him !

PILATE.

Take ye him ;  
I find no fault in him.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

We have a Law,  
And by our Law he ought to die ; because  
He made himself to be the Son of God.

PILATE, *aside.*

Ah ! there are Sons of God, and demi-gods  
More than ye know, ye ignorant High-  
Priests !

*To CHRISTUS.*

Whence art thou ?

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Crucify him ! crucify him !

PILATE, *to CHRISTUS.*

Dost thou not answer me ? Dost thou not  
know

That I have power enough to crucify thee ?  
That I have also power to set thee free ?

CHRISTUS.

Thou couldest have no power at all against  
me  
Except that it were given thee from above ;

Therefore hath he that sent me unto thee  
The greater sin.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

If thou let this man go,  
Thou art not Cæsar's friend. For whoso-  
ever  
Maketh himself a King, speaks against  
Cæsar.

PILATE.

Ye Jews, behold your King!

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Away with him!  
Crucify him!

PILATE.

Shall I crucify your King?

CHIEF PRIESTS.

We have no King but Cæsar!

PILATE.

Take him, then,  
Take him, ye cruel and bloodthirsty Priests,  
More merciless than the plebeian mob,  
Who pity and spare the fainting gladi-  
ator

Blood-stained in Roman amphitheatres, —  
Take him, and crucify him if ye will;  
But if the immortal Gods do ever min-  
gle

With the affairs of mortals, which I doubt  
not,

And hold the attribute of justice dear,  
They will commission the Eumenides  
To scatter you to the four winds of  
heaven,

Exacting tear for tear, and blood for  
blood.

Here, take ye this inscription, Priests, and  
nail it

Upon the cross, above your victim's head:  
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Nay, we entreat! write not, the King of  
the Jews;

But that he said: I am the King of the  
Jews!

PILATE.

Enough. What I have written, I have  
written.

IX

ACELDAMA

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

Lost! lost! Forever lost! I have betrayed  
The innocent blood! O God! if thou art  
love,

Why didst thou leave me naked to the  
tempter?

Why didst thou not commission thy swift  
lightning

To strike me dead? or why did I not per-  
ish

With those by Herod slain, the innocent  
children

Who went with playthings in their little  
hands

Into the darkness of the other world,  
As if to bed? Or wherefore was I born,  
If thou in thy foreknowledge didst perceive  
All that I am, and all that I must be?

I know I am not generous, am not gentle,  
Like other men; but I have tried to be,  
And I have failed. I thought by following  
Him

I should grow like Him; but the unclean  
spirit

That from my childhood up hath tortured  
me

Hath been too cunning and too strong for  
me.

Am I to blame for this? Am I to blame  
Because I cannot love, and ne'er have  
known

The love of woman or the love of chil-  
dren?

It is a curse and a fatality,  
A mark, that hath been set upon my fore-  
head,

That none shall slay me, for it were a  
mercy

That I were dead, or never had been born.

Too late! too late! I shall not see Him  
more

Among the living. That sweet, patient  
face

Will never more rebuke me, nor those  
lips

Repeat the words: One of you shall betray  
me!

It stung me into madness. How I loved,  
Yet hated Him! But in the other world!

I will be there before Him, and will wait  
Until he comes, and fall down on my  
knees  
And kiss his feet, imploring pardon, pardon !

I heard Him say : All sins shall be forgiven,  
Except the sin against the Holy Ghost.  
That shall not be forgiven in this world,  
Nor in the world to come. Is that my  
sin ?

Have I offended so there is no hope  
Here nor hereafter ? That I soon shall  
know.

O God, have mercy ! Christ have mercy  
on me !

*Throws himself headlong from the cliff.*

## X

## THE THREE CROSSES

MANAHAM, THE ESSENIAN.

Three crosses in this noonday night uplifted,

Three human figures that in mortal pain  
Gleam white against the supernatural darkness ;

Two thieves, that writhe in torture, and  
between them

The Suffering Messiah, the Son of Joseph,  
Ay, the Messiah Triumphant, Son of  
David !

A crown of thorns on that dishonored  
head !

Those hands that healed the sick now  
pierced with nails,

Those feet that wandered homeless through  
the world

Now crossed and bleeding, and at rest forever !

And the three faithful Maries, overwhelmed

By this great sorrow, kneeling, praying,  
weeping !

O Joseph Caiaphas, thou great High-  
Priest,

How wilt thou answer for this deed of  
blood ?

SCRIBES and ELDERS.

Thou that destroyest the Temple, and dost  
build it

In three days, save thyself ; and if thou be  
The Son of God, come down now from the  
cross.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Others he saved, himself he cannot save !  
Let Christ the King of Israel descend  
That we may see and believe !

SCRIBES and ELDERS.

In God he trusted ;  
Let Him deliver him, if He will have him,  
And we will then believe.

CHRISTUS.

Father ! forgive them ;  
They know not what they do.

THE IMPENITENT THIEF.

If thou be Christ,  
Oh save thyself and us !

THE PENITENT THIEF.

Remember me,  
Lord, when thou comest into thine own  
kingdom.

CHRISTUS.

This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

MANAHAM.

Golgotha ! Golgotha ! Oh the pain and  
darkness !

Oh the uplifted cross, that shall forever  
Shine through the darkness, and shall conquer pain

By the triumphant memory of this hour !

SIMON MAGUS.

O Nazarene ! I find thee here at last !

Thou art no more a phantom unto me !

This is the end of one who called himself  
The Son of God ! Such is the fate of those  
Who preach new doctrines. 'Tis not  
what he did,

But what he said, hath brought him unto  
this.

I will speak evil of no dignitaries.

This is my hour of triumph, Nazarene !

THE YOUNG RULER.

This is the end of him who said to me :  
Sell that thou hast, and give unto the poor !  
This is the treasure in heaven he promised  
me !

CHRISTUS.

*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!*A SOLDIER, *preparing the hyssop.*

He calleth for Elias!

ANOTHER.

Nay, let be!

See if Elias now will come to save him!

CHRISTUS.

I thirst.

A SOLDIER.

Give him the wormwood!

CHRISTUS, *with a loud cry, bowing his head.*

It is finished!

## XI

## THE TWO MARIES

MARY MAGDALENE.

We have arisen early, yet the sun  
O'ertakes us ere we reach the sepulchre,  
To wrap the body of our blessed Lord  
With our sweet spices.

MARY, MOTHER OF JAMES.

Lo, this is the garden,  
And yonder is the sepulchre. But who  
Shall roll away the stone for us to enter?

MARY MAGDALENE.

It hath been rolled away! The sepulchre  
Is open! Ah, who hath been here before  
us,

When we rose early, wishing to be first?

MARY, MOTHER OF JAMES.

I am affrighted!

MARY MAGDALENE.

Hush! I will stoop down  
And look within. There is a young man  
sitting  
On the right side, clothed in a long white  
garment!  
It is an angel!

THE ANGEL.

Fear not; ye are seeking  
Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified.  
Why do ye seek the living among the dead?  
He is no longer here; he is arisen!

Come see the place where the Lord lay!  
Remember

How He spake unto you in Galilee,  
Saying: The Son of Man must be delivered  
Into the hands of sinful men; by them  
Be crucified, and the third day rise again!  
But go your way, and say to his disciples,  
He goeth before you into Galilee;  
There shall ye see Him as He said to you.

MARY, MOTHER OF JAMES.

I will go swiftly for them.

MARY MAGDALENE, *alone, weeping.*

They have taken  
My Lord away from me, and now I know  
not  
Where they have laid Him! Who is  
there to tell me?  
This is the gardener. Surely he must know.

CHRISTUS.

Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seek-  
est thou?

MARY MAGDALENE.

They have taken my Lord away; I cannot  
find Him.  
O Sir, if thou have borne him hence, I  
pray thee  
Tell me where thou hast laid Him.

CHRISTUS.

Mary!

MARY MAGDALENE.

Rabboni!

## XII

## THE SEA OF GALILEE

NATHANAEL, *in the ship.*

All is now ended.

JOHN.

Nay, He is arisen,  
I ran unto the tomb, and stooping down  
Looked in, and saw the linen grave-clothes  
lying,  
Yet dared not enter.

PETER.

I went in, and saw  
The napkin that had been about his head,

Not lying with the other linen clothes,  
But wrapped together in a separate place.

THOMAS.

And I have seen Him. I have seen the  
print  
Of nails upon his hands, and thrust my  
hands  
Into his side. I know He is arisen ;  
But where are now the kingdom and the  
glory  
He promised unto us? We have all  
dreamed  
That we were princes, and we wake to find  
We are but fishermen.

PETER.

Who should have been  
Fishers of men !

JOHN.

We have come back again  
To the old life, the peaceful life, among  
The white towns of the Galilean lake.

PETER.

They seem to me like silent sepulchres  
In the gray light of morning ! The old life,  
Yea, the old life ! for we have toiled all  
night  
And have caught nothing.

JOHN.

Do ye see a man  
Standing upon the beach and beckoning ?  
'T is like an apparition. He hath kindled  
A fire of coals, and seems to wait for us.  
He calleth.

CHRISTUS, *from the shore.*

Children, have ye any meat ?

PETER.

Alas ! We have caught nothing.

CHRISTUS.

Cast the net  
On the right side of the ship, and ye shall  
find.

PETER.

How that reminds me of the days gone by,  
And one who said : Launch out into the  
deep,  
And cast your nets !

NATHANAEL.

We have but let them down  
And they are filled, so that we cannot  
draw them !

JOHN.

It is the Lord !

PETER, *girding his fisher's coat about him.*

He said : When I am risen  
I will go before you into Galilee !  
*He casts himself into the lake.*

JOHN.

There is no fear in love ; for perfect love  
Casteth out fear. Now then, if ye are men,  
Put forth your strength ; we are not far  
from shore ;  
The net is heavy, but breaks not. All is  
safe.

PETER, *on the shore.*

Dear Lord ! I heard thy voice and could  
not wait.  
Let me behold thy face, and kiss thy feet !  
Thou art not dead, thou livest ! Again I  
see thee.  
Pardon, dear Lord ! I am a sinful man ;  
I have denied thee thrice. Have mercy  
on me !

THE OTHERS, *coming to land.*

Dear Lord ! stay with us ! cheer us ! com-  
fort us !  
Lo ! we again have found thee ! Leave us  
not !

CHRISTUS.

Bring hither of the fish that ye have  
caught,  
And come and eat !

JOHN.

Behold ! He breaketh bread  
As He was wont. From his own blessed  
hands  
Again we take it.

CHRISTUS.

Simon, son of Jonas.  
Lovest thou me, more than these others ?

PETER.

Yea,  
More, Lord, than all men ; even more than  
these.  
Thou knowest that I love thee.

CHRISTUS.

Feed my lambs.

THOMAS, *aside*.

How more than we do ? He remaineth ever.  
Self-confident and boastful as before.  
Nothing will cure him.

CHRISTUS.

Simon, son of Jonas,  
Lovest thou me ?

PETER.

Yea, dearest Lord, I love thee.  
Thou knowest that I love thee.

CHRISTUS.

Feed my sheep.

THOMAS, *aside*.

Again, the selfsame question, and the answer  
Repeated with more vehemence. Can the  
Master  
Doubt if we love Him ?

CHRISTUS.

Simon, son of Jonas,  
Lovest thou me ?

PETER, *grieved*.

Dear Lord ! thou knowest all things.  
Thou knowest that I love thee.

CHRISTUS.

Feed my sheep.

When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself,  
and walkedst  
Whither thou wouldst ; but when thou  
shalt be old,  
Thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and  
other men  
Shall gird and carry thee whither thou  
wouldst not.  
Follow thou me !

JOHN, *aside*.

It is a prophecy  
Of what death he shall die.

PETER, *pointing to JOHN*.

Tell me, O Lord,  
And what shall this man do ?

CHRISTUS.

And if I will  
He tarry till I come, what is it to thee ?  
Follow thou me !

PETER.

Yea, I will follow thee, dear Lord and  
Master !  
Will follow thee through fasting and temptation,  
Through all thine agony and bloody sweat,  
Thy cross and passion, even unto death !

## EPILOGUE

## SYMBOLUM APOSTOLORUM

PETER.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty ;

JOHN.

Maker of Heaven and Earth ;

JAMES.

And in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord ;

ANDREW.

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost,  
born of the Virgin Mary ;

PHILIP.

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified,  
dead, and buried ;

THOMAS.

And the third day He rose again from the dead ;

BARTHOLOMEW.

He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on  
the right hand of God, the Father  
Almighty ;

MATTHEW.

From thence He shall come to judge the  
quick and the dead.

JAMES, THE SON OF ALPHEUS.

I believe in the Holy Ghost ; the holy  
Catholic Church ;

SIMON ZELOTES.

The communion of Saints ; the forgiveness  
of sins ;

JUDE.

The resurrection of the body ;

MATTHIAS.

And the Life Everlasting.

## FIRST INTERLUDE

## THE ABBOT JOACHIM

A ROOM IN THE CONVENT OF FLORA  
IN CALABRIA. NIGHT

JOACHIM.

THE wind is rising ; it seizes and shakes  
The doors and window-blinds and makes  
Mysterious moanings in the halls ;  
The convent-chimneys seem almost  
The trumpets of some heavenly host,  
Setting its watch upon our walls !  
Where it listeth, there it bloweth ;  
We hear the sound, but no man knoweth  
Whence it cometh or whither it goeth,  
And thus it is with the Holy Ghost.  
O breath of God ! O my delight  
In many a vigil of the night,  
Like the great voice in Patmos heard  
By John, the Evangelist of the Word,  
I hear thee behind me saying : Write  
In a book the things that thou hast seen,  
The things that are, and that have been,  
And the things that shall hereafter be !

This convent, on the rocky crest  
Of the Calabrian hills, to me  
A Patmos is wherein I rest ;  
While round about me like a sea  
The white mists roll, and overflow  
The world that lies unseen below  
In darkness and in mystery.  
Here in the Spirit, in the vast  
Embrace of God's encircling arm,  
Am I uplifted from all harm ;  
The world seems something far away,  
Something belonging to the Past,  
A hostelry, a peasant's farm,  
That lodged me for a night or day,  
In which I care not to remain,  
Nor having left, to see again.

Thus, in the hollow of God's hand  
I dwell on sacred Tabor's height,  
When as a simple acolyte  
I journeyed to the Holy Land,  
A pilgrim for my master's sake,  
And saw the Galilean Lake,  
And walked through many a village street  
That once had echoed to his feet.  
There first I heard the great command,

The voice behind me saying : Write !  
And suddenly my soul became  
Illumined by a flash of flame,  
That left imprinted on my thought  
The image I in vain had sought,  
And which forever shall remain ;  
As sometimes from these windows high,  
Gazing at midnight on the sky  
Black with a storm of wind and rain,  
I have beheld a sudden glare  
Of lightning lay the landscape bare,  
With tower and town and hill and plain  
Distinct, and burnt into my brain,  
Never to be effaced again !

And I have written. These volumes  
three,  
The Apocalypse, the Harmony  
Of the Sacred Scriptures, new and old,  
And the Psalter with Ten Strings, unfold  
Within their pages, all and each,  
The Eternal Gospel that I teach.  
Well I remember the Kingdom of Heaven  
Hath been likened to a little leaven  
Hidden in two measures of meal,  
Until it leavened the whole mass ;  
So likewise will it come to pass  
With the doctrines that I here conceal.

Open and manifest to me  
The truth appears, and must be told ;  
All sacred mysteries are threefold ;  
Three Persons in the Trinity,  
Three ages of Humanity,  
And Holy Scriptures likewise three,  
Of Fear, of Wisdom, and of Love ;  
For Wisdom that begins in Fear  
Endeth in Love ; the atmosphere  
In which the soul delights to be,  
And finds that perfect liberty  
Which cometh only from above.

In the first Age, the early prime  
And dawn of all historic time,  
The Father reigned ; and face to face  
He spake with the primeval race.  
Bright Angels, on his errands sent,  
Sat with the patriarch in his tent ;  
His prophets thundered in the street ;  
His lightnings flashed, his hailstorms beat ;  
In earthquake and in flood and flame,  
In tempest and in cloud He came !  
The fear of God is in His Book ;  
The pages of the Pentateuch  
Are full of the terror of his name.

Then reigned the Son ; his Covenant  
 Was peace on earth, good-will to man ;  
 With Him the reign of Law began.  
 He was the Wisdom and the Word,  
 And sent his Angels Ministrant,  
 Unterrified and undeterred,  
 To rescue souls forlorn and lost,  
 The troubled, tempted, tempest-tost  
 To heal, to comfort, and to teach.  
 The fiery tongues of Pentecost  
 His symbols were, that they should preach  
 In every form of human speech,  
 From continent to continent.  
 He is the Light Divine, whose rays  
 Across the thousand years unspent  
 Shine through the darkness of our days,  
 And touch with their celestial fires  
 Our churches and our convent spires.  
 His Book is the New Testament.

These Ages now are of the Past ;  
 And the Third Age begins at last.  
 The coming of the Holy Ghost,  
 The reign of Grace, the reign of Love  
 Brightens the mountain-tops above,  
 And the dark outline of the coast.  
 Already the whole land is white  
 With convent walls, as if by night  
 A snow had fallen on hill and height !  
 Already from the streets and marts  
 Of town and traffic, and low cares,  
 Men climb the consecrated stairs  
 With weary feet, and bleeding hearts ;  
 And leave the world, and its delights,  
 Its passions, struggles, and despairs,  
 For contemplation and for prayers  
 In cloister-cells of cœnobites.

Eternal benedictions rest  
 Upon thy name, Saint Benedict !  
 Founder of convents in the West,  
 Who built on Mount Cassino's crest  
 In the Land of Labor, thine eagle's nest !  
 May I be found not derelict  
 In aught of faith or godly fear,  
 If I have written, in many a page,  
 The Gospel of the coming age,  
 The Eternal Gospel men shall hear.  
 Oh may I live resembling thee,  
 And die at last as thou hast died ;  
 So that hereafter men may see,  
 Within the choir, a form of air,  
 Standing with arms outstretched in prayer,  
 As one that hath been crucified !

My work is finished ; I am strong  
 In faith and hope and charity ;  
 For I have written the things I see,  
 The things that have been and shall be,  
 Conscious of right, nor fearing wrong ;  
 Because I am in love with Love,  
 And the sole thing I hate is Hate ;  
 For Hate is death ; and Love is life,  
 A peace, a splendor from above ;  
 And Hate, a never-ending strife,  
 A smoke, a blackness from the abyss  
 Where unclean serpents coil and hiss !  
 Love is the Holy Ghost within ;  
 Hate the unpardonable sin !  
 Who preaches otherwise than this,  
 Betrays his Master with a kiss !

## PART TWO

### THE GOLDEN LEGEND

#### PROLOGUE

#### THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL

*Night and storm. LUCIFER, with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.*

LUCIFER.

HASTEN ! hasten !  
 O ye spirits !  
 From its station drag the ponderous  
 Cross of iron, that to mock us  
 Is uplifted high in air !

VOICES.

Oh, we cannot !  
 For around it  
 All the Saints and Guardian Angels  
 Throng in legions to protect it ;  
 They defeat us everywhere !

THE BELLS.

Laudo Deum verum !  
 Plebem voco !  
 Congreguo clerum !

LUCIFER.

Lower ! lower !  
 Hover downward !  
 Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and  
 Clashing, clanging, to the pavement  
 Hurl them from their windy tower !

## VOICES.

All thy thunders  
Here are harmless !  
For these bells have been anointed,  
And baptized with holy water !  
They defy our utmost power.

## THE BELLS.

Defunctos ploro !  
Pestem fugo !  
Festa decoro !

## LUCIFER.

Shake the casements !  
Break the painted  
Panes, that flame with gold and crimson ;  
Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,  
Swept away before the blast !

## VOICES.

Oh, we cannot !  
The Archangel  
Michael flames from every window,  
With the sword of fire that drove us  
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast !

## THE BELLS.

Funera plango !  
Fulgura frango !  
Sabbata pango !

## LUCIFER.

Aim your lightnings  
At the oaken,  
Massive, iron-studded portals !  
Sack the house of God, and scatter  
Wide the ashes of the dead !

## VOICES.

Oh, we cannot !  
The Apostles  
And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,  
Stand as warders at the entrance,  
Stand as sentinels o'erhead !

## THE BELLS.

Excito lentos !  
Dissipo ventos !  
Paco cruentos !

## LUCIFER.

Baffled ! baffled !  
Inefficient,  
Craven spirits ! leave this labor  
Unto Time, the great Destroyer !  
Come away, ere night is gone !

## VOICES.

Onward ! onward !  
With the night-wind,  
Over field and farm and forest,  
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,  
Blighting all we breathe upon !  
*They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.*

## CHOIR.

Nocte surgentes  
Vigilemus omnes !

## I

## THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE

*A chamber in a tower. PRINCE HENRY, sitting alone, ill and restless. Midnight.*

## PRINCE HENRY.

I cannot sleep ! my fervid brain  
Calls up the vanished Past again,  
And throws its misty splendors deep  
Into the pallid realms of sleep !  
A breath from that far-distant shore  
Comes freshening ever more and more,  
And wafts o'er intervening seas  
Sweet odors from the Hesperides !  
A wind, that through the corridor  
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,  
And, touching the æolian strings,  
Faints with the burden that it brings !  
Come back ! ye friendships long departed !  
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,  
And now are dwindled, one by one,  
To stony channels in the sun !  
Come back ! ye friends, whose lives are  
ended,  
Come back, with all that light attended,  
Which seemed to darken and decay  
When ye arose and went away !

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,  
The airy crowds of long ago,  
The dreams and fancies known of yore,  
That have been, and shall be no more.  
They change the cloisters of the night  
Into a garden of delight ;  
They make the dark and dreary hours  
Open and blossom into flowers !  
I would not sleep ! I love to be  
Again in their fair company ;  
But ere my lips can bid them stay,  
They pass and vanish quite away !

Alas ! our memories may retrace  
Each circumstance of time and place,  
Season and scene come back again,  
And outward things unchanged remain ;  
The rest we cannot reinstate ;  
Ourselves we cannot re-create,  
Nor set our souls to the same key  
Of the remembered harmony !

Rest ! rest ! Oh, give me rest and peace !  
The thought of life that ne'er shall cease  
Has something in it like despair,  
A weight I am too weak to bear !  
Sweeter to this afflicted breast  
The thought of never-ending rest !  
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep  
Tranquillity of endless sleep !

*A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears, in the garb of a travelling Physician.*

LUCIFER.

All hail, Prince Henry !

PRINCE HENRY, *starting*.

Who is it speaks ?

Who and what are you ?

LUCIFER.

One who seeks

A moment's audience with the Prince.

PRINCE HENRY.

When came you in ?

LUCIFER.

A moment since.

I found your study door unlocked,  
And thought you answered when I knocked.

PRINCE HENRY.

I did not hear you.

LUCIFER.

You heard the thunder ;

It was loud enough to waken the dead.  
And it is not a matter of special wonder  
That, when God is walking overhead,  
You should not hear my feeble tread.

PRINCE HENRY.

What may your wish or purpose be ?

LUCIFER.

Nothing or everything, as it pleases  
Your Highness. You behold in me

Only a travelling Physician ;  
One of the few who have a mission  
To cure incurable diseases,  
Or those that are called so.

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you bring

The dead to life ?

LUCIFER.

Yes ; very nearly.

And, what is a wiser and better thing,  
Can keep the living from ever needing  
Such an unnatural, strange proceeding,  
By showing conclusively and clearly  
That death is a stupid blunder merely,  
And not a necessity of our lives.

My being here is accidental ;  
The storm, that against your casement  
drives,

In the little village below waylaid me.

And there I heard with a secret delight,  
Of your maladies physical and mental,  
Which neither astonished nor dismayed  
me.

And I hastened hither, though late in the  
night,

To proffer my aid !

PRINCE HENRY, *ironically*.

For this you came !

Ah, how can I ever hope to receive  
This honor from one so erudite ?

LUCIFER.

The honor is mine, or will be when  
I have cured your disease.

PRINCE HENRY.

But not till then.

LUCIFER.

What is your illness ?

PRINCE HENRY.

It has no name.

A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,  
As in a kiln, burns in my veins,  
Sending up vapors to the head ;  
My heart has become a dull lagoon,  
Which a kind of leprosy drinks and  
drains ;

I am accounted as one who is dead,  
And, indeed, I think that I shall be soon.

LUCIFER.

And has Gordonius the Divine,  
In his famous Lily of Medicine, —  
I see the book lies open before you, —  
No remedy potent enough to restore you ?

PRINCE HENRY.

None whatever !

LUCIFER.

The dead are dead,  
And their oracles dumb, when questionèd  
Of the new diseases that human life  
Evolves in its progress, rank and rife.  
Consult the dead upon things that were,  
But the living only on things that are.  
Have you done this, by the appliance  
And aid of doctors ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, whole schools  
Of doctors, with their learned rules ;  
But the case is quite beyond their science.  
Even the doctors of Salern  
Send me back word they can discern  
No cure for a malady like this,  
Save one which in its nature is  
Impossible and cannot be !

LUCIFER.

That sounds oracular !

PRINCE HENRY.

Unendurable !

LUCIFER.

What is their remedy ?

PRINCE HENRY.

You shall see ;  
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

LUCIFER, *reading*.

"Not to be cured, yet not incurable !  
The only remedy that remains  
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's  
veins,  
Who of her own free will shall die,  
And give her life as the price of yours !"

That is the strangest of all cures,  
And one, I think, you will never try ;  
The prescription you may well put by,  
As something impossible to find

Before the world itself shall end !  
And yet who knows ? One cannot say  
That into some maiden's brain that kind  
Of madness will not find its way.  
Meanwhile permit me to recommend,  
As the matter admits of no delay,  
My wonderful Catholicon,  
Of very subtile and magical powers !

PRINCE HENRY.

Purge with your nostrums and drugs infer-  
nal  
The spouts and gargoyles of these towers,  
Not me ! My faith is utterly gone  
In every power but the Power Supernal !  
Pray tell me, of what school are you ?

LUCIFER.

Both of the Old and of the New !  
The school of Hermes Trismegistus,  
Who uttered his oracles sublime  
Before the Olympiads, in the dew  
Of the early dusk and dawn of time,  
The reign of dateless old Hephæstus !  
As northward, from its Nubian springs,  
The Nile, forever new and old,  
Among the living and the dead,  
Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled ;  
So, starting from its fountain-head  
Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,  
From the dead demigods of eld,  
Through long, unbroken lines of kings  
Its course the sacred art has held,  
Unchecked, unchanged by man's devices.  
This art the Arabian Geber taught,  
And in alembics, finely wrought,  
Distilling herbs and flowers, discovered  
The secret that so long had hovered  
Upon the misty verge of Truth,  
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,  
Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech !  
Like him, this wondrous lore I teach !

PRINCE HENRY.

What ! an adept ?

LUCIFER.

Nor less, nor more !

PRINCE HENRY.

I am a reader of your books,  
A lover of that mystic lore !  
With such a piercing glance it looks  
Into great Nature's open eye,  
And sees within it trembling lie

The portrait of the Deity !  
And yet, alas ! with all my pains,  
The secret and the mystery  
Have baffled and eluded me,  
Unseen the grand result remains !

LUCIFER, *showing a flask.*

Behold it here ! this little flask  
Contains the wonderful quintessence,  
The perfect flower and efflorescence,  
Of all the knowledge man can ask !  
Hold it up thus against the light !

PRINCE HENRY.

How limpid, pure, and crystalline,  
How quick, and tremulous, and bright  
The little wavelets dance and shine,  
As were it the Water of Life in sooth !

LUCIFER.

It is ! It assuages every pain,  
Cures all disease, and gives again  
To age the swift delights of youth.  
Inhale its fragrance.

PRINCE HENRY.

It is sweet.  
A thousand different odors meet  
And mingle in its rare perfume,  
Such as the winds of summer waft  
At open windows through a room !

LUCIFER.

Will you not taste it ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Will one draught  
Suffice ?

LUCIFER.

If not, you can drink more.

PRINCE HENRY.

Into this crystal goblet pour  
So much as safely I may drink.

LUCIFER, *pouring.*

Let not the quantity alarm you ;  
You may drink all ; it will not harm you.

PRINCE HENRY.

I am as one who on the brink  
Of a dark river stands and sees  
The waters flow, the landscape dim  
Around him waver, wheel, and swim,  
And, ere he plunges, stops to think

Into what whirlpools he may sink ;  
One moment pauses, and no more,  
Then madly plunges from the shore !  
Headlong into the mysteries  
Of life and death I boldly leap,  
Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,  
Nor what in ambush lurks below !  
For death is better than disease !  
*An ANGEL with an æolian harp hovers in the air.*

ANGEL.

Woe ! woe ! eternal woe !  
Not only the whispered prayer  
Of love,  
But the imprecations of hate,  
Reverberate  
For ever and ever through the air  
Above !  
This fearful curse  
Shakes the great universe !

LUCIFER, *disappearing.*

Drink ! drink !  
And thy soul shall sink  
Down into the dark abyss,  
Into the infinite abyss,  
From which no plummet nor rope  
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope !

PRINCE HENRY, *drinking.*

It is like a draught of fire !  
Through every vein  
I feel again  
The fever of youth, the soft desire ;  
A rapture that is almost pain  
Thrills in my heart and fills my brain !  
O joy ! O joy ! I feel  
The band of steel  
That so long and heavily has pressed  
Upon my breast  
Uplifted, and the malediction  
Of my affliction  
Is taken from me, and my weary breast  
At length finds rest.

THE ANGEL.

It is but the rest of the fire, from which  
the air has been taken !  
It is but the rest of the sand, when the  
hour-glass is not shaken !  
It is but the rest of the tide between the  
ebb and the flow !  
It is but the rest of the wind between the  
flaws that blow !

With fiendish laughter,  
Hereafter,  
This false physician  
Will mock thee in thy perdition.

PRINCE HENRY.

Speak ! speak !  
Who says that I am ill ?  
I am not ill ! I am not weak !  
The trance, the swoon, the dream, is o'er !  
I feel the chill of death no more !  
At length,  
I stand renewed in all my strength !  
Beneath me I can feel  
The great earth stagger and reel,  
As if the feet of a descending God  
Upon its surface trod,  
And like a pebble it rolled beneath his  
heel !

This, O brave physician ! this  
Is thy great Palingenesis !  
*Drinks again.*

THE ANGEL.

Touch the goblet no more !  
It will make thy heart sore  
To its very core !  
Its perfume is the breath  
Of the Angel of Death,  
And the light that within it lies  
Is the flash of his evil eyes.  
Beware ! Oh, beware !  
For sickness, sorrow, and care  
All are there !

PRINCE HENRY, *sinking back.*

O thou voice within my breast !  
Why entreat me, why upbraid me,  
When the steadfast tongues of truth  
And the flattering hopes of youth  
Have all deceived me and betrayed me ?  
Give me, give me rest, oh rest !  
Golden visions wave and hover,  
Golden vapors, waters streaming,  
Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming !  
I am like a happy lover,  
Who illumines life with dreaming !  
Brave physician ! Rare physician !  
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission !

*His head falls on his book.*

THE ANGEL, *receding.*

Alas ! alas !  
Like a vapor the golden vision  
Shall fade and pass,

And thou wilt find in thy heart again  
Only the blight of pain,  
And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition !

COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE.

HUBERT *standing by the gateway.*

HUBERT.

How sad the grand old castle looks !  
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks  
Upon the turret's windy top  
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop ;  
Here in the court-yard springs the grass,  
So few are now the feet that pass ;  
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,  
Come hopping down the steps of stone,  
As if the castle were their own ;  
And I, the poor old seneschal,  
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.  
Alas ! the merry guests no more  
Crowd through the hospitable door ;  
No eyes with youth and passion shine,  
No cheeks glow redder than the wine ;  
No song, no laugh, no jovial din  
Of drinking wassail to the pin ;  
But all is silent, sad, and drear,  
And now the only sounds I hear  
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,  
And horses stamping in their stalls !

*A horn sounds.*

What ho ! that merry, sudden blast  
Reminds me of the days long past !  
And, as of old resounding, grate  
The heavy hinges of the gate,  
And, clattering loud, with iron clank,  
Down goes the sounding bridge of plank,  
As if it were in haste to greet  
The pressure of a traveller's feet !

*Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.*

WALTER.

How now, my friend ! This looks quite  
lonely !  
No banner flying from the walls,  
No pages and no seneschals,  
No warders, and one porter only !  
Is it you, Hubert ?

HUBERT.

Ah ! Master Walter !

WALTER.

Alas ! how forms and faces alter !

I did not know you. You look older !  
Your hair has grown much grayer and  
thinner,  
And you stoop a little in the shoulder !

HUBERT.

Alack ! I am a poor old sinner,  
And, like these towers, begin to moulder ;  
And you have been absent many a year !

WALTER.

How is the Prince ?

HUBERT.

He is not here ;  
He has been ill : and now has fled.

WALTER.

Speak it out frankly : say he's dead !  
Is it not so ?

HUBERT.

No ; if you please,  
A strange, mysterious disease  
Fell on him with a sudden blight.  
Whole hours together he would stand  
Upon the terrace, in a dream,  
Resting his head upon his hand,  
Best pleased when he was most alone,  
Like Saint John Nepomuck in stone,  
Looking down into a stream.  
In the Round Tower, night after night,  
He sat and bleared his eyes with books ;  
Until one morning we found him there  
Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon  
He had fallen from his chair.  
We hardly recognized his sweet looks !

WALTER.

Poor Prince !

HUBERT.

I think he might have mended ;  
And he did mend ; but very soon  
The priests came flocking in, like rooks,  
With all their crosiers and their crooks,  
And so at last the matter ended.

WALTER.

How did it end ?

HUBERT.

Why, in Saint Rochus  
They made him stand, and wait his doom ;  
And, as if he were condemned to the tomb,

Began to mutter their hoens-pocus.  
First, the Mass for the Dead they chanted,  
Then three times laid upon his head  
A shovelful of churchyard clay,  
Saying to him, as he stood undaunted,  
" This is a sign that thou art dead,  
So in thy heart be penitent ! "  
And forth from the chapel door he went  
Into disgrace and banishment,  
Clothed in a cloak of hoddenn gray,  
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,  
Whose sound should be a perpetual knell  
To keep all travellers away.

WALTER.

Oh, horrible fate ! Outcast, rejected,  
As one with pestilence infected !

HUBERT.

Then was the family tomb unsealed,  
And broken helmet, sword, and shield,  
Buried together, in common wreck,  
As is the custom, when the last  
Of any princely house has passed,  
And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast,  
A herald shouted down the stair  
The words of warning and despair, —  
" O Hoheneck ! O Hoheneck ! "

WALTER.

Still in my soul that cry goes on, —  
Forever gone ! forever gone !  
Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,  
Like a black shadow, would fall across  
The hearts of all, if he should die !  
His gracious presence upon earth  
Was as a fire upon a hearth ;  
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,  
The words that dropped from his sweet  
tongue  
Strengthened our hearts ; or heard at night,  
Made all our slumbers soft and light,  
Where is he ?

HUBERT.

In the Odenwald.

Some of his tenants, unappalled  
By fear of death, or priestly word, —  
A holy family, that make  
Each meal a Supper of the Lord, —  
Have him beneath their watch and ward,  
For love of him, and Jesus' sake !  
Pray you come in. For why should I  
With out-door hospitality  
My prince's friend thus entertain ?

WALTER.

I would a moment here remain.  
 But you, good Hubert, go before,  
 Fill me a goblet of May-drink,  
 As aromatic as the May  
 From which it steals the breath away,  
 And which he loved so well of yore ;  
 It is of him that I would think.  
 You shall attend me, when I call,  
 In the ancestral banquet-hall.  
 Unseen companions, guests of air,  
 You cannot wait on, will be there ;  
 They taste not food, they drink not wine,  
 But their soft eyes look into mine,  
 And their lips speak to me, and all  
 The vast and shadowy banquet-hall  
 Is full of looks and words divine !

*Leaning over the parapet.*

The day is done ; and slowly from the  
 scene  
 The stooping sun up-gathers his spent  
 shafts,  
 And puts them back into his golden  
 quiver !  
 Below me in the valley, deep and green  
 As goblets are, from which in thirsty  
 draughts  
 We drink its wine, the swift and mantling  
 river  
 Flows on triumphant through these lovely  
 regions,  
 Etched with the shadows of its sombre  
 margin,  
 And soft, reflected clouds of gold and ar-  
 gent !  
 Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and  
 still  
 As when the vanguard of the Roman  
 legions  
 First saw it from the top of yonder  
 hill !  
 How beautiful it is ! Fresh fields of  
 wheat,  
 Vineyard, and town, and tower with flutter-  
 ing flag,  
 The consecrated chapel on the crag,  
 And the white hamlet gathered round its  
 base,  
 Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,  
 And looking up at his beloved face !  
 O friend ! O best of friends ! Thy absence  
 more  
 Than the impending night darkens the land-  
 scape o'er !

II

## A FARM IN THE ODENWALD

*A garden ; morning ; PRINCE HENRY seated,  
 with a book. ELSIE at a distance gathering  
 flowers.*

PRINCE HENRY, *reading.*

One morning, all alone,  
 Out of his convent of gray stone,  
 Into the forest older, darker, grayer,  
 His lips moving as if in prayer,  
 His head sunken upon his breast  
 As in a dream of rest,  
 Walked the Monk Felix. All about  
 The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,  
 Filling the summer air ;  
 And within the woodlands as he trod,  
 The dusk was like the Truce of God  
 With worldly woe and care ;  
 Under him lay the golden moss ;  
 And above him the boughs of hoary trees  
 Waved, and made the sign of the cross,  
 And whispered their Benedicites ;  
 And from the ground  
 Rose an odor sweet and fragrant  
 Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant  
 Vines that wandered,  
 Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered  
 On the volume in his hand,  
 Wherein amazed he read :  
 " A thousand years in thy sight  
 Are but as yesterday when it is past,  
 And as a watch in the night ! "  
 And with his eyes downcast  
 In humility he said :  
 " I believe, O Lord,  
 What is written in thy Word,  
 But alas ! I do not understand ! "

And lo ! he heard  
 The sudden singing of a bird,  
 A snow-white bird, that from a cloud  
 Dropped down,  
 And among the branches brown  
 Sat singing,  
 So sweet, and clear, and loud,  
 It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.  
 And the Monk Felix closed his book,  
 And long, long,  
 With rapturous look,  
 He listened to the song,

And hardly breathed or stirred,  
 Until he saw, as in a vision,  
 The land Elysian,  
 And in the heavenly city heard  
 Angelic feet  
 Fall on the golden flagging of the street.  
 And he would fain  
 Have caught the wondrous bird,  
 But strove in vain ;  
 For it flew away, away,  
 Far over hill and dell,  
 And instead of its sweet singing  
 He heard the convent bell  
 Suddenly in the silence ringing  
 For the service of noonday.  
 And he retraced  
 His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change !  
 He looked for each well-known face,  
 But the faces were new and strange ;  
 New figures sat in the oaken stalls,  
 New voices chanted in the choir ;  
 Yet the place was the same place,  
 The same dusky walls  
 Of cold, gray stone,  
 The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone  
 Among that brotherhood  
 The Monk Felix stood.  
 "Forty years," said a Friar,  
 "Have I been Prior  
 Of this convent in the wood,  
 But for that space  
 Never have I beheld thy face !"

The heart of the Monk Felix fell :  
 And he answered, with submissive tone,  
 "This morning, after the hour of Prime,  
 I left my cell,  
 And wandered forth alone,  
 Listening all the time  
 To the melodious singing  
 Of a beautiful white bird,  
 Until I heard  
 The bells of the convent ringing  
 Noon from their noisy towers.  
 It was as if I dreamed ;  
 For what to me had seemed  
 Moments only, had been hours !"

"Years !" said a voice close by.  
 It was an aged monk who spoke,  
 From a bench of oak

Fastened against the wall ; —  
 He was the oldest monk of all.  
 For a whole century  
 Had he been there,  
 Serving God in prayer,  
 The meekest and humblest of his creatures.  
 He remembered well the features  
 Of Felix, and he said,  
 Speaking distinct and slow :  
 "One hundred years ago,  
 When I was a novice in this place,  
 There was here a monk, full of God's  
     grace,  
 Who bore the name  
 Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway  
 They brought forth to the light of day  
 A volume old and brown,  
 A huge tome, bound  
 In brass and wild-boar's hide,  
 Wherein were written down  
 The names of all who had died  
 In the convent, since it was edified.  
 And there they found,  
 Just as the old monk said,  
 That on a certain day and date,  
 One hundred years before,  
 Had gone forth from the convent gate  
 The monk Felix, and never more  
 Had entered that sacred door.  
 He had been counted among the dead !  
 And they knew, at last,  
 That, such had been the power  
 Of that celestial and immortal song,  
 A hundred years had passed,  
 And had not seemed so long  
 As a single hour !

*ELSIE comes in with flowers.*

ELSIE.

Here are flowers for you,  
 But they are not all for you.  
 Some of them are for the Virgin  
 And for Saint Cecilia.

PRINCE HENRY.

As thou standest there,  
 Thou seemest to me like the angel  
 That brought the immortal roses  
 To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

ELSIE.

But these will fade.

PRINCE HENRY.

Themselves will fade,  
But not their memory,  
And memory has the power  
To re-create them from the dust.  
They remind me, too,  
Of martyred Dorothea,  
Who from celestial gardens sent  
Flowers as her witnesses  
To him who scoffed and doubted.

ELSIE.

Do you know the story  
Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?  
That is the prettiest legend of them all.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then tell it to me.  
But first come hither.  
Lay the flowers down beside me,  
And put both thy hands in mine.  
Now tell me the story.

ELSIE.

Early in the morning  
The Sultan's daughter  
Walked in her father's garden,  
Gathering the bright flowers,  
All full of dew.

PRINCE HENRY.

Just as thou hast been doing  
This morning, dearest Elsie.

ELSIE.

And as she gathered them  
She wondered more and more  
Who was the Master of the Flowers,  
And made them grow  
Out of the cold, dark earth.  
"In my heart," she said,  
"I love him; and for him  
Would leave my father's palace,  
To labor in his garden."

PRINCE HENRY.

Dear, innocent child!  
How sweetly thou recallest  
The long-forgotten legend,  
That in my early childhood  
My mother told me!  
Upon my brain  
It reappears once more,  
As a birth-mark on the forehead

When a hand suddenly  
Is laid upon it, and removed!

ELSIE.

And at midnight,  
As she lay upon her bed,  
She heard a voice  
Call to her from the garden,  
And, looking forth from her window,  
She saw a beautiful youth  
Standing among the flowers.  
It was the Lord Jesus;  
And she went down to Him,  
And opened the door for Him;  
And He said to her, "O maiden!  
Thou hast thought of me with love,  
And for thy sake  
Out of my Father's kingdom  
Have I come hither:  
I am the Master of the Flowers.  
My garden is in Paradise,  
And if thou wilt go with me,  
Thy bridal garland  
Shall be of bright red flowers."  
And then He took from his finger  
A golden ring,  
And asked the Sultan's daughter  
If she would be his bride.  
And when she answered Him with love,  
His wounds began to bleed,  
And she said to him,  
"O Love! how red thy heart is,  
And thy hands are full of roses."  
"For thy sake," answered He,  
"For thy sake is my heart so red,  
For thee I bring these roses;  
I gathered them at the cross  
Whereon I died for thee!  
Come, for my Father calls.  
Thou art my elected bride!"  
And the Sultan's daughter  
Followed Him to his Father's garden.

PRINCE HENRY.

Wouldst thou have done so, Elsie?

ELSIE.

Yes, very gladly.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then the Celestial Bridegroom  
Will come for thee also.  
Upon thy forehead He will place,  
Not his crown of thorns,  
But a crown of roses.

In thy bridal chamber,  
Like Saint Cecilia,  
Thou shalt hear sweet music,  
And breathe the fragrance  
Of flowers immortal !  
Go now and place these flowers  
Before her picture.

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

*Twilight.* URSULA *spinning.* GOTTLIEB  
*asleep in his chair.*

URSULA.

Darker and darker ! Hardly a glimmer  
Of light comes in at the window-pane ;  
Or is it my eyes are growing dimmer ?  
I cannot disentangle this skein,  
Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.  
Elsie !

GOTTLIEB, *starting.*

The stopping of thy wheel  
Has awakened me out of a pleasant dream.  
I thought I was sitting beside a stream,  
And heard the grinding of a mill,  
When suddenly the wheels stood still,  
And a voice cried " Elsie " in my ear !  
It startled me, it seemed so near.

URSULA.

I was calling her : I want a light.  
I cannot see to spin my fax.  
Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou hear ?

ELSIE, *within.*

In a moment !

GOTTLIEB.

Where are Bertha and Max ?

URSULA.

They are sitting with Elsie at the door.  
She is telling them stories of the wood,  
And the Wolf, and little Red Ridinghood.

GOTTLIEB.

And where is the Prince ?

URSULA

In his room overhead ;  
I heard him walking across the floor,  
As he always does, with a heavy tread.

ELSIE *comes in with a lamp.* MAX and BERTHA  
*follow her ; and they all sing the Evening Song  
on the lighting of the lamps.*

EVENING SONG

O gladsome light  
Of the Father Immortal,  
And of the celestial  
Sacred and blessed  
Jesus, our Saviour !

Now to the sunset  
Again hast thou brought us ;  
And, seeing the evening  
Twilight, we bless thee,  
Praise thee, adore thee !

Father omnipotent !  
Son, the Life-giver !  
Spirit, the Comforter !  
Worthy at all times  
Of worship and wonder !

PRINCE HENRY, *at the door.*

Amen !

URSULA.

Who was it said Amen ?

ELSIE

It was the Prince : he stood at the door.  
And listened a moment, as we chanted  
The evening song. He is gone again.  
I have often seen him there before.

URSULA.

Poor Prince !

GOTTLIEB.

I thought the house was haunted !  
Poor Prince, alas ! and yet as mild  
And patient as the gentlest child !

MAX.

I love him because he is so good,  
And makes me such fine bows and ar-  
rows,  
To shoot at the robins and the sparrows,  
And the red squirrels in the wood !

BERTHA.

I love him, too !

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, yes ! we all  
Love him, from the bottom of our hearts ;  
He gave us the farm, the house, and the  
grange,  
He gave us the horses and the carts,  
And the great oxen in the stall,

The vineyard, and the forest range !  
We have nothing to give him but our  
love !

BERTHA.

Did he give us the beautiful stork above  
On the chimney-top, with its large, round  
nest ?

GOTTLIEB.

No, not the stork ; by God in heaven,  
As a blessing, the dear white stork was  
given,  
But the Prince has given us all the rest.  
God bless him, and make him well again.

ELSIE.

Would I could do something for his sake,  
Something to cure his sorrow and pain !

GOTTLIEB.

That no one can ; neither thou nor I,  
Nor any one else.

ELSIE.

And must he die ?

URSULA.

Yes ; if the dear God does not take  
Pity upon him, in his distress,  
And work a miracle !

GOTTLIEB.

Or unless  
Some maiden, of her own accord,  
Offers her life for that of her lord,  
And is willing to die in his stead.

ELSIE.

I will !

URSULA.

Prithee, thou foolish child, be still !  
Thou shouldst not say what thou dost not  
mean !

ELSIE.

I mean it truly !

MAX.

O father ! this morning,  
Down by the mill, in the ravine,  
Hans killed a wolf, the very same  
That in the night to the sheepfold came,  
And ate up my lamb, that was left out-  
side.

GOTTLIEB.

I am glad he is dead. It will be a warning  
To the wolves in the forest, far and wide.

MAX.

And I am going to have his hide !

BERTHA.

I wonder if this is the wolf that ate  
Little Red Ridinghood !

URSULA.

Oh, no !

That wolf was killed a long while ago.  
Come, children, it is growing late.

MAX.

Ah, how I wish I were a man,  
As stout as Hans is, and as strong !  
I would do nothing else, the whole day  
long,  
But just kill wolves.

GOTTLIEB.

Then go to bed,  
And grow as fast as a little boy can.  
Bertha is half asleep already.  
See how she nods her heavy head,  
And her sleepy feet are so unsteady  
She will hardly be able to creep upstairs.

URSULA.

Good night, my children. Here 's the  
light.  
And do not forget to say your prayers  
Before you sleep.

GOTTLIEB.

Good night !

MAX and BERTHA.

Good night !

*They go out with ELSIE.*

URSULA, *spinning.*

She is a strange and wayward child,  
That Elsie of ours. She looks so old,  
And thoughts and fancies weird and wild  
Seem of late to have taken hold  
Of her heart, that was once so docile and  
mild !

GOTTLIEB.

She is like all girls.

URSULA.

Ah no, forsooth !  
Unlike all I have ever seen.

For she has visions and strange dreams,  
 And in all her words and ways, she seems  
 Much older than she is in truth.  
 Who would think her but fifteen ?  
 And there has been of late such a change !  
 My heart is heavy with fear and doubt  
 That she may not live till the year is out.  
 She is so strange, — so strange, — so  
 strange !

GOTTLIEB.

I am not troubled with any such fear ;  
 She will live and thrive for many a year.

ELSIE'S CHAMBER.

*Night.* ELSIE *praying.*

ELSIE.

My Redeemer and my Lord,  
 I beseech thee, I entreat thee,  
 Guide me in each act and word,  
 That hereafter I may meet thee,  
 Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,  
 With my lamp well trimmed and burning !

Interceding  
 With these bleeding  
 Wounds upon thy hands and side,  
 For all who have lived and errèd  
 Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,  
 Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,  
 And in the grave hast thou been buried !

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,  
 O my Saviour, I beseech thee,  
 Even as thou hast died for me,  
 More sincerely  
 Let me follow where thou ledest,  
 Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,  
 Die, if dying I may give  
 Life to one who asks to live,  
 And more nearly,  
 Dying thus, resemble thee !

THE CHAMBER OF GOTTLIEB AND URSULA.

*Midnight.* ELSIE *standing by their bedside,*  
*weeping.*

GOTTLIEB.

The wind is roaring ; the rushing rain  
 Is loud upon roof and window-paue,  
 As if the Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein,  
 Boding evil to me and mine,  
 Were abroad to-night with his ghostly  
 train !

In the brief lulls of the tempest wild,  
 The dogs howl in the yard ; and hark !  
 Some one is sobbing in the dark,  
 Here in the chamber !

ELSIE.

It is I.

URSULA.

Elsie ! what ails thee, my poor child ?

ELSIE.

I am disturbed and much distressed,  
 In thinking our dear Prince must die ;  
 I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

GOTTLIEB.

What wouldst thou ? In the Power Divine  
 His healing lies, not in our own ;  
 It is in the hand of God alone.

ELSIE.

Nay, He has put it into mine,  
 And into my heart !

GOTTLIEB.

Thy words are wild !

URSULA.

What dost thou mean ? my child ! my  
 child !

ELSIE.

That for our dear Prince Henry's sake  
 I will myself the offering make,  
 And give my life to purchase his.

URSULA.

Am I still dreaming, or awake ?  
 Thou speakest carelessly of death,  
 And yet thou knowest not what it is.

ELSIE.

'T is the cessation of our breath.  
 Silent and motionless we lie ;  
 And no one knoweth more than this.  
 I saw our little Gertrude die ;  
 She left off breathing, and no more  
 I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.  
 She was more beautiful than before.  
 Like violets faded were her eyes ;  
 By this we knew that she was dead.  
 Through the open window looked the skies  
 Into the chamber where she lay,  
 And the wind was like the sound of wings,  
 As if angels came to bear her away.

Ah ! when I saw and felt these things,  
 I found it difficult to stay ;  
 I longed to die, as she had died,  
 And go forth with her, side by side.  
 The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,  
 And Mary, and our Lord ; and I  
 Would follow in humility  
 The way by them illuminèd !

URSULA.

My child ! my child ! thou must not die !

ELSIE.

Why should I live ? Do I not know  
 The life of woman is full of woe ?  
 Toiling on and on and on,  
 With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,  
 And silent lips, and in the soul  
 The secret longings that arise,  
 Which this world never satisfies !  
 Some more, some less, but of the whole  
 Not one quite happy, no, not one !

URSULA.

It is the malediction of Eve !

ELSIE.

In place of it, let me receive  
 The benediction of Mary, then.

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, woe is me ! Ah, woe is me !  
 Most wretched am I among men !

URSULA.

Alas ! that I should live to see  
 Thy death, beloved, and to stand  
 Above thy grave ! Ah, woe the day !

ELSIE.

Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie  
 Beneath the flowers of another land,  
 For at Salerno, far away  
 Over the mountains, over the sea,  
 It is appointed me to die !  
 And it will seem no more to thee  
 Than if at the village on market-day  
 I should a little longer stay  
 Than I am wont.

URSULA.

Even as thou sayest !  
 And how my heart beats, when thou stayest !  
 I cannot rest until my sight

Is satisfied with seeing thee.  
 What then, if thou wert dead ?

GOTTLIEB.

Ah me !

Of our old eyes thou art the light !  
 The joy of our old hearts art thou !  
 And wilt thou die ?

URSULA.

Not now ! not now !

ELSIE.

Christ died for me, and shall not I  
 Be willing for my Prince to die ?  
 You both are silent ; you cannot speak.  
 This said I at our Saviour's feast  
 After confession, to the priest,  
 And even he made no reply.  
 Does he not warn us all to seek  
 The happier, better land on high,  
 Where flowers immortal never wither ;  
 And could he forbid me to go thither ?

GOTTLIEB.

In God's own time, my heart's delight !  
 When He shall call thee, not before !

ELSIE.

I heard Him call. When Christ ascended  
 Triumphantly, from star to star,  
 He left the gates of heaven ajar.  
 I had a vision in the night,  
 And saw Him standing at the door  
 Of his Father's mansion, vast and splen-  
 did,  
 And beckoning to me from afar.  
 I cannot stay !

GOTTLIEB.

She speaks almost  
 As if it were the Holy Ghost  
 Spoke through her lips, and in her stead !  
 What if this were of God ?

URSULA.

Ah, then

Gainsay it dare we not.

GOTTLIEB.

Amen !

Elsie ! the words that thou hast said  
 Are strange and new for us to hear,  
 And fill our hearts with doubt and fear.  
 Whether it be a dark temptation  
 Of the Evil One, or God's inspiration,

We in our blindness cannot say.  
 We must think upon it, and pray ;  
 For evil and good it both resembles.  
 If it be of God, his will be done !  
 May He guard us from the Evil One !  
 How hot thy hand is ! how it trembles !  
 Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.

URSULA.

Kiss me. Good night ; and do not weep !

ELSIE goes out.

Ah, what an awful thing is this !  
 I almost shuddered at her kiss,  
 As if a ghost had touched my cheek,  
 I am so childish and so weak !  
 As soon as I see the earliest gray  
 Of morning glimmer in the east,  
 I will go over to the priest,  
 And hear what the good man has to say !

#### A VILLAGE CHURCH.

*A woman kneeling at the confessional.*

THE PARISH PRIEST, *from within.*

Go, sin no more ! Thy penance o'er,  
 A new and better life begin !  
 God maketh thee forever free  
 From the dominion of thy sin !  
 Go, sin no more ! He will restore  
 The peace that filled thy heart before,  
 And pardon thine iniquity !

*The woman goes out. The Priest comes forth,  
 and walks slowly up and down the church.*

O blessed Lord ! how much I need  
 Thy light to guide me on my way !  
 So many hands, that, without heed,  
 Still touch thy wounds, and make them  
 bleed !

So many feet, that, day by day,  
 Still wander from thy fold astray !  
 Unless thou fill me with thy light,  
 I cannot lead thy flock aright ;  
 Nor, without thy support, can bear  
 The burden of so great a care,  
 But am myself a castaway !

*A pause.*

The day is drawing to its close ;  
 And what good deeds, since first it rose,  
 Have I presented, Lord, to thee,  
 As offerings of my ministry ?  
 What wrong repressed, what right main-  
 tained,

What struggle passed, what victory gained,  
 What good attempted and attained ?

Feeble, at best, is my endeavor !  
 I see, but cannot reach, the height  
 That lies forever in the light,  
 And yet forever and forever,  
 When seeming just within my grasp,  
 I feel my feeble hands unclasp,  
 And sink discouraged into night !  
 For thine own purpose, thou hast sent  
 The strife and the discouragement !

*A pause.*

Why stayest thou, Prince of Hoheneck ?  
 Why keep me pacing to and fro  
 Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,  
 Counting my footsteps as I go,  
 And marking with each step a tomb ?  
 Why should the world for thee make room,  
 And wait thy leisure and thy beck ?  
 Thou comest in the hope to hear  
 Some word of comfort and of cheer.  
 What can I say ? I cannot give  
 The counsel to do this and live ;  
 But rather, firmly to deny  
 The tempter, though his power be strong,  
 And, inaccessible to wrong,  
 Still like a martyr live and die !

*A pause.*

The evening air grows dusk and brown ;  
 I must go forth into the town,  
 To visit beds of pain and death,  
 Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,  
 And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes  
 That see, through tears, the sun go down,  
 But never more shall see it rise.  
 The poor in body and estate,  
 The sick and the disconsolate,  
 Must not on man's convenience wait.

*Goes out.*

*Enter LUCIFER, as a Priest.*

LUCIFER, *with a genuflexion, mocking.*

This is the Black Pater-noster.  
 God was my foster,  
 He fostered me  
 Under the book of the Palm-tree !  
 St. Michael was my dame.  
 He was born at Bethlehem,  
 He was made of flesh and blood.  
 God send me my right food,  
 My right food, and shelter too,  
 That I may to yon kirk go,  
 To read upon yon sweet book  
 Which the mighty God of heaven shook.  
 Open, open, hell's gates !  
 Shut, shut, heaven's gates !

All the devils in the air  
The stronger be, that hear the Black  
Prayer !

*Looking round the church.*

What a darksome and dismal place !  
I wonder that any man has the face  
To call such a hole the House of the Lord,  
And the Gate of Heaven, — yet such is the  
word.

Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,  
Covered with cobwebs, blackened with  
mould ;

Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs,  
Dust on the benches, and stalls, and chairs !  
The pulpit, from which such ponderous ser-  
mons

Have fallen down on the brains of the Ger-  
mans,

With about as much real edification  
As if a great Bible, bound in lead,  
Had fallen, and struck them on the head ;  
And I ought to remember that sensation !

Here stands the holy-water stoup !  
Holy-water it may be to many,  
But to me, the veriest Liquor Gehennæ !  
It smells like a filthy fast-day soup !

Near it stands the box for the poor,  
With its iron padlock, safe and sure.  
I and the priest of the parish know  
Whither all these charities go ;  
Therefore, to keep up the institution,  
I will add my little contribution !

*He puts in money.*

Underneath this mouldering tomb,  
With statue of stone, and scutcheon of  
brass,

Slumbers a great lord of the village.  
All his life was riot and pillage,  
But at length, to escape the threatened  
doom

Of the everlasting penal fire,  
He died in the dress of a mendicant friar,  
And bartered his wealth for a daily mass.  
But all that afterwards came to pass,  
And whether he finds it dull or pleasant,  
Is kept a secret for the present,  
At his own particular desire.

And here, in a corner of the wall,  
Shadowy, silent, apart from all,  
With its awful portal open wide,  
And its latticed windows on either side,  
And its step well worn by the bended  
knees  
Of one or two pious centuries,

Stands the village confessional !  
Within it, as an honored guest,  
I will sit down awhile and rest !

*Sits himself in the confessional.*

Here sits the priest ; and faint and low,  
Like the sighing of an evening breeze,  
Comes through these painted lattices  
The ceaseless sound of human woe ;  
Here, while her bosom aches and throbs  
With deep and agonizing sobs,  
That half are passion, half contrition,  
The luckless daughter of perdition  
Slowly confesses her secret shame !  
The time, the place, the lover's name !  
Here the grim murderer, with a groan,  
From his bruised conscience rolls the stone,  
Thinking that thus he can atone  
For ravages of sword and flame !

Indeed, I marvel, and marvel greatly,  
How a priest can sit here so sedately,  
Reading, the whole year out and in,  
Naught but the catalogue of sin,  
And still keep any faith whatever  
In human virtue ! Never ! never !

I cannot repeat a thousandth part  
Of the horrors and crimes and sins and  
woes

That arise, when with palpitating throes  
The graveyard in the human heart  
Gives up its dead, at the voice of the  
priest,

As if he were an archangel, at least.  
It makes a peculiar atmosphere,  
This odor of earthly passions and crimes,  
Such as I like to breathe, at times,  
And such as often brings me here  
In the hottest and most pestilential sea-  
son.

To-day, I come for another reason ;  
To foster and ripen an evil thought  
In a heart that is almost to madness  
wrought,

And to make a murderer out of a prince,  
A sleight of hand I learned long since !  
He comes. In the twilight he will not see  
The difference between his priest and me !  
In the same net was the mother caught !

PRINCE HENRY, *entering and kneeling at the  
confessional.*

Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,  
I come to crave, O Father holy,  
Thy benediction on my head.

LUCIFER.

The benediction shall be said  
 After confession, not before !  
 'T is a God-speed to the parting guest,  
 Who stands already at the door,  
 Sandalled with holiness, and dressed  
 In garments pure from earthly stain.  
 Meanwhile, hast thou searched well thy  
 breast ?  
 Does the same madness fill thy brain ?  
 Or have thy passion and unrest  
 Vanished forever from thy mind ?

PRINCE HENRY.

By the same madness still made blind,  
 By the same passion still possessed,  
 I come again to the house of prayer,  
 A man afflicted and distressed !  
 As in a cloudy atmosphere,  
 Through unseen sluices of the air,  
 A sudden and impetuous wind  
 Strikes the great forest white with fear,  
 And every branch, and bough, and spray  
 Points all its quivering leaves one way,  
 And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,  
 And the clouds above, and the slanting  
 rain,  
 And smoke from chimneys of the town,  
 Yield themselves to it, and bow down,  
 So does this dreadful purpose press  
 Onward, with irresistible stress,  
 And all my thoughts and faculties,  
 Struck level by the strength of this,  
 From their true inclination turn,  
 And all stream forward to Salern !

LUCIFER.

Alas ! we are but eddies of dust,  
 Uplifted by the blast, and whirled  
 Along the highway of the world  
 A moment only, then to fall  
 Back to a common level all,  
 At the subsiding of the gust !

PRINCE HENRY.

O holy Father ! pardon in me  
 The oscillation of a mind  
 Unsteadfast, and that cannot find  
 Its centre of rest and harmony !  
 For evermore before mine eyes  
 This ghastly phantom flits and flies,  
 And as a madman through a crowd,  
 With frantic gestures and wild cries,  
 It hurries onward, and aloud  
 Repeats its awful prophecies !

Weakness is wretchedness ! To be strong  
 Is to be happy ! I am weak,  
 And cannot find the good I seek,  
 Because I feel and fear the wrong !

LUCIFER.

Be not alarmed ! The Church is kind,  
 And in her mercy and her meekness  
 She meets half-way her children's weakness,  
 Writes their transgressions in the dust !  
 Though in the Decalogue we find  
 The mandate written, "Thou shalt not  
 kill !"

Yet there are cases when we must.  
 In war, for instance, or from scathe  
 To guard and keep the one true Faith  
 We must look at the Decalogue in the light  
 Of an ancient statute, that was meant  
 For a mild and general application,  
 To be understood with the reservation  
 That in certain instances the Right  
 Must yield to the Expedient !  
 Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst die,  
 What hearts and hopes would prostrate lie !  
 What noble deeds, what fair renown,  
 Into the grave with thee go down !  
 What acts of valor and courtesy  
 Remain undone, and die with thee !  
 Thou art the last of all thy race !  
 With thee a noble name expires,  
 And vanishes from the earth's face  
 The glorious memory of thy sires !  
 She is a peasant. In her veins  
 Flows common and plebeian blood ;  
 It is such as daily and hourly stains  
 The dust and the turf of battle plains,  
 By vassals shed, in a crimson flood,  
 Without reserve, and without reward,  
 At the slightest summons of their lord !  
 But thine is precious ; the fore-appointed  
 Blood of kings, of God's anointed !  
 Moreover, what has the world in store  
 For one like her, but tears and toil ?  
 Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,  
 A peasant's child and a peasant's wife,  
 And her soul within her sick and sore  
 With the roughness and barrenness of life !  
 I marvel not at the heart's recoil  
 From a fate like this, in one so tender,  
 Nor at its eagerness to surrender  
 All the wretchedness, want, and woe  
 That await it in this world below,  
 Nor the unutterable splendor  
 Of the world of rest beyond the skies.  
 So the Church sanctions the sacrifice :

Therefore inhale this healing balm,  
And breathe this fresh life into thine ;  
Accept the comfort and the calm  
She offers, as a gift divine ;  
Let her fall down and anoint thy feet  
With the ointment costly and most sweet  
Of her young blood, and thou shalt live.

PRINCE HENRY.

And will the righteous Heaven forgive ?  
No action, whether foul or fair,  
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere  
A record, written by fingers ghostly,  
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly  
In the greater weakness or greater strength  
Of the acts which follow it, till at length  
The wrongs of ages are redressed,  
And the justice of God made manifest !

LUCIFER.

In ancient records it is stated  
That, whenever an evil deed is done,  
Another devil is created  
To scourge and torment the offending one !  
But evil is only good perverted,  
And Lucifer, the bearer of Light,  
But an angel fallen and deserted,  
Thrust from his Father's house with a curse  
Into the black and endless night.

PRINCE HENRY.

If justice rules the universe,  
From the good actions of good men  
Angels of light should be begotten,  
And thus the balance restored again.

LUCIFER.

Yes ; if the world were not so rotten,  
And so given over to the Devil !

PRINCE HENRY.

But this deed, is it good or evil ?  
Have I thine absolution free  
To do it, and without restriction ?

LUCIFER.

Ay ; and from whatsoever sin  
Lieth around it and within,  
From all crimes in which it may involve  
thee,  
I now release thee and absolve thee !

PRINCE HENRY.

Give me thy holy benediction.

LUCIFER, *stretching forth his hand and muttering.*

Maledictione perpetua  
Maledicat vos  
Pater eternus !

THE ANGEL, *with the æolian harp.*

Take heed ! take heed !  
Noble art thou in thy birth,  
By the good and the great of earth  
Hast thou been taught !  
Be noble in every thought  
And in every deed !  
Let not the illusion of thy senses  
Betray thee to deadly offences.  
Be strong ! be good ! be pure !  
The right only shall endure,  
All things else are but false pretences.  
I entreat thee, I implore,  
Listen no more  
To the suggestions of an evil spirit,  
That even now is there,  
Making the foul seem fair,  
And selfishness itself a virtue and a merit !

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

GOTTLIEB.

It is decided ! For many days,  
And nights as many, we have had  
A nameless terror in our breast,  
Making us timid, and afraid  
Of God, and his mysterious ways !  
We have been sorrowful and sad ;  
Much have we suffered, much have prayed  
That he would lead us as is best,  
And show us what his will required.  
It is decided ; and we give  
Our child, O Prince, that you may live !

URSULA.

It is of God. He has inspired  
This purpose in her ; and through pain,  
Out of a world of sin and woe,  
He takes her to Himself again.  
The mother's heart resists no longer ;  
With the Angel of the Lord in vain  
It wrestled, for he was the stronger.

GOTTLIEB.

As Abraham offered long ago  
His son unto the Lord, and even  
The Everlasting Father in heaven

Gave his, as a lamb unto the slaughter,  
So do I offer up my daughter !

URSULA *hides her face.*

ELSIE.

My life is little,  
Only a cup of water,  
But pure and limpid.  
Take it, O my Prince !  
Let it refresh you,  
Let it restore you.  
It is given willingly,  
It is given freely ;  
May God bless the gift !

PRINCE HENRY.

And the giver !

GOTTLIEB.

Amen !

PRINCE HENRY.

I accept it !

GOTTLIEB.

Where are the children ?

URSULA.

They are already asleep.

GOTTLIEB.

What if they were dead ?

IN THE GARDEN.

ELSIE.

I have one thing to ask of you.

PRINCE HENRY.

It is already granted.

What is it ?

ELSIE.

Promise me,

When we are gone from here, and on our way

Are journeying to Salerno, you will not,  
By word or deed, endeavor to dissuade me  
And turn me from my purpose ; but re-  
member

That as a pilgrim to the Holy City  
Walks unmolested, and with thoughts of  
pardon

Occupied wholly, so would I approach

The gates of Heaven, in this great jubilee,

With my petition, putting off from me  
All thoughts of earth, as shoes from off  
my feet.

Promise me this.

PRINCE HENRY.

Thy words fall from thy lips  
Like roses from the lips of Angelo : and  
angels

Might stoop to pick them up !

ELSIE.

Will you not promise ?

PRINCE HENRY.

If ever we depart upon this journey,  
So long to one or both of us, I promise.

ELSIE.

Shall we not go, then ? Have you lifted  
me

Into the air, only to hurl me back  
Wounded upon the ground ? and offered  
me

The waters of eternal life, to bid me  
Drink the polluted puddles of this world ?

PRINCE HENRY.

O Elsie ! what a lesson thou dost teach  
me !

The life which is, and that which is to  
come,

Suspended hang in such nice equipoise  
A breath disturbs the balance ; and that  
scale

In which we throw our hearts preponder-  
ates,

And the other, like an empty one, flies  
up,

And is accounted vanity and air !  
To me the thought of death is terrible,  
Having such hold on life. To thee it is  
not

So much even as the lifting of a latch ;

Only a step into the open air

Out of a tent already luminous

With light that shines through its trans-  
parent walls !

O pure in heart ! from thy sweet dust  
shall grow

Lilies, upon whose petals will be written  
" Ave Maria " in characters of gold !

## III

## A STREET IN STRASBURG

*Night. PRINCE HENRY wandering alone,  
wrapped in a cloak.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Still is the night. The sound of feet  
Has died away from the empty street,  
And like an artisan, bending down  
His head on his anvil, the dark town  
Sleeps, with a slumber deep and sweet.  
Sleepless and restless, I alone,  
In the dusk and damp of these walls of  
stone,  
Wander and weep in my remorse !

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *ringing a bell.*

Wake ! wake !  
All ye that sleep !  
Pray for the Dead !  
Pray for the Dead !

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark ! with what accents loud and hoarse  
This warder on the walls of death  
Sends forth the challenge of his breath !  
I see the dead that sleep in the grave !  
They rise up and their garments wave,  
Dimly and spectral, as they rise,  
With the light of another world in their  
eyes !

CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake ! wake !  
All ye that sleep !  
Pray for the Dead !  
Pray for the Dead !

PRINCE HENRY.

Why for the dead, who are at rest ?  
Pray for the living, in whose breast  
The struggle between right and wrong  
Is raging terrible and strong,  
As when good angels war with devils !  
This is the Master of the Revels,  
Who, at Life's flowing feast, proposes  
The health of absent friends, and pledges,  
Not in bright goblets crowned with roses,  
And tinkling as we touch their edges,  
But with his dismal, tinkling bell,  
That mocks and mimics their funeral  
knell !

CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake ! wake !  
All ye that sleep !  
Pray for the Dead !  
Pray for the Dead !

PRINCE HENRY.

Wake not, beloved ! be thy sleep  
Silent as night is, and as deep !  
There walks a sentinel at thy gate  
Whose heart is heavy and desolate,  
And the heavings of whose bosom number  
The respirations of thy slumber,  
As if some strange, mysterious fate  
Had linked two hearts in one, and mine  
Went madly wheeling about thine,  
Only with wider and wilder sweep !

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *at a distance.*

Wake ! wake !  
All ye that sleep !  
Pray for the Dead !  
Pray for the Dead !

PRINCE HENRY.

Lo ! with what depth of blackness thrown  
Against the clouds, far up the skies  
The walls of the cathedral rise,  
Like a mysterious grove of stone,  
With fitful lights and shadows blending,  
As from behind, the moon, ascending,  
Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown !  
The wind is rising ; but the boughs  
Rise not and fall not with the wind,  
That through their foliage sobs and  
soughs ;  
Only the cloudy rack behind,  
Drifting onward, wild and ragged,  
Gives to each spire and buttress jagged  
A seeming motion undefined.  
Below on the square, an armèd knight,  
Still as a statue and as white,  
Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams  
quiver  
Upon the points of his armor bright  
As on the ripples of a river.  
He lifts the visor from his cheek,  
And beckons, and makes as he would  
speak.

WALTER *the Minnesinger.*

Friend ! can you tell me where alight  
Thuringia's horsemen for the night ?  
For I have lingered in the rear,  
And wander vainly up and down.

PRINCE HENRY.

I am a stranger in the town,  
As thou art ; but the voice I hear  
Is not a stranger to mine ear.  
Thou art Walter of the Vogelweid !

WALTER.

Thou hast guessed rightly ; and thy name  
Is Henry of Hoheneck !

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, the same.

WALTER, *embracing him*.

Come closer, closer to my side !  
What brings thee hither ? What potent  
charm  
Has drawn thee from thy German farm  
Into the old Alsatian city ?

PRINCE HENRY.

A tale of wonder and of pity !  
A wretched man, almost by stealth  
Dragging my body to Salern,  
In the vain hope and search for health,  
And destined never to return.  
Already thou hast heard the rest.  
But what brings thee, thus armed and dight  
In the equipments of a knight ?

WALTER.

Dost thou not see upon my breast  
The cross of the Crusaders shine ?  
My pathway leads to Palestine.

PRINCE HENRY.

Ah, would that way were also mine !  
O noble poet ! thou whose heart  
Is like a nest of singing-birds  
Rocked on the topmost bough of life,  
Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart,  
And in the clangor of the strife  
Mingle the music of thy words ?

WALTER.

My hopes are high, my heart is proud,  
And like a trumpet long and loud,  
Thither my thoughts all clang and ring !  
My life is in my hand, and lo !  
I grasp and bend it as a bow,  
And shoot forth from its trembling string  
An arrow, that shall be, perchance,  
Like the arrow of the Israelite king  
Shot from the window toward the east,  
That of the Lord's deliverance !

PRINCE HENRY.

My life, alas ! is what thou seest !  
O enviable fate ! to be  
Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee  
With lyre and sword, with song and steel ;  
A hand to smite, a heart to feel !  
Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy sword,  
Thou givest all unto thy Lord ;  
While I, so mean and abject grown,  
Am thinking of myself alone.

WALTER.

Be patient : Time will reinstate  
Thy health and fortunes.

PRINCE HENRY.

'Tis too late !  
I cannot strive against my fate !

WALTER.

Come with me ; for my steed is weary ;  
Our journey has been long and dreary,  
And, dreaming of his stall, he dints  
With his impatient hoofs the flints.

PRINCE HENRY, *aside*.

I am ashamed, in my disgrace,  
To look into that noble face !  
To-morrow, Walter, let it be.

WALTER.

To-morrow, at the dawn of day,  
I shall again be on my way.  
Come with me to the hostelry,  
For I have many things to say.  
Our journey into Italy  
Perchance together we may make ;  
Wilt thou not do it for my sake ?

PRINCE HENRY.

A sick man's pace would but impede  
Thine eager and impatient speed.  
Besides, my pathway leads me round  
To Hirschan, in the forest's bound,  
Where I assemble man and steed,  
And all things for my journey's need.  
*They go out.*

LUCIFER, *flying over the city*.

Sleep, sleep, O city ! till the light  
Wake you to sin and crime again,  
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal rain,  
I scatter downward through the night  
My maledictions dark and deep.  
I have more martyrs in your walls

Than God has ; and they cannot sleep ;  
 They are my bondsmen and my thralls ;  
 Their wretched lives are full of pain,  
 Wild agonies of nerve and brain ;  
 And every heart-beat, every breath,  
 Is a convulsion worse than death !  
 Sleep, sleep, O city ! though within  
 The circuit of your walls there be  
 No habitation free from sin,  
 And all its nameless misery ;  
 The aching heart, the aching head,  
 Grief for the living and the dead,  
 And foul corruption of the time,  
 Disease, distress, and want, and woe,  
 And crimes, and passions that may grow  
 Until they ripen into crime !

SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

*Easter Sunday. FRIAR CUTHBERT preaching  
 to the crowd from a pulpit in the open air.*  
 PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing the square.

PRINCE HENRY.

This is the day, when from the dead  
 Our Lord arose ; and everywhere,  
 Out of their darkness and despair,  
 Triumphant over fears and foes,  
 The hearts of his disciples rose,  
 When to the women, standing near,  
 The Angel in shining vesture said,  
 "The Lord is risen ; he is not here !"   
 And, mindful that the day is come,  
 On all the hearths in Christendom  
 The fires are quenched, to be again  
 Rekindled from the sun, that high  
 Is dancing in the cloudless sky.  
 The churches are all decked with flowers,  
 The salutations among men  
 Are but the Angel's words divine,  
 "Christ is arisen !" and the bells  
 Catch the glad murmur, as it swells,  
 And chant together in their towers.  
 All hearts are glad ; and free from care  
 The faces of the people shine.  
 See what a crowd is in the square,  
 Gayly and gallantly arrayed !

ELSIE.

Let us go back ; I am afraid !

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, let us mount the church-steps here,  
 Under the doorway's sacred shadow ;  
 We can see all things, and be freer  
 From the crowd that madly heaves and  
 presses !

ELSIE.

What a gay pageant ! what bright dresses !  
 It looks like a flower-besprinkled meadow.  
 What is that yonder on the square ?

PRINCE HENRY.

A pulpit in the open air,  
 And a Friar, who is preaching to the crowd  
 In a voice so deep and clear and loud,  
 That, if we listen, and give heed,  
 His lowest words will reach the ear.

*FRIAR CUTHBERT, gesticulating and cracking a  
 postilion's whip.*

What ho ! good people ! do you not hear ?  
 Dashing along at the top of his speed,  
 Booted and spurred, on his jaded steed,  
 A courier comes with words of cheer.

Courier ! what is the news, I pray ?

"Christ is arisen !" Whence come you ?

"From court."

Then I do not believe it ; you say it in  
 sport.

*Cracks his whip again.*

Ah, here comes another, riding this way ;

We soon shall know what he has to say.

Courier ! what are the tidings to-day ?

"Christ is arisen !" Whence come you ?

"From town."

Then I do not believe it ; away with you,  
 clown.

*Cracks his whip more violently.*

And here comes a third, who is spurring  
 amain ;

What news do you bring, with your loose-  
 hanging rein,

Your spurs wet with blood, and your bridle  
 with foam ?

"Christ is arisen !" Whence come you ?

"From Rome."

Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.

Ride on with the news, at the top of your  
 speed !

*Great applause among the crowd.*

To come back to my text ! When the  
 news was first spread

That Christ was arisen indeed from the  
 dead,

Very great was the joy of the angels in  
 heaven ;

And as great the dispute as to who should  
 carry

The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary,  
 Pierced to the heart with sorrows seven.  
 Old Father Adam was first to propose,

As being the author of all our woes ;  
But he was refused, for fear, said they,  
He would stop to eat apples on the way !  
Abel came next, but petitioned in vain,  
Because he might meet with his brother  
Cain !

Noah, too, was refused, lest his weakness  
for wine

Should delay him at every tavern-sign ;  
And John the Baptist could not get a vote,  
On account of his old-fashioned camel's-  
hair coat ;

And the Penitent Thief, who died on the  
cross,

Was reminded that all his bones were  
broken !

Till at last, when each in turn had spoken,  
The company being still at loss,  
The Angel, who rolled away the stone,  
Was sent to the sepulchre, all alone.

And filled with glory that gloomy prison,  
And said to the Virgin, "The Lord is  
arisen !"

*The Cathedral bells ring.*

But hark ! the bells are beginning to  
chime ;

And I feel that I am growing hoarse.

I will put an end to my discourse,  
And leave the rest for some other time.

For the bells themselves are the best of  
preachers ;

Their brazen lips are learned teachers,  
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,  
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,  
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,  
Now a sermon, and now a prayer.

The clangorous hammer is the tongue,  
This way, that way, beaten and swung,  
That from mouth of brass, as from Mouth  
of Gold,

May be taught the Testaments, New and  
Old.

And above it the great cross-beam of wood  
Representeth the Holy Rood,  
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are  
hung.

And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and  
rung

Is the mind of man, that round and round  
Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound !

And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,  
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity

Of Morals, and Symbols, and History ;  
And the upward and downward motion show  
That we touch upon matters high and low ;

And the constant change and transmutation  
Of action and of contemplation,  
Downward, the Scripture brought from on  
high,

Upward, exalted again to the sky ;  
Downward, the literal interpretation,  
Upward, the Vision and Mystery !

And now, my hearers, to make an end,  
I have only one word more to say ;  
In the church, in honor of Easter day  
Will be presented a Miracle Play ;  
And I hope you will all have the grace to  
attend.

Christ bring us at last to his felicity !  
Pax vobiscum ! et Benedicite !

#### IN THE CATHEDRAL.

CHANT.

Kyrie Eleison !  
Christe Eleison !

ELSIE.

I am at home here in my Father's house !  
These paintings of the Saints upon the walls  
Have all familiar and benignant faces.

PRINCE HENRY.

The portraits of the family of God !  
Thine own hereafter shall be placed among  
them.

ELSIE.

How very grand it is and wonderful !  
Never have I beheld a church so splendid !  
Such columns, and such arches, and such  
windows,

So many tombs and statues in the chapels,  
And under them so many confessionals.  
They must be for the rich. I should not  
like

To tell my sins in such a church as this.  
Who built it ?

PRINCE HENRY.

A great master of his craft,  
Erwin von Steinbach ; but not he alone,  
For many generations labored with him.  
Children that came to see these Saints in  
stone,

As day by day out of the blocks they rose,  
Grew old and died, and still the work went  
on,

And on, and on, and is not yet completed.  
The generation that succeeds our own  
Perhaps may finish it. The architect  
Built his great heart into these sculptured  
stones,

And with him toiled his children, and their  
lives

Were builded, with his own, into the walls,  
As offerings unto God. You see that statue  
Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled eyes  
Upon the Pillars of the Angels yonder.  
That is the image of the master, carved  
By the fair hand of his own child, Sabina.

ELSIE.

How beautiful is the column that he looks  
at !

PRINCE HENRY.

That, too, she sculptured. At the base of  
it

Stand the Evangelists ; above their heads  
Four Angels blowing upon marble trumpets,  
And over them the blessed Christ, sur-  
rounded

By his attendant ministers, upholding  
The instruments of his passion.

ELSIE.

O my Lord !  
Would I could leave behind me upon earth  
Some monument to thy glory, such as this !

PRINCE HENRY.

A greater monument than this thou leavest  
In thine own life, all purity and love !  
See, too, the Rose, above the western portal  
Resplendent with a thousand gorgeous  
colors,

The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness !

ELSIE.

And, in the gallery, the long line of statues,  
Christ with his twelve Apostles watching  
us !

A BISHOP in armor, booted and spurred, passes  
with his train.

PRINCE HENRY.

But come away ; we have not time to look.  
The crowd already fills the church, and  
yonder

Upon a stage, a herald with a trumpet,  
Clad like the Angel Gabriel, proclaims  
The Mystery that will now be represented.

## THE NATIVITY

### A MIRACLE-PLAY

#### INTROITUS

PRÆCO.

Come, good people, all and each,  
Come and listen to our speech !  
In your presence here I stand,  
With a trumpet in my hand,  
To announce the Easter Play,  
Which we represent to-day !  
First of all we shall rehearse,  
In our action and our verse,  
The Nativity of our Lord,  
As written in the old record  
Of the Protevangelion,  
So that he who reads may run !

*Blows his trumpet.*

#### I. HEAVEN.

MERCY, *at the feet of God.*

Have pity, Lord ! be not afraid  
To save mankind, whom thou hast made,  
Nor let the souls that were betrayed  
Perish eternally !

JUSTICE.

It cannot be, it must not be !  
When in the garden placed by thee,  
The fruit of the forbidden tree  
He ate, and he must die !

MERCY.

Have pity, Lord ! let penitence  
Atone for disobedience,  
Nor let the fruit of man's offence  
Be endless misery !

JUSTICE.

What penitence proportionate  
Can e'er be felt for sin so great ?  
Of the forbidden fruit he ate,  
And damned must he be !

GOD.

He shall be saved, if that within  
The bounds of earth one free from sin  
Be found, who for his kith and kin  
Will suffer martyrdom.

## THE FOUR VIRTUES.

Lord ! we have searched the world around,  
 From centre to the utmost bound,  
 But no such mortal can be found ;  
 Despairing, back we come.

## WISDOM.

No mortal, but a God made man,  
 Can ever carry out this plan,  
 Achieving what none other can,  
 Salvation unto all !

## GOD.

Go, then, O my beloved Son !  
 It can by thee alone be done ;  
 By thee the victory shall be won  
 O'er Satan and the Fall !

*Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall leave Paradise  
 and fly towards the earth; the jaws of Hell  
 open below, and the Devils walk about, making  
 a great noise.*

## II. MARY AT THE WELL.

## MARY.

Along the garden walk, and thence  
 Through the wicket in the garden fence,  
 I steal with quiet pace,  
 My pitcher at the well to fill,  
 That lies so deep and cool and still  
 In this sequestered place.

These sycamores keep guard around ;  
 I see no face, I hear no sound,  
 Save bubblings of the spring,  
 And my companions, who, within,  
 The threads of gold and scarlet spin,  
 And at their labor sing.

## THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace !

*Here MARY looketh around her, trembling, and  
 then saith :*

## MARY.

Who is it speaketh in this place,  
 With such a gentle voice ?

## GABRIEL.

The Lord of heaven is with thee now !  
 Blessed among all women thou,  
 Who art his holy choice !

## MARY, setting down the pitcher.

What can this mean ? No one is near,  
 And yet, such sacred words I hear,  
 I almost fear to stay.

*Here the ANGEL, appearing to her, shall say :*

## GABRIEL.

Fear not, O Mary ! but believe !  
 For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive  
 A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary ! from the sky  
 The majesty of the Most High  
 Shall overshadow thee !

## MARY.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord !  
 According to thy holy word,  
 So be it unto me !

*Here the Devils shall again make a great noise,  
 under the stage.*

III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS,  
BEARING THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

## THE ANGELS.

The Angels of the Planets Seven,  
 Across the shining fields of heaven  
 The natal star we bring !  
 Dropping our sevenfold virtues down  
 As priceless jewels in the crown  
 Of Christ, our new-born King.

## RAPHAEL.

I am the Angel of the Sun,  
 Whose flaming wheels began to run  
 When God's almighty breath  
 Said to the darkness and the Night,  
 Let there be light ! and there was light !  
 I bring the gift of Faith.

## ONAFIEL.

I am the Angel of the Moon,  
 Darkened to be rekindled soon  
 Beneath the azure cope !  
 Nearest to earth, it is my ray  
 That best illumines the midnight way ;  
 I bring the gift of Hope !

## ANAEL.

The Angel of the Star of Love,  
 The Evening Star, that shines above  
 The place where lovers be,

Above all happy hearths and homes,  
On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,  
I give him Charity !

## ZOBIACHEL.

The Planet Jupiter is mine !  
The mightiest star of all that shine,  
Except the sun alone !  
He is the High Priest of the Dove,  
And sends, from his great throne above,  
Justice, that shall atone !

## MICHAEL.

The Planet Mercury, whose place  
Is nearest to the sun in space,  
Is my allotted sphere !  
And with celestial ardor swift  
I bear upon my hands the gift  
Of heavenly Prudence here !

## URIEL.

I am the Minister of Mars,  
The strongest star among the stars !  
My songs of power prelude  
The march and battle of man's life,  
And for the suffering and the strife,  
I give him Fortitude !

## ORIFEL.

The Angel of the uttermost  
Of all the shining, heavenly host,  
From the far-off expanse  
Of the Saturnian, endless space  
I bring the last, the crowning grace,  
The gift of Temperance !  
*A sudden light shines from the windows of the  
stable in the village below.*

## IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

*The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN and CHILD.  
Three Gypsy Kings, GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and  
BELSHAZZAR, shall come in.*

## GASPAR.

Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth !  
Though in a manger thou draw breath,  
Thou art greater than Life and Death,  
Greater than Joy or Woe !  
This cross upon the line of life  
Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,  
And through a region with peril rife  
In darkness shalt thou go !

## MELCHIOR.

Hail to thee, King of Jerusalem !  
Though humbly born in Bethlehem,  
A sceptre and a diadem  
Await thy brow and hand !  
The sceptre is a simple reed,  
The crown will make thy temples bleed,  
And in thine hour of greatest need,  
Abashed thy subjects stand !

## BELSHAZZAR.

Hail to thee, Christ of Christendom !  
O'er all the earth thy kingdom come !  
From distant Trebizond to Rome  
Thy name shall men adore !  
Peace and good-will among all men,  
The Virgin has returned again,  
Returned the old Saturnian reign  
And Golden Age once more.

## THE CHILD CHRIST.

Jesus, the Son of God, am I,  
Born here to suffer and to die  
According to the prophecy,  
That other men may live !

## THE VIRGIN.

And now these clothes, that wrapped Him,  
take  
And keep them precious, for his sake ;  
Our benediction thus we make,  
Naught else have we to give.  
*She gives them swaddling-clothes, and they de-  
part.*

## V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

*Here JOSEPH shall come in, leading an ass, on  
which are seated MARY and the CHILD.*

## MARY.

Here will we rest us, under these  
O'erhanging branches of the trees,  
Where robins chant their Litanies  
And canticles of joy.

## JOSEPH.

My saddle-girths have given way  
With trudging through the heat to-day ;  
To you I think it is but play  
To ride and hold the boy.

## MARY.

Hark ! how the robins shout and sing,  
As if to hail their infant King !

I will alight at yonder spring  
To wash his little coat.

JOSEPH.

And I will hobble well the ass,  
Lest, being loose upon the grass,  
He should escape ; for, by the mass,  
He's nimble as a goat.

*Here MARY shall alight and go to the spring.*

MARY.

O Joseph ! I am much afraid,  
For men are sleeping in the shade ;  
I fear that we shall be waylaid,  
And robbed and beaten sore !

*Here a band of robbers shall be seen sleeping, two  
of whom shall rise and come forward.*

DUMACHUS.

Cock's soul ! deliver up your gold !

JOSEPH.

I pray you, Sirs, let go your hold !  
You see that I am weak and old,  
Of wealth I have no store.

DUMACHUS.

Give up your money !

TITUS.

Prithee cease.  
Let these people go in peace.

DUMACHUS.

First let them pay for their release,  
And then go on their way.

TITUS.

These forty groats I give in fee,  
If thou wilt only silent be.

MARY.

May God be merciful to thee  
Upon the Judgment Day !

JESUS.

When thirty years shall have gone by,  
I at Jernsalem shall die,  
By Jewish hands exalted high  
On the accursed tree,  
Then on my right and on my left side,  
These thieves shall both be crucified,

And Titus thenceforth shall abide  
In paradise with me.

*Here a great rumor of trumpets and horses, like  
the noise of a king with his army, and the rob-  
bers shall take flight.*

# VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

KING HEROD.

Potz-tausend ! Himmel-sacrament !  
Filled am I with great wonderment  
At this unwelcome news !  
Am I not Herod ? Who shall dare  
My crown to take, my sceptre bear,  
As king among the Jews ?

*Here he shall stride up and down and flourish  
his sword.*

What ho ! I fain would drink a can  
Of the strong wine of Canaan !  
The wine of Helbon bring  
I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,  
As red as blood, as hot as fire,  
And fit for any king !

*He quaff's great goblets of wine.*

Now at the window will I stand,  
While in the street the armed band  
The little children slay ;  
The babe just born in Bethlehem  
Will surely slaughtered be with them,  
Nor live another day !

*Here a voice of lamentation shall be heard in the  
street.*

RACHEL.

O wicked king ! O cruel speed !  
To do this most unrighteous deed !  
My children all are slain !

HEROD.

Ho seneschal ! another cup !  
With wine of Sorek fill it up !  
I would a bumper drain !

RAHAB.

May maledictions fall and blast  
Thyself and lineage, to the last  
Of all thy kith and kin !

HEROD.

Another goblet ! quick ! and stir  
Pomegranate juice and drops of myrrh  
And calamus therein !

SOLDIERS, *in the street.*

Give up thy child into our hands !  
It is King Herod who commands  
That he should thus be slain !

THE NURSE MEDUSA.

O monstrous men ! What have ye done !  
It is King Herod's only son  
That ye have cleft in twain !

HEROD.

Ah, luckless day ! What words of fear  
Are these that smite upon my ear  
With such a doleful sound !  
What torments rack my heart and head !  
Would I were dead ! would I were dead,  
And buried in the ground !

*He falls down and writhes as though eaten by worms. Hell opens, and SATAN and ASTAROTH come forth, and drag him down.*

#### VII. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOL-MATES.

JESUS.

The shower is over. Let us play,  
And make some sparrows out of clay,  
Down by the river's side.

JUDAS.

See, how the stream has overflowed  
Its banks, and o'er the meadow road  
Is spreading far and wide !  
*They draw water out of the river by channels, and form little pools. JESUS makes twelve sparrows of clay, and the other boys do the same.*

JESUS.

Look ! look how prettily I make  
These little sparrows by the lake  
Bend down their necks and drink !  
Now will I make them sing and soar  
So far, they shall return no more  
Unto this river's brink.

JUDAS.

That canst thou not ! They are but clay,  
They cannot sing, nor fly away  
Above the meadow lands !

JESUS.

Fly, fly ! ye sparrows ! you are free !  
And while you live, remember me,  
Who made you with my hands.  
*Here JESUS shall clap his hands, and the sparrows shall fly away, chirruping.*

JUDAS.

Thou art a sorcerer, I know ;  
Oft has my mother told me so,  
I will not play with thee !  
*He strikes JESUS in the right side.*

JESUS.

Ah, Judas ! thou hast smote my side,  
And when I shall be crucified,  
There shall I piercèd be !  
*Here JOSEPH shall come in and say :*

JOSEPH.

Ye wicked boys ! why do ye play,  
And break the holy Sabbath day ?  
What, think ye, will your mothers say  
To see you in such plight !  
In such a sweat and such a heat,  
With all that mud upon your feet !  
There's not a beggar in the street  
Makes such a sorry sight !

#### VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

*The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, sitting on a high stool, with a long beard, and a rod in his hand.*

RABBI.

I am the Rabbi Ben Israel,  
Throughout this village known full well,  
And, as my scholars all will tell,  
Learned in things divine ;  
The Cabala and 'Almad hoar  
Than all the prophets prize I more,  
For water is all Bible lore,  
But Mishna is strong wine.

My fame extends from West to East,  
And always, at the Purim feast,  
I am as drunk as any beast  
That wallows in his sty ;  
The wine it so elateth me,  
That I no difference can see  
Between " Accursed Haman be !"  
And " Blessed be Mordecai !"

Come hither, Judas Iscariot ;  
Say, if thy lesson thou hast got  
From the Rabbinical Book or not.  
Why howl the dogs at night ?

JUDAS.

In the Rabbinical Book, it saith  
The dogs howl, when with icy breath

Great Sammael, the Angel of Death,  
Takes through the town his flight !

RABBI.

Well, boy ! now say, if thou art wise,  
When the Angel of Death, who is full of  
eyes,

Comes where a sick man dying lies,  
What doth he to the wight ?

JUDAS.

He stands beside him, dark and tall,  
Holding a sword, from which doth fall  
Into his mouth a drop of gall,  
And so he turneth white.

RABBI.

And now, my Judas, say to me  
What the great Voices Four may be,  
That quite across the world do flee,  
And are not heard by men ?

JUDAS.

The Voice of the Sun in heaven's dome,  
The Voice of the Murmuring of Rome,  
The Voice of a Soul that goeth home,  
And the Angel of the Rain !

RABBI.

Right are thine answers every one !  
Now little Jesus, the carpenter's son,  
Let us see how thy task is done ;  
Canst thou thy letters say ?

JESUS.

Aleph.

RABBI.

What next ? Do not stop yet !  
Go on with all the alphabet.  
Come, Aleph, Beth ; dost thou forget ?  
Cock's soul ! thou 'dst rather play !

JESUS.

What Aleph means I fain would know,  
Before I any farther go !

RABBI.

Oh, by Saint Peter ! wouldst thou so ?  
Come hither, boy, to me.  
As surely as the letter Jod  
Once cried aloud, and spake to God,  
So surely shalt thou feel this rod,  
And punished shalt thou be !  
*Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall lift up his rod to  
strike JESUS, and his right arm shall be par-  
alyzed.*

# IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

JESUS *sitting among his playmates crowned with  
flowers as their King.*

BOYS.

We spread our garments on the ground !  
With fragrant flowers thy head is crowned  
While like a guard we stand around,  
And hail thee as our King !  
Thou art the new King of the Jews !  
Nor let the passers-by refuse  
To bring that homage which men use  
To majesty to bring.

*Here a traveller shall go by, and the boys shall  
lay hold of his garments and say :*

BOYS.

Come hither ! and all reverence pay  
Unto our monarch, crowned to-day !  
Then go rejoicing on your way,  
In all prosperity !

TRAVELLER.

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,  
Who weareth in his diadem  
The yellow crocus for the gem  
Of his authority !

*He passes by ; and others come in, bearing on a  
litter a sick child.*

BOYS.

Set down the litter and draw near !  
The King of Bethlehem is here !  
What ails the child, who seems to fear  
That we shall do him harm ?

THE BEARERS.

He climbed up to the robin's nest,  
And out there darted, from his rest,  
A serpent with a crimson crest,  
And stung him in the arm.

JESUS.

Bring him to me, and let me feel  
The wounded place ; my touch can heal  
The sting of serpents, and can steal  
The poison from the bite !  
*He touches the wound, and the boy begins to cry.*  
Cease to lament ! I can foresee  
That thou hereafter known shalt be,  
Among the men who follow me,  
As Simon the Canaanite !

## EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day  
Will be represented another play,  
Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord,  
Beginning directly after Nones !  
At the close of which we shall accord,  
By way of benison and reward,  
The sight of a holy Martyr's bones !

## IV

## THE ROAD TO HIRSCHAU

PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE, *with their attendants*  
*on horseback.*

## ELSIE.

Onward and onward the highway runs to  
the distant city, impatiently bearing  
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love  
and of hate, of doing and daring !

## PRINCE HENRY.

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of  
many a joyous strain,  
But under them all there runs a loud per-  
petual wail, as of souls in pain.

## ELSIE.

Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart  
that aches and bleeds with the stigma  
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ,  
and can comprehend its dark enigma.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with  
little care of what may betide,  
Else why am I travelling here beside thee,  
a demon that rides by an angel's  
side ?

## ELSIE.

All the hedges are white with dust, and the  
great dog under the creaking wain  
Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while on-  
ward the horses toil and strain.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the  
wagoner laughs with the landlord's  
daughter,  
While out of the dripping trough the horses  
distinguish their leathern sides with  
water.

## ELSIE.

All through life there are wayside inns,  
where man may refresh his soul with  
love ;  
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at  
rivulets fed by springs from above.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our  
journey along the highway ends,  
And over the fields, by a bridle path, down  
into the broad green valley de-  
scends.

## ELSIE.

I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten  
road with its dust and heat ;  
The air will be sweeter far, and the turf  
will be softer under our horses' feet.  
*They turn down a green lane.*

## ELSIE.

Sweet is the air with the budding haws,  
and the valley stretching for miles  
below  
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if  
just covered with lightest snow.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Over our heads a white cascade is gleam-  
ing against the distant hill ;  
We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it  
hangs like a banner when winds are  
still.

## ELSIE.

Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and  
cool the sound of the brook by our  
side !  
What is this castle that rises above us, and  
lords it over a land so wide ?

## PRINCE HENRY.

It is the home of the Counts of Calva ; well  
have I known these scenes of old,  
Well I remember each tower and turret,  
remember the brooklet, the wood,  
and the wold.

## ELSIE.

Hark ! from the little village below us the  
bells of the church are ringing for  
rain !  
Priests and peasants in long procession  
come forth and kneel on the arid  
plain.

## PRINCE HENRY.

They have not long to wait, for I see in  
the south uprising a little cloud,  
That before the sun shall be set will cover  
the sky above us as with a shroud.  
*They pass on.*

## THE CONVENT OF HIRSCHAU IN THE BLACK FOREST.

*The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS comes in  
with a light and a basket of empty flagons.*

## FRIAR CLAUS.

I always enter this sacred place  
With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent  
pace,

Pausing long enough on each stair  
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,  
And a benediction on the vines  
That produce these various sorts of  
wines !

For my part, I am well content  
That we have got through with the tedious  
Lent !

Fasting is all very well for those  
Who have to contend with invisible foes ;  
But I am quite sure it does not agree  
With a quiet, peaceable man like me,  
Who am not of that nervous and meagre  
kind,

That are always distressed in body and  
mind !

And at times it really does me good  
To come down among this brotherhood,  
Dwelling forever underground,  
Silent, contemplative, round and sound ;  
Each one old, and brown with mould,  
But filled to the lips with the ardor of  
youth,

With the latent power and love of truth,  
And with virtues fervent and manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-tide  
When buds are swelling on every side,  
And the sap begins to move in the vine,  
Then in all cellars, far and wide,  
The oldest as well as the newest wine  
Begins to stir itself, and ferment,  
With a kind of revolt and discontent  
At being so long in darkness pent,  
And fain would burst from its sombre tun  
To bask on the hillside in the sun ;  
As in the bosom of us poor friars,  
The tumult of half-subdued desires

For the world that we have left behind  
Disturbs at times all peace of mind !  
And now that we have lived through Lent,  
My duty it is, as often before,  
To open awhile the prison-door,  
And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands alone,  
And has stood a hundred years or more,  
Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar,  
Trailing and sweeping along the floor,  
Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,  
Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave,  
Till his beard has grown through the table  
of stone !

It is of the quick and not of the dead !  
In its veins the blood is hot and red,  
And a heart still beats in those ribs of oak  
That time may have tamed, but has not  
broke !

It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine,  
Is one of the three best kinds of wine,  
And costs some hundred florins the ohm ;  
But that I do not consider dear,  
When I remember that every year  
Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome.  
And whenever a goblet thereof I drain,  
The old rhyme keeps running in my brain :

At Bacharach on the Rhine,  
At Hochheim on the Main,  
And at Würzburg on the Stein,  
Grow the three best kinds of wine !

They are all good wines, and better far  
Than those of the Neckar, or those of the  
Ahr.

In particular, Würzburg well may boast  
Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,  
Which of all wines I like the most.  
This I shall draw for the Abbot's drink-  
ing,  
Who seems to be much of my way of think-  
ing."

*Fills a flagon.*

Ah ! how the streamlet laughs and sings !  
What a delicious fragrance springs  
From the deep flagon, while it fills,  
As of hyacinths and daffodils !  
Between this cask and the Abbot's lips  
Many have been the sips and slips ;  
Many have been the draughts of wine,  
On their way to his, that have stopped at  
mine ;  
And many a time my soul has hankered

For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,  
 When it should have been busy with other affairs,  
 Less with its longings and more with its prayers.  
 But now there is no such awkward condition,  
 No danger of death and eternal perdition ;  
 So here's to the Abbot and Brothers all,  
 Who dwell in this convent of Peter and Paul !

*He drinks.*

O cordial delicious ! O soother of pain !  
 It flashes like sunshine into my brain !  
 A benison rest on the Bishop who sends  
 Such a fudder of wine as this to his friends !  
 And now a flagon for such as may ask  
 A draught from the noble Bacharach cask,  
 And I will be gone, though I know full well  
 The cellar's a cheerfuller place than the cell.

Behold where he stands, all sound and good,  
 Brown and old in his oaken hood ;  
 Silent he seems externally  
 As any Carthusian monk may be ;  
 But within, what a spirit of deep unrest !  
 What a seething and siumering in his breast !  
 As if the heaving of his great heart  
 Would burst his belt of oak apart !  
 Let me unloose this button of wood,  
 And quiet a little his turbulent mood.

*Sets it running.*

See ! how its currents gleam and shine,  
 As if they had caught the purple hues  
 Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,  
 Descending and mingling with the dews ;  
 Or as if the grapes were stained with the blood

Of the innocent boy, who, some years back,  
 Was taken and crucified by the Jews,  
 In that ancient town of Bacharach ;  
 Perdition upon those infidel Jews,  
 In that ancient town of Bacharach !  
 The beautiful town, that gives us wine  
 With the fragrant odor of Muscadine !  
 I should deem it wrong to let this pass  
 Without first touching my lips to the glass,  
 For here in the midst of the current I stand  
 Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of the river,

Taking toll upon either hand,  
 And much more grateful to the giver.

*He drinks.*

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,  
 Such as in any town you may find,  
 Such as one might imagine would suit  
 The rascal who drank wine out of a boot.  
 And, after all, it was not a crime,  
 For he won thereby Dorf Hüffelsheim.  
 A jolly old toper ! who at a pull  
 Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full,  
 And ask with a laugh, when that was done,

If the fellow had left the other one !  
 This wine is as good as we can afford  
 To the friars, who sit at the lower board,  
 And cannot distinguish bad from good,  
 And are far better off than if they could,  
 Being rather the rude disciples of beer  
 Than of anything more refined and dear !

*Fills the flagon and departs.*

#### THE SCRIPTORIUM.

FRIAR PACIFICUS *transcribing and illuminating.*

FRIAR PACIFICUS.

It is growing dark ! Yet one line more,  
 And then my work for to-day is o'er.  
 I come again to the name of the Lord !  
 Ere I that awful name record,  
 That is spoken so lightly among men,  
 Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen ;  
 Pure from blemish and blot must it be  
 When it writes that word of mystery !

Thus have I labored on and on,  
 Nearly through the Gospel of John.  
 Can it be that from the lips  
 Of this same gentle Evangelist,  
 That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,  
 Came the dread Apocalypse !  
 It has a very awful look,  
 As it stands there at the end of the book,  
 Like the sun in an eclipse.  
 Ah me ! when I think of that vision divine,  
 Think of writing it, line by line,  
 I stand in awe of the terrible curse,  
 Like the tramp of doom, in the closing verse !

God forgive me ! if ever I  
 Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,  
 Lest my part too should be taken away  
 From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

This is well written, though I say it !  
 I should not be afraid to display it  
 In open day, on the selfsame shelf

With the writings of St. Thecla herself,  
 Or of Theodosius, who of old  
 Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold !  
 That goodly folio standing yonder,  
 Without a single blot or blunder,  
 Would not bear away the palm from  
     mine,  
 If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter !  
 Saint Ulric himself never made a better !  
 Finished down to the leaf and the snail,  
 Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail !  
 And now, as I turn the volume over,  
 And see what lies between cover and cover,  
 What treasures of art these pages hold,  
 All ablaze with crimson and gold,  
 God forgive me ! I seem to feel  
 A certain satisfaction steal  
 Into my heart, and into my brain,  
 As if my talent had not lain  
 Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.  
 Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,  
 Here is a copy of thy Word,  
 Written out with much toil and pain ;  
 Take it, O Lord, and let it be  
 As something I have done for thee !

*He looks from the window.*

How sweet the air is ! How fair the  
     scene !

I wish I had as lovely a green  
 To paint my landscapes and my leaves !  
 How the swallows twitter under the eaves !  
 There, now, there is one in her nest ;  
 I can just catch a glimpse of her head and  
     breast,

And will sketch her thus, in her quiet  
     nook,

For the margin of my Gospel book.

*He makes a sketch.*

I can see no more. Through the valley  
     yonder

A shower is passing ; I hear the thunder  
 Mutter its curses in the air,  
 The devil's own and only prayer !  
 The dusty road is brown with rain,  
 And, speeding on with might and main,  
 Hitherward rides a gallant train.  
 They do not parley, they cannot wait,  
 But hurry in at the convent gate.  
 What a fair lady ! and beside her  
 What a handsome, graceful, noble rider !  
 Now she gives him her hand to alight ;  
 They will beg a shelter for the night.  
 I will go down to the corridor,

And try to see that face once more ;  
 It will do for the face of some beautiful  
     Saint,  
 Or for one of the Maries I shall paint.  
     *Goes out.*

#### THE CLOISTERS.

*The ABBOT ERNESTUS pacing to and fro.*

ABBOT.

Slowly, slowly up the wall  
 Steals the sunshine, steals the shade ;  
 Evening damps begin to fall,  
 Evening shadows are displayed.  
 Round me, o'er me, everywhere,  
 All the sky is grand with clouds,  
 And athwart the evening air  
 Wheel the swallows home in crowds.  
 Shafts of sunshine from the west  
 Paint the dusky windows red ;  
 Darker shadows, deeper rest,  
 Underneath and overhead.  
 Darker, darker, and more wan,  
 In my breast the shadows fall ;  
 Upward steals the life of man,  
 As the sunshine from the wall.  
 From the wall into the sky,  
 From the roof along the spire ;  
 Ah, the souls of those that die  
 Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Christ is arisen !

ABBOT.

Amen ! He is arisen !  
 His peace be with you !

PRINCE HENRY.

Here it reigns forever !  
 The peace of God, that passeth understand-  
     ing,  
 Reigns in these cloisters and these corri-  
     dors.  
 Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the convent ?

ABBOT.

I am.

PRINCE HENRY.

And I Prince Henry of Hoheneck,  
 Who crave your hospitality to-night.

ABBOT.

You are thrice welcome to our humble walls.

You do us honor ; and we shall requite it,  
I fear, but poorly, entertaining you  
With Paschal eggs, and our poor convent  
wine,  
The remnants of our Easter holidays.

PRINCE HENRY.

How fares it with the holy monks of Hirschau ?  
Are all things well with them ?

ABBOT.

All things are well.

PRINCE HENRY.

A noble convent ! I have known it long  
By the report of travellers. I now see  
Their commendations lag behind the truth.  
You lie here in the valley of the Nagold  
As in a nest : and the still river, gliding  
Along its bed, is like an admonition  
How all things pass. Your lands are rich  
and ample,  
And your revenues large. God's benediction  
Rests on your convent.

ABBOT.

By our charities  
We strive to merit it. Our Lord and Master,  
When He departed, left us in his will,  
As our best legacy on earth, the poor !  
These we have always with us ; had we  
not,  
Our hearts would grow as hard as are these  
stones.

PRINCE HENRY.

If I remember right, the Counts of Calva  
Founded your convent.

ABBOT.

Even as you say.

PRINCE HENRY.

And, if I err not, it is very old.

ABBOT.

Within these cloisters lie already buried  
Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath the  
flags

On which we stand, the Abbot William  
lies,  
Of blessed memory.

PRINCE HENRY.

And whose tomb is that,  
Which bears the brass escutcheon ?

ABBOT.

A benefactor's.  
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood  
Godfather to our bells.

PRINCE HENRY.

Your monks are learned  
And holy men, I trust.

ABBOT.

There are among them  
Learned and holy men. Yet in this age  
We need another Hildebrand, to shake  
And purify us like a mighty wind.  
The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder  
God does not lose his patience with it  
wholly,  
And shatter it like glass ! Even here, at  
times,  
Within these walls, where all should be at  
peace,  
I have my trials. Time has laid his hand  
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.  
Ashes are on my head, and on my lips  
Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness  
And weariness of life, that makes me ready  
To say to the dead Abbots under us,  
"Make room for me !" Only I see the  
dusk  
Of evening twilight coming, and have not  
Completed half my task ; and so at times  
The thought of my shortcomings in this  
life  
Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

PRINCE HENRY.

We must all die, and not the old alone ;  
The young have no exemption from that  
doom.

ABBOT.

Ah, yes ! the young may die, but the old  
must !  
That is the difference.

PRINCE HENRY.

I have heard much laud  
Of your transcribers. Your Scriptorium  
Is famous among all ; your manuscripts  
Praised for their beauty and their excel-  
lence.

ABBOT.

That is indeed our boast. If you desire  
it,  
You shall behold these treasures. And  
meanwhile  
Shall the Refectorarius bestow  
Your horses and attendants for the night.  
*They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.*

THE CHAPEL.

*Vespers ; after which the monks retire, a chorister  
leading an old monk who is blind.*

PRINCE HENRY.

They are all gone, save one who lingers,  
Absorbed in deep and silent prayer.  
As if his heart could find no rest,  
At times he beats his heaving breast  
With clenched and convulsive fingers,  
Then lifts them trembling in the air.  
A chorister, with golden hair,  
Guides hitherward his heavy pace.  
Can it be so ? Or does my sight  
Deceive me in the uncertain light ?  
Ah no ! I recognize that face,  
Though Time has touched it in his flight,  
And changed the auburn hair to white.  
It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,  
The deadliest foe of all our race,  
And hateful unto me and mine !

THE BLIND MONK.

Who is it that doth stand so near  
His whispered words I almost hear ?

PRINCE HENRY.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,  
And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine !  
I know you, and I see the scar,  
The brand upon your forehead, shine  
And redden like a baleful star !

THE BLIND MONK.

Count Hugo once, but now the wreck  
Of what I was. O Hoheneck !

The passionate will, the pride, the wrath  
That bore me headlong on my path,  
Stumbled and staggered into fear,  
And failed me in my mad career,  
As a tired steed some evil-doer,  
Alone upon a desolate moor,  
Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,  
And hearing loud and close behind  
The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer.  
Then suddenly from the dark there came  
A voice that called me by my name,  
And said to me, " Kneel down and pray ! "  
And so my terror passed away,  
Passed utterly away forever.  
Contrition, penitence, remorse,  
Came on me, with o'erwhelming force ;  
A hope, a longing, an endeavor,  
By days of penance and nights of prayer,  
To frustrate and defeat despair !  
Calm, deep, and still is now my heart,  
With tranquil waters overflowed ;  
A lake whose unseen fountains start,  
Where once the hot volcano glowed.  
And you, O Prince of Hoheneck !  
Have known me in that earlier time,  
A man of violence and crime,  
Whose passions brooked no curb nor check  
Behold me now, in gentler mood,  
One of this holy brotherhood.  
Give me your hand ; here let me kneel ;  
Make your reproaches sharp as steel ;  
Spurn me, and smite me on each cheek ;  
No violence can harm the meek,  
There is no wound Christ cannot heal !  
Yes ; lift your princely hand, and take  
Revenge, if 't is revenge you seek ;  
Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake !

PRINCE HENRY.

Arise, Count Hugo ! let there be  
No further strife nor enmity  
Between us twain ; we both have erred !  
Too rash in act, too wroth in word,  
From the beginning have we stood  
In fierce, defiant attitude,  
Each thoughtless of the other's right,  
And each reliant on his might.  
But now our souls are more subdued ;  
The hand of God, and not in vain,  
Has touched us with the fire of pain.  
Let us kneel down and side by side  
Pray, till our souls are purified,  
And pardon will not be denied !

*They kneel.*

## THE REFECTORY.

*Gaudiolum of Monks at midnight. LUCIFER  
disguised as a Friar.*

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

Ave ! color vini clari,  
Dulcis potus, non amari,  
Tua nos inebriari  
Digneris potentia !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Not so much noise, my worthy frères,  
You'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers.

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

O ! quam placens in colore !  
O ! quam fragrans in odore !  
O ! quam sapidum in ore !  
Dulce linguæ vinculum !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I should think your tongue had broken its  
chain !

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

Felix venter quem intrabis !  
Felix guttur quod rigabis !  
Felix os quod tu lavabis !  
Et beata labia !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Peace ! I say, peace !  
Will you never cease !  
You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell you  
again !

FRIAR JOHN.

No danger ! to-night he will let us alone,  
As I happen to know he has guests of his  
own.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Who are they ?

FRIAR JOHN.

A German Prince and his train,  
Who arrived here just before the rain.  
There is with him a damsel fair to see,  
As slender and graceful as a reed !  
When she alighted from her steed,  
It seemed like a blossom blown from a  
tree.

FRIAR CUTHBERT. <sup>1</sup>

None of your pale-faced girls for me !  
None of your damsels of high degree !

FRIAR JOHN.

Come, old fellow, drink down to your peg !  
But do not drink any further, I beg !

FRIAR PAUL, *sings.*

In the days of gold,  
The days of old,  
Crosier of wood  
And bishop of gold !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

What an infernal racket and riot !  
Can you not drink your wine in quiet ?  
Why fill the convent with such scandals,  
As if we were so many drunken Vandals ?

FRIAR PAUL, *continues.*

Now we have changed  
That law so good  
To crosier of gold  
And bishop of wood !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Well, then, since you are in the mood  
To give your noisy humors vent,  
Sing and howl to your heart's content !

CHORUS OF MONKS.

Funde vinum, funde !  
Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,  
Nec quæras unde,  
Sed fundas semper abunde !

FRIAR JOHN.

What is the name of yonder friar,  
With an eye that glows like a coal of fire,  
And such a black mass of tangled hair ?

FRIAR PAUL.

He who is sitting there,  
With a rollicking,  
Devil may care,  
Free and easy look and air,  
As if he were used to such feasting and  
frolicking ?

FRIAR JOHN.

The same.

<sup>1</sup> For the reading of this portion of the scene in the first edition, see the notes at the end of the volume.

FRIAR PAUL.

He's a stranger. You had better ask his  
name,  
And where he is going and whence he came.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo! Sir Friar!

FRIAR PAUL.

You must raise your voice a little higher,  
He does not seem to hear what you say.  
Now, try again! He is looking this way.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo! Sir Friar,  
We wish to inquire  
Whence you came, and where you are go-  
ing,  
And anything else that is worth the know-  
ing.  
So be so good as to open your head.

LUCIFER.

I am a Frenchman born and bred,  
Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.  
My home  
Is the convent of St. Gildas de Rhuys,  
Of which, very like, you never have heard.

MONKS.

Never a word!

LUCIFER.

You must know, then, it is in the diocese  
Called the Diocese of Vannes,  
In the province of Brittany.  
From the gray rocks of Morbihan  
It overlooks the angry sea;  
The very sea-shore where,  
In his great despair,  
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,  
Filling the night with woe,  
And wailing aloud to the merciless seas  
The name of his sweet Heloise,  
Whilst overhead  
The convent windows gleamed as red  
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,  
Who with jovial din  
Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin!  
Ha! that is a convent! that is an abbey!  
Over the doors,  
None of your death-heads carved in wood,  
None of your Saints looking pious and  
good,  
None of your Patriarchs old and shabby!

But the heads and tusks of boars,  
And the cells  
Hung all round with the fells  
Of the fallow-deer.  
And then what cheer!  
What jolly, fat friars,  
Sitting round the great, roaring fires,  
Roaring louder than they,  
With their strong wines,  
And their concubines,  
And never a bell,  
With its swagger and swell,  
Calling you up with a start of affright  
In the dead of night,  
To send you grumbling down dark stairs,  
To mumble your prayers;  
But the cheery crow  
Of cocks in the yard below,  
After daybreak, an hour or so,  
And the barking of deep-mouthed hounds,  
These are the sounds  
That, instead of bells, salute the ear.  
And then all day  
Up and away  
Through the forest, hunting the deer!  
Ah, my friends! I'm afraid that here  
You are a little too pious, a little too tame,  
And the more is the shame.  
'Tis the greatest folly  
Not to be jolly;  
That's what I think!  
Come, drink, drink,  
Drink, and die game!

MONKS.

And your Abbot What's-his-name?

LUCIFER.

Abelard!

MONKS.

Did he drink hard?

LUCIFER.

Oh, no! Not he!  
He was a dry old fellow,  
Without juice enough to get thoroughly  
mellow.  
There he stood,  
Lowering at us in sullen mood,  
As if he had come into Brittany  
Just to reform our brotherhood!  
*A roar of laughter.*

But you see  
It never would do!  
For some of us knew a thing or two,

In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuys !  
For instance, the great ado  
With old Fulbert's niece,  
The young and lovely Heloise.

FRIAR JOHN.

Stop there, if you please,  
Till we drink to the fair Heloise.

ALL, *drinking and shouting.*

Heloise ! Heloise !

*The Chapel-bell tolls.*

LUCIFER, *starting.*

What is that bell for ? Are you such asses  
As to keep up the fashion of midnight  
masses ?

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

It is only a poor, unfortunate brother,  
Who is gifted with most miraculous powers  
Of getting up at all sorts of hours,  
And, by way of penance and Christian  
meekness,  
Of creeping silently out of his cell  
To take a pull at that hideous bell ;  
So that all the monks who are lying awake  
May murmur some kind of prayer for his  
sake,  
And adapted to his peculiar weakness !

FRIAR JOHN.

From frailty and fall—

ALL.

Good Lord, deliver us all !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

And before the bell for matins sounds,  
He takes his lantern, and goes the rounds,  
Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,  
Merely to say it is time to arise.  
But enough of that. Go on, if you please,  
With your story about St. Gildas de Rhuys.

LUCIFER.

Well, it finally came to pass  
That, half in fun and half in malice,  
One Sunday at Mass  
We put some poison into the chalice.  
But, either by accident or design,  
Peter Abelard kept away  
From the chapel that day,  
And a poor young friar, who in his stead  
Drank the sacramental wine,

Fell on the steps of the altar, dead !  
But look ! do you see at the window there  
That face, with a look of grief and despair,  
That ghastly face, as of one in pain ?

MONKS.

Who ? where ?

LUCIFER.

As I spoke, it vanished away again.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

It is that nefarious  
Siebald the Refectorarius.  
That fellow is always playing the scout,  
Creeping and peeping and prowling about ;  
And then he regales  
The Abbot with scandalous tales.

LUCIFER.

A spy in the convent ? One of the brothers  
Telling scandalous tales of the others ?  
Out upon him, the lazy loon !  
I would put a stop to that pretty soon,  
In a way he should rue it.

MONKS.

How shall we do it ?

LUCIFER.

Do you, brother Paul,  
Creep under the window, close to the wall,  
And open it suddenly when I call.  
Then seize the villain by the hair,  
And hold him there,  
And punish him soundly, once for all.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

As St. Dunstan of old,  
We are told,  
Once caught the Devil by the nose !

LUCIFER.

Ha ! ha ! that story is very clever,  
But has no foundation whatsoever.  
Quick ! for I see his face again  
Glaring in at the window-pane ;  
Now ! now ! and do not spare your blows.

FRIAR PAUL *opens the window suddenly, and  
seizes SIEBALD.*

*They beat him.*

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Help ! help ! are you going to slay me ?

FRIAR PAUL.

That will teach you again to betray me !

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Mercy ! mercy !

FRIAR PAUL, *shouting and beating.*

Rumpas bellorum lorum  
Vim confer amorum  
Morum verorum rorum  
Tu plena polorum !

LUCIFER.

Who stands in the doorway yonder,  
Stretching out his trembling hand,  
Just as Abelard used to stand,  
The flash of his keen, black eyes  
Forerunning the thunder ?

THE MONKS, *in confusion.*

The Abbot ! the Abbot !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

And what is the wonder !  
He seems to have taken you by surprise.

FRIAR FRANCIS.

Hide the great flagon  
From the eyes of the dragon !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Pull the brown hood over your face !  
This will bring us into disgrace !

ABBOT.

What means this revel and carouse ?  
Is this a tavern and drinking-house ?  
Are you Christian monks, or heathen devils,  
To pollute this convent with your revels ?  
Were Peter Damian still upon earth,  
To be shocked by such ungodly mirth,  
He would write your names, with pen of  
gall,  
In his Book of Gomorrah, one and all !  
Away, you drunkards ! to your cells,  
And pray till you hear the matin-bells ;  
You, Brother Francis, and you, Brother  
Paul !  
And as a penance mark each prayer  
With the scourge upon your shoulders  
bare ;  
Nothing atones for such a sin  
But the blood that follows the discipline.  
And you, Brother Cuthbert, come with me  
Alone into the sacristy ;

You, who should be a guide to your brothers,

And are ten times worse than all the others,  
For you I 've a draught that has long been  
brewing,

You shall do a penance worth the doing !  
Away to your prayers, then, one and all !  
I wonder the very convent wall  
Does not crumble and crush you in its fall !

THE NEIGHBORING NUNNERY.

*The ABBESS IRMINGARD sitting with ELSIE in  
the moonlight.*

IRMINGARD.

The night is silent, the wind is still,  
The moon is looking from yonder hill  
Down upon convent, and grove, and garden ;  
The clouds have passed away from her face,  
Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,  
Only the tender and quiet grace  
Of one whose heart has been healed with  
pardon !

And such am I. My soul within  
Was dark with passion and soiled with sin.  
But now its wounds are healed again ;  
Gone are the anguish, the terror, and pain ;  
For across that desolate land of woe,  
O'er whose burning sands I was forced to  
go,

A wind from heaven began to blow ;  
And all my being trembled and shook,  
As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of  
the field,  
And I was healed, as the sick are healed,  
When fanned by the leaves of the Holy  
Book !

As thou sittest in the moonlight there,  
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,  
And the only darkness that which lies  
In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,  
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,  
Strangely, and strongly, and more and  
more,

As to one I have known and loved before ;  
For every soul is akin to me  
That dwells in the land of mystery !  
I am the Lady Irmingard,  
Born of a noble race and name !  
Many a wandering Suabian bard,  
Whose life was dreary, and bleak, and hard,  
Has found through me the way to fame.

Brief and bright were those days, and the night

Which followed was full of a lurid light.  
Love, that of every woman's heart  
Will have the whole, and not a part,  
That is to her, in Nature's plan,  
More than ambition is to man,  
Her light, her life, her very breath,  
With no alternative but death,  
Found me a maiden soft and young,  
Just from the convent's cloistered school,  
And seated on my lowly stool,  
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,  
Fairest, noblest, best of all,  
Was Walter of the Vogelweid ;  
And, whatsoever may betide,  
Still I think of him with pride !  
His song was of the summer-time,  
The very birds sang in his rhyme ;  
The sunshine, the delicious air,  
The fragrance of the flowers, were there ;  
And I grew restless as I heard,  
Restless and buoyant as a bird,  
Down soft, aerial currents sailing,  
O'er blossomed orchards, and fields in bloom,

And through the momentary gloom  
Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing,  
Yielding and borne I knew not where,  
But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,  
And more by accident than choice,  
I listened to that single voice  
Until the chambers of my heart  
Were filled with it by night and day.  
One night, — it was a night in May, —  
Within the garden, unawares,  
Under the blossoms in the gloom,  
I heard it utter my own name  
With protestations and wild prayers ;  
And it rang through me, and became  
Like the archangel's trump of doom,  
Which the soul hears, and must obey ;  
And mine arose as from a tomb.  
My former life now seemed to me  
Such as hereafter death may be,  
When in the great Eternity  
We shall awake and find it day.

It was a dream, and would not stay ;  
A dream, that in a single night  
Faded and vanished out of sight.

My father's anger followed fast  
This passion, as a freshening blast  
Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage  
It may increase, but not assuage.  
And he exclaimed : " No wandering bard  
Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard !  
For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck  
By messenger and letter sues."

Gently, but firmly, I replied :  
" Henry of Hoheneck I discard !  
Never the hand of Irmingard  
Shall lie in his as the hand of a bride !"  
This said I, Walter, for thy sake ;  
This said I, for I could not choose.  
After a pause, my father spake  
In that cold and deliberate tone  
Which turns the hearer into stone,  
And seems itself the act to be  
That follows with such dread certainty :  
" This or the cloister and the veil !"  
No other words than these he said,  
But they were like a funeral wail ;  
My life was ended, my heart was dead.

That night from the castle-gate went down,  
With silent, slow, and stealthy pace,  
Two shadows, mounted on shadowy steeds,  
Taking the narrow path that leads  
Into the forest dense and brown.  
In the leafy darkness of the place,  
One could not distinguish form nor face,  
Only a bulk without a shape,  
A darker shadow in the shade ;  
One scarce could say it moved or stayed.  
Thus it was we made our escape !  
A foaming brook, with many a bound,  
Followed us like a playful hound ;  
Then leaped before us, and in the hollow  
Paused, and waited for us to follow,  
And seemed impatient, and afraid  
That our tardy flight should be betrayed  
By the sound our horses' hoof-beats made.  
And when we reached the plain below,  
We paused a moment and drew rein  
To look back at the castle again ;  
And we saw the windows all aglow  
With lights, that were passing to and fro ;  
Our hearts with terror ceased to beat ;  
The brook crept silent to our feet ;  
We knew what most we feared to know.  
Then suddenly horns began to blow ;  
And we heard a shout, and a heavy tramp,

And our horses snorted in the damp  
 Night-air of the meadows green and wide,  
 And in a moment, side by side,  
 So close, they must have seemed but one,  
 The shadows across the moonlight run,  
 And another came, and swept behind,  
 Like the shadow of clouds before the  
 wind !

How I remember that breathless flight  
 Across the moors, in the summer night !  
 How under our feet the long, white road  
 Backward like a river flowed,  
 Sweeping with it fences and hedges,  
 Whilst farther away and overhead,  
 Paler than I, with fear and dread,  
 The moon fled with us as we fled  
 Along the forest's jagged edges !

All this I can remember well ;  
 But of what afterwards befell  
 I nothing further can recall  
 Than a blind, desperate, headlong fall ;  
 The rest is a blank and darkness all.  
 When I awoke out of this swoon,  
 The sun was shining, not the moon,  
 Making a cross upon the wall  
 With the bars of my windows narrow and  
 tall ;

And I prayed to it, as I had been wont to  
 pray,  
 From early childhood, day by day,  
 Each morning, as in bed I lay !  
 I was lying again in my own room !  
 And I thanked God, in my fever and pain,  
 That those shadows on the midnight plain  
 Were gone, and could not come again !  
 I struggled no longer with my doom !

This happened many years ago.  
 I left my father's home to come  
 Like Catherine to her martyrdom,  
 For blindly I esteemed it so.  
 And when I heard the convent door  
 Behind me close, to open no more,  
 I felt it smite me like a blow.  
 Through all my limbs a shudder ran,  
 And on my bruised spirit fell  
 The dampness of my narrow cell  
 As night-air on a wounded man,  
 Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began.  
 I felt the agony decrease  
 By slow degrees, then wholly cease,

Ending in perfect rest and peace !  
 It was not apathy, nor dullness,  
 That weighed and pressed upon my  
 brain,

But the same passion I had given  
 To earth before, now turned to heaven  
 With all its overflowing fullness.

Alas ! the world is full of peril !  
 The path that runs through the fairest  
 meads,

On the sunniest side of the valley, leads  
 Into a region bleak and sterile !  
 Alike in the high-born and the lowly,  
 The will is feeble, and passion strong.  
 We cannot sever right from wrong ;  
 Some falsehood mingles with all truth ;  
 Nor is it strange the heart of youth  
 Should waver and comprehend but slowly  
 The things that are holy and unholy !  
 But in this sacred, calm retreat,  
 We are all well and safely shielded  
 From winds that blow, and waves that  
 beat,  
 From the cold, and rain, and blighting  
 heat,  
 To which the strongest hearts have  
 yielded.

Here we stand as the Virgins Seven,  
 For our celestial bridegroom yearning ;  
 Our hearts are lamps forever burning,  
 With a steady and unwavering flame,  
 Pointing upward, forever the same,  
 Steadily upward toward the heaven !

The moon is hidden behind a cloud ;  
 A sudden darkness fills the room,  
 And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,  
 Shine like jewels in a shroud.  
 On the leaves is a sound of falling rain ;  
 A bird, awakened in its nest,  
 Gives a faint twitter of unrest,  
 Then smooths its plumes and sleeps  
 again.

No other sounds than these I hear ;  
 The hour of midnight must be near.  
 Thou art o'erspent with the day's fatigue  
 Of riding many a dusty league ;  
 Sink, then, gently to thy slumber ;  
 Me so many cares encumber,  
 So many ghosts, and forms of fright,  
 Have started from their graves to-night,  
 They have driven sleep from mine eyes  
 away :

I will go down to the chapel and pray.

## V

## A COVERED BRIDGE AT LUCERNE

PRINCE HENRY.

God's blessing on the architects who build  
The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses  
Before impassable to human feet,  
No less than on the builders of cathedrals,  
Whose massive walls are bridges thrown  
across

The dark and terrible abyss of Death.  
Well has the name of Pontifex been given  
Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder  
And architect of the invisible bridge  
That leads from earth to heaven.

ELSIE.

How dark it grows !

What are these paintings on the walls  
around us ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance Macaber !

ELSIE.

What ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance of Death !

All that go to and fro must look upon it,  
Mindful of what they shall be, while be-  
neath,  
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent  
river

Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,  
With dimpling eddies, ever green and  
bright,  
Save where the shadow of this bridge falls  
on it.

ELSIE.

Oh yes ! I see it now !

PRINCE HENRY.

The grim musician  
Leads all men through the mazes of that  
dance,  
To different sounds in different measures  
moving ;  
Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a  
drum,  
To tempt or terrify.

ELSIE.

What is this picture ?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is a young man singing to a nun,  
Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneel-  
ing

Turns round to look at him ; and Death,  
meanwhile,  
Is putting out the candles on the altar !

ELSIE.

Ah, what a pity 't is that she should listen  
Unto such songs, when in her orisons  
She might have heard in heaven the angels  
singing !

PRINCE HENRY.

Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,  
And dances with the Queen.

ELSIE.

A foolish jest !

PRINCE HENRY.

And here the heart of the new-wedded  
wife,  
Coming from church with her beloved  
lord,  
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

ELSIE.

Ah, that is sad ! And yet perhaps 'tis  
best

That she should die, with all the sunshine  
on her,

And all the benedictions of the morning,  
Before this affluence of golden light  
Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,  
Then into darkness !

PRINCE HENRY.

Under it is written,  
" Nothing but death shall separate thee  
and me ! "

ELSIE.

And what is this, that follows close upon it ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind  
him,

A poor old woman, with a rosary,  
Follows the sound, and seems to wish her  
feet

Were swifter to o'ertake him. Under-  
neath,

The inscription reads, " Better is Death  
than Life."

ELSIE.

Better is Death than Life! Ah yes! to  
thousands

Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings  
That song of consolation, till the air  
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but  
follow

Whither he leads. And not the old alone,  
But the young also hear it, and are still.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yes, in their sadder moments. 'T is the  
sound

Of their own hearts they hear, half full of  
tears,

Which are like crystal cups, half filled with  
water,

Responding to the pressure of a finger  
With music sweet and low and melan-  
choly.

Let us go forward, and no longer stay  
In this great picture-gallery of Death!  
I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

ELSIE.

Why is it hateful to you?

PRINCE HENRY.

For the reason  
That life, and all that speaks of life, is  
lovely,  
And death, and all that speaks of death, is  
hateful.

ELSIE.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,  
Leading from light to light, through a brief  
darkness!

PRINCE HENRY, *emerging from the bridge.*

I breathe again more freely! Ah, how  
pleasant

To come once more into the light of day,  
Out of that shadow of death! To hear  
again

The hoof-beats of our horses on firm  
ground,

And not upon those hollow planks, resound-  
ing

With a sepulchral echo, like the clods  
On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder lies  
The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, ap-  
parelled

In light, and lingering, like a village  
maiden,

Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,  
Then pouring all her life into another's,  
Changing her name and being! Over-  
head,

Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,  
Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

*They pass on.*

## THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE *crossing with attend-  
ants.*

GUIDE.

This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.  
With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,  
It leaps across the terrible chasm  
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,  
As if, in some convulsive spasm,  
The summits of the hills had cracked,  
And made a road for the cataract  
That raves and rages down the steep!

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

GUIDE.

Never any bridge but this  
Could stand across the wild abyss;  
All the rest, of wood or stone,  
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.  
He toppled crags from the precipice,  
And whatsoever was built by day  
In the night was swept away;  
None could stand but this alone.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

GUIDE.

I showed you in the valley a bowlder  
Marked with the imprint of his shoulder;  
As he was bearing it up this way,  
A peasant, passing, cried, "Herr Jé!"  
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,  
And vanished suddenly out of sight!

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

GUIDE.

Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,  
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,  
Built this at last, with a single arch,  
Under which, on its endless march,  
Runs the river, white with foam,  
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.  
And the Devil promised to let it stand,

Under compact and condition  
That the first living thing which crossed  
Should be surrendered into his hand,  
And be beyond redemption lost.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha ! ha ! perdition !

GUIDE.

At length, the bridge being all completed,  
The Abbot, standing at its head,  
Threw across it a loaf of bread,  
Which a hungry dog sprang after,  
And the rocks reëchoed with the peals of  
laughter

To see the Devil thus defeated !

*They pass on.*

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha ! ha ! defeated !

For journeys and for crimes like this  
I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss !

THE ST. GOTHARD PASS.

PRINCE HENRY.

This is the highest point. Two ways the  
rivers  
Leap down to different seas, and as they  
roll  
Grow deep and still, and their majestic  
presence  
Becomes a benefaction to the towns  
They visit, wandering silently among  
them,  
Like patriarchs old among their shining  
tents.

ELSIE.

How bleak and bare it is ! Nothing but  
mosses  
Grow on these rocks.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yet are they not forgotten ;  
Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed  
them.

ELSIE.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft  
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away  
Over the snowy peaks ! It seems to me  
The body of St. Catherine, borne by an-  
gels !

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou art St. Catherine, and invisible  
angels  
Bear thee across these chasms and preci-  
pices,  
Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against a  
stone !

ELSIE.

Would I were borne unto my grave, as she  
was,  
Upon angelic shoulders ! Even now  
I seem uplifted by them, light as air !  
What sound is that ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The tumbling avalanches !

ELSIE.

How awful, yet how beautiful !

PRINCE HENRY.

These are  
The voices of the mountains ! Thus they  
ope  
Their snowy lips, and speak unto each  
other,  
In the primeval language, lost to man.

ELSIE.

What land is this that spreads itself beneath  
us ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Italy ! Italy !

ELSIE.

Land of the Madonna  
How beautiful it is ! It seems a garden  
Of Paradise !

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, of Gethsemane  
To thee and me, of passion and of prayer !  
Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago  
I wandered as a youth among its bowers,  
And never from my heart has faded quite  
Its memory, that, like a summer sunset,  
Encircles with a ring of purple light  
All the horizon of my youth.

GUIDE.

O friends !  
The days are short, the way before us  
long ;  
We must not linger, if we think to reach  
The inn at Belinzona before vespers !  
*They pass on.*

AT THE FOOT OF THE ALPS.

*A halt under the trees at noon.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Here let us pause a moment in the trembling

Shadow and sunshine of the roadside trees,  
And, our tired horses in a group assembling,  
Inhale long draughts of this delicious breeze.

Our fleeter steeds have distanced our attendants ;

They lag behind us with a slower pace ;  
We will await them under the green pendants

Of the great willows in this shady place.  
Ho, Barbarossa ! how thy mottled haunches  
Sweat with this canter over hill and glade !  
Stand still, and let these overhanging branches

Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee with shade !

ELSIE.

What a delightful landscape spreads before us,

Marked with a whitewashed cottage here and there !

And, in luxuriant garlands drooping o'er us,

Blossoms of grape-vines scent the sunny air.

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark ! what sweet sounds are those, whose accents holy

Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet !

ELSIE.

It is a band of pilgrims, moving slowly  
On their long journey, with uncovered feet.

PILGRIMS, *chanting the Hymn of St. Hildebert.*

Me receptet Sion illa,  
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,  
Cujus faber auctor lucis,  
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,  
Cujus claves lingua Petri,  
Cujus cives semper læti,  
Cujus muri lapis vivus,  
Cujus custos Rex festivus !

LUCIFER, *as a Friar in the procession.*

Here am I, too, in the pious band,  
In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite  
dressed !

The soles of my feet are as hard and tanned  
As the conscience of old Pope Hildebrand,  
The Holy Satan, who made the wives  
Of the bishops lead such shameful lives.  
All day long I beat my breast,  
And chant with a most particular zest  
The Latin hymns, which I understand  
Quite as well, I think, as the rest.  
And at night such lodging in barns and sheds,

Such a hurly-burly in country inns,  
Such a clatter of tongues in empty heads,  
Such a helter-skelter of prayers and sins !  
Of all the contrivances of the time  
For sowing broadcast the seeds of crime,  
There is none so pleasing to me and mine  
As a pilgrimage to some far-off shrine !

PRINCE HENRY.

If from the outward man we judge the inner,

And cleanliness is godliness, I fear  
A hopeless reprobate, a hardened sinner,  
Must be that Carmelite now passing near.

LUCIFER.

There is my German Prince again,  
Thus far on his journey to Salerno,  
And the lovesick girl, whose heated brain  
Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain ;  
But it's a long road that has no turn !  
Let them quietly hold their way,  
I have also a part in the play.  
But first I must act to my heart's content  
This mummery and this merriment,  
And drive this motley flock of sheep  
Into the fold, where drink and sleep  
The jolly old friars of Benevent.  
Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh  
To see these beggars hobble along,  
Lamed and maimed, and fed upon chaff,  
Chanting their wonderful piff and paff,  
And, to make up for not understanding the song,

Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong !  
Were it not for my magic garters and staff,  
And the goblets of goodly wine I quaff,  
And the mischief I make in the idle throng,  
I should not continue the business long.

PILGRIMS, *chanting.*

In hanc urbem, lux solennis,  
Ver æternum, pax perennis ;  
In hanc odor implens cælus,  
In hanc semper festum melos !

PRINCE HENRY.

Do you observe that monk among the train,  
Who pours from his great throat the roar-  
ing bass,  
As a cathedral spout pours out the rain,  
And this way turns his rubicund, round  
face ?

ELSIE.

It is the same who, on the Strasburg square,  
Preached to the people in the open air.

PRINCE HENRY.

And he has crossed o'er mountain, field, and  
fell,  
On that good steed, that seems to bear him  
well,  
The hackney of the Friars of Orders Gray,  
His own stout legs ! He, too, was in the  
play,  
Both as King Herod and Ben Israel.  
Good morrow, Friar !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Good morrow, noble Sir !

PRINCE HENRY.

I speak in German, for, unless I err,  
You are a German.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I cannot gainsay you.  
But by what instinct, or what secret sign,  
Meeting me here, do you straightway  
divine  
That northward of the Alps my country  
lies ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Your accent, like St. Peter's, would betray  
you,  
Did not your yellow beard and your blue  
eyes.  
Moreover, we have seen your face before,  
And heard you preach at the Cathedral  
door  
On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg square.  
We were among the crowd that gathered  
there,  
And saw you play the Rabbi with great  
skill,  
As if, by leaning o'er so many years  
To walk with little children, your own will  
Had caught a childish attitude from theirs,  
A kind of stooping in its form and gait,

And could no longer stand erect and  
straight.

Whence come you now ?

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

From the old monastery  
Of Hirschau, in the forest ; being sent  
Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,  
To see the image of the Virgin Mary,  
That moves its holy eyes, and sometimes  
speaks,  
And lets the piteous tears run down its  
cheeks,  
To touch the hearts of the impenitent.

PRINCE HENRY.

Oh, had I faith, as in the days gone by,  
That knew no doubt, and feared no  
mystery !

LUCIFER, *at a distance.*

Ho, Cuthbert ! Friar Cuthbert !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Farewell, Prince !

I cannot stay to argue and convince.

PRINCE HENRY.

This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,  
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer !  
All hearts are touched and softened at her  
name,  
Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,  
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the  
peasant,  
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,  
Pay homage to her as one ever present !  
And even as children, who have much  
offended  
A too indulgent father, in great shame,  
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended  
To go into his presence, at the gate  
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait  
Till she goes in before and intercedes ;  
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,  
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near  
With their requests an angry father's ear,  
Offer to her their prayers and their confes-  
sion,  
And she for them in heaven makes inter-  
cession.  
And if our Faith had given us nothing more  
Than this example of all womanhood,  
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,  
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,

This were enough to prove it higher and truer  
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

PILGRIMS, *chanting afar off.*

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,  
Supra petram collocata,  
Urbs in portu satis tuto  
De longinquo te saluto,  
Te saluto, te suspiro,  
Te affecto, te requiro !

THE INN AT GENOA.

*A terrace overlooking the sea. Night.*

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the sea, it is the sea,  
In all its vague immensity,  
Fading and darkening in the distance !  
Silent, majestic, and slow,  
The white ships haunt it to and fro,  
With all their ghostly sails unfurled,  
As phantoms from another world  
Haunt the dim confines of existence !  
But ah ! how few can comprehend  
Their signals, or to what good end  
From land to land they come and go !  
Upon a sea more vast and dark  
The spirits of the dead embark,  
All voyaging to unknown coasts.  
We wave our farewells from the shore,  
And they depart, and come no more,  
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death  
Looms the great life that is to be,  
A land of cloud and mystery,  
A dim mirage, with shapes of men  
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.  
Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath  
Till the fair pageant vanisheth,  
Leaving us in perplexity,  
And doubtful whether it has been  
A vision of the world unseen,  
Or a bright image of our own  
Against the sky in vapors thrown.

LUCIFER, *singing from the sea.*

Thou didst not make it, thou canst not mend it,  
But thou hast the power to end it !  
The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,

Deep it lies at thy very feet ;  
There is no confessor like unto Death !  
Thou canst not see him, but he is near ;  
Thou needst not whisper above thy breath,  
And he will hear ;  
He will answer the questions,  
The vague surmises and suggestions,  
That fill thy soul with doubt and fear !

PRINCE HENRY.

The fisherman, who lies afloat,  
With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,  
Is singing softly to the Night !  
But do I comprehend aright  
The meaning of the words he sung  
So sweetly in his native tongue ?  
Ah yes ! the sea is still and deep.  
All things within its bosom sleep !  
A single step, and all is o'er ;  
A plunge, a bubble, and no more ;  
And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free  
From martyrdom and agony.

ELSIE, *coming from her chamber upon the terrace.*

The night is calm and cloudless,  
And still as still can be,  
And the stars come forth to listen  
To the music of the sea.  
They gather, and gather, and gather,  
Until they crowd the sky,  
And listen, in breathless silence,  
To the solemn litany.  
It begins in rocky caverns,  
As a voice that chants alone  
To the pedals of the organ  
In monotonous undertone ;  
And anon from shelving beaches,  
And shallow sands beyond,  
In snow-white robes uprising  
The ghostly choirs respond.  
And sadly and unceasing  
The mournful voice sings on,  
And the snow-white choirs still answer  
Christe cleison !

PRINCE HENRY.

Angel of God ! thy finer sense perceives  
Celestial and perpetual harmonies !  
Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes,  
Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze,  
And where the forest rolls, or ocean heaves,  
Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,  
And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.

But I hear discord only and despair,  
And whispers as of demons in the air !

## AT SEA.

## IL PADRONE.

The wind upon our quarter lies,  
And on before the freshening gale,  
That fills the snow-white lateen sail,  
Swiftly our light felucca flies.  
Around, the billows burst and foam ;  
They lift her o'er the sunken rock,  
They beat her sides with many a shock,  
And then upon their flowing dome  
They poise her, like a weathercock !  
Between us and the western skies  
The hills of Corsica arise ;  
Eastward, in yonder long blue line,  
The summits of the Apennine,  
And southward, and still far away,  
Salerno, on its sunny bay.  
You cannot see it, where it lies.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Ah, would that never more mine eyes  
Might see its towers by night or day !

## ELSIE.

Behind us, dark and awfully,  
There comes a cloud out of the sea,  
That bears the form of a hunted deer,  
With hide of brown, and hoofs of black,  
And antlers laid upon its back,  
And fleeing fast and wild with fear,  
As if the hounds were on its track !

## PRINCE HENRY.

Lo ! while we gaze, it breaks and falls  
In shapeless masses, like the walls  
Of a burnt city. Broad and red  
The fires of the descending sun  
Glare through the windows, and o'erhead,  
Athwart the vapors, dense and dun,  
Long shafts of silvery light arise,  
Like rafters that support the skies !

## ELSIE.

See ! from its summit the lurid levin  
Flashes downward without warning,  
As Lucifer, son of the morning,  
Fell from the battlements of heaven !

## IL PADRONE.

I must entreat you, friends, below !  
The angry storm begins to blow,

For the weather changes with the moon.  
All this morning, until noon,  
We had baffling winds, and sudden flaws  
Struck the sea with their cat's-paws.  
Only a little hour ago  
I was whistling to Saint Antonio  
For a capful of wind to fill our sail,  
And instead of a breeze he has sent a  
gale.

Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars,  
With their glimmering lanterns, all at play  
On the tops of the masts and the tips of the  
spars,  
And I knew we should have foul weather  
to-day.

Cheerily, my hearties ! yo heave ho !  
Brail up the mainsail, and let her go  
As the winds will and Saint Antonio !

Do you see that Livornese felucca,  
That vessel to the windward yonder,  
Running with her gunwale under ?  
I was looking when the wind o'ertook her.  
She had all sail set, and the only wonder  
Is that at once the strength of the blast  
Did not carry away her mast.  
She is a galley of the Gran Duca,  
That, through the fear of the Algerines,  
Convoys those lazy brigantines,  
Laden with wine and oil from Lucca.  
Now all is ready, high and low ;  
Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio !

Ha ! that is the first dash of the rain,  
With a sprinkle of spray above the rails,  
Just enough to moisten our sails,  
And make them ready for the strain.  
See how she leaps, as the blasts o'ertake her,  
And speeds away with a bone in her mouth !  
Now keep her head toward the south,  
And there is no danger of bank or breaker.  
With the breeze behind us, on we go ;  
Not too much, good Saint Antonio !

## VI

## THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO

*A travelling Scholastic affixing his Theses to the  
gate of the College.*

## SCHOLASTIC.

There, that is my gauntlet, my banner, my  
shield,  
Hung up as a challenge to all the field !

One hundred and twenty-five propositions,  
Which I will maintain with the sword of  
the tongue

Against all disputants, old and young.

Let us see if doctors or dialecticians

Will dare to dispute my definitions,

Or attack any one of my learned theses.

Here stand I; the end shall be as God  
pleases.

I think I have proved, by profound re-  
searches,

The error of all those doctrines so vicious

Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,

That are making such terrible work in the  
churches,

By Michael the Stammerer sent from the  
East,

And done into Latin by that Scottish beast,  
Johannes Duns Scotus, who dares to main-  
tain,

In the face of the truth, the error infer-  
nal,

That the universe is and must be eternal ;

At first laying down, as a fact fundamen-  
tal,

That nothing with God can be accidental ;  
Then asserting that God before the crea-  
tion

Could not have existed, because it is plain

That, had He existed, He would have cre-  
ated ;

Which is begging the question that should  
be debated,

And moveth me less to anger than laugh-  
ter.

All nature, he holds, is a respiration

Of the Spirit of God, who, in breathing,  
hereafter

Will inhale it into his bosom again,

So that nothing but God alone will remain.

And therein he contradicteth himself ;

For he opens the whole discussion by stat-  
ing,

That God can only exist in creating.

That question I think I have laid on the  
shelf !

*He goes out. Two Doctors come in disputing,  
and followed by pupils.*

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain,

That a word which is only conceived in the  
brain

Is a type of eternal Generation ;

The spoken word is the Incarnation.

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

What do I care for the Doctor Seraphic,  
With all his wordy chaffer and traffic ?

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

You make but a paltry show of resistance ;  
Universals have no real existence !

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

Your words are but idle and empty chatter ;  
Ideas are eternally joined to matter !

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

May the Lord have mercy on your position,  
You wretched, wrangling culler of herbs !

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

May he send your soul to eternal perdition,  
For your Treatise on the Irregular Verbs !

*They rush out fighting. Two Scholars come in.*

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Monte Cassino, then, is your College.

What think you of ours here at Salerno ?

SECOND SCHOLAR.

To tell the truth, I arrived so lately,  
I hardly yet have had time to discern.

So much, at least, I am bound to acknow-  
ledge :

The air seems healthy, the buildings stately,  
And on the whole I like it greatly.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Yes, the air is sweet ; the Calabrian hills

Send us down puffs of mountain air ;

And in summer-time the sea-breeze fills

With its coolness cloister, and court, and  
square.

Then at every season of the year

There are crowds of guests and travellers  
here ;

Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and traders

From the Levant, with figs and wine,

And bands of wounded and sick Crusaders,  
Coming back from Palestine.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

And what are the studies you pursue ?

What is the course you here go through ?

FIRST SCHOLAR.

The first three years of the college course

Are given to Logic alone, as the source

Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

## SECOND SCHOLAR.

That seems rather strange, I must confess,  
In a Medical School ; yet, nevertheless,  
You doubtless have reasons for that.

## FIRST SCHOLAR.

Oh yes !

For none but a clever dialectician  
Can hope to become a great physician ;  
That has been settled long ago.  
Logic makes an important part  
Of the mystery of the healing art ;  
For without it how could you hope to show  
That nobody knows so much as you know ?  
After this there are five years more  
Devoted wholly to medicine,  
With lectures on surgical lore,  
And dissections of the bodies of swine,  
As likest the human form divine.

## SECOND SCHOLAR.

What are the books now most in vogue ?

## FIRST SCHOLAR.

Quite an extensive catalogue ;  
Mostly, however, books of our own ;  
As Gariopontus' Passionarius,  
And the writings of Matthew Platearius ;  
And a volume universally known  
As the Regimen of the School of Salerno,  
For Robert of Normandy written in terse  
And very elegant Latin verse.  
Each of these writings has its turn.  
And when at length we have finished these,  
Then comes the struggle for degrees,  
With all the oldest and ablest critics ;  
The public thesis and disputation,  
Question, and answer, and explanation  
Of a passage out of Hippocrates,  
Or Aristotle's Analytics.  
There the triumphant Magister stands !  
A book is solemnly placed in his hands,  
On which he swears to follow the rule  
And ancient forms of the good old School ;  
To report if any confectionarius  
Mingles his drugs with matters various,  
And to visit his patients twice a day,  
And once in the night, if they live in town,  
And if they are poor, to take no pay.  
Having faithfully promised these,  
His head is crowned with a laurel crown ;  
A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand,  
The Magister Artium et Physices  
Goes forth from the school like a lord of  
the land.

And now, as we have the whole morning  
before us,  
Let us go in, if you make no objection,  
And listen awhile to a learned prelection  
On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

*They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a Doctor.*

## LUCIFER.

This is the great School of Salern !  
A land of wrangling and of quarrels,  
Of brains that seethe, and hearts that burn,  
Where every emulous scholar hears,  
In every breath that comes to his ears,  
The rustling of another's laurels !  
The air of the place is called salubrious ;  
The neighborhood of Vesuvius lends it  
An odor volcanic, that rather mends it,  
And the buildings have an aspect lugubrious,  
That inspires a feeling of awe and terror  
Into the heart of the beholder,  
And befits such an ancient homestead of  
error,  
Where the old falsehoods moulder and  
smoulder,  
And yearly by many hundred hands  
Are carried away, in the zeal of youth,  
And sown like tares in the field of truth,  
To blossom and ripen in other lands.

What have we here, affixed to the gate ?  
The challenge of some scholastic wight,  
Who wishes to hold a public debate  
On sundry questions wrong or right !  
Ah, now this is my great delight !  
For I have often observed of late  
That such discussions end in a fight.  
Let us see what the learned wag maintains  
With such a prodigal waste of brains.

*Reads.*

"Whether angels in moving from place to  
place  
Pass through the intermediate space.  
Whether God himself is the author of evil,  
Or whether that is the work of the Devil.  
When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell,  
And whether he now is chained in hell."  
I think I can answer that question well !  
So long as the boastful human mind  
Consents in such mills as this to grind,  
I sit very firmly upon my throne !  
Of a truth it almost makes me laugh,  
To see men leaving the golden grain  
To gather in piles the pitiful chaff  
That old Peter Lombard thrashed with his  
brain,

To have it caught up and tossed again  
On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne !

But my guests approach ! there is in the  
air

A fragrance, like that of the Beautiful  
Garden

Of Paradise, in the days that were !  
An odor of innocence and of prayer,  
And of love, and faith that never fails,  
Such as the fresh young heart exhales  
Before it begins to wither and harden !  
I cannot breathe such an atmosphere !  
My soul is filled with a nameless fear,  
That, after all my trouble and pain,  
After all my restless endeavor,  
The youngest, fairest soul of the twain,  
The most ethereal, most divine,  
Will escape from my hands for ever and  
ever.

But the other is already mine !  
Let him live to corrupt his race,  
Breathing among them, with every breath,  
Weakness, selfishness, and the base  
And pusillanimous fear of death.  
I know his nature, and I know  
That of all who in my ministry  
Wander the great earth to and fro,  
And on my errands come and go,  
The safest and subtlest are such as he.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE, with attend-  
ants.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you direct us to Friar Angelo ?

LUCIFER.

He stands before you.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then you know our purpose.  
I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and this  
The maiden that I spake of in my letters.

LUCIFER.

It is a very grave and solemn business !  
We must not be precipitate. Does she  
Without compulsion, of her own free will,  
Consent to this ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Against all opposition,  
Against all prayers, entreaties, protesta-  
tions.  
She will not be persuaded.

LUCIFER.

That is strange !  
Have you thought well of it ?

ELSIE.

I come not here  
To argue, but to die. Your business is not  
To question, but to kill me. I am ready.  
I am impatient to be gone from here  
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb again  
The spirit of tranquillity within me.

PRINCE HENRY.

Would I had not come here ! Would I  
were dead,  
And thou wert in thy cottage in the for-  
est,  
And hadst not known me ! Why have I  
done this ?  
Let me go back and die.

ELSIE.

It cannot be ;  
Not if these cold, flat stones on which we  
tread  
Were coulters heated white, and yonder  
gateway  
Flamed like a furnace with a sevenfold  
heat.  
I must fulfil my purpose.

PRINCE HENRY.

I forbid it !  
Not one step further. For I only meant  
To put thus far thy courage to the proof.  
It is enough. I, too, have strength to die,  
For thou hast taught me !

ELSIE.

O my Prince ! remember  
Your promises. Let me fulfil my errand.  
You do not look on life and death as I do.  
There are two angels, that attend unseen  
Each one of us, and in great books record  
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes  
down  
The good ones, after every action closes  
His volume, and ascends with it to God.  
The other keeps his dreadful day-book  
open  
Till sunset, that we may repent ; which  
doing,  
The record of the action fades away,  
And leaves a line of white across the page.  
Now if my act be good, as I believe,

It cannot be recalled. It is already  
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accom-  
plished.

The rest is yours. Why wait you? I am  
ready.

*To her attendants.*

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with  
me.

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,  
And you will have another friend in  
heaven.

Then start not at the creaking of the door  
Through which I pass. I see what lies be-  
yond it.

*To PRINCE HENRY.*

And you, O Prince! bear back my benison  
Unto my father's house, and all within it.  
This morning in the church I prayed for  
them,

After confession, after absolution,  
When my whole soul was white, I prayed  
for them.

God will take care of them, they need me  
not.

And in your life let my remembrance linger,  
As something not to trouble and disturb it,  
But to complete it, adding life to life.  
And if at times beside the evening fire  
You see my face among the other faces,  
Let it not be regarded as a ghost  
That haunts your house, but as a guest  
that loves you.

Nay, even as one of your own family,  
Without whose presence there were some-  
thing wanting.

I have no more to say. Let us go in.

PRINCE HENRY.

Friar Angelo! I charge you on your life,  
Believe not what she says, for she is mad,  
And comes here not to die, but to be  
healed.

ELSIE.

Alas! Prince Henry!

LUCIFER.

Come with me; this way.

ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who thrusts PRINCE  
HENRY back and closes the door.

PRINCE HENRY.

Gone! and the light of all my life gone with  
her!

A sudden darkness falls upon the world!

Oh, what a vile and abject thing am I  
That purchase length of days at such a  
cost!

Not by her death alone, but by the death  
Of all that's good and true and noble in  
me!

All manhood, excellence, and self-respect,  
All love, and faith, and hope, and heart  
are dead!

All my divine nobility of nature  
By this one act is forfeited forever.

I am a Prince in nothing but in name!

*To the attendants.*

Why did you let this horrible deed be  
done?

Why did you not lay hold on her, and keep  
her

From self-destruction? Angelo! mur-  
derer!

*Struggles at the door, but cannot open it.*

ELSIE, within.

Farewell, dear Prince! farewell!

PRINCE HENRY.

Unbar the door!

LUCIFER.

It is too late!

PRINCE HENRY.

It shall not be too late!

*They burst the door open and rush in.*

THE FARM-HOUSE IN THE ODENWALD.

URSULA spinning. *A summer afternoon. A  
table spread.*

URSULA.

I have marked it well, — it must be true, —  
Death never takes one alone, but two!

Whenever he enters in at a door,  
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,  
He always leaves it upon the latch,  
And comes again ere the year is o'er.  
Never one of a household only!

Perhaps it is a mercy of God,  
Lest the dead there under the sod,  
In the land of strangers, should be lonely!  
Ah me! I think I am lonelier here!

It is hard to go, — but harder to stay!  
Were it not for the children, I should pray  
That Death would take me within the  
year!

And Gottlieb! — he is at work all day,

In the sunny field, or the forest murk,  
But I know that his thoughts are far away,  
I know that his heart is not in his work !  
And when he comes home to me at night  
He is not cheery, but sits and sighs,  
And I see the great tears in his eyes,  
And try to be cheerful for his sake.  
Only the children's hearts are light.  
Mine is weary, and ready to break.  
God help us ! I hope we have done right ;  
We thought we were acting for the best !

*Looking through the open door.*

Who is it coming under the trees ?  
A man, in the Prince's livery dressed !  
He looks about him with doubtful face,  
As if uncertain of the place.  
He stops at the beehives ; — now he sees  
The garden gate ; — he is going past !  
Can he be afraid of the bees ?  
No ; he is coming in at last !  
He fills my heart with strange alarm !

*Enter a Forester.*

FORESTER.

Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm ?

URSULA.

This is his farm, and I his wife.  
Pray sit. What may your business be !

FORESTER.

News from the Prince !

URSULA.

Of death or life ?

FORESTER.

You put your questions eagerly !

URSULA.

Answer me, then ! How is the Prince ?

FORESTER.

I left him only two hours since  
Homeward returning down the river,  
As strong and well as if God, the Giver,  
Had given him back his youth again.

*URSULA, despairing.*

Then Elsie, my poor child, is dead !

FORESTER.

That, my good woman, I have not said.  
Don't cross the bridge till you come to it,  
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

URSULA.

Keep me no longer in this pain !

FORESTER.

It is true your daughter is no more ; —  
That is, the peasant she was before.

URSULA.

Alas ! I am simple and lowly bred,  
I am poor, distracted, and forlorn.  
And it is not well that you of the court  
Should mock me thus, and make a sport  
Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,  
For you, too, were of mother born !

FORESTER.

Your daughter lives, and the Prince is well !  
You will learn ere long how it all befell.  
Her heart for a moment never failed ;  
But when they reached Salerno's gate,  
The Prince's nobler self prevailed,  
And saved her for a noble fate.  
And he was healed, in his despair,  
By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred  
bones ;  
Though I think the long ride in the open  
air,  
That pilgrimage over stocks and stones,  
In the miracle must come in for a share !

URSULA.

Virgin ! who lovest the poor and lowly,  
If the loud cry of a mother's heart  
Can ever ascend to where thou art,  
Into thy blessed hands and holy  
Receive my prayer of praise and thanks-  
giving !  
Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it  
Into the awful presence of God ;  
For thy feet with holiness are shod,  
And if thou bearest it He will hear it.  
Our child who was dead again is living !

FORESTER.

I did not tell you she was dead ;  
If you thought so 't was no fault of mine ;  
At this very moment, while I speak,  
They are sailing homeward down the  
Rhine,  
In a splendid barge, with golden prow,  
And decked with banners white and red  
As the colors on your daughter's cheek.  
They call her the Lady Alicia now ;  
For the Prince in Salerno made a vow  
That Elsie only would he wed.

URSULA.

Jesu Maria ! what a change !  
All seems to me so weird and strange !

FORESTER.

I saw her standing on the deck,  
Beneath an awning cool and shady ;  
Her cap of velvet could not hold  
The tresses of her hair of gold,  
That flowed and floated like the stream,  
And fell in masses down her neck.  
As fair and lovely did she seem  
As in a story or a dream  
Some beautiful and foreign lady.  
And the Prince looked so grand and  
proud,  
And waved his hand thus to the crowd  
That gazed and shouted from the shore,  
All down the river, long and loud.

URSULA.

We shall behold our child once more ;  
She is not dead ! She is not dead !  
God, listening, must have overheard  
The prayers, that, without sound or word,  
Our hearts in secrecy have said !  
Oh, bring me to her ; for mine eyes  
Are hungry to behold her face ;  
My very soul within me cries ;  
My very hands seem to caress her,  
To see her, gaze at her, and bless her ;  
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace !  
*Goes out toward the garden.*

FORESTER.

There goes the good woman out of her  
head ;  
And Gottlieb's supper is waiting here ;  
A very capacious flagon of beer,  
And a very portentous loaf of bread.  
One would say his grief did not much op-  
press him.  
Here's to the health of the Prince, God  
bless him !

*He drinks.*

Ha ! it buzzes and stings like a hornet !  
And what a scene there, through the  
door !  
The forest behind and the garden be-  
fore,  
And midway an old man of threescore,  
With a wife and children that caress  
him.

Let me try still further to cheer and adorn  
it

With a merry, echoing blast of my cornet !  
*Goes out blowing his horn.*

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE standing on the ter-  
race at evening.

*The sound of bells heard from a distance.*

PRINCE HENRY.

We are alone. The wedding guests  
Ride down the hill, with plumes and cloaks,  
And the descending dark invests  
The Niederwald, and all the nests  
Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

ELSIE.

What bells are those, that ring so slow,  
So mellow, musical, and low ?

PRINCE HENRY.

They are the bells of Geisenheim,  
That with their melancholy chime  
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

ELSIE.

Listen, beloved.

PRINCE HENRY.

They are done !  
Dear Elsie ! many years ago  
Those same soft bells at eventide  
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,  
As, seated by Fastrada's side  
At Ingelheim, in all his pride  
He heard their sound with secret pain.

ELSIE.

Their voices only speak to me  
Of peace and deep tranquillity,  
And endless confidence in thee !

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou knowest the story of her ring,  
How, when the court went back to Aix,  
Fastrada died ; and how the king  
Sat watching by her night and day,  
Till into one of the blue lakes,  
Which water that delicious land,  
They cast the ring, drawn from her hand :  
And the great monarch sat serene

And sad beside the fated shore,  
Nor left the land forevermore.

ELSIE.

That was true love.

PRINCE HENRY.

For him the queen  
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

ELSIE.

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be ?  
Wilt thou so love me after death ?

PRINCE HENRY.

In life's delight, in death's dismay,  
In storm and sunshine, night and day,  
In health, in sickness, in decay,  
Here and hereafter, I am thine !  
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath  
The calm, blue waters of thine eyes,  
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,  
And, undisturbed by this world's breath,  
With magic light its jewels shine !  
This golden ring, which thou hast worn  
Upon thy finger since the morn,  
Is but a symbol and a semblance,  
An outward fashion, a remembrance,  
Of what thou wearest within unseen,  
O my Fastrada, O my queen !  
Behold ! the hill-tops all aglow  
With purple and with amethyst ;  
While the whole valley deep below  
Is filled, and seems to overflow,  
With a fast-rising tide of mist.  
The evening air grows damp and chill ;  
Let us go in.

ELSIE.

Ah, not so soon.

See yonder fire ! It is the moon  
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.  
It glimmers on the forest tips,  
And through the dewy foliage drips  
In little rivulets of light,  
And makes the heart in love with night.

PRINCE HENRY.

Off on this terrace, when the day  
Was closing, have I stood and gazed,  
And seen the landscape fade away,  
And the white vapors rise and drown  
Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town,  
While far above the hill-tops blazed.  
But then another hand than thine  
Was gently held and clasped in mine ;

Another head upon my breast  
Was laid, as thine is now, at rest.  
Why dost thou lift those tender eyes  
With so much sorrow and surprise ?  
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,  
Was that which in my own was pressed.  
A manly form usurped thy place,  
A beautiful, but bearded face,  
That now is in the Holy Land,  
Yet in my memory from afar  
Is shining on us like a star.  
But linger not. For while I speak,  
A sheeted spectre white and tall,  
The cold mist climbs the castle wall,  
And lays his hand upon thy cheek !

*They go in.*

## EPILOGUE

### THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS ASCENDING

THE ANGEL OF GOOD DEEDS, *with closed book.*

God sent his messenger the rain,  
And said unto the mountain brook,  
" Rise up, and from thy caverns look  
And leap, with naked, snow-white feet,  
From the cool hills into the heat  
Of the broad, arid plain."

God sent his messenger of faith,  
And whispered in the maiden's heart,  
" Rise up, and look from where thou  
art,  
And scatter with unselfish hands  
Thy freshness on the barren sands  
And solitudes of Death."

O beauty of holiness,  
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness !  
O power of meekness,  
Whose very gentleness and weakness  
Are like the yielding, but irresistible air !  
Upon the pages  
Of the sealed volume that I bear,  
The deed divine  
Is written in characters of gold,  
That never shall grow old,  
But through all ages  
Burn and shine,  
With soft effulgence !  
O God ! it is thy indulgence  
That fills the world with the bliss  
Of a good deed like this !

THE ANGEL OF EVIL DEEDS, *with open book.*

Not yet, not yet  
Is the red sun wholly set,  
But evermore recedes,  
While open still I bear  
The Book of Evil Deeds,  
To let the breathings of the upper air  
Visit its pages and erase  
The records from its face !  
Fainter and fainter as I gaze  
In the broad blaze  
The glimmering landscape shines,  
And below me the black river  
Is hidden by wreaths of vapor !  
Fainter and fainter the black lines  
Begin to quiver  
Along the whitening surface of the paper ;  
Shade after shade  
The terrible words grow faint and fade,  
And in their place  
Runs a white space !

Down goes the sun !  
But the soul of one,  
Who by repentance  
Hath escaped the dreadful sentence,  
Shines bright below me as I look.  
It is the end !  
With closed Book  
To God do I ascend.  
Lo ! over the mountain steeps  
A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps  
Beneath my feet ;  
A blackness inwardly brightening  
With sullen heat,  
As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning.  
And a cry of lamentation,  
Repeated and again repeated,  
Deep and loud  
As the reverberation  
Of cloud answering unto cloud,  
Swells and rolls away in the distance,  
As if the sheeted  
Lightning retreated,  
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resist-  
ance.

It is Lucifer,  
The son of mystery ;  
And since God suffers him to be,  
He, too, is God's minister,  
And labors for some good  
By us not understood !

## SECOND INTERLUDE

## MARTIN LUTHER

A CHAMBER IN THE WARTBURG. MORN-  
ING. MARTIN LUTHER WRITING

MARTIN LUTHER.

Our God, a Tower of Strength is He,  
A goodly wall and weapon ;  
From all our need He helps us free,  
That now to us doth happen.  
The old evil foe  
Doth in earnest grow,  
In grim armor dight,  
Much guile and great might ;  
On earth there is none like him.

OH yes ; a tower of strength indeed  
A present help in all our need,  
A sword and buckler is our God.  
Innocent men have walked unshod  
O'er burning ploughshares, and have trod  
Unharm'd on serpents in their path,  
And laugh'd to scorn the Devil's wrath !

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand  
Where God hath led me by the hand,  
And look down, with a heart at ease,  
Over the pleasant neighborhoods,  
Over the vast Thuringian Woods,  
With flash of river, and gloom of trees,  
With castles crowning the dizzy heights,  
And farms and pastoral delights,  
And the morning pouring everywhere  
Its golden glory on the air.  
Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,  
Safe from the overwhelming blast  
Of the mouths of Hell, that followed me  
fast,  
And the howling demons of despair  
That hunted me like a beast to his lair.

Of our own might we nothing can ;  
We soon are unprotected ;  
There fighteth for us the right Man,  
Whom God himself elected,  
Who is He ; ye exclaim ?  
Christus is his name,  
Lord of Sabaoth,  
Very God in troth ;  
The field He holds forever.

Nothing can vex the Devil more  
Than the name of Him whom we adore.

Therefore doth it delight me best  
 To stand in the choir among the rest,  
 With the great organ trumpeting  
 Through its metallic tubes, and sing :  
*Et verbum caro factum est !*  
 These words the Devil cannot endure,  
 For he knoweth their meaning well !  
 Him they trouble and repel,  
 Us they comfort and allure,  
 And happy it were, if our delight  
 Were as great as his affright !

Yea, music is the Prophets' art ;  
 Among the gifts that God hath sent,  
 One of the most magnificent !  
 It calms the agitated heart ;  
 Temptations, evil thoughts, and all  
 The passions that disturb the soul,  
 Are quelled by its divine control,  
 As the Evil Spirit fled from Saul,  
 And his distemper was allayed,  
 When David took his harp and played.

This world may full of Devils be,  
 All ready to devour us ;  
 Yet not so sore afraid are we,  
 They shall not overpower us.

This World's Prince, howe'er  
 Fierce he may appear,  
 He can harm us not,  
 He is doomed, God wot !  
 One little word can slay him !

Incredible it seems to some  
 And to myself a mystery,  
 That such weak flesh and blood as we,  
 Armed with no other shield or sword,  
 Or other weapon than the Word,  
 Should combat and should overcome  
 A spirit powerful as he !  
 He summons forth the Pope of Rome  
 With all his diabolic crew,  
 His shorn and shaven retinue  
 Of priests and children of the dark ;  
 Kill ! kill ! they cry, the Heresiarch,  
 Who rouseth up all Christendom  
 Against us ; and at one fell blow  
 Seeks the whole Church to overthrow !  
 Not yet ; my hour is not yet come.

Yesterday in an idle mood,  
 Hunting with others in the wood,  
 I did not pass the hours in vain,  
 For in the very heart of all  
 The joyous tumult raised around,  
 Shouting of men, and baying of hound,

And the bugle's blithe and cheery call,  
 And echoes answering back again,  
 From crags of the distant mountain  
 chain, —

In the very heart of this, I found  
 A mystery of grief and pain.  
 It was an image of the power  
 Of Satan, hunting the world about,  
 With his nets and traps and well-trained  
 dogs,

His bishops and priests and theologues,  
 And all the rest of the rabble rout,  
 Seeking whom he may devour !  
 Enough I have had of hunting hares,  
 Enough of these hours of idle mirth,  
 Enough of nets and traps and gins !  
 The only hunting of any worth  
 Is where I can pierce with javelins  
 The cunning foxes and wolves and bears,  
 The whole iniquitous troop of beasts,  
 The Roman Pope and the Roman priests  
 That sorely infest and afflict the earth !

Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the air !  
 The fowler hath caught you in his snare,  
 And keeps you safe in his gilded cage,  
 Singing the song that never tires,  
 To lure down others from their nests ;  
 How ye flutter and beat your breasts,  
 Warm and soft with young desires  
 Against the cruel, pitiless wires,  
 Reclaiming your lost heritage !  
 Behold ! a hand unbars the door,  
 Ye shall be captives held no more.

The Word they shall perforce let stand,  
 And little thanks they merit !  
 For He is with us in the land,  
 With gifts of his own Spirit !

Though they take our life,  
 Goods, honors, child and wife,  
 Let these pass away,  
 Little gain have they ;  
 The Kingdom still remaineth !

Yea, it remaineth forevermore,  
 However Satan may rage and roar,  
 Though often he whispers in my ears :  
 What if thy doctrines false should be ?  
 And wrings from me a bitter sweat.  
 Then I put him to flight with jeers,  
 Saying : Saint Satan ! pray for me ;  
 If thou thinkest I am not saved yet !

And my mortal foes that lie in wait  
 In every avenue and gate !

As to that odious monk John Tetzel,  
Hawking about his hollow wares  
Like a huckster at village fairs,  
And those mischievous fellows, Wetzel,  
Campanus, Carlstadt, Martin Cellarius,  
And all the busy, multifarious  
Heretics, and disciples of Arius,  
Half-learned, dunce-bold, dry and hard,  
They are not worthy of my regard,  
Poor and humble as I am.

But ah ! Erasmus of Rotterdam,  
He is the vilest miscreant  
That ever walked this world below !  
A Momus, making his mock and mow,  
At Papist and at Protestant,  
Sneering at St. John and St. Paul,  
At God and Man, at one and all ;  
And yet as hollow and false and drear,  
As a cracked pitcher to the ear,  
And ever growing worse and worse !  
Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse  
On Erasmus, the Insincere !

Philip Melanethon ! thou alone  
Faithful among the faithless known,  
Thee I hail, and only thee !  
Behold the record of us three !  
*Res et verba Philippus,*  
*Res sine verbis Lutherus ;*  
*Erasmus verba sine re !*

My Philip, prayest thou for me ?  
Lifted above all earthly care,  
From these high regions of the air,  
Among the birds that day and night  
Upon the branches of tall trees  
Sing their lauds and litanies,  
Praising God with all their might,  
My Philip, unto thee I write.

My Philip ! thou who knowest best  
All that is passing in this breast ;  
The spiritual agonies,  
The inward deaths, the inward hell,  
And the divine new births as well,  
That surely follow after these,  
As after winter follows spring ;  
My Philip, in the night-time sing  
This song of the Lord I send to thee ;  
And I will sing it for thy sake,  
Until our answering voices make  
A glorious antiphony,  
And choral chant of victory !

## PART THREE

## THE NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES

JOHN ENDICOTT

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JOHN ENDICOTT . . . . .	<i>Governor.</i>
JOHN ENDICOTT . . . . .	<i>His son.</i>
RICHARD BELLINGHAM . . . . .	<i>Deputy Governor.</i>
JOHN NORTON . . . . .	<i>Minister of the Gospel.</i>
EDWARD BUTTER . . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
WALTER MERRY . . . . .	<i>Tithing-man.</i>
NICHOLAS UPSALL . . . . .	<i>An old citizen.</i>
SAMUEL COLE . . . . .	<i>Landlord of the Three Mariners.</i>
SIMON KEMPTHORN } . . . .	<i>Sea-Captains.</i>
RALPH GOLDSMITH } . . . .	
WENLOCK CHRISTISON } . . . .	
EDITH, his daughter } . . . .	
EDWARD WHARTON }	<i>Quakers.</i>

*Assistants, Halberdiers, Marshal, etc.*

*The Scene is in Boston in the year 1665.*

## PROLOGUE

TO-NIGHT we strive to read, as we may best,  
This city, like an ancient palimpsest ;  
And bring to light, upon the blotted page,  
The mournful record of an earlier age,  
That, pale and half effaced, lies hidden  
away  
Beneath the fresher writing of to-day.

Rise, then, O buried city that hast been ;  
Rise up, rebuild in the painted scene,  
And let our curious eyes behold once more  
The pointed gable and the pent-house door,  
The Meeting-house with leaden-latticed  
panes,  
The narrow thoroughfares, the crooked  
lanes !

Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows of the  
Past,  
Rise from your long-forgotten graves at  
last ;  
Let us behold your faces, let us hear  
The words ye uttered in those days of fear !  
Revisit your familiar haunts again, —  
The scenes of triumph, and the scenes of  
pain,  
And leave the footprints of your bleeding  
feet  
Once more upon the pavement of the  
street !

Nor let the Historian blame the Poet  
here,

If he perchance misdate the day or year,  
And group events together, by his art,  
That in the Chronicles lie far apart;  
For as the double stars, though sundered  
far,

Seem to the naked eye a single star,  
So facts of history, at a distance seen,  
Into one common point of light convene.

"Why touch upon such themes?" perhaps  
some friend

May ask, incredulous; "and to what good  
end?"

Why drag again into the light of day  
The errors of an age long passed away?"  
I answer: "For the lesson that they  
teach:

The tolerance of opinion and of speech.  
Hope, Faith, and Charity remain, — these  
three;

And greatest of them all is Charity."

Let us remember, if these words be true,  
That unto all men Charity is due;  
Give what we ask; and pity, while we  
blame,

Lest we become copartners in the shame,  
Lest we condemn, and yet ourselves par-  
take,

And persecute the dead for conscience'  
sake.

Therefore it is the author seeks and strives  
To represent the dead as in their lives,  
And lets at times his characters unfold  
Their thoughts in their own language,  
strong and bold;

He only asks of you to do the like;  
To hear him first, and, if you will, then  
strike.

### ACT I

SCENE I. — *Sunday afternoon. The interior of the Meeting-house. On the pulpit, an hour-glass; below, a box for contributions. JOHN NORTON in the pulpit. GOVERNOR ENDICOTT in a canopied seat, attended by four halberdiers. The congregation singing.*

The Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens high;  
And underneath his feet He cast  
The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim  
Right royally He rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

NORTON (*rising and turning the hour-glass on the pulpit*).

I heard a great voice from the temple say-  
ing

Unto the Seven Angels, Go your ways;  
Pour out the vials of the wrath of God  
Upon the earth. And the First Angel went  
And poured his vial on the earth; and  
straight

There fell a noisome and a grievous sore  
On them which had the birth-mark of the  
Beast,

And them which worshipped and adored  
his image.

On us hath fallen this grievous pestilence.  
There is a sense of terror in the air;  
And apparitions of things horrible  
Are seen by many. From the sky above us  
The stars fall; and beneath us the earth  
quakes!

The sound of drums at midnight from afar,  
The sound of horsemen riding to and fro,  
As if the gates of the invisible world  
Were opened, and the dead came forth to  
warn us, —

All these are omens of some dire disaster  
Impending over us, and soon to fall.  
Moreover, in the language of the Prophet,  
Death is again come up into our windows,  
To cut off little children from without,  
And young men from the streets. And in  
the midst

Of all these supernatural threats and warn-  
ings

Doth Heresy uplift its horrid head;  
A vision of Sin more awful and appalling  
Than any phantasm, ghost, or apparition,  
As arguing and portending some enlarge-  
ment

Of the mysterious Power of Darkness!

EDITH, *barefooted, and clad in sackcloth, with her hair hanging loose upon her shoulders, walks slowly up the aisle, followed by WHARTON and other Quakers. The congregation starts up in confusion.*

EDITH (*to NORTON, raising her hand*).  
Peace!

NORTON.

Anathema maranatha! The Lord cometh!

EDITH.

Yea, verily He cometh, and shall judge  
The shepherds of Israel who do feed them-  
selves,  
And leave their flocks to eat what they  
have trodden  
Beneath their feet.

NORTON.

Be silent, babbling woman !  
St. Paul commands all women to keep  
silence  
Within the churches.

EDITH.

Yet the women prayed  
And prophesied at Corinth in his day ;  
And, among those on whom the fiery  
tongues  
Of Pentecost descended, some were women !

NORTON.

The Elders of the Churches, by our law,  
Alone have power to open the doors of  
speech  
And silence in the Assembly. I command  
you !

EDITH.

The law of God is greater than your laws !  
Ye build your church with blood, your town  
with crime ;  
The heads thereof give judgment for re-  
ward ;  
The priests thereof teach only for their  
hire ;  
Your laws condemn the innocent to death ;  
And against this I bear my testimony !

NORTON.

What testimony ?

EDITH.

That of the Holy Spirit,  
Which, as your Calvin says, surpasseth  
reason.

NORTON.

The laborer is worthy of his hire.

EDITH.

Yet our great Master did not teach for  
hire,  
And the Apostles without purse or scrip  
Went forth to do his work. Behold this  
box

Beneath thy pulpit. Is it for the poor ?  
Thou canst not answer. It is for the  
Priest ;  
And against this I bear my testimony.

NORTON.

Away with all these Heretics and Quakers !  
Quakers, forsooth ! Because a quaking  
fell

On Daniel, at beholding of the Vision,  
Must ye needs shake and quake ? Because  
Isaiah

Went stripped and barefoot, must ye wail  
and howl ?

Must ye go stripped and naked ? must ye  
make

A wailing like the dragons, and a mourn-  
ing

As of the owls ? Ye verify the adage  
That Satan is God's ape ! Away with  
them !

*Tumult. The Quakers are driven out with vio-  
lence, EDITH following slowly. The congrega-  
tion retires in confusion.*

Thus freely do the Reprobates commit  
Such measure of iniquity as fits them  
For the intended measure of God's wrath,  
And even in violating God's commands  
Are they fulfilling the divine decree !  
The will of man is but an instrument  
Disposed and predetermined to its action  
According unto the decree of God,  
Being as much subordinate thereto  
As is the axe unto the hewer's hand !

*He descends from the pulpit, and joins GOVERNOR  
ENDICOTT, who comes forward to meet him.*

The omens and the wonders of the time,  
Famine, and fire, and shipwreck, and dis-  
ease,

The blast of corn, the death of our young  
men,

Our sufferings in all precious, pleasant  
things,

Are manifestations of the wrath divine,  
Signs of God's controversy with New Eng-  
land.

These emissaries of the Evil One,  
These servants and ambassadors of Satan,  
Are but commissioned executioners  
Of God's vindictive and deserved displea-  
sure.

We must receive them as the Roman  
Bishop

Once received Attila, saying, I rejoice  
You have come safe, whom I esteem to be

The scourge of God, sent to chastise his people.

This very heresy, perchance, may serve  
The purposes of God to some good end.  
With you I leave it ; but do not neglect  
The holy tactics of the civil sword.

ENDICOTT.

And what more can be done ?

NORTON.

The hand that cut  
The Red Cross from the colors of the king  
Can cut the red heart from this heresy.  
Fear not. All blasphemies immediate  
And heresies turbulent must be suppressed  
By civil power.

ENDICOTT.

But in what way suppressed ?

NORTON.

The Book of Deuteronomy declares  
That if thy son, thy daughter, or thy wife,  
Ay, or the friend which is as thine own  
soul,

Entice thee secretly, and say to thee,  
Let us serve other gods, then shall thine  
eye

Not pity him, but thou shalt surely kill  
him,

And thine own hand shall be the first upon  
him

To slay him.

ENDICOTT.

Four already have been slain ;  
And others banished upon pain of death.  
But they come back again to meet their  
doom,

Bringing the linen for their winding-sheets.  
We must not go too far. In truth, I  
shrink

From shedding of more blood. The peo-  
ple murmur

At our severity.

NORTON.

Then let them murmur !  
Truth is relentless ; justice never wavers ;  
The greatest firmness is the greatest  
mercy ;  
The noble order of the Magistracy  
Cometh immediately from God, and yet  
This noble order of the Magistracy  
Is by these Heretics despised and out-  
raged.

ENDICOTT.

To-night they sleep in prison. If they die,  
They cannot say that we have caused their  
death.

We do but guard the passage, with the  
sword

Pointed towards them ; if they dash upon  
it,

Their blood will be on their own heads, not  
ours.

NORTON.

Enough. I ask no more. My predecessor  
Coped only with the milder heresies  
Of Antinomians and of Anabaptists.  
He was not born to wrestle with these  
fiends.

Chrysostom in his pulpit ; Augustine  
In disputation ; Timothy in his house !  
The lantern of St. Botolph's ceased to burn  
When from the portals of that church he  
came

To be a burning and a shining light  
Here in the wilderness. And, as he lay  
On his death-bed, he saw me in a vision  
Ride on a snow-white horse into this town.  
His vision was prophetic ; thus I came,  
A terror to the impenitent, and Death  
On the pale horse of the Apocalypse  
To all the accursed race of Heretics !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A street. On one side, NICHOLAS UPSALL's house ; on the other, WALTER MERRY's, with a flock of pigeons on the roof. UPSALL seated in the porch of his house.*

UPSALL.

O day of rest ! How beautiful, how fair,  
How welcome to the weary and the old !  
Day of the Lord ! and truce to earthly  
cares !

Day of the Lord, as all our days should  
be !

Ah, why will man by his austerities  
Shut out the blessed sunshine and the light,  
And make of thee a dungeon of despair !

WALTER MERRY (*entering and looking round him*).

All silent as a graveyard ! No one stir-  
ring ;

No footfall in the street, no sound of  
voices !

By righteous punishment and perseverance,  
And perseverance in that punishment,

At last I have brought this contumacious  
town  
To strict observance of the Sabbath day.  
Those wanton gossellers, the pigeons yonder,  
Are now the only Sabbath-breakers left.  
I cannot put them down. As if to taunt  
me,  
They gather every Sabbath afternoon  
In noisy congregation on my roof,  
Billing and cooing. Whir! take that, ye  
Quakers.

*Throws a stone at the pigeons. Sees UPSALL.*  
Ah! Master Nicholas!

UPSALL.  
Good afternoon,  
Dear neighbor Walter.

MERRY.  
Master Nicholas,  
You have to-day withdrawn yourself from  
meeting.

UPSALL.  
Yea, I have chosen rather to worship God  
Sitting in silence here at my own door.

MERRY.  
Worship the Devil! You this day have  
broken  
Three of our strictest laws. First, by ab-  
staining  
From public worship. Secondly, by walk-  
ing  
Profanely on the Sabbath.

UPSALL.  
Not one step.  
I have been sitting still here, seeing the  
pigeons  
Feed in the street and fly about the roofs.

MERRY.  
You have been in the street with other in-  
tent  
Than going to and from the Meeting-house.  
And, thirdly, you are harboring Quakers  
here.  
I am amazed!

UPSALL.  
Men sometimes, it is said,  
Entertain angels unawares

MERRY.

Nice angels!  
Angels in broad-brimmed hats and russet  
cloaks,  
The color of the Devil's nutting-bag! They  
came  
Into the Meeting-house this afternoon  
More in the shape of devils than of angels.  
The women screamed and fainted; and the  
boys  
Made such an uproar in the gallery  
I could not keep them quiet.

UPSALL.  
Neighbor Walter,  
Your persecution is of no avail.

MERRY.  
'Tis prosecution, as the Governor says,  
Not persecution.

UPSALL.  
Well, your prosecution;  
Your hangings do no good.

MERRY.  
The reason is,  
We do not hang enough. But, mark my  
words,  
We'll scour them; yea, I warrant ye,  
we'll scour them!  
And now go in and entertain your angels,  
And don't be seen here in the street again  
Till after sundown!—There they are  
again!

*Exit UPSALL. MERRY throws another stone at  
the pigeons, and then goes into his house.*

SCENE III. — *A room in UPSALL's house.*  
*Night. EDITH, WHARTON, and other Quak-  
ers seated at a table. UPSALL seated near them.*  
*Several books on the table.*

WHARTON.  
William and Marmaduke, our martyred  
brothers,  
Sleep in untimely graves, if aught untimely  
Can find place in the providence of God,  
Where nothing comes too early or too late.  
I saw their noble death. They to the scaf-  
fold  
Walked hand in hand. Two hundred armed  
men  
And many horsemen guarded them, for fear  
Of rescue by the crowd, whose hearts were  
stirred.

EDITH.

O holy martyrs !

WHARTON.

When they tried to speak,  
Their voices by the roll of drums were  
drowned.

When they were dead they still looked  
fresh and fair,

The terror of death was not upon their  
faces.

Our sister Mary, likewise, the meek woman,  
Has passed through martyrdom to her re-  
ward ;

Exclaiming, as they led her to her death,  
"These many days I've been in Paradise."  
And, when she died, Priest Wilson threw  
the hangman

His handkerchief, to cover the pale face  
He dared not look upon.

EDITH.

As persecuted,  
Yet not forsaken ; as unknown, yet known ;  
As dying, and behold we are alive ;  
As sorrowful, and yet rejoicing always ;  
As having nothing, yet possessing all !

WHARTON.

And Leddra, too, is dead. But from his  
prison,

The day before his death, he sent these  
words

Unto the little flock of Christ : "Whatever  
May come upon the followers of the  
Light, —

Distress, affliction, famine, nakedness,  
Or perils in the city or the sea,  
Or persecution, or even death itself, —  
I am persuaded that God's armor of Light,  
As it is loved and lived in, will preserve  
you.

Yea, death itself ; through which you will  
find entrance

Into the pleasant pastures of the fold,  
Where you shall feed forever as the herds  
That roam at large in the low valleys of  
Achor.

And as the flowing of the ocean fills  
Each creek and branch thereof, and then  
retires,

Leaving behind a sweet and wholesome  
savor ;

So doth the virtue and the life of God  
Flow evermore into the hearts of those

Whom he hath made partakers of his  
nature ;

And, when it but withdraws itself a little,  
Leaves a sweet savor after it, that many  
Can say they are made clean by every word  
That He hath spoken to them in their  
silence."

EDITH (*rising and breaking into a kind of chant*).

Truly we do but grope here in the dark,  
Near the partition-wall of Life and Death,  
At every moment dreading or desiring  
To lay our hands upon the unseen door !  
Let us, then, labor for an inward stillness, —  
An inward stillness and an inward healing ;  
That perfect silence where the lips and  
heart

Are still, and we no longer entertain  
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opin-  
ions,

But God alone speaks in us, and we wait  
In singleness of heart, that we may know  
His will, and in the silence of our spirits,  
That we may do His will, and do that only !

*A long pause, interrupted by the sound of a drum  
approaching ; then shouts in the street, and a  
loud knocking at the door.*

MARSHAL.

Within there ! Open the door !

MERRY.

Will no one answer ?

MARSHAL.

In the King's name ! Within there !

MERRY.

Open the door !

UPSALL (*from the window*).

It is not barred. Come in. Nothing pre-  
vents you.

The poor man's door is ever on the latch.  
He needs no bolt nor bar to shut out  
thieves ;

He fears no enemies, and has no friends  
Importunate enough to need a key.

*Enter JOHN ENDICOTT, the MARSHAL, MERRY,  
and a crowd. Seeing the Quakers silent and  
unmoved, they pause, awe-struck. ENDICOTT  
opposite EDITH.*

MARSHAL.

In the King's name do I arrest you all !  
Away with them to prison. Master Upsall,

You are again discovered harboring here  
These ranters and disturbers of the peace.  
You know the law.

UPSALL.

I know it, and am ready  
To suffer yet again its penalties.

EDITH (to ENDICOTT).

Why dost thou persecute me, Saul of Tarsus?

## ACT II

SCENE I. — JOHN ENDICOTT's room. *Early morning.*

JOHN ENDICOTT.

"Why dost thou persecute me, Saul of Tarsus?"

All night these words were ringing in mine ears!

A sorrowful sweet face; a look that pierced me

With meek reproach; a voice of resignation

That had a life of suffering in its tone;  
And that was all! And yet I could not sleep,

Or, when I slept, I dreamed that awful dream!

I stood beneath the elm-tree on the Common

On which the Quakers have been hanged,  
and heard

A voice, not hers, that cried amid the darkness,

"This is Aceldama, the field of blood!  
I will have mercy, and not sacrifice!"

*Opens the window, and looks out.*

The sun is up already; and my heart  
Sickens and sinks within me when I think  
How many tragedies will be enacted  
Before his setting. As the earth rolls  
round,

It seems to me a huge Ixion's wheel,  
Upon whose whirling spokes we are bound  
fast,

And must go with it! Ah, how bright the sun

Strikes on the sea and on the masts of vessels,

That are uplifted in the morning air,  
Like crosses of some peaceable crusade!

It makes me long to sail for lands unknown,

No matter whither! Under me, in shadow,

Gloomy and narrow lies the little town,  
Still sleeping, but to wake and toil awhile,  
Then sleep again. How dismal looks the prison,

How grim and sombre in the sunless street, —

The prison where she sleeps, or wakes and waits

For what I dare not think of, — death, perhaps!

A word that has been said may be unsaid:  
It is but air. But when a deed is done  
It cannot be undone, nor can our thoughts  
Reach out to all the mischiefs that may follow.

'T is time for morning prayers. I will go down.

My father, though severe, is kind and just;  
And when his heart is tender with devotion, —

When from his lips have fallen the words,  
"Forgive us

As we forgive," — then will I intercede  
For these poor people, and perhaps may save them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. — *Dock Square. On one side, the tavern of the Three Mariners. In the background, a quaint building with gables; and, beyond it, wharves and shipping. CAPTAIN KEMPTHORN and others seated at a table before the door. SAMUEL COLE standing near them.*

KEMPTHORN.

Come, drink about! Remember Parson Melham,

And bless the man who first invented flip!

*They drink.*

COLE.

Pray, Master Kempthorn, where were you last night?

KEMPTHORN.

On board the Swallow, Simon Kempthorn, master,

Up for Barbadoes, and the Windward Islands.

COLE.

The town was in a tumult.

KEMPTHORN.

And for what?

COLE.

Your Quakers were arrested.

KEMPTHORN.

How my Quakers ?

COLE.

Those you brought in your vessel from Barbadoes.

They made an uproar in the Meeting-house Yesterday, and they're now in prison for it.

I owe you little thanks for bringing them To the Three Mariners.

KEMPTHORN.

They have not harmed you.  
I tell you, Goodman Cole, that Quaker girl

Is precious as a sea-bream's eye. I tell you

It was a lucky day when first she set  
Her little foot upon the Swallow's deck,  
Bringing good luck, fair winds, and pleasant weather.

COLE.

I am a law-abiding citizen ;  
I have a seat in the new Meeting-house,  
A cow-right on the Common ; and, besides,  
Am corporal in the Great Artillery.  
I rid me of the vagabonds at once.

KEMPTHORN.

Why should you not have Quakers at your tavern

If you have fiddlers ?

COLE.

Never ! never ! never !  
If you want fiddling you must go else-where,

To the Green Dragon and the Admiral Vernon,

And other such disreputable places.

But the Three Mariners is an orderly house,

Most orderly, quiet, and respectable.

Lord Leigh said he could be as quiet here

As at the Governor's. And have I not

King Charles's Twelve Good Rules, all framed and glazed,

Hanging in my best parlor ?

KEMPTHORN.

Here 's a health  
To good King Charles. Will you not drink the King ?  
Then drink confusion to old Parson Palmer.

COLE.

And who is Parson Palmer ? I don't know him.

KEMPTHORN.

He had his cellar underneath his pulpit,  
And so preached o'er his liquor, just as you do.

*A drum within.*

COLE.

Here comes the Marshal.

MERRY (*within*).

Make room for the Marshal.

KEMPTHORN.

How pompous and imposing he appears !  
His great buff doublet belying like a main-sail,  
And all his streamers fluttering in the wind.

What holds he in his hand ?

COLE.

A proclamation.

*Enter the MARSHAL, with a proclamation ; and MERRY, with a halberd. They are preceded by a drummer, and followed by the hangman, with an armful of books, and a crowd of people, among whom are UPSALL and JOHN ENDICOTT. A pile is made of the books.*

MERRY.

Silence, the drum ! Good citizens, attend To the new laws enacted by the Court.

MARSHAL (*reads*).

"Whereas a cursed sect of Heretics  
Has lately risen, commonly called Quakers,  
Who take upon themselves to be commis-sioned

Immediately of God, and furthermore

Infallibly assisted by the Spirit

To write and utter blasphemous opinions,  
Despising Government and the order of God

In Church and Commonwealth, and speak-ing evil

Of Dignities, reproaching and reviling

The Magistrates and Ministers, and seeking  
 To turn the people from their faith, and thus  
 Gain proselytes to their pernicious ways ;—  
 This Court, considering the premises,  
 And to prevent like mischief as is wrought  
 By their means in our land, doth hereby  
 order,  
 That whatsoever master or commander  
 Of any ship, bark, pink, or catch shall  
 bring  
 To any roadstead, harbor, creek, or cove  
 Within this Jurisdiction any Quakers,  
 Or other blasphemous Heretics, shall pay  
 Unto the Treasurer of the Commonwealth  
 One hundred pounds, and for default  
 thereof  
 Be put in prison, and continue there  
 Till the said sum be satisfied and paid."

COLE.

Now, Simon Kempthorn, what say you to that ?

KEMPTHORN.

I pray you, Cole, lend me a hundred pounds !

MARSHAL (*reads*).

"If any one within this Jurisdiction  
 Shall henceforth entertain, or shall conceal  
 Quakers, or other blasphemous Heretics,  
 Knowing them so to be, every such person  
 Shall forfeit to the country forty shillings  
 For each hour's entertainment or concealment,

And shall be sent to prison, as aforesaid,  
 Until the forfeiture be wholly paid."

*Murmurs in the crowd.*

KEMPTHORN.

Now, Goodman Cole, I think your turn has come !

COLE.

Knowing them so to be !

KEMPTHORN.

At forty shillings  
 The hour, your fine will be some forty  
 pounds !

COLE.

Knowing them so to be ! That is the law.

MARSHAL (*reads*).

"And it is further ordered and enacted,  
 If any Quaker or Quakers shall presume  
 To come henceforth into this Jurisdiction,  
 Every male Quaker for the first offence  
 Shall have one ear cut off ; and shall be kept  
 At labor in the Workhouse, till such time  
 As he be sent away at his own charge.  
 And for the repetition of the offence  
 Shall have his other ear cut off, and then  
 Be branded in the palm of his right hand.  
 And every woman Quaker shall be whipt  
 Severely in three towns ; and every Quaker,  
 Or he or she, that shall for a third time  
 Herein again offend, shall have their  
 tongues  
 Bored through with a hot iron, and shall be  
 Sentenced to Banishment on pain of  
 Death."

*Loud murmurs. The voice of CHRISTISON in the crowd.*

O patience of the Lord ! How long, how  
 long,  
 Ere thou avenge the blood of Thine Elect ?

MERRY.

Silence, there, silence ! Do not break the  
 peace !

MARSHAL (*reads*).

"Every inhabitant of this Jurisdiction  
 Who shall defend the horrible opinions  
 Of Quakers, by denying due respect  
 To equals and superiors, and withdrawing  
 From Church Assemblies, and thereby ap-  
 proving

The abusive and destructive practices  
 Of this accursed sect, in opposition  
 To all the orthodox received opinions  
 Of godly men, shall be forthwith com-  
 mitted

Unto close prison for one month ; and then  
 Refusing to retract and to reform  
 The opinions as aforesaid, he shall be  
 Sentenced to Banishment on pain of Death.  
 By the Court. Edward Rawson, Secretary."  
 Now, hangman, do your duty. Burn those  
 books.

*Loud murmurs in the crowd. The pile of books is lighted.*

UPSALL.

I testify against these cruel laws !  
 Forerunners are they of some judgment on  
 us ;

And, in the love and tenderness I bear  
Unto this town and people, I beseech you,  
O Magistrates, take heed, lest ye be found  
As fighters against God !

JOHN ENDICOTT (*taking UPSALL's hand*).

Upsall, I thank you  
For speaking words such as some younger  
man,

I, or another, should have said before you.  
Such laws as these are cruel and oppres-  
sive ;

A blot on this fair town, and a disgrace  
To any Christian people.

MERRY (*aside, listening behind them*).

Here's sedition !  
I never thought that any good would come  
Of this young popinjay, with his long hair  
And his great boots, fit only for the Rus-  
sians  
Or barbarous Indians, as his father says !

THE VOICE.

Woe to the bloody town ! And rightfully  
Men call it the Lost Town ! The blood of  
Abel

Cries from the ground, and at the final  
judgment  
The Lord will say, "Cain, Cain ! where is  
thy brother ?"

MERRY.

Silence there in the crowd !

UPSALL (*aside*).

'T is Christison !

THE VOICE.

O foolish people, ye that think to burn  
And to consume the truth of God, I tell  
you  
That every flame is a loud tongue of fire  
To publish it abroad to all the world  
Louder than tongues of men !

KEMPTHORN (*springing to his feet*).

Well said, my hearty !  
There's a brave fellow ! There's a man of  
pluck !

A man who's not afraid to say his say,  
Though a whole town's against him. Rain,  
rain, rain,

Bones of St. Botolph, and put out this fire !

*The drum beats. Exeunt all but MERRY, KEMP-  
THORN, and COLE.*

MERRY.

And now that matter's ended, Goodman  
Cole,  
Fetch me a mug of ale, your strongest ale.

KEMPTHORN (*sitting down*).

And me another mug of flip ; and put  
Two gills of brandy in it.

[*Exit COLE.*]

MERRY.

No ; no more.  
Not a drop more, I say. You've had  
enough.

KEMPTHORN.

And who are you, sir ?

MERRY.

I'm a Tithing-man,  
And Merry is my name.

KEMPTHORN.

A merry name !  
I like it ; and I'll drink your merry health  
Till all is blue.

MERRY.

And then you will be clapped  
Into the stocks, with the red letter D  
Hung round about your neck for drunken-  
ness.  
You're a free-drinker, — yes, and a free-  
thinker !

KEMPTHORN.

And you are Andrew Merry, or Merry  
Andrew.

MERRY.

My name is Walter Merry, and not An-  
drew.

KEMPTHORN.

Andrew or Walter, you're a merry fellow ;  
I'll swear to that.

MERRY.

No swearing, let me tell you.  
The other day one Shorthose had his tongue  
Put into a cleft stick for profane swearing.  
*COLE brings the ale.*

KEMPTHORN.

Well, where's my flip ? As sure as my  
name's Kempthorn —

MERRY.

Is your name Kempthorn ?

KEMPTHORN.

That's the name I go by.

MERRY.

What, Captain Simon Kempthorn of the Swallow?

KEMPTHORN.

No other.

MERRY (*touching him on the shoulder*).Then you're wanted. I arrest you  
In the King's name.

KEMPTHORN.

And where's your warrant?

MERRY (*unfolding a paper, and reading*).

Here.

Listen to me. "Hereby you are required,  
In the King's name, to apprehend the  
bodyOf Simon Kempthorn, mariner, and him  
Safely to bring before me, there to answer  
All such objections as are laid to him,  
Touching the Quakers." Signed, John  
Endicott.

KEMPTHORN.

Has it the Governor's seal?

MERRY.

Ay, here it is.

KEMPTHORN.

Death's head and cross-bones. That's a  
pirate's flag!

MERRY.

Beware how you revile the Magistrates;  
You may be whipped for that.

KEMPTHORN.

Then mum's the word.

*Exeunt MERRY and KEMPTHORN.*

COLE.

There's mischief brewing! Sure, there's  
mischief brewing!I feel like Master Josselyn when he found  
The hornet's nest, and thought it some  
strange fruit,Until the seeds came out, and then he  
dropped it. [*Exit.*]SCENE III. — *A room in the Governor's house.*  
*Enter GOVERNOR ENDICOTT and MERRY.*

ENDICOTT.

My son, you say?

MERRY.

Your Worship's eldest son.

ENDICOTT.

Speaking against the laws?

MERRY.

Ay, worshipful sir.

ENDICOTT.

And in the public market-place?

MERRY.

I saw him

With my own eyes, heard him with my  
own ears.

ENDICOTT.

Impossible!

MERRY.

He stood there in the crowd

With Nicholas Upsall, when the laws  
were readTo-day against the Quakers, and I heard  
himDenounce and vilipend them as unjust,  
And cruel, wicked, and abominable.

ENDICOTT.

Ungrateful son! O God! thou layest  
upon me

A burden heavier than I can bear!

Surely the power of Satan must be great

Upon the earth, if even the elect

Are thus deceived and fall away from  
grace!

MERRY.

Worshipful sir! I meant no harm —

ENDICOTT.

'T is well.

You've done your duty, though you've  
done it roughly,And every word you've uttered since you  
came

Has stabbed me to the heart!

MERRY.

I do beseech

Your Worship's pardon!

ENDICOTT.

He whom I have nurtured  
And brought up in the reverence of the  
Lord!  
The child of all my hopes and my affec-  
tions!

He upon whom I leaned as a sure staff  
For my old age! It is God's chastisement  
For leaning upon any arm but His!

MERRY.

Your Worship! —

ENDICOTT.

And this comes from holding parley  
With the delusions and deceits of Satan.  
At once, forever, must they be crushed out,  
Or all the land will reek with heresy!  
Pray, have you any children?

MERRY.

No, not any.

ENDICOTT.

Thank God for that. He has delivered  
you  
From a great care. Enough; my private  
griefs  
Too long have kept me from the public ser-  
vice.

*Exit MERRY. ENDICOTT seats himself at the  
table and arranges his papers.*

The hour has come; and I am eager now  
To sit in judgment on these Heretics.

*A knock.*

Come in. Who is it? (*Not looking up*).

JOHN ENDICOTT.

It is I.

ENDICOTT (*restraining himself*).

Sit down!

JOHN ENDICOTT (*sitting down*).

I come to intercede for these poor people  
Who are in prison, and await their trial.

ENDICOTT.

It is of them I wish to speak with you.  
I have been angry with you, but 't is  
passed.

For when I hear your footsteps come or go,  
See in your features your dead mother's  
face,

And in your voice detect some tone of hers,

All anger vanishes, and I remember  
The days that are no more, and come no  
more,

When as a child you sat upon my knee,  
And prattled of your playthings, and the  
games

You played among the pear trees in the  
orchard!

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh, let the memory of my noble mother  
Plead with you to be mild and merciful!  
For mercy more becomes a Magistrate  
Than the vindictive wrath which men call  
justice!

ENDICOTT.

The sin of heresy is a deadly sin.  
'T is like the falling of the snow, whose  
crystals  
The traveller plays with, thoughtless of his  
danger,  
Until he sees the air so full of light  
That it is dark; and blindly staggering on-  
ward,  
Lost and bewildered, he sits down to rest;  
There falls a pleasant drowsiness upon  
him,  
And what he thinks is sleep, alas! is death.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

And yet who is there that has never  
doubted?  
And doubting and believing, has not said,  
"Lord, I believe; help thou my unbel-  
ief"?

ENDICOTT.

In the same way we trifle with our doubts,  
Whose shining shapes are like the stars de-  
scending;  
Until at last, bewildered and dismayed,  
Blinded by that which seemed to give us  
light,

We sink to sleep, and find that it is death,  
*Rising.*

Death to the soul through all eternity!  
Alas that I should see you growing up  
To man's estate, and in the admonition  
And nurture of the Law, to find you now  
Pleading for Heretics!

JOHN ENDICOTT (*rising*).

In the sight of God,  
Perhaps all men are Heretics. Who dares  
To say that he alone has found the truth?

We cannot always feel and think and act  
As those who go before us. Had you done  
so,  
You would not now be here.

ENDICOTT.

Have you forgotten  
The doom of Heretics, and the fate of  
those  
Who aid and comfort them? Have you  
forgotten  
That in the market-place this very day  
You trampled on the laws? What right  
have you,  
An inexperienced and untravelled youth,  
To sit in judgment here upon the acts  
Of older men and wiser than yourself,  
Thus stirring up sedition in the streets,  
And making me a byword and a jest?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Words of an inexperienced youth like me  
Were powerless if the acts of older men  
Went not before them. 'T is these laws  
themselves  
Stir up sedition, not my judgment of them.

ENDICOTT.

Take heed, lest I be called, as Brutus was,  
To be the judge of my own son! Begone!  
When you are tired of feeding upon husks,  
Return again to duty and submission,  
But not till then.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I hear and I obey!

[Exit.

ENDICOTT.

Oh happy, happy they who have no chil-  
dren!

He's gone! I hear the hall door shut be-  
hind him.

It sends a dismal echo through my heart,  
As if forever it had closed between us,  
And I should look upon his face no more!  
Oh, this will drag me down into my  
grave,—

To that eternal resting-place wherein  
Man lieth down, and riseth not again!  
Till the heavens be no more he shall not  
wake,

Nor be roused from his sleep; for Thou  
dost change

His countenance, and sendest him away!

[Exit.

### ACT III

SCENE I. — *The Court of Assistants.* ENDICOTT,  
BELLINGHAM, ATHERTON, and other magis-  
trates. KEMPTHORN, MERRY, and constables.  
*Afterwards* WHARTON, EDITH, and CHRIS-  
TISON.

ENDICOTT.

Call Captain Simon Kempthorn.

MERRY.

Simon Kempthorn,  
Come to the bar!

KEMPTHORN comes forward.

ENDICOTT.

You are accused of bringing  
Into this Jurisdiction, from Barbadoes,  
Some persons of that sort and sect of  
people  
Known by the name of Quakers, and main-  
taining  
Most dangerous and heretical opinions;  
Purposely coming here to propagate  
Their heresies and errors; bringing with  
them  
And spreading sundry books here, which  
contain  
Their doctrines most corrupt and blasphemous,  
And contrary to the truth professed among  
us.  
What say you to this charge?

KEMPTHORN.

I do acknowledge,  
Among the passengers on board the Swal-  
low  
Were certain persons saying Thee and  
Thou.  
They seemed a harmless people, mostways  
silent,  
Particularly when they said their prayers.

ENDICOTT.

Harmless and silent as the pestilence!  
You'd better have brought the fever or the  
plague  
Among us in your ship! Therefore, this  
Court,  
For preservation of the Peace and Truth,  
Hereby commands you speedily to trans-  
port,  
Or cause to be transported speedily,

The aforesaid persons hence unto Barbadoes,  
From whence they came ; you paying all  
the charges  
Of their imprisonment.

KEMPTHORN.

Worshipful sir,  
No ship e'er prospered that has carried  
Quakers  
Against their will ! I knew a vessel  
once —

ENDICOTT.

And for the more effectual performance  
Hereof you are to give security  
In bonds amounting to one hundred pounds.  
On your refusal, you will be committed  
To prison till you do it.

KEMPTHORN.

But you see  
I cannot do it. The law, sir, of Barbadoes  
Forbids the landing Quakers on the island.

ENDICOTT.

Then you will be committed. Who comes  
next ?

MERRY.

There is another charge against the Captain.

ENDICOTT.

What is it ?

MERRY.

Profane swearing, please your Worship.  
He cursed and swore from Dock Square to  
the Court-house.

ENDICOTT.

Then let him stand in the pillory for one  
hour.

[Exit KEMPTHORN with constable.  
Who's next ?

MERRY.

The Quakers.

ENDICOTT.

Call them.

MERRY.

Edward Wharton,  
Come to the bar !

WHARTON.

Yea, even to the bench.

ENDICOTT.

Take off your hat.

WHARTON.

My hat offendeth not.  
If it offendeth any, let him take it ;  
For I shall not resist.

ENDICOTT.

Take off his hat.  
Let him be fined ten shillings for contempt.  
MERRY takes off WHARTON's hat.

WHARTON.

What evil have I done ?

ENDICOTT.

Your hair's too long ;  
And in not putting off your hat to us  
You've disobeyed and broken that commandment  
Which sayeth "Honor thy father and thy  
mother."

WHARTON.

John Endicott, thou art become too proud ;  
And lovest him who putteth off the hat,  
And honoreth thee by bowing of the body,  
And sayeth "Worshipful sir !" 'Tis time  
for thee  
To give such follies over, for thou mayest  
Be drawing very near unto thy grave.

ENDICOTT.

Now, sirrah, leave your canting. Take the  
oath.

WHARTON.

Nay, sirrah me no sirrahs !

ENDICOTT.

Will you swear ?

WHARTON.

Nay, I will not.

ENDICOTT.

You made a great disturbance  
And uproar yesterday in the Meeting-  
house,  
Having your hat on.

WHARTON.

I made no disturbance ;  
For peacefully I stood, like other people.  
I spake no words ; moved against none my  
hand ;

But by the hair they haled me out, and  
dashed  
Their books into my face.

ENDICOTT.

You, Edward Wharton,  
On pain of death, depart this Jurisdiction  
Within ten days. Such is your sentence.  
Go.

WHARTON.

John Endicott, it had been well for thee  
If this day's doings thou hadst left undone.  
But, banish me as far as thou hast power,  
Beyond the guard and presence of my God  
Thou canst not banish me!

ENDICOTT.

Depart the Court ;  
We have no time to listen to your babble.  
Who's next ? *[Exit WHARTON.]*

MERRY.

This woman, for the same offence.  
EDITH comes forward.

ENDICOTT.

What is your name ?

EDITH.

'Tis to the world unknown,  
But written in the Book of Life.

ENDICOTT.

Take heed  
It be not written in the Book of Death !  
What is it ?

EDITH.

Edith Christison.

ENDICOTT *(with eagerness)*.

The daughter  
Of Wenlock Christison?

EDITH.

I am his daughter.

ENDICOTT.

Your father hath given us trouble many  
times.  
A bold man and a violent, who sets  
At naught the authority of our Church and  
State,  
And is in banishment on pain of death.  
Where are you living ?

EDITH.

In the Lord.

ENDICOTT.

Make answer  
Without evasion. Where ?

EDITH.

My outward being  
Is in Barbadoes.

ENDICOTT.

Then why come you here ?

EDITH.

I come upon an errand of the Lord.

ENDICOTT.

'Tis not the business of the Lord you're  
doing;  
It is the Devil's. Will you take the oath ?  
Give her the Book.

MERRY *offers the book.*

EDITH.

You offer me this Book  
To swear on; and it saith, "Swear not at  
all,  
Neither by heaven, because it is God's  
Throne,  
Nor by the earth, because it is his foot-  
stool!"  
I dare not swear.

ENDICOTT.

You dare not ? Yet you Quakers  
Deny this Book of Holy Writ, the Bible,  
To be the Word of God.

EDITH *(reverentially)*.

Christ is the Word,  
The everlasting oath of God. I dare not.

ENDICOTT.

You own yourself a Quaker,—do you not ?

EDITH.

I own that in derision and reproach  
I am so called.

ENDICOTT.

Then you deny the Scripture  
To be the rule of life.

EDITH.

Yea, I believe  
The Inner Light, and not the Written  
Word,  
To be the rule of life.

ENDICOTT.

And you deny  
That the Lord's Day is holy.

EDITH.

Every day  
Is the Lord's Day. It runs through all  
our lives,  
As through the pages of the Holy Bible,  
"Thus saith the Lord."

ENDICOTT.

You are accused of making  
An horrible disturbance, and affrighting  
The people in the Meeting-house on Sun-  
day.  
What answer make you ?

EDITH.

I do not deny  
That I was present in your Steeple-house  
On the First Day ; but I made no disturb-  
ance.

ENDICOTT.

Why came you there ?

EDITH.

Because the Lord commanded.  
His word was in my heart, a burning fire  
Shut up within me and consuming me,  
And I was very weary with forbearing ;  
I could not stay.

ENDICOTT.

'T was not the Lord that sent you ;  
As an incarnate devil did you come !

EDITH.

On the First Day, when, seated in my  
chamber,  
I heard the bells toll, calling you together,  
The sound struck at my life, as once at his,  
The holy man, our Founder, when he heard  
The far-off bells toll in the Vale of Beavor.  
It sounded like a market bell to call  
The folk together, that the Priest might  
set

His wares to sale. And the Lord said  
within me,

"Thou must go cry aloud against that Idol,  
And all the worshippers thereof." I went  
Barefooted, clad in sackcloth, and I stood  
And listened at the threshold ; and I heard  
The praying and the singing and the  
preaching,

Which were but outward forms, and with-  
out power.

Then rose a cry within me, and my heart  
Was filled with admonitions and reproofs.  
Remembering how the Prophets and Apos-  
tles

Denounced the covetous hirelings and di-  
viners,

I entered in, and spake the words the Lord  
Commanded me to speak. I could no less.

ENDICOTT.

Are you a Prophetess ?

EDITH.

Is it not written,  
"Upon my handmaidens will I pour out  
My spirit, and they shall prophesy" ?

ENDICOTT.

Enough ;  
For out of your own mouth are you con-  
demned !  
Need we hear further ?

THE JUDGES.

We are satisfied.

ENDICOTT.

It is sufficient. Edith Christison,  
The sentence of the Court is, that you be  
Scourged in three towns, with forty stripes  
save one,  
Then banished upon pain of death !

EDITH.

Your sentence  
Is truly no more terrible to me  
Than had you blown a feather into the air,  
And, as it fell upon me, you had said,  
"Take heed it hurt thee not !" God's will  
be done !

WENLOCK CHRISTISON (*unseen in the crowd*).  
Woe to the city of blood ! The stone shall  
cry

Out of the wall ; the beam from out the  
timber  
Shall answer it ! Woe unto him that  
buildeth  
A town with blood, and stablisheth a city  
By his iniquity !

ENDICOTT.

Who is it makes

Such outcry here ?

CHRISTISON (*coming forward*).

I, Wenlock Christison !

ENDICOTT.

Banished on pain of death, why come you  
here ?

CHRISTISON.

I come to warn you that you shed no more  
The blood of innocent men ! It cries aloud  
For vengeance to the Lord !

ENDICOTT.

Your life is forfeit  
Unto the law ; and you shall surely die,  
And shall not live.

CHRISTISON.

Like unto Eleazer,  
Maintaining the excellence of ancient years  
And the honor of his gray head, I stand  
before you ;  
Like him disdaining all hypocrisy,  
Lest, through desire to live a little longer,  
I get a stain to my old age and name !

ENDICOTT.

Being in banishment, on pain of death,  
You come now in among us in rebellion.

CHRISTISON.

I come not in among you in rebellion,  
But in obedience to the Lord of Heaven.  
Not in contempt to any Magistrate,  
But only in the love I bear your souls,  
As ye shall know hereafter, when all men  
Give an account of deeds done in the body !  
God's righteous judgments ye cannot es-  
cape.

ONE OF THE JUDGES.

Those who have gone before you said the  
same,  
And yet no judgment of the Lord hath  
fallen  
Upon us.

CHRISTISON.

He but waiteth till the measure  
Of your iniquities shall be filled up,  
And ye have run your race. Then will his  
wrath

Descend upon you to the uttermost !  
For thy part, Humphrey Atherton, it hangs  
Over thy head already. It shall come  
Suddenly, as a thief doth in the night,  
And in the hour when least thou thinkest  
of it !

ENDICOTT.

We have a law, and by that law you die.

CHRISTISON.

I, a free man of England and freeborn,  
Appeal unto the laws of mine own nation !

ENDICOTT.

There's no appeal to England from this  
Court !

What ! do you think our statutes are but  
paper ?

Are but dead leaves that rustle in the wind ?  
Or litter to be trampled under foot ?

What say ye, Judges of the Court, — what  
say ye ?

Shall this man suffer death ? Speak your  
opinions.

ONE OF THE JUDGES.

I am a mortal man, and die I must,  
And that ere long ; and I must then appear  
Before the awful judgment-seat of Christ,  
To give account of deeds done in the body.  
My greatest glory on that day will be,  
That I have given my vote against this  
man.

CHRISTISON.

If, Thomas Danforth, thou hast nothing  
more

To glory in upon that dreadful day  
Than blood of innocent people, then thy  
glory

Will be turned into shame ! The Lord  
hath said it !

ANOTHER JUDGE.

I cannot give consent, while other men  
Who have been banished upon pain of  
death

Are now in their own houses here among us.

ENDICOTT.

Ye that will not consent, make record of it.

I thank my God that I am not afraid  
To give my judgment. Wenlock Christison,  
You must be taken back from hence to  
prison,  
Thence to the place of public execution,  
There to be hanged till you be dead — dead,  
— dead !

CHRISTISON.

If ye have power to take my life from  
me, —

Which I do question, — God hath power to  
raise

The principle of life in other men,  
And send them here among you. There  
shall be

No peace unto the wicked, saith my God.  
Listen, ye Magistrates, for the Lord hath  
said it !

The day ye put his servitors to death,  
That day the Day of your own Visitation,  
The Day of Wrath, shall pass above your  
heads,

And ye shall be accursed forevermore !

*To EDITH, embracing her.*

Cheer up, dear heart ! they have not power  
to harm us.

[*Exeunt CHRISTISON and EDITH guarded. The  
Scene closes.*]

SCENE II. — *A street. Enter JOHN ENDICOTT  
and UPSALL.*

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Scourged in three towns ! and yet the busy  
people

Go up and down the streets on their affairs  
Of business or of pleasure, as if nothing  
Had happened to disturb them or their  
thoughts !

When bloody tragedies like this are acted,  
The pulses of a nation should stand still ;  
The town should be in mourning, and the  
people

Speak only in low whispers to each other.

UPSALL.

I know this people ; and that underneath  
A cold outside there burns a secret fire  
That will find vent, and will not be put out,  
Till every remnant of these barbarous laws  
Shall be to ashes burned, and blown away.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Scourged in three towns ! It is incredible

Such things can be ! I feel the blood within  
me

Fast mounting in rebellion, since in vain  
Have I implored compassion of my father !

UPSALL.

You know your father only as a father ;

I know him better as a Magistrate.

He is a man both loving and severe ;

A tender heart ; a will inflexible.

None ever loved him more than I have  
loved him.

He is an upright man and a just man  
in all things save the treatment of the  
Quakers.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Yet I have found him cruel and unjust  
Even as a father. He has driven me forth  
Into the street ; has shut his door upon me,  
With words of bitterness. I am as home-  
less

As these poor Quakers are.

UPSALL.

Then come with me.

You shall be welcome for your father's  
sake,

And the old friendship that has been be-  
tween us.

He will relent ere long. A father's anger  
Is like a sword without a handle, piercing  
Both ways alike, and wounding him that  
wields it

No less than him that it is pointed at.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The prison. Night. EDITH read-  
ing the Bible by a lamp.*

EDITH.

"Blessed are ye when men shall persecute  
you,

And shall revile you, and shall say against  
you

All manner of evil falsely for my sake !

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great  
Is your reward in heaven. For so the pro-  
phets,

Which were before you, have been perse-  
cuted."

*Enter JOHN ENDICOTT.*

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Edith !

EDITH.

Who is it that speaketh ?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Saul of Tarsus :

As thou didst call me once.

EDITH (*coming forward*).

Yea, I remember.

Thou art the Governor's son.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I am ashamed

Thou shouldst remember me.

EDITH.

Why comest thou

Into this dark guest-chamber in the night ?  
What seekest thou ?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Forgiveness !

EDITH.

I forgive

All who have injured me. What hast thou  
done ?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I have betrayed thee, thinking that in this  
I did God service. Now, in deep contri-  
tion,

I come to rescue thee.

EDITH.

From what ?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

From prison.

EDITH.

I am safe here within these gloomy walls.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

From scourging in the streets, and in three  
towns !

EDITH.

Remembering who was scourged for me, I  
shrink not

Nor shudder at the forty stripes save one.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Perhaps from death itself !

EDITH.

I fear not death,

Knowing who died for me.

JOHN ENDICOTT (*aside*).

Surely some divine

Ambassador is speaking through those lips  
And looking through those eyes ! I cannot  
answer !

EDITH.

If all these prison doors stood opened wide  
I would not cross the threshold, — not one  
step.There are invisible bars I cannot break ;  
There are invisible doors that shut me in,  
And keep me ever steadfast to my pur-  
pose.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Thou hast the patience and the faith of  
Saints !

EDITH.

Thy Priest hath been with me this day to  
save me,Not only from the death that comes to all,  
But from the second death !

JOHN ENDICOTT.

The Pharisee !

My heart revolts against him and his  
creed !Alas ! the coat that was without a seam  
Is rent asunder by contending sects ;  
Each bears away a portion of the garment,  
Blindly believing that he has the whole !

EDITH.

When Death, the Healer, shall have touched  
our eyesWith moist clay of the grave, then shall we  
see

The truth as we have never yet beheld it.

But he that overcometh shall not be  
Hurt of the second death. Has he forgot-  
ten

The many mansions in our father's house ?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

There is no pity in his iron heart !

The hands that now bear stamped upon  
their palmsThe burning sign of Heresy, hereafter  
Shall be uplifted against such accusers,

And then the imprinted letter and its meaning  
Will not be Heresy, but Holiness !

EDITH.

Remember, thou condemnest thine own  
father !

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I have no father ! He has cast me off.  
I am as homeless as the wind that moans  
And wanders through the streets. Oh,  
come with me !

Do not delay. Thy God shall be my God,  
And where thou goest I will go.

EDITH.

I cannot.

Yet will I not deny it, nor conceal it ;  
From the first moment I beheld thy face  
I felt a tenderness in my soul towards thee.  
My mind has since been inward to the  
Lord,  
Waiting his word. It has not yet been  
spoken.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I cannot wait. Trust me. Oh, come with  
me !

EDITH.

In the next room, my father, an old man,  
Sitteth imprisoned and condemned to  
death,  
Willing to prove his faith by martyrdom ;  
And thinkest thou his daughter would do  
less ?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh, life is sweet, and death is terrible !

EDITH.

I have too long walked hand in hand with  
death  
To shudder at that pale familiar face.  
But leave me now. I wish to be alone.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Not yet. Oh, let me stay.

EDITH.

Urge me no more.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Alas ! good-night. I will not say good-by !

EDITH.

Put this temptation underneath thy feet.  
To him that overcometh shall be given  
The white stone with the new name written  
on it,  
That no man knows save him that doth  
receive it,  
And I will give thee a new name, and call  
thee  
Paul of Damascus and not Saul of Tarsus.  
[Exit ENDICOTT. EDITH sits down again to  
read the Bible.

## ACT IV

SCENE I. — *King Street, in front of the town-  
house. KEMPTHORN in the pillory. MERRY  
and a crowd of lookers-on.*

KEMPTHORN (*sings*).

The world is full of care,  
Much like unto a bubble ;  
Women and care, and care and women,  
And women and care and trouble.

Good Master Merry, may I say confound ?

MERRY.

Ay, that you may.

KEMPTHORN.

Well, then, with your permission,  
Confound the Pillory !

MERRY.

That's the very thing  
The joiner said who made the Shrewsbury  
stocks.  
He said, Confound the stocks, because they  
put him  
Into his own. He was the first man in  
them.

KEMPTHORN.

For swearing, was it ?

MERRY.

No, it was for charging ;  
He charged the town too much ; and so the  
town,  
To make things square, set him in his own  
stocks,  
And fined him five pound sterling, — just  
enough  
To settle his own bill.

KEMPTHORN.

And served him right ;  
But, Master Merry, is it not eight bells ?

MERRY.

Not quite.

KEMPTHORN.

For, do you see ? I'm getting tired  
Of being perched aloft here in this cro'  
nest

Like the first mate of a whaler, or a Middy  
Mast-headed, looking out for land ! Sail  
ho !

Here comes a heavy-laden merchantman  
With the lee clews eased off, and running  
free

Before the wind. A solid man of Boston.  
A comfortable man, with dividends,  
And the first salmon, and the first green  
peas.

*A gentleman passes.*

He does not even turn his head to look.  
He's gone without a word. Here comes  
another,

A different kind of craft on a taut bow-  
line, —

Deacon Giles Firmin the apothecary,  
A pious and a ponderous citizen,  
Looking as rubicund and round and splen-  
did

As the great bottle in his own shop win-  
dow !

*DEACON FIRMIN passes.*

And here's my host of the Three Mariners,  
My creditor and trusty taverner,  
My corporal in the Great Artillery !  
He's not a man to pass me without speak-  
ing.

*COLE looks away and passes.*

Don't yaw so ; keep your luff, old hypo-  
crite !

Respectable, ah yes, respectable,  
You, with your seat in the new Meeting-  
house,

Your cow-right on the Common ! But  
who's this ?

I did not know the Mary Ann was in !  
And yet this is my old friend, Captain  
Goldsmith,

As sure as I stand in the bilboes here.

Why, Ralph, my boy !

*Enter RALPH GOLDSMITH.*

GOLDSMITH.

Why, Simon, is it you ?  
Set in the bilboes ?

KEMPTHORN.

Chock-a-block, you see,  
And without chafing-gear.

GOLDSMITH.

And what's it for ?

KEMPTHORN.

Ask that starbowl-line with the boat-hook  
there,  
That handsome man.

MERRY (*bowing*).

For swearing.

KEMPTHORN.

In this town  
They put sea-captains in the stocks for  
swearing,  
And Quakers for not swearing. So look  
out.

GOLDSMITH.

I pray you set him free ; he meant no  
harm ;  
'T is an old habit he picked up afloat.

MERRY.

Well, as your time is out, you may come  
down.

The law allows you now to go at large  
Like Elder Oliver's horse upon the Com-  
mon.

KEMPTHORN.

Now, hearties, bear a hand ! Let go and  
haul.

KEMPTHORN *is set free, and comes forward, shak-  
ing GOLDSMITH's hand.*

KEMPTHORN.

Give me your hand, Ralph. Ah, how good  
it feels !  
The hand of an old friend.

GOLDSMITH.

God bless you, Simon !

KEMPTHORN.

Now let us make a straight wake for the  
tavern

Of the Three Mariners, Samuel Cole commander ;  
Where we can take our ease, and see the shipping,  
And talk about old times.

GOLDSMITH.

First I must pay  
My duty to the Governor, and take him  
His letters and dispatches. Come with me.

KEMPTHORN.

I'd rather not. I saw him yesterday.

GOLDSMITH.

Then wait for me at the Three Nuns and Comb.

KEMPTHORN.

I thank you. That's too near to the town pump.  
I will go with you to the Governor's,  
And wait outside there, sailing off and on ;  
If I am wanted, you can hoist a signal.

MERRY.

Shall I go with you and point out the way ?

GOLDSMITH.

Oh no, I thank you. I am not a stranger  
Here in your crooked little town.

MERRY.

How now, sir ?  
Do you abuse our town ? *[Exit.]*

GOLDSMITH.

Oh, no offence.

KEMPTHORN.

Ralph, I am under bonds for a hundred pound.

GOLDSMITH.

Hard lines. What for ?

KEMPTHORN.

To take some Quakers back  
I brought here from Barbadoes in the Swallow.

And how to do it I don't clearly see,  
For one of them is banished, and another  
Is sentenced to be hanged ! What shall I do ?

GOLDSMITH.

Just slip your hawser on some cloudy night ;  
Sheer off, and pay it with the topsail,  
Simon ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. — *Street in front of the prison. In the background a gateway and several flights of steps leading up terraces to the Governor's house. A pump on one side of the street.*  
JOHN ENDICOTT, MERRY, UPSALL, and others.  
*A drum beats.*

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh shame, shame, shame !

MERRY.

Yes, it would be a shame  
But for the damnable sin of Heresy !

JOHN ENDICOTT.

A woman scourged and dragged about our streets !

MERRY.

Well, Roxbury and Dorchester must take  
Their share of shame. She will be whipped  
in each !  
Three towns, and Forty Stripes save one ;  
that makes  
Thirteen in each.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

And are we Jews or Christians ?  
See where she comes, amid a gaping crowd !  
And she a child. Oh, pitiful ! pitiful !  
There's blood upon her clothes, her hands,  
her feet !

*Enter MARSHAL and a drummer, EDITH, stripped to the waist, followed by the hangman with a scourge, and a noisy crowd.*

EDITH.

Here let me rest one moment. I am tired,  
Will some one give me water ?

MERRY.

At his peril.

UPSALL.

Alas ! that I should live to see this day !

A WOMAN.

Did I forsake my father and my mother  
And come here to New England to see  
this ?

EDITH.

I am athirst. Will no one give me water ?

JOHN ENDICOTT (*making his way through the crowd with water*).

In the Lord's name !

EDITH (*drinking*).

In his name I receive it !  
Sweet as the water of Samaria's well  
This water tastes. I thank thee. Is it  
thou ?

I was afraid thou hadst deserted me.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Never will I desert thee, nor deny thee.  
Be comforted.

MERRY.

O Master Endicott,  
Be careful what you say.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Peace, idle babbler !

MERRY.

You'll rue these words !

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Art thou not better now ?

EDITH.

They've struck me as with roses.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Ah, these wounds !  
These bloody garments !

EDITH.

It is granted me  
To seal my testimony with my blood.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

O blood-red seal of man's vindictive wrath !  
O roses of the garden of the Lord !  
I, of the household of Iscariot,  
I have betrayed in thee my Lord and  
Master !

WENLOCK CHRISTISON *appears above, at the window of the prison, stretching out his hands through the bars.*

CHRISTISON.

Be of good courage, O my child ! my child !  
Blessed art thou when men shall persecute  
thee !

Fear not their faces, saith the Lord, fear  
not,  
For I am with thee to deliver thee.

A CITIZEN.

Who is it crying from the prison yonder ?

MERRY.

It is old Wenlock Christison.

CHRISTISON.

Remember  
Him who was scourged, and mocked, and  
crucified !

I see his messengers attending thee.

Be steadfast, oh, be steadfast to the end !

EDITH (*with exultation*).

I cannot reach thee with these arms, O  
father !

But closely in my soul do I embrace thee  
And hold thee. In thy dungeon and thy  
death

I will be with thee, and will comfort thee !

MARSHAL.

Come, put an end to this. Let the drum  
beat.

*The drum beats. Exit all but JOHN ENDICOTT, UPSALL, and MERRY.*

CHRISTISON.

Dear child, farewell ! Never shall I be-  
hold

Thy face again with these bleared eyes of  
flesh ;

And never wast thou fairer, lovelier, dearer  
Than now, when scourged and bleeding,  
and insulted

For the truth's sake. O pitiless, pitiless  
town !

The wrath of God hangs over thee ; and  
the day

Is near at hand when thou shalt be aban-  
doned

To desolation and the breeding of nettles.  
The bittern and the cormorant shall lodge  
Upon thine upper lintels, and their voice  
Sing in thy windows. Yea, thus saith the  
Lord !

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Awake ! awake ! ye sleepers, ere too late,  
And wipe these bloody statutes from your  
books ! *[Exit.*

MERRY.

Take heed ; the walls have ears !

UPSALL.

At last, the heart  
Of every honest man must speak or break !  
*Enter GOVERNOR ENDICOTT with his halberdiers.*

ENDICOTT.

What is this stir and tumult in the street ?

MERRY.

Worshipful sir, the whipping of a girl,  
And her old father howling from the prison.

ENDICOTT (*to his halberdiers*).

Go on.

CHRISTISON.

Antiochus ! Antiochus !  
O thou that slayest the Maccabees ! The  
Lord  
Shall smite thee with incurable disease,  
And no man shall endure to carry thee !

MERRY.

Peace, old blasphemer !

CHRISTISON.

I both feel and see  
The presence and the waft of death go  
forth  
Against thee, and already thou dost look  
Like one that 's dead !

MERRY (*pointing*).

And there is your own son,  
Worshipful sir, abetting the sedition.

ENDICOTT.

Arrest him. Do not spare him.

MERRY (*aside*).

His own child !  
There is some special providence takes care  
That none shall be too happy in this world !  
His own first-born.

ENDICOTT.

O Absalom, my son !

[*Exeunt ; the Governor with his halberdiers ascending the steps of his house.*]

SCENE III.—*The Governor's private room.*  
*Papers upon the table.* ENDICOTT and BELLINGHAM.

ENDICOTT.

There is a ship from England has come in,

Bringing dispatches and much news from home.

His Majesty was at the Abbey crowned ;  
And when the coronation was complete  
There passed a mighty tempest o'er the city,  
Portentous with great thunderings and  
lightnings.

BELLINGHAM.

After his father's, if I well remember,  
There was an earthquake, that foreboded evil.

ENDICOTT.

Ten of the Regicides have been put to death !  
The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw  
Have been dragged from their graves, and  
publicly  
Hanged in their shrouds at Tyburn.

BELLINGHAM.

Horrible !

ENDICOTT.

Thus the old tyranny revives again !  
Its arm is long enough to reach us here,  
As you will see. For, more insulting still  
Than flaunting in our faces dead men's  
shrouds,  
Here is the King's Mandamus, taking from  
us,  
From this day forth, all power to punish  
Quakers.

BELLINGHAM.

That takes from us all power ; we are but  
puppets,  
And can no longer execute our laws.

ENDICOTT.

His Majesty begins with pleasant words,  
"Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you  
well ;"  
Then with a ruthless hand he strips from  
me  
All that which makes me what I am ; as if  
From some old general in the field, grown  
gray  
In service, scarred with many wounds,  
Just at the hour of victory, he should strip  
His badge of office and his well-gained  
honors,  
And thrust him back into the ranks again.  
*Opens the Mandamus and hands it to BELLINGHAM ; and, while he is reading, ENDICOTT walks up and down the room.*

Here, read it for yourself ; you see his words  
 Are pleasant words — considerate — not reproachful —  
 Nothing could be more gentle — or more royal ;  
 But then the meaning underneath the words,  
 Mark that. He says all people known as Quakers  
 Among us, now condemned to suffer death  
 Or any corporal punishment whatever,  
 Who are imprisoned, or may be obnoxious  
 To the like condemnation, shall be sent  
 Forthwith to England, to be dealt with there  
 In such wise as shall be agreeable  
 Unto the English law and their demerits.  
 Is it not so ?

BELLINGHAM (*returning the paper*).

Ay, so the paper says.

ENDICOTT.

It means we shall no longer rule the Province ;  
 It means farewell to law and liberty,  
 Authority, respect for Magistrates,  
 The peace and welfare of the Commonwealth.  
 If all the knaves upon this continent  
 Can make appeal to England, and so thwart  
 The ends of truth and justice by delay,  
 Our power is gone forever. We are nothing  
 But ciphers, valueless save when we follow  
 Some unit ; and our unit is the King !  
 'Tis he that gives us value.

BELLINGHAM.

I confess

Such seems to be the meaning of this paper,  
 But being the King's Mandamus, signed  
 and sealed,  
 We must obey, or we are in rebellion.

ENDICOTT.

I tell you, Richard Bellingham, — I tell you,  
 That this is the beginning of a struggle  
 Of which no mortal can foresee the end.  
 I shall not live to fight the battle for you,  
 I am a man disgraced in every way ;

This order takes from me my self-respect  
 And the respect of others. 'T is my doom,  
 Yes, my death-warrant, but must be obeyed !

Take it, and see that it is executed  
 So far as this, that all be set at large ;  
 But see that none of them be sent to England

To bear false witness, and to spread reports  
 That might be prejudicial to ourselves.

[*Exit BELLINGHAM.*]

There's a dull pain keeps knocking at my heart,

Dolefully saying, "Set thy house in order,  
 For thou shalt surely die, and shalt not live !"

For me the shadow on the dial-plate  
 Goeth not back, but on into the dark !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. — *The street. A crowd, reading a placard on the door of the Meeting-house. NICHOLAS UPSALL among them. Enter JOHN NORTON.*

NORTON.

What is this gathering here ?

UPSALL.

One William Brand,  
 An old man like ourselves, and weak in body,  
 Has been so cruelly tortured in his prison,  
 The people are excited, and they threaten  
 To tear the prison down.

NORTON.

What has been done ?

UPSALL.

He has been put in irons, with his neck  
 And heels tied close together, and so left  
 From five in the morning until nine at night.

NORTON.

What more was done ?

UPSALL.

He has been kept five days  
 In prison without food, and cruelly beaten,  
 So that his limbs were cold, his senses  
 stopped.

NORTON.

What more ?

UPSALL.

And is this not enough ?

NORTON.

Now hear me.

This William Brand of yours has tried to  
beat

Our Gospel Ordinances black and blue ;  
And, if he has been beaten in like manner,  
It is but justice, and I will appear  
In his behalf that did so. I suppose  
That he refused to work.

UPSALL.

He was too weak.

How could an old man work, when he was  
starving ?

NORTON.

And what is this placard ?

UPSALL.

The Magistrates,  
To appease the people and prevent a tumult,  
Have put up these placards throughout the  
town,  
Declaring that the jailer shalt be dealt with  
Impartially and sternly by the Court.

NORTON (*tearing down the placard*).

Down with this weak and cowardly conces-  
sion,  
This flag of truce with Satan and with  
Sin !

I fling it in his face ! I trample it  
Under my feet ! It is his cunning craft,  
The masterpiece of his diplomacy,  
To cry and plead for boundless toleration.  
But toleration is the first-born child  
Of all abominations and deceits.

There is no room in Christ's triumphant  
army

For tolerationists. And if an Angel  
Preach any other gospel unto you  
Than that ye have received, God's maledic-  
tion

Descend upon him ! Let him be accursed !  
[Exit.

UPSALL.

Now, go thy ways, John Norton ! go thy  
ways,

Thou Orthodox Evangelist, as men call  
thee !

But even now there cometh out of Eng-  
land,

Like an o'ertaking and accusing conscience,  
An outraged man, to call thee to account  
For the unrighteous murder of his son !

[Exit.

SCENE V.—*The Wilderness.* Enter EDITH.

EDITH.

How beautiful are these autumnal woods !  
The wilderness doth blossom like the rose,  
And change into a garden of the Lord !  
How silent everywhere ! Alone and lost  
Here in the forest, there comes over me  
An inward awfulness. I recall the words  
Of the Apostle Paul : "In journeyings  
often,

Often in perils in the wilderness,  
In weariness, in painfulness, in watchings,  
In hunger and thirst, in cold and naked-  
ness ;"

And I forget my weariness and pain,  
My watchings, and my hunger and my  
thirst.

The Lord hath said that He will seek his  
flock

In cloudy and dark days, and they shall  
dwell

Securely in the wilderness, and sleep  
Safe in the woods ! Whichever way I  
turn,

I come back with my face towards the  
town.

Dimly I see it, and the sea beyond it.  
O cruel town ! I know what waits me  
there,

And yet I must go back ; for ever louder  
I hear the inward calling of the Spirit,  
And must obey the voice. O woods, that  
wear

Your golden crown of martyrdom, blood-  
stained,

From you I learn a lesson of submission,  
And am obedient even unto death,  
If God so wills it. [Exit.

JOHN ENDICOTT (*within*).

Edith ! Edith ! Edith !

*He enters.*

It is in vain ! I call, she answers not ;  
I follow, but I find no trace of her !  
Blood ! blood ! The leaves above me and  
around me

Are red with blood ! The pathways of the  
forest,

The clouds that canopy the setting sun

And even the little river in the meadows  
Are stained with it ! Where'er I look, I  
see it !

Away, thou horrible vision ! Leave me !  
leave me !

Alas ! yon winding stream, that gropes its  
way

Through mist and shadow, doubling on it-  
self,

At length will find, by the unerring law  
Of nature, what it seeks. O soul of man,  
Groping through mist and shadow, and re-  
coiling

Back on thyself, are, too, thy devious ways  
Subject to law ? and when thou seemest to  
wander

The farthest from thy goal, art thou still  
drawing

Nearer and nearer to it, till at length  
Thou findest, like the river, what thou  
seekest ? *[Exit.]*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*Daybreak. Street in front of UP-  
SALL'S house. A light in the window. Enter*  
JOHN ENDICOTT.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

O silent, sombre, and deserted streets,  
To me ye're peopled with a sad procession,  
And echo only to the voice of sorrow !  
O houses full of peacefulness and sleep,  
Far better were it to awake no more  
Then wake to look upon such scenes again !  
There is a light in Master Upsall's window.  
The good man is already risen, for sleep  
Deserts the couches of the old.

*Knocks at UPSALL'S door.*

UPSALL (*at the window*).

Who's there ?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Am I so changed you do not know my  
voice ?

UPSALL.

I know you. Have you heard what things  
have happened ?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I have heard nothing.

UPSALL.

Stay ; I will come down.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I am afraid some dreadful news awaits me !  
I do not dare to ask, yet am impatient  
To know the worst. Oh, I am very weary  
With waiting and with watching and pur-  
suing !

*Enter UPSALL.*

UPSALL.

Thank God, you have come back ! I've  
much to tell you.

Where have you been ?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

You know that I was seized,  
Fined, and released again. You know that  
Edith,

After her scourging in three towns, was  
banished

Into the wilderness, into the land  
That is not sown ; and there I followed  
her,

But found her not. Where is she ?

UPSALL.

She is here.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh, do not speak that word, for it means  
death !

UPSALL.

No, it means life. She sleeps in yonder  
chamber.

Listen to me. When news of Leddra's  
death

Reached England, Edward Burroughs, hav-  
ing boldly

Got access to the presence of the King,  
Told him there was a vein of innocent  
blood

Opened in his dominions here, which  
threatened

To overrun them all. The King replied,  
" But I will stop that vein ! " and he forth-  
with

Sent his Mandamus to our Magistrates,  
That they proceed no further in this busi-  
ness.

So all are pardoned, and all set at large.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Thank God ! This is a victory for truth !  
Our thoughts are free. They cannot be  
shut up

In prison walls, nor put to death on scaf-  
folds !

UPSALL.

Come in ; the morning air blows sharp and  
cold  
Through the damp streets.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

It is the dawn of day  
That chases the old darkness from our  
sky,  
And fills the land with liberty and light.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The parlor of the Three Mariners.*  
*Enter KEMPTHORN.*

KEMPTHORN.

A dull life this, — a dull life anyway !  
Ready for sea ; the cargo all aboard,  
Cleared for Barbadoes, and a fair wind  
blowing  
From nor'-nor'-west ; and I, an idle lubber,  
Laid neck and heels by that confounded  
bond !  
I said to Ralph, says I, " What's to be  
done ? "  
Says he : " Just slip your hawser in the  
night ;  
Sheer off, and pay it with the topsail, Si-  
mon."  
But that won't do ; because, you see, the  
owners  
Somehow or other are mixed up with it.  
Here are King Charles's Twelve Good  
Rules, that Cole  
Thinks as important as the Rule of Three.

*Reads.*

" Make no comparisons ; make no long  
meals."  
Those are good rules and golden for a  
landlord  
To hang in his best parlor, framed and  
glazed !  
" Maintain no ill opinions ; urge no  
healths."  
I drink the King's, whatever he may say,  
And, as to ill opinions, that depends.  
Now of Ralph Goldsmith I've a good opin-  
ion,  
And of the bilboes I've an ill opinion ;  
And both of these opinions I'll maintain  
As long as there's a shot left in the locker.

*Enter EDWARD BUTTER with an ear-trumpet.*

BUTTER.

Good morning, Captain Kempthorn.

KEMPTHORN.

Sir, to you.  
You've the advantage of me. I don't  
know you.  
What may I call your name ?

BUTTER.

That's not your name ?

KEMPTHORN.

Yes, that's my name. What's yours ?

BUTTER.

My name is Butter.  
I am the treasurer of the Commonwealth.

KEMPTHORN.

Will you be seated ?

BUTTER.

What say ? Who's conceited ?

KEMPTHORN.

Will you sit down ?

BUTTER.

Oh, thank you.

KEMPTHORN.

Spread yourself  
Upon this chair, sweet Butter.

BUTTER (*sitting down*).

A fine morning.

KEMPTHORN.

Nothing's the matter with it that I know  
of.

I have seen better, and I have seen worse.  
The wind's nor'-west. That's fair for them  
that sail.

BUTTER.

You need not speak so loud ; I understand  
you.

You sail to-day.

KEMPTHORN.

No, I don't sail to-day.  
So, be it fair or foul, it matters not.  
Say, will you smoke ? There's choice  
tobacco here.

BUTTER.

No, thank you. It's against the law to  
smoke.

KEMPTHORN.

Then, will you drink? There's good ale at this inn.

BUTTER.

No, thank you. It's against the law to drink.

KEMPTHORN.

Well, almost everything's against the law in this good town. Give a wide berth to one thing,

You're sure to fetch up soon on something else.

BUTTER.

And so you sail to-day for dear Old England.

I am not one of those who think a sup of this New England air is better worth Than a whole draught of our Old England's ale.

KEMPTHORN.

Nor I. Give me the ale and keep the air. But, as I said, I do not sail to-day.

BUTTER.

Ah yes; you sail to-day.

KEMPTHORN.

I'm under bonds

To take some Quakers back to the Barbadoes;

And one of them is banished, and another Is sentenced to be hanged.

BUTTER.

No, all are pardoned,

All are set free, by order of the Court; But some of them would fain return to England.

You must not take them. Upon that condition

Your bond is cancelled.

KEMPTHORN.

Ah, the wind has shifted!

I pray you, do you speak officially?

BUTTER.

I always speak officially. To prove it, Here is the bond.

*Rising and giving a paper.*

KEMPTHORN.

And here's my hand upon it. And, look you, when I say I'll do a thing The thing is done. Am I now free to go?

BUTTER.

What say?

KEMPTHORN.

I say, confound the tedious man With his strange speaking-trumpet! Can I go?

BUTTER.

You're free to go, by order of the Court. Your servant, sir. *[Exit.]*

KEMPTHORN *(shouting from the window)*.

Swallow, ahoy! Hallo! If ever a man was happy to leave Boston, That man is Simon Kempthorn of the Swallow!

*Reënter BUTTER.*

BUTTER.

Pray, did you call?

KEMPTHORN.

Call? Yes, I hailed the Swallow.

BUTTER.

That's not my name. My name is Edward Butter.

You need not speak so loud.

KEMPTHORN *(shaking hands)*.

Good-by! Good-by!

BUTTER.

Your servant, sir.

KEMPTHORN.

And yours a thousand times!

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. — GOVERNOR ENDICOTT's *private room*. An open window. ENDICOTT seated in an arm-chair. BELLINGHAM standing near.

ENDICOTT.

O lost, O loved! wilt thou return no more? O loved and lost, and loved the more when lost!

How many men are dragged into their graves

By their rebellious children! I now feel

The agony of a father's breaking heart  
In David's cry, "O Absalom, my son!"

BELLINGHAM.

Can you not turn your thoughts a little  
while  
To public matters? There are papers  
here  
That need attention.

ENDICOTT.

Trouble me no more!  
My business now is with another world.  
Ah, Richard Bellingham! I greatly fear  
That in my righteous zeal I have been  
led

To doing many things which, left undone,  
My mind would now be easier. Did I  
dream it,

Or has some person told me, that John  
Norton  
Is dead?

BELLINGHAM.

You have not dreamed it. He is dead,  
And gone to his reward. It was no dream.

ENDICOTT.

Then it was very sudden; for I saw him  
Standing where you now stand, not long  
ago.

BELLINGHAM.

By his own fireside, in the afternoon,  
A faintness and a giddiness came o'er  
him;  
And, leaning on the chimney-piece, he  
cried,  
"The hand of God is on me!" and fell  
dead.

ENDICOTT.

And did not some one say, or have I  
dreamed it,  
That Humphrey Atherton is dead?

BELLINGHAM.

Alas!  
He too is gone, and by a death as sudden.  
Returning home one evening, at the place  
Where usually the Quakers have been  
scourged,  
His horse took fright, and threw him to the  
ground,  
So that his brains were dashed about the  
street.

ENDICOTT.

I am not superstitious, Bellingham,  
And yet I tremble lest it may have been  
A judgment on him.

BELLINGHAM.

So the people think.  
They say his horse saw standing in the  
way  
The ghost of William Leddra, and was  
frightened.  
And furthermore, brave Richard Daven-  
port,  
The captain of the Castle, in the storm  
Has been struck dead by lightning.

ENDICOTT.

Speak no more.  
For as I listen to your voice it seems  
As if the Seven Thunders uttered their  
voices,  
And the dead bodies lay about the streets  
Of the disconsolate city! Bellingham,  
I did not put those wretched men to  
death.  
I did but guard the passage with the  
sword  
Pointed towards them, and they rushed  
upon it!  
Yet now I would that I had taken no part  
In all that bloody work.

BELLINGHAM.

The guilt of it  
Be on their heads, not ours.

ENDICOTT.

Are all set free?

BELLINGHAM.

All are at large.

ENDICOTT.

And none have been sent back  
To England to malign us with the King?

BELLINGHAM.

The ship that brought them sails this very  
hour,  
But carries no one back.

*A distant cannon.*

ENDICOTT.

What is that gun?

## BELLINGHAM.

Her parting signal. Through the window  
there,  
Look, you can see her sails, above the  
roofs,  
Dropping below the Castle, outward bound.

## ENDICOTT.

O white, white, white! Would that my  
soul had wings  
As spotless as those shining sails to fly  
with!  
Now lay this cushion straight. I thank  
you. Hark!  
I thought I heard the hall door open and  
shut!  
I thought I heard the footsteps of my boy!

## BELLINGHAM.

It was the wind. There's no one in the  
passage.

## ENDICOTT.

O Absalom, my son! I feel the world  
Sinking beneath me, sinking, sinking, sink-  
ing!  
Death knocks! I go to meet him! Wel-  
come, Death!  
*Rises, and sinks back dead; his head falling  
aside upon his shoulder.*

## BELLINGHAM.

O ghastly sight! Like one who has been  
hanged!  
Endicott! Endicott! He makes no an-  
swer!

*Raises ENDICOTT's head.*

He breathes no more! How bright this  
signet-ring  
Glitters upon his hand, where he has worn  
it  
Through such long years of trouble, as if  
Death  
Had given him this memento of affection,  
And whispered in his ear, "Remember  
me!"  
How placid and how quiet is his face,  
Now that the struggle and the strife are  
ended!  
Only the acrid spirit of the times  
Corroded this true steel. Oh, rest in  
peace,  
Courageous heart! Forever rest in peace!

GILES COREY OF THE SALEM  
FARMS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GILES COREY . . . . .	<i>Farmer.</i>
JOHN HATHORNE . . . . .	<i>Magistrate.</i>
COTTON MATHER . . . . .	<i>Minister of the Gospel.</i>
JONATHAN WALCOT . . . . .	<i>A youth.</i>
RICHARD GARDNER . . . . .	<i>Sea-Captain.</i>
JOHN GLOYD . . . . .	<i>Corey's hired man.</i>
MARTHA . . . . .	<i>Wife of Giles Corey.</i>
TITUBA . . . . .	<i>An Indian woman.</i>
MARY WALCOT . . . . .	<i>One of the Afflicted.</i>

*The Scene is in Salem in the year 1692.*

## PROLOGUE

DELUSIONS of the days that once have  
been,  
Witchcraft and wonders of the world un-  
seen,  
Phantoms of air, and necromantic arts  
That crushed the weak and awed the  
stoutest hearts,—  
These are our theme to-night; and vaguely  
here,  
Through the dim mists that crowd the at-  
mosphere,  
We draw the outlines of weird figures cast  
In shadow on the background of the  
Past.

Who would believe that in the quiet town  
Of Salem, and amid the woods that crown  
The neighboring hillsides, and the sunny  
farms

That fold it safe in their paternal arms,—  
Who would believe that in those peaceful  
streets,

Where the great elms shut out the sum-  
mer heats,

Where quiet reigns, and breathes through  
brain and breast

The benediction of unbroken rest,—

Who would believe such deeds could find a  
place

As these whose tragic history we retrace?

'T was but a village then: the goodman  
ploughed

His ample acres under sun or cloud;  
The goodwife at her doorstep sat and spun,  
And gossiped with her neighbors in the  
sun;

The only men of dignity and state

Were then the Minister and the Magistrate,  
Who ruled their little realm with iron rod,  
Less in the love than in the fear of God ;  
And who believed devoutly in the Powers  
Of Darkness, working in this world of ours,  
In spells of Witchcraft, incantations dread,  
And shrouded apparitions of the dead.

Upon this simple folk "with fire and  
flame,"

Saith the old Chronicle, "the Devil came ;  
Scattering his firebrands and his poisonous  
darts,

To set on fire of Hell all tongues and  
hearts !

And 't is no wonder ; for, with all his host,  
There most he rages where he hateth most,  
And is most hated ; so on us he brings

All these stupendous and portentous  
things !"

Something of this our scene to-night will  
show ;

And ye who listen to the Tale of Woe,  
Be not too swift in casting the first stone,  
Nor think New England bears the guilt  
alone.

This sudden burst of wickedness and crime  
Was but the common madness of the time,  
When in all lands, that lie within the sound  
Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was burned or  
drowned.

### ACT I

SCENE I. — *The woods near Salem Village.*  
*Enter TITUBA, with a basket of herbs.*

TITUBA.

Here 's monk's-hood, that breeds fever in  
the blood ;

And deadly nightshade, that makes men see  
ghosts ;

And henbane, that will shake them with  
convulsions ;

And meadow-saffron and black hellebore,  
That rack the nerves, and puff the skin  
with dropsy ;

And bitter-sweet, and briony, and eye-  
bright,

That cause eruptions, nosebleed, rheuma-  
tisms ;

I know them, and the places where they  
hide

In field and meadow ; and I know their  
secrets,

And gather them because they give me  
power

Over all men and women. Armed with  
these,

I, Tituba, an Indian and a slave,  
Am stronger than the captain with his sword,

Am richer than the merchant with his  
money,

Am wiser than the scholar with his books,  
Mightier than Ministers and Magistrates,

With all the fear and reverence that attend  
them !

For I can fill their bones with aches and  
pains,

Can make them cough with asthma, shake  
with palsy,

Can make their daughters see and talk  
with ghosts,

Or fall into delirium and convulsions.

I have the Evil Eye, the Evil Hand ;

A touch from me and they are weak with  
pain,

A look from me, and they consume and die.

The death of cattle and the blight of corn,

The shipwreck, the tornado, and the fire, —

These are my doings, and they know it not.

Thus I work vengeance on mine enemies,

Who, while they call me slave, are slaves to  
me !

*Exit TITUBA. Enter MATHER, booted and  
spurred, with a riding-whip in his hand.*

MATHER.

Methinks that I have come by paths un-  
known

Into the land and atmosphere of Witches ;  
For, meditating as I journeyed on,

Lo ! I have lost my way ! If I remember  
Rightly, it is Scribonius the learned

That tells the story of a man who, praying  
For one that was possessed by Evil Spirits,

Was struck by Evil Spirits in the face ;

I, journeying to circumvent the Witches

Surely by Witches have been led astray.

I am persuaded there are few affairs

In which the Devil doth not interfere.

We cannot undertake a journey even,

But Satan will be there to meddle with it

By hindering or by furthering. He hath  
led me

Into this thicket, struck me in the face

With branches of the trees, and so entan-  
gled

The fetlocks of my horse with vines and  
brambles,

That I must needs dismount, and search on foot

For the lost pathway leading to the village.

*Reënter* TITUBA.

What shape is this? What monstrous apparition,

Exceeding fierce, that none may pass that way?

Tell me, good woman, if you are a woman —

TITUBA.

I am a woman, but I am not good.

I am a Witch!

MATHER.

Then tell me, Witch and woman,  
For you must know the pathways through  
this wood,

Where lieth Salem Village?

TITUBA.

Reverend sir,  
The village is near by. I'm going there  
With these few herbs. I'll lead you. Follow me.

MATHER.

First say, who are you? I am loath to follow

A stranger in this wilderness, for fear  
Of being misled, and left in some morass.  
Who are you?

TITUBA.

I am Tituba the Witch,  
Wife of John Indian.

MATHER.

You are Tituba?  
I know you then. You have renounced the Devil,

And have become a penitent confessor.  
The Lord be praised! Go on, I'll follow you.

Wait only till I fetch my horse, that stands  
Tethered among the trees, not far from here.

TITUBA.

Let me get up behind you, reverend sir.

MATHER.

The Lord forbid! What would the people think,

If they should see the Reverend Cotton Mather

Ride into Salem with a Witch behind him?  
The Lord forbid!

TITUBA.

I do not need a horse!

I can ride through the air upon a stick,  
Above the tree-tops and above the houses,  
And no one see me, no one overtake me!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A room at* JUSTICE HATHORNE'S.  
*A clock in the corner. Enter* HATHORNE *and*  
MATHER.

HATHORNE.

You are welcome, reverend sir, thrice welcome here  
Beneath my humble roof.

MATHER.

I thank your Worship.

HATHORNE.

Pray you be seated. You must be fatigued  
With your long ride through unfrequented woods.

*They sit down.*

MATHER.

You know the purport of my visit here, —  
To be advised by you, and counsel with you,

And with the Reverend Clergy of the village,

Touching these witchcrafts that so much afflict you;

And see with mine own eyes the wonders told

Of spectres and the shadows of the dead,  
That come back from their graves to speak with men.

HATHORNE.

Some men there are, I have known such,  
who think

That the two worlds — the seen and the unseen,

The world of matter and the world of spirit —

Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,  
And touch each other only at a point.

But these two worlds are not divided thus,

Save for the purposes of common speech.

They form one globe, in which the parted seas

All flow together and are intermingled,  
While the great continents remain distinct.

MATHER.

I doubt it not. The spiritual world  
Lies all about us, and its avenues  
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms  
That come and go, and we perceive them  
not,  
Save by their influence, or when at times  
A most mysterious Providence permits  
them  
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes.

HATHORNE.

You, who are always welcome here among  
us,  
Are doubly welcome now. We need your  
wisdom,  
Your learning in these things, to be our  
guide.  
The Devil hath come down in wrath upon  
us,  
And ravages the land with all his hosts.

MATHER.

The Unclean Spirit said, "My name is  
Legion!"  
Multitudes in the Valley of Destruction!  
But when our fervent, well-directed  
prayers,  
Which are the great artillery of Heaven,  
Are brought into the field, I see them scat-  
tered  
And driven like autumn leaves before the  
wind.

HATHORNE.

You, as a Minister of God, can meet them  
With spiritual weapons; but, alas!  
I, as a Magistrate, must combat them  
With weapons from the armory of the  
flesh.

MATHER.

These wonders of the world invisible, —  
These spectral shapes that haunt our habi-  
tations, —  
The multiplied and manifold afflictions  
With which the aged and the dying saints  
Have their death prefaced and their age  
imbittered, —  
Are but prophetic trumpets that proclaim  
The Second Coming of our Lord on earth.  
The evening wolves will be much more  
abroad,  
When we are near the evening of the  
world.

HATHORNE.

When you shall see, as I have hourly seen,  
The sorceries and the witchcrafts that tor-  
ment us,  
See children tortured by invisible spirits,  
And wasted and consumed by powers un-  
seen,  
You will confess the half has not been told  
you.

MATHER.

It must be so. The death-pangs of the  
Devil  
Will make him more a Devil than before;  
And Nebuchadnezzar's furnace will be  
heated  
Seven times more hot before its putting  
out.

HATHORNE.

Advise me, reverend sir. I look to you  
For counsel and for guidance in this matter.  
What further shall we do?

MATHER.

Remember this,  
That as a sparrow falls not to the ground  
Without the will of God, so not a Devil  
Can come down from the air without his  
leave.  
We must inquire.

HATHORNE.

Dear sir, we have inquired;  
Sifted the matter thoroughly through and  
through,  
And then resifted it.

MATHER.

If God permits  
These Evil Spirits from the unseen regions  
To visit us with surprising informations,  
We must inquire what cause there is for  
this,  
But not receive the testimony borne  
By spectres as conclusive proof of guilt  
In the accused.

HATHORNE.

Upon such evidence  
We do not rest our case. The ways are  
many  
In which the guilty do betray themselves.

MATHER.

Be careful. Carry the knife with such ex-  
actness,

That on one side no innocent blood be  
shed

By too excessive zeal, and on the other  
No shelter given to any work of darkness.

HATHORNE.

For one, I do not fear excess of zeal.  
What do we gain by parleying with the  
Devil ?

You reason, but you hesitate to act !  
Ah, reverend sir ! believe me, in such  
cases

The only safety is in acting promptly.  
'T is not the part of wisdom to delay  
In things where not to do is still to do  
A deed more fatal than the deed we shrink  
from.

You are a man of books and meditation,  
But I am one who acts.

MATHER.

God give us wisdom  
In the directing of this thorny business,  
And guide us, lest New England should  
become

Of an unsavory and sulphurous odor  
In the opinion of the world abroad !

*The clock strikes.*

I never hear the striking of a clock  
Without a warning and an admonition  
That time is on the wing, and we must  
quicken

Our tardy pace in journeying Heaven-  
ward,

As Israel did in journeying Canaan-ward !

*They rise.*

HATHORNE.

Then let us make all haste ; and I will  
show you

In what disguises and what fearful shapes  
The Unclean Spirits haunt this neighbor-  
hood,

And you will pardon my excess of zeal.

MATHER.

Ah, poor New England ! He who hurri-  
canoed

The house of Job is making now on thee  
One last assault, more deadly and more  
snarled

With unintelligible circumstances  
Than any thou hast hitherto encountered !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A room in WALCOT'S house.*  
MARY WALCOT seated in an arm-chair. Ti-  
TUBA with a mirror.

MARY.

Tell me another story, Tituba.  
A drowsiness is stealing over me  
Which is not sleep ; for, though I close  
mine eyes,  
I am awake, and in another world.  
Dim faces of the dead and of the absent  
Come floating up before me, — floating,  
fading,  
And disappearing.

TITUBA.

Look into this glass.

What see you ?

MARY.

Nothing but a golden vapor.  
Yes, something more. An island, with the  
sea  
Breaking all round it, like a blooming  
hedge.  
What land is this ?

TITUBA.

It is San Salvador,  
Where Tituba was born. What see you  
now ?

MARY.

A man all black and fierce.

TITUBA.

That is my father.  
He was an Obi man, and taught me  
magic, —  
Taught me the use of herbs and images.  
What is he doing ?

MARY.

Holding in his hand  
A waxen figure. He is melting it  
Slowly before a fire.

TITUBA.

And now what see you ?

MARY.

A woman lying on a bed of leaves,  
Wasted and worn away. Ah, she is dying !

TITUBA.

That is the way the Obi men destroy

The people they dislike ! That is the way  
Some one is wasting and consuming you.

MARY.

You terrify me, Tituba ! Oh, save me  
From those who make me pine and waste  
away !  
Who are they ? Tell me.

TITUBA.

That I do not know,  
But you will see them. They will come to  
you.

MARY.

No, do not let them come ! I cannot bear  
it !  
I am too weak to bear it ! I am dying.

*Falls into a trance.*

TITUBA.

Hark ! there is some one coming !  
*Enter HATHORNE, MATHER, and WALCOT.*

WALCOT.

There she lies,  
Wasted and worn by devilish incantations !  
O my poor sister !

MATHER.

Is she always thus ?

WALCOT.

Nay, she is sometimes tortured by con-  
vulsions.

MATHER.

Poor child ! How thin she is ! How wan  
and wasted !

HATHORNE.

Observe her. She is troubled in her sleep.

MATHER.

Some fearful vision haunts her.

HATHORNE.

You now see  
With your own eyes, and touch with your  
own hands,  
The mysteries of this Witchcraft.

MATHER.

One would need  
The hands of Briareus and the eyes of  
Argus  
To see and touch them all.

HATHORNE.

You now have entered  
The realm of ghosts and phantoms,—the  
vast realm  
Of the unknown and the invisible,  
Through whose wide-open gates there blows  
a wind  
From the dark valley of the shadow of  
Death,  
That freezes us with horror.

MARY (*starting*).

Take her hence !  
Take her away from me. I see her there !  
She's coming to torment me !

WALCOT (*taking her hand*).

O my sister !  
What frightens you ? She neither hears  
nor sees me.  
She's in a trance.

MARY.

Do you not see her there ?

TITUBA.

My child, who is it ?

MARY.

Ah, I do not know.  
I cannot see her face.

TITUBA.

How is she clad ?

MARY.

She wears a crimson bodice. In her hand  
She holds an image, and is pinching it  
Between her fingers. Ah, she tortures  
me !  
I see her face now. It is Goodwife Bishop !  
Why does she torture me ? I never  
harmed her !  
And now she strikes me with an iron rod !  
Oh, I am beaten !

MATHER.

This is wonderful !  
I can see nothing ! Is this apparition  
Visibly there, and yet we cannot see it ?

HATHORNE.

It is. The spectre is invisible  
Unto our grosser senses, but she sees it.

MARY.

Look ! look ! there is another clad in gray !  
She holds a spindle in her hand, and  
threatens

To stab me with it ! It is Goodwife  
Corey !

Keep her away ! Now she is coming at  
me !

O mercy ! mercy !

WALCOT (*thrusting with his sword*).

There is nothing there !

MATHER (*to HATHORNE*).

Do you see anything ?

HATHORNE.

The laws that govern

The spiritual world prevent our seeing

Things palpable and visible to her.

These spectres are to us as if they were  
not.

Mark her ; she wakes.

TITUBA *touches her, and she awakes.*

MARY.

Who are these gentlemen ?

WALCOT.

They are our friends. Dear Mary, are you  
better ?

MARY.

Weak, very weak.

*Taking a spindle from her lap, and holding it up.*

How came this spindle here ?

TITUBA.

You wrenched it from the hand of Good-  
wife Corey

When she rushed at you.

HATHORNE.

Mark that, reverend sir !

MATHER.

It is most marvellous, most inexplicable !

TITUBA (*picking up a bit of gray cloth from the  
floor*).

And here, too, is a bit of her gray dress,  
That the sword cut away.

MATHER.

Beholding this,  
It were indeed by far more credulous

To be incredulous than to believe.

None but a Sadducee, who doubts of all  
Pertaining to the spiritual world,  
Could doubt such manifest and damning  
proofs !

HATHORNE.

Are you convinced ?

MATHER (*to MARY*).

Dear child, be comforted !

Only by prayer and fasting can you drive  
These Unclean Spirits from you. An old  
man

Gives you his blessing. God be with you,  
Mary !

## ACT II

SCENE I. — GILES COREY'S farm. *Morning.*  
*Enter COREY, with a horseshoe and a hammer.*

COREY.

The Lord hath prospered me. The rising  
sun

Shines on my Hundred Acres and my  
woods

As if he loved them. On a morn like this  
I can forgive mine enemies, and thank God  
For all his goodness unto me and mine.

My orchard groans with russets and pear-  
mains ;

My ripening corn shines golden in the sun ;

My barns are crammed with hay, my cattle

thrive ;

The birds sing blithely on the trees around  
me !

And blither than the birds my heart within  
me.

But Satan still goes up and down the earth ;  
And to protect this house from his assaults,

And keep the powers of darkness from my  
door,

This horseshoe will I nail upon the thresh-  
old.

*Nails down the horseshoe.*

There, ye night-hags and witches that tor-  
ment

The neighborhood, ye shall not enter  
here ! —

What is the matter in the field ? — John  
Gloyd !

The cattle are all running to the woods ! —  
John Gloyd ! Where is the man ?

*Enter JOHN GLOYD.*

Look there !  
 What ails the cattle ? Are they all bewitched ?  
 They run like mad.

GLOYD.  
 They have been overlooked.

COREY.  
 The Evil Eye is on them sure enough.  
 Call all the men. Be quick. Go after them !

*Exit GLOYD and enter MARTHA.*

MARTHA.  
 What is amiss ?

COREY.  
 The cattle are bewitched.  
 They are broken loose and making for the woods.

MARTHA.  
 Why will you harbor such delusions, Giles ?  
 Bewitched ? Well, then it was John Gloyd bewitched them ;  
 I saw him even now take down the bars  
 And turn them loose ! They're only frolicsome.

COREY.  
 The rascal !

MARTHA.  
 I was standing in the road,  
 Talking with Goodwife Proctor, and I saw him.

COREY.  
 With Proctor's wife ? And what says Goodwife Proctor ?

MARTHA.  
 Sad things indeed ; the saddest you can hear  
 Of Bridget Bishop. She's cried out upon !

COREY.  
 Poor soul ! I've known her forty year or more.

She was the widow Wasselby ; and then  
 She married Oliver, and Bishop next.  
 She's had three husbands. I remember well

My games of shovel-board at Bishop's tavern

In the old merry days, and she so gay  
 With her red paragon bodice and her ribbons !

Ah, Bridget Bishop always was a Witch !

MARTHA.  
 They'll little help her now, — her caps and ribbons,  
 And her red paragon bodice, and her plumes,  
 With which she flaunted in the Meeting-house !  
 When next she goes there, it will be for trial.

COREY.  
 When will that be ?

MARTHA.  
 This very day at ten.

COREY.  
 Then get you ready. We will go and see it.  
 Come ; you shall ride behind me on the pillion.

MARTHA.  
 Not I. You know I do not like such things.  
 I wonder you should. I do not believe  
 In Witches nor in Witchcraft.

COREY.  
 Well, I do.  
 There's a strange fascination in it all,  
 That draws me on and on, I know not why.

MARTHA.  
 What do we know of spirits good or ill,  
 Or of their power to help us or to harm us ?

COREY.  
 Surely what's in the Bible must be true.  
 Did not an Evil Spirit come on Saul ?  
 Did not the Witch of Endor bring the ghost  
 Of Samuel from his grave ? The Bible  
 says so.

MARTHA.  
 That happened very long ago.

COREY.  
 With God  
 There is no long ago.

MARTHA.  
 There is with us.

COREY.  
 And Mary Magdalene had seven devils,  
 And he who dwelt among the tombs a legion !

MARTHA.

God's power is infinite. I do not doubt it.  
If in His providence He once permitted  
Such things to be among the Israelites,  
It does not follow He permits them now,  
And among us who are not Israelites.  
But we will not dispute about it, Giles.  
Go to the village, if you think it best,  
And leave me here; I'll go about my  
work. [*Exit into the house.*]

COREY.

And I will go and saddle the gray mare.  
The last word always. That is woman's  
nature.

If an old man will marry a young wife,  
He must make up his mind to many things.  
It's putting new cloth into an old garment,  
When the strain comes, it is the old gives  
way.

*Goes to the door.*

Oh Martha! I forgot to tell you some-  
thing.

I've had a letter from a friend of mine,  
A certain Richard Gardner of Nantucket,  
Master and owner of a whaling-vessel;  
He writes that he is coming down to see us.  
I hope you 'll like him.

MARTHA.

I will do my best.

COREY.

That's a good woman. Now I will be  
gone.  
I've not seen Gardner for this twenty  
year;  
But there is something of the sea about  
him,—  
Something so open, generous, large, and  
strong,  
It makes me love him better than a bro-  
ther. [*Exit.*]

*MARTHA comes to the door.*

MARTHA.

Oh these old friends and cronies of my hus-  
band,  
These captains from Nantucket and the  
Cape,  
That come and turn my house into a tavern  
With their carousing! Still, there's some-  
thing frank  
In these seafaring men that makes me  
like them.

Why, here's a horseshoe nailed upon the  
doorstep!

Giles has done this to keep away the  
Witches.

I hope this Richard Gardner will bring with  
him

A gale of good sound common-sense to  
blow

The fog of these delusions from his brain!

COREY (*within*).

Ho! Martha! Martha!

*Enter COREY.*

Have you seen my saddle?

MARTHA.

I saw it yesterday.

COREY.

Where did you see it?

MARTHA.

On a gray mare, that somebody was riding  
Along the village road.

COREY.

Who was it? Tell me.

MARTHA.

Some one who should have stayed at home.

COREY (*restraining himself*).

I see!

Don't vex me, Martha. Tell me where it  
is.

MARTHA.

I've hidden it away.

COREY.

Go fetch it me.

MARTHA.

Go find it.

COREY.

No. I'll ride down to the village  
Bare-back; and when the people stare and  
say,

"Giles Corey, where's your saddle?" I  
will answer,

"A Witch has stolen it." How shall you  
like that?

MARTHA.

I shall not like it.

COREY.

Then go fetch the saddle.

[Exit MARTHA.

If an old man will marry a young wife,  
Why then — why then — why then — he  
must spell Baker !

Enter MARTHA with the saddle, which she throws  
down.

MARTHA.

There ! There 's the saddle.

COREY.

Take it up.

MARTHA.

I won't !

COREY.

Then let it lie there. I'll ride to the vil-  
lage,  
And say you are a Witch.

MARTHA.

No, not that, Giles.

She takes up the saddle.

COREY.

Now come with me, and saddle the gray  
mare

With your own hands ; and you shall see  
me ride

Along the village road as is becoming  
Giles Corey of the Salem Farms, your hus-  
band ! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *The Green in front of the Meeting-  
house in Salem Village. People coming and  
going. Enter GILES COREY.*

COREY.

A melancholy end ! Who would have  
thought

That Bridget Bishop e'er would come to  
this ?

Accused, convicted, and condemned to death  
For Witchcraft ! And so good a woman  
too !

A FARMER.

Good morrow, neighbor Corey.

COREY (not hearing him).

Who is safe ?

How do I know but under my own roof  
I too may harbor Witches, and some Devil  
Be plotting and contriving against me ?

FARMER.

He does not hear. Good morrow, neighbor  
Corey !

COREY.

Good morrow.

FARMER.

Have you seen John Proctor lately ?

COREY.

No, I have not.

FARMER.

Then do not see him, Corey.

COREY.

Why should I not ?

FARMER.

Because he 's angry with you.  
So keep out of his way. Avoid a quarrel.

COREY.

Why does he seek to fix a quarrel on me ?

FARMER.

He says you burned his house.

COREY.

I burn his house ?  
If he says that, John Proctor is a liar !

The night his house was burned I was in  
bed,

And I can prove it ! Why, we are old  
friends !

He could not say that of me.

FARMER.

He did say it.

I heard him say it.

COREY.

Then he shall unsay it.

FARMER.

He said you did it out of spite to him  
For taking part against you in the quar-  
rel

You had with your John Gloyd about his  
wages.

He says you murdered Goodell ; that you  
trampled

Upon his body till he breathed no more.  
And so beware of him ; that's my advice !

[Exit.

COREY.

By Heaven ! this is too much ! I'll seek  
him out,  
And make him eat his words, or strangle  
him.

I'll not be slandered at a time like this,  
When every word is made an accusation,  
When every whisper kills, and every man  
Walks with a halter round his neck !

*Enter GLOYD in haste.*

What now ?

GLOYD.

I came to look for you. The cattle —

COREY.

Well,  
What of them ? Have you found them ?

GLOYD.

They are dead.  
I followed them through the woods, across  
the meadows ;  
Then they all leaped into the Ipswich River,  
And swam across, but could not climb the  
bank,  
And so were drowned.

COREY.

You are to blame for this ;  
For you took down the bars, and let them  
loose.

GLOYD.

That I deny. They broke the fences down.  
You know they were bewitched.

COREY.

Ah, my poor cattle !  
The Evil Eye was on them ; that is true.  
Day of disaster ! Most unlucky day !  
Why did I leave my ploughing and my  
reaping  
To plough and reap this Sodom and Gomor-  
rah ?  
Oh, I could drown myself for sheer vexa-  
tion ! *[Exit.]*

GLOYD.

He's going for his cattle. He won't find  
them.

By this time they have drifted out to sea.  
They will not break his fences any more,  
Though they may break his heart. And  
what care I ? *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. — COREY's kitchen, *A table with  
supper.* MARTHA knitting.

MARTHA.

He's come at last. I hear him in the pas-  
sage.

Something has gone amiss with him to-day ;  
I know it by his step, and by the sound  
The door made as he shut it. He is angry.

*Enter COREY with his riding-whip. As he speaks  
he takes off his hat and gloves, and throws them  
down violently.*

COREY.

I say if Satan ever entered man  
He's in John Proctor !

MARTHA.

Giles, what is the matter ?  
You frighten me.

COREY.

I say if any man  
Can have a Devil in him, then that man  
Is Proctor, — is John Proctor, and no  
other !

MARTHA.

Why, what has he been doing ?

COREY.

Everything !  
What do you think I heard there in the  
village ?

MARTHA.

I'm sure I cannot guess. What did you  
hear ?

COREY.

He says I burned his house !

MARTHA.

Does he say that ?

COREY.

He says I burned his house. I was in bed  
And fast asleep that night ; and I can  
prove it.

MARTHA.

If he says that, I think the Father of Lies  
Is surely in the man.

COREY.

He does say that,  
And that I did it to wreak vengeance on  
him  
For taking sides against me in the quarrel  
I had with that John Gloyd about his wages.

And God knows that I never bore him mal-  
ice  
For that, as I have told him twenty times !

MARTHA.

It is John Gloyd has stirred him up to this.  
I do not like that Gloyd. I think him  
crafty,  
Not to be trusted, sullen, and untruthful.  
Come, have your supper. You are tired  
and hungry.

COREY.

I'm angry, and not hungry.

MARTHA.

Do eat something.  
You'll be the better for it.

COREY (*sitting down*).

I'm not hungry.

MARTHA.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

COREY.

It has gone down upon it, and will rise  
To-morrow, and go down again upon it.  
They have trumped up against me the old  
story  
Of causing Goodell's death by trampling on  
him.

MARTHA.

Oh, that is false. I know it to be false.

COREY.

He has been dead these fourteen years or  
more.

Why can't they let him rest ? Why must  
they drag him

Out of his grave to give me a bad name ?

I did not kill him. In his bed he died,  
As most men die, because his hour had  
come.

I have wronged no man. Why should  
Proctor say

Such things about me ? I will not forgive  
him

Till he confesses he has slandered me.

Then, I've more trouble. All my cattle  
gone.

MARTHA.

They will come back again.

COREY.

Not in this world.  
Did I not tell you they were overlooked ?  
They ran down through the woods, into the  
meadows,  
And tried to swim the river, and were  
drowned.  
It is a heavy loss.

MARTHA.

I'm sorry for it.

COREY.

All my dear oxen dead. I loved them,  
Martha,  
Next to yourself. I liked to look at them,  
And watch the breath come out of their wide  
nostrils,  
And see their patient eyes. Somehow I  
thought  
It gave me strength only to look at them.  
And how they strained their necks against  
the yoke  
If I but spoke, or touched them with the  
goad !  
They were my friends ; and when Gloyd  
came and told me  
They were all drowned, I could have  
drowned myself  
From sheer vexation ; and I said as much  
To Gloyd and others.

MARTHA.

Do not trust John Gloyd  
With anything you would not have re-  
peated.

COREY.

As I came through the woods this after-  
noon,  
Impatient at my loss, and much perplexed  
With all that I had heard there in the vil-  
lage,  
The yellow leaves lit up the trees about me  
Like an enchanted palace, and I wished  
I knew enough of magic or of Witchcraft  
To change them into gold. Then suddenly  
A tree shook down some crimson leaves  
upon me,  
Like drops of blood, and in the path before  
me  
Stood Tituba the Indian, the old crone.

MARTHA.

Were you not frightened ?

COREY.

No, I do not think  
I know the meaning of that word. Why  
frightened?

I am not one of those who think the Lord  
Is waiting till He catches them some day  
In the back yard alone! What should I  
fear?

She started from the bushes by the path,  
And had a basket full of herbs and roots  
For some witch-broth or other,—the old  
hag!

MARTHA.

She has been here to-day.

COREY.

With hand outstretched  
She said: "Giles Corey, will you sign the  
Book?"

"Avaunt!" I cried: "Get thee behind  
me, Satan!"  
At which she laughed and left me. But a  
voice

Was whispering in my ear continually:  
"Self-murder is no crime. The life of  
man

Is his, to keep it or to throw away!"

MARTHA.

'T was a temptation of the Evil One!  
Giles, Giles! why will you harbor these  
dark thoughts?

COREY (*rising*).

I am too tired to talk. I'll go to bed.

MARTHA.

First tell me something about Bridget  
Bishop.

How did she look? You saw her? You  
were there?

COREY.

I'll tell you that to-morrow, not to-night.  
I'll go to bed.

MARTHA.

First let us pray together.

COREY.

I cannot pray to-night.

MARTHA.

Say the Lord's Prayer,  
And that will comfort you.

COREY.

I cannot say,  
"As we forgive those that have sinned  
against us,"  
When I do not forgive them.

MARTHA (*kneeling on the hearth*).

God forgive you!

COREY.

I will not make believe! I say, to-night  
There's something thwarts me when I wish  
to pray,  
And thrusts into my mind, instead of  
prayers,

Hate and revenge, and things that are not  
prayers.

Something of my old self,—my old, bad  
life,—

And the old Adam in me, rises up,  
And will not let me pray. I am afraid  
The Devil hinders me. You know I say  
Just what I think, and nothing more nor  
less,

And, when I pray, my heart is in my  
prayer,

I cannot say one thing and mean another.  
If I can't pray, I will not make believe!

[*Exit COREY. MARTHA continues kneeling.*]

## ACT III

SCENE I. — GILES COREY's kitchen. *Morning.*  
COREY and MARTHA sitting at the breakfast-  
table.

COREY (*rising*).

Well, now I've told you all I saw and  
heard

Of Bridget Bishop; and I must be gone.

MARTHA.

Don't go into the village, Giles, to-day.  
Last night you came back tired and out of  
humor.

COREY.

Say, angry; say, right angry. I was never  
In a more devilish temper in my life.  
All things went wrong with me.

MARTHA.

You were much vexed;  
So don't go to the village.

COREY (*going*).

No, I won't.  
I won't go near it. We are going to mow  
The Ipswich meadows for the aftermath,  
The crop of sedge and rowens.

MARTHA.

Stay a moment.  
I want to tell you what I dreamed last  
night.  
Do you believe in dreams?

COREY.

Why, yes and no.  
When they come true, then I believe in  
them;  
When they come false, I don't believe in  
them.  
But let me hear. What did you dream  
about?

MARTHA.

I dreamed that you and I were both in  
prison;  
That we had fetters on our hands and feet;  
That we were taken before the Magis-  
trates,  
And tried for Witchcraft, and condemned  
to death!  
I wished to pray; they would not let me  
pray;  
You tried to comfort me, and they forbade  
it.  
But the most dreadful thing in all my dream  
Was that they made you testify against  
me!  
And then there came a kind of mist be-  
tween us;  
I could not see you; and I woke in terror.  
I never was more thankful in my life  
Than when I found you sleeping at my  
side!

COREY (*with tenderness*).

It was our talk last night that made you  
dream.  
I'm sorry for it. I'll control myself  
Another time, and keep my temper down!  
I do not like such dreams. — Remember,  
Martha,  
I'm going to mow the Ipswich River  
meadows;  
If Gardner comes, you'll tell him where  
to find me. *[Exit.]*

MARTHA.

So this delusion grows from bad to worse.  
First, a forsaken and forlorn old woman,  
Ragged and wretched, and without a  
friend;  
Then something higher. Now it's Bridget  
Bishop;  
God only knows whose turn it will be next!  
The Magistrates are blind, the people mad!  
If they would only seize the Afflicted Chil-  
dren,  
And put them in the Workhouse, where  
they should be,  
There'd be an end of all this wickedness.  
*[Exit.]*

SCENE II. — *A street in Salem Village.* Enter  
MATHER and HATHORNE.

MATHER.

Yet one thing troubles me.

HATHORNE.

And what is that?

MATHER.

May not the Devil take the outward shape  
Of innocent persons? Are we not in dan-  
ger,  
Perhaps, of punishing some who are not  
guilty?

HATHORNE.

As I have said, we do not trust alone  
To spectral evidence.

MATHER.

And then again,  
If any shall be put to death for Witch-  
craft,  
We do but kill the body, not the soul.  
The Unclean Spirits that possessed them  
once  
Live still, to enter into other bodies.  
What have we gained? Surely, there's  
nothing gained.

HATHORNE.

Doth not the Scripture say, "Thou shalt  
not suffer  
A Witch to live?"

MATHER.

The Scripture sayeth it,  
But speaketh to the Jews; and we are  
Christians.  
What say the laws of England?

HATHORNE.

They make Witchcraft  
Felony without the benefit of Clergy.  
Witches are burned in England. You  
have read —  
For you read all things, not a book escapes  
you —  
The famous Demonology of King James ?

MATHER.

A curious volume. I remember also  
The plot of the Two Hundred, with one  
Fian,  
The Registrar of the Devil, at their head,  
To drown his Majesty on his return  
From Denmark ; how they sailed in sieves  
or riddles  
Unto North Berwick Kirk in Lothian,  
And, landing there, danced hand in hand,  
and sang,  
“ Goodwife, go ye before ! goodwife, go ye !  
If ye ’ll not go before, goodwife, let me ! ”  
While Geilis Duncan played the Witches’  
Reel  
Upon a jews-harp.

HATHORNE.

Then you know full well  
The English law, and that in England  
Witches,  
When lawfully convicted and attainted,  
Are put to death.

MATHER.

When lawfully convicted ;  
That is the point.

HATHORNE.

You heard the evidence  
Produced before us yesterday at the trial  
Of Bridget Bishop.

MATHER.

One of the Afflicted,  
I know, bore witness to the apparition  
Of ghosts unto the spectre of this Bishop,  
Saying, “ You murdered us ! ” of the truth  
whereof  
There was in matter of fact too much sus-  
picion.

HATHORNE.

And when she cast her eyes on the Af-  
flicted,  
They were struck down ; and this in such a  
manner

There could be no collusion in the busi-  
ness.

And when the accused but laid her hand  
upon them,  
As they lay in their swoons, they straight  
revived,  
Although they stirred not when the others  
touched them.

MATHER.

What most convinced me of the woman’s  
guilt  
Was finding hidden in her cellar wall  
Those poppets made of rags, with headless  
pins  
Stuck into them point outwards, and  
whereof  
She could not give a reasonable account.

HATHORNE.

When you shall read the testimony given  
Before the Court in all the other cases,  
I am persuaded you will find the proof  
No less conclusive than it was in this.  
Come, then, with me, and I will tax your  
patience  
With reading of the documents so far  
As may convince you that these sorcerers  
Are lawfully convicted and attainted.  
Like doubting Thomas, you shall lay your  
hand  
Upon these wounds, and you will doubt no  
more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — *A room in COREY’S house. MAR-  
THA and two Deacons of the church.*

MARTHA.

Be seated. I am glad to see you here.  
I know what you are come for. You are  
come  
To question me, and learn from my own  
lips  
If I have any dealings with the Devil ;  
In short, if I ’m a Witch.

DEACON (*sitting down*).

Such is our purpose.  
How could you know beforehand why we  
came ?

MARTHA.

’T was only a surmise.

DEACON.

We came to ask you,  
You being with us in church covenant,  
What part you have, if any, in these  
matters.

MARTHA.

And I make answer, No part whatsoever.  
I am a farmer's wife, a working woman ;  
You see my spinning-wheel, you see my  
loom,  
You know the duties of a farmer's wife,  
And are not ignorant that my life among  
you  
Has been without reproach until this day.  
Is it not true ?

DEACON.

So much we're bound to own ;  
And say it frankly, and without reserve.

MARTHA.

I've heard the idle tales that are abroad ;  
I've heard it whispered that I am a Witch ;  
I cannot help it. I do not believe  
In any Witchcraft. It is a delusion.

DEACON.

How can you say that it is a delusion,  
When all our learned and good men believe  
it ? —  
Our Ministers and worshipful Magistrates ?

MARTHA.

Their eyes are blinded, and see not the  
truth.  
Perhaps one day they will be open to it.

DEACON.

You answer boldly. The Afflicted Chil-  
dren  
Say you appeared to them.

MARTHA.

And did they say  
What clothes I came in ?

DEACON.

No, they could not tell.  
They said that you foresaw our visit here,  
And blinded them, so that they could not  
see  
The clothes you wore.

MARTHA.

The cunning, crafty girls !  
I say to you, in all sincerity,

I never have appeared to any one  
In my own person. If the Devil takes  
My shape to hurt these children, or afflict  
them,  
I am not guilty of it. And I say  
It's all a mere delusion of the senses.

DEACON.

I greatly fear that you will find too late  
It is not so.

MARTHA (*rising*).

They do accuse me falsely.  
It is delusion, or it is deceit.  
There is a story in the ancient Scriptures  
Which much I wonder comes not to your  
minds.  
Let me repeat it to you.

DEACON.

We will hear it.

MARTHA.

It came to pass that Naboth had a vineyard  
Hard by the palace of the King called  
Ahab.

And Ahab, King of Israel, spake to Naboth,  
And said to him, Give unto me thy vine-  
yard,

That I may have it for a garden of herbs,  
And I will give a better vineyard for it,  
Or, if it seemeth good to thee, its worth  
In money. And then Naboth said to Ahab,  
The Lord forbid it me that I should give  
The inheritance of my fathers unto thee.  
And Ahab came into his house displeased  
And heavy at the words which Naboth  
spake,  
And laid him down upon his bed, and  
turned

His face away ; and he would eat no bread.  
And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, came  
And said to him, Why is thy spirit sad ?  
And he said unto her, Because I spake  
To Naboth, to the Jezreelite, and said,  
Give me thy vineyard ; and he answered,  
saying,

I will not give my vineyard unto thee.  
And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, said,  
Dost thou not rule the realm of Israel ?  
Arise, eat bread, and let thy heart be  
merry ;

I will give Naboth's vineyard unto thee.  
So she wrote letters in King Ahab's name,  
And sealed them with his seal, and sent the  
letters

Unto the elders that were in his city

Dwelling with Naboth, and unto the nobles ;  
And in the letters wrote, Proclaim a fast ;  
And set this Naboth high among the  
people,

And set two men, the sons of Belial,  
Before him, to bear witness and to say,  
Thou didst blaspheme against God and the  
King ;

And carry him out and stone him, that he  
die !

And the elders and the nobles in the city  
Did even as Jezebel, the wife of Ahab,  
Had sent to them and written in the letters.

And then it came to pass, when Ahab  
heard

Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose to go  
Down unto Naboth's vineyard, and to take  
Possession of it. And the word of God  
Came to Elijah, saying to him, Arise,  
Go down to meet the King of Israel  
In Naboth's vineyard, whither he hath gone  
To take possession. Thou shalt speak to  
him,

Saying, Thus saith the Lord ! What ! hast  
thou killed

And also taken possession ? In the place  
Wherein the dogs have licked the blood of  
Naboth

Shall the dogs lick thy blood, — ay, even  
thine !

*Both of the Deacons start from their seats.*

And Ahab then, the King of Israel,  
Said, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy ?  
Elijah the Prophet answered, I have found  
thee !

So will it be with those who have stirred up  
The Sons of Belial here to bear false wit-  
ness

And swear away the lives of innocent peo-  
ple ;

Their enemy will find them out at last,  
The Prophet's voice will thunder, I have  
found thee ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *Meadows on Ipswich River. COREY  
and his men mowing ; COREY in advance.*

COREY.

Well done, my men. You see, I lead the  
field !

I'm an old man, but I can swing a scythe  
Better than most of you, though you be  
younger.

*Hangs his scythe upon a tree.*

GLOYD (*aside to the others*).

How strong he is ! It's supernatural.  
No man so old as he is has such strength.  
The Devil helps him !

COREY (*wiping his forehead*).

Now we'll rest awhile,  
And take our nooning. What's the mat-  
ter with you ?

You are not angry with me, — are you,  
Gloyd ?

Come, come, we will not quarrel. Let's be  
friends.

It's an old story, that the Raven said,  
"Read the Third of Colossians and fif-  
teenth."

GLOYD.

You're handier at the scythe, but I can  
beat you  
At wrestling.

COREY.

Well, perhaps so. I don't know.  
I never wrestled with you. Why, you're  
vexed !

Come, come, don't bear a grudge.

GLOYD.

You are afraid.

COREY.

What should I be afraid of ? All bear  
witness

The challenge comes from him. Now,  
then, my man.

*They wrestle, and GLOYD is thrown.*

ONE OF THE MEN.

That's a fair fall.

ANOTHER.

'T was nothing but a foil !

OTHERS.

You've hurt him !

COREY (*helping GLOYD rise*).

No ; this meadow-land is soft.  
You're not hurt, — are you, Gloyd ?

GLOYD (*rising*).

No, not much hurt.

COREY.

Well, then, shake hands ; and there's an  
end of it.

How do you like that Cornish hug, my lad ?  
And now we 'll see what 's in our basket  
here.

GLOYD (*aside*).

The Devil and all his imps are in that  
man !  
The clutch of his ten fingers burns like  
fire !

COREY (*reverentially taking off his hat*).

God bless the food He hath provided for  
us,  
And make us thankful for it, for Christ's  
sake !

*He lifts up a keg of cider, and drinks from it.*

GLOYD.

Do you see that ? Don't tell me it's not  
Witchcraft.  
Two of us could not lift that cask as he  
does !

COREY *puts down the keg, and opens a basket. A  
voice is heard calling.*

VOICE.

Ho ! Corey, Corey !

COREY.

What is that ? I surely  
Heard some one calling me by name !

VOICE.

Giles Corey !

*Enter a boy, running, and out of breath.*

BOY.

Is Master Corey here ?

COREY.

Yes, here I am.

BOY.

O Master Corey !

COREY.

Well ?

BOY.

Your wife — your wife —

COREY.

What 's happened to my wife ?

BOY.

She 's sent to prison !

COREY.

The dream ! the dream ! O God, be mer-  
ciful !

BOY.

She sent me here to tell you.

COREY (*putting on his jacket*).

Where 's my horse ?  
Don't stand there staring, fellows. Where 's  
my horse ? *[Exit COREY.]*

GLOYD.

Under the trees there. Run, old man, run,  
run !

You 've got some one to wrestle with you  
now

Who 'll trip your heels up, with your Cor-  
nish hug.

If there 's a Devil, he has got you now.

Ah, there he goes ! His horse is snorting  
fire !

ONE OF THE MEN.

John Gloyd, don't talk so ! It 's a shame  
to talk so !

He 's a good master, though you quarrel  
with him.

GLOYD.

If hard work and low wages make good  
masters,

Then he is one. But I think otherwise.

Come, let us have our dinner and be merry,  
And talk about the old man and the  
Witches.

I know some stories that will make you  
laugh.

*They sit down on the grass, and eat.*

Now there are Goody Cloyse and Goody  
Good,

Who have not got a decent tooth between  
them,

And yet these children — the Afflicted  
Children —

Say that they bite them, and show marks  
of teeth

Upon their arms !

ONE OF THE MEN.

That makes the wonder greater.  
That 's Witchcraft. Why, if they had teeth  
like yours,

'T would be no wonder if the girls were  
bitten !

GLOYD.

And then those ghosts that come out of  
their graves  
And cry, "You murdered us! you mur-  
dered us!"

ONE OF THE MEN.

And all those Apparitions that stick pins  
Into the flesh of the Afflicted Children!

GLOYD.

Oh those Afflicted Children! They know  
well  
Where the pins come from. I can tell you  
that.  
And there's old Corey, he has got a horse-  
shoe  
Nailed on his doorstep to keep off the  
Witches,  
And all the same his wife has gone to  
prison.

ONE OF THE MEN.

Oh, she's no Witch. I'll swear that Good-  
wife Corey  
Never did harm to any living creature.  
She's a good woman, if there ever was  
one.

GLOYD.

Well, we shall see. As for that Bridget  
Bishop,  
She has been tried before; some years  
ago  
A negro testified he saw her shape  
Sitting upon the rafters in a barn,  
And holding in its hand an egg; and while  
He went to fetch his pitchfork, she had  
vanished.  
And now be quiet, will you? I am tired,  
And want to sleep here on the grass a  
little.

*They stretch themselves on the grass.*

ONE OF THE MEN.

There may be Witches riding through the  
air  
Over our heads on broomsticks at this mo-  
ment,  
Bound for some Satan's Sabbath in the  
woods  
To be baptized.

GLOYD.

I wish they'd take you with them.  
And hold you under water, head and ears,

Till you were drowned; and that would  
stop your talking,  
If nothing else will. Let me sleep, I say.

## ACT IV

SCENE I. — *The Green in front of the village  
Meeting-house. An excited crowd gathering.*  
*Enter JOHN GLOYD.*

A FARMER.

Who will be tried to-day?

A SECOND.

I do not know.  
Here is John Gloyd. Ask him; he knows.

FARMER.

John Gloyd,  
Whose turn is it to-day?

GLOYD.

It's Goodwife Corey's.

FARMER.

Giles Corey's wife?

GLOYD.

The same. She is not mine.  
It will go hard with her with all her pray-  
ing.  
The hypocrite! She's always on her  
knees;  
But she prays to the Devil when she prays.  
Let us go in.

*A trumpet blows.*

FARMER.

Here come the Magistrates.

SECOND FARMER.

Who's the tall man in front?

GLOYD.

Oh, that is Hathorne,  
A Justice of the Court, and Quartermaster  
In the Three County Troop. He'll sift  
the matter.  
That's Corwin with him; and the man in  
black  
Is Cotton Mather, Minister of Boston.

*Enter HATHORNE and other Magistrates on  
horseback, followed by the Sheriff, constables,  
and attendants on foot. The Magistrates dis-  
mount, and enter the Meeting-house, with the  
rest.*

FARMER.

The Meeting-house is full. I never saw  
So great a crowd before.

GLOYD.

No matter. Come.  
We shall find room enough by elbowing  
Our way among them. Put your shoulder  
to it.

FARMER.

There were not half so many at the trial  
Of Goodwife Bishop.

GLOYD.

Keep close after me.  
I'll find a place for you. They'll want me  
there.  
I am a friend of Corey's, as you know,  
And he can't do without me just at present.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Interior of the Meeting-house.*  
MATHER and the Magistrates seated in front  
of the pulpit. Before them a raised platform.  
MARTHA in chains. COREY near her. MARY  
WALCOT in a chair. A crowd of spectators,  
among them GLOYD. Confusion and murmurs  
during the scene.

HATHORNE.

Call Martha Corey.

MARTHA.

I am here.

HATHORNE.

Come forward.

*She ascends the platform.*

The Jurors of our Sovereign Lord and Lady  
The King and Queen, here present, do ac-  
cuse you

Of having on the tenth of June last past,  
And divers other times before and after,  
Wickedly used and practised certain arts  
Called Witchcrafts, Sorceries, and Incanta-  
tions,

Against one Mary Walcot, single woman,  
Of Salem Village ; by which wicked arts  
The aforesaid Mary Walcot was tor-  
mented,

Tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, and  
wasted,

Against the peace of our Sovereign Lord  
and Lady

The King and Queen, as well as of the  
Statute  
Made and provided in that case. What  
say you ?

MARTHA.

Before I answer, give me leave to pray.

HATHORNE.

We have not sent for you, nor are we here,  
To hear you pray, but to examine you  
In whatsoever is alleged against you.  
Why do you hurt this person ?

MARTHA.

I do not.

I am not guilty of the charge against me.

MARY.

Avoid, she-devil ! You may torment me  
now !  
Avoid, avoid, Witch !

MARTHA.

I am innocent.

I never had to do with any Witchcraft  
Since I was born. I am a gospel woman.

MARY.

You are a gospel Witch !

MARTHA (*clapping her hands*).

Ah me ! ah me !

Oh, give me leave to pray !

MARY (*stretching out her hands*).

She hurts me now.

See, she has pinched my hands !

HATHORNE.

Who made these marks

Upon her hands ?

MARTHA.

I do not know. I stand  
Apart from her. I did not touch her hands.

HATHORNE.

Who hurt her then ?

MARTHA.

I know not.

HATHORNE.

She is bewitched

Do you think

MARTHA.

Indeed I do not think so.  
I am no Witch, and have no faith in  
Witches.

HATHORNE.

Then answer me : When certain persons  
came  
To see you yesterday, how did you know  
Beforehand why they came ?

MARTHA.

I had had speech ;  
The children said I hurt them, and I  
thought  
These people came to question me about it.

HATHORNE.

How did you know the children had been  
told  
To note the clothes you wore ?

MARTHA.

My husband told me  
What others said about it.

HATHORNE.

Goodman Corey,  
Say, did you tell her ?

COREY.

I must speak the truth ;  
I did not tell her. It was some one else.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say your husband told you so ?  
How dare you tell a lie in this assembly ?  
Who told you of the clothes ? Confess the  
truth.

*MARTHA bites her lips, and is silent.*

You bite your lips, but do not answer me !

MARY.

Ah, she is biting me ! Avoid, avoid !

HATHORNE.

You said your husband told you.

MARTHA.

Yes, he told me  
The children said I troubled them.

HATHORNE.

Then tell me,  
Why do you trouble them ?

MARTHA.

I have denied it.

MARY.

She threatened me ; stabbed at me with  
her spindle ;  
And, when my brother thrust her with his  
sword,  
He tore her gown, and cut a piece away.  
Here are they both, the spindle and the  
cloth.

*Shows them.*

HATHORNE.

And there are persons here who know the  
truth  
Of what has now been said. What answer  
make you ?

MARTHA.

I make no answer. Give me leave to pray.

HATHORNE.

Whom would you pray to ?

MARTHA.

To my God and Father.

HATHORNE.

Who is your God and Father ?

MARTHA.

The Almighty !

HATHORNE.

Doth he you pray to say that he is God ?  
It is the Prince of Darkness, and not God.

MARY.

There is a dark shape whispering in her  
ear.

HATHORNE.

What does it say to you ?

MARTHA.

I see no shape.

HATHORNE.

Did you not hear it whisper ?

MARTHA.

I heard nothing.

MARY.

What torture ! Ah, what agony I suffer !  
*Falls into a swoon.*

HATHORNE.

You see this woman cannot stand before  
 you.

If you would look for mercy, you must look  
 In God's way, by confession of your guilt.  
 Why does your spectre haunt and hurt this  
 person ?

MARTHA.

I do not know. He who appeared of old  
 In Samuel's shape, a saint and glorified,  
 May come in whatsoever shape he chooses.  
 I cannot help it. I am sick at heart !

COREY.

O Martha, Martha ! let me hold your hand.

HATHORNE.

No ; stand aside, old man.

MARY (*starting up*).

Look there ! Look there !  
 I see a little bird, a yellow bird,  
 Perched on her finger ; and it pecks at me.  
 Ah, it will tear mine eyes out !

MARTHA.

I see nothing.

HATHORNE.

'Tis the Familiar Spirit that attends her.

MARY.

Now it has flown away. It sits up there  
 Upon the rafters. It is gone ; is vanished.

MARTHA.

Giles, wipe these tears of anger from mine  
 eyes.

Wipe the sweat from my forehead. I am  
 faint.

*She leans against the railing.*

MARY.

Oh, she is crushing me with all her weight !

HATHORNE.

Did you not carry once the Devil's Book  
 To this young woman ?

MARTHA.

Never.

HATHORNE.

Have you signed it,  
 Or touched it ?

MARTHA.

No ; I never saw it.

HATHORNE.

Did you not scourge her with an iron rod ?

MARTHA.

No, I did not. If any Evil Spirit  
 Has taken my shape to do these evil deeds,  
 I cannot help it. I am innocent.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say the Magistrates were  
 blind ?

That you would open their eyes ?

MARTHA (*with a scornful laugh*).

Yes, I said that ;  
 If you call me a sorceress, you are blind !  
 If you accuse the innocent, you are blind !  
 Can the innocent be guilty ?

HATHORNE.

Did you not  
 On one occasion hide your husband's saddle  
 To hinder him from coming to the Ses-  
 sions ?

MARTHA.

I thought it was a folly in a farmer  
 To waste his time pursuing such illusions.

HATHORNE.

What was the bird that this young woman  
 saw  
 Just now upon your hand ?

MARTHA.

I know no bird.

HATHORNE.

Have you not dealt with a Familiar Spirit ?

MARTHA.

No, never, never !

HATHORNE.

What then was the Book  
 You showed to this young woman, and  
 besought her  
 To write in it ?

MARTHA.

Where should I have a book ?  
I showed her none, nor have none.

MARY.

The next Sabbath  
Is the Communion Day, but Martha Corey  
Will not be there !

MARTHA.

Ah, you are all against me.  
What can I do or say ?

HATHORNE.

You can confess.

MARTHA.

No, I cannot, for I am innocent.

HATHORNE.

We have the proof of many witnesses  
That you are guilty.

MARTHA.

Give me leave to speak.  
Will you condemn me on such evidence, —  
You who have known me for so many  
years ?

Will you condemn me in this house of God,  
Where I so long have worshipped with you  
all ?

Where I have eaten the bread and drunk  
the wine

So many times at our Lord's Table with  
you ?

Bear witness, you that hear me ; you all  
know

That I have led a blameless life among  
you,

That never any whisper of suspicion  
Was breathed against me till this accusa-  
tion.

And shall this count for nothing ? Will  
you take

My life away from me, because this girl,  
Who is distraught, and not in her right  
mind,

Accuses me of things I blush to name ?

HATHORNE.

What ! is it not enough ? Would you  
hear more ?

Giles Corey !

COREY.

I am here.

HATHORNE.

Come forward, then.

COREY *ascends the platform.*

Is it not true, that on a certain night  
You were impeded strangely in your  
prayers ?

That something hindered you ? and that  
you left

This woman here, your wife, kneeling  
alone

Upon the hearth ?

COREY.

Yes ; I cannot deny it.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say the Devil hindered you ?

COREY.

I think I said some words to that effect.

HATHORNE.

Is it not true, that fourteen head of cattle,  
To you belonging, broke from their en-  
closure

And leaped into the river, and were  
drowned ?

COREY.

It is most true.

HATHORNE.

And did you not then say  
That they were overlooked ?

COREY.

So much I said.  
I see ; they're drawing round me closer,  
closer,  
A net I cannot break, cannot escape from !  
(*Aside.*)

HATHORNE.

Who did these things ?

COREY.

I do not know who did them.

HATHORNE.

Then I will tell you. It is some one near  
you ;

You see her now ; this woman, your own  
wife.

COREY.

I call the heavens to witness, it is false !  
She never harmed me, never hindered me

In anything but what I should not do  
And I bear witness in the sight of heaven,  
And in God's house here, that I never knew  
her

As otherwise than patient, brave, and true,  
Faithful, forgiving, full of charity,  
A virtuous and industrious and good wife !

HATHORNE.

Tut, tut, man ; do not rant so in your  
speech ;

You are a witness, not an advocate !  
Here, Sheriff, take this woman back to  
prison.

MARTHA.

O Giles, this day you've sworn away my  
life !

MARY.

Go, go and join the Witches at the door.  
Do you not hear the drum ? Do you not  
see them ?

Go quick. They're waiting for you. You  
are late.

[Exit MARTHA ; COREY following.]

COREY.

The dream ! the dream ! the dream !

HATHORNE.

What does he say ?  
Giles Corey, go not hence. You are your-  
self

Accused of Witchcraft and of Sorcery  
By many witnesses. Say, are you guilty ?

COREY.

I know my death is foreordained by you, —  
Mine and my wife's. Therefore I will not  
answer.

*During the rest of the scene he remains silent.*

HATHORNE.

Do you refuse to plead ? — 'T were better  
for you

To make confession, or to plead Not  
Guilty. —

Do you not hear me ? — Answer, are you  
guilty ?

Do you not know a heavier doom awaits  
you,

If you refuse to plead, than if found  
guilty ?

Where is John Gloyd ?

GLOYD (*coming forward*).

Here am I.

HATHORNE.

Tell the Court ;  
Have you not seen the supernatural power  
Of this old man ? Have you not seen him  
do  
Strange feats of strength ?

GLOYD.

I've seen him lead the field,  
On a hot day, in mowing, and against  
Us younger men ; and I have wrestled with  
him.

He threw me like a feather. I have seen  
him

Lift up a barrel with his single hands,  
Which two strong men could hardly lift to-  
gether,  
And, holding it above his head, drink from  
it.

HATHORNE.

That is enough ; we need not question  
further.

What answer do you make to this, Giles  
Corey ?

MARY.

See there ! See there !

HATHORNE.

What is it ? I see nothing.

MARY.

Look ! Look ! It is the ghost of Robert  
Goodell,

Whom fifteen years ago this man did mur-  
der

By stamping on his body ! In his shroud  
He comes here to bear witness to the  
crime !

*The crowd shrinks back from COREY in horror.*

HATHORNE.

Ghosts of the dead and voices of the liv-  
ing

Bear witness to your guilt, and you must  
die !

It might have been an easier death. Your  
doom

Will be on your own head, and not on ours.  
Twice more will you be questioned of these  
things ;

Twice more have room to plead or to confess.

If you are contumacious to the Court,  
And if, when questioned, you refuse to answer,

Then by the Statute you will be condemned  
To the *peine forte et dure* ! To have your  
body

Pressed by great weights until you shall be  
dead !

And may the Lord have mercy on your  
soul !

## ACT V

SCENE I. — COREY'S farm as in Act II., Scene  
I. Enter RICHARD GARDNER, looking round  
him.

GARDNER.

Here stands the house as I remember it,  
The four tall poplar-trees before the door ;  
The house, the barn, the orchard, and the  
well,

With its moss-covered bucket and its  
trough ;

The garden, with its hedge of currant-  
bushes ;

The woods, the harvest-fields ; and, far be-  
yond,

The pleasant landscape stretching to the  
sea.

But everything is silent and deserted !  
No bleat of flocks, no bellowing of herds,  
No sound of flails, that should be beating  
now ;

Nor man nor beast astir. What can this  
mean ?

*Knocks at the door.*

What ho ! Giles Corey ! Hillo-ho ! Giles  
Corey ! —

No answer but the echo from the barn,  
And the ill-omened cawing of the crow,  
That yonder wings his flight across the  
fields,

As if he scented carrion in the air.

*Enter TITUBA with a basket.*

What woman's this, that, like an apparition,  
Haunts this deserted homestead in broad  
day ?

Woman, who are you ?

TITUBA.

I 'm Tituba.

I am John Indian's wife. I am a Witch.

GARDNER.

What are you doing here ?

TITUBA.

I am gathering herbs, —  
Cinquefoil, and saxifrage, and pennyroyal.

GARDNER (*looking at the herbs*).

This is not cinquefoil, it is deadly night-  
shade !

This is not saxifrage, but hellebore !

This is not pennyroyal, it is henbane !

Do you come here to poison these good  
people ?

TITUBA.

I get these for the Doctor in the Village.  
Beware of Tituba. I pinch the children ;  
Make little poppets and stick pins in them,  
And then the children cry out they are  
pricked.

The Black Dog came to me, and said,  
"Serve me !"

I was afraid. He made me hurt the chil-  
dren.

GARDNER.

Poor soul ! She's crazed, with all these  
Devil's doings.

TITUBA.

Will you, sir, sign the Book ?

GARDNER.

No, I'll not sign it.

Where is Giles Corey ? Do you know  
Giles Corey ?

TITUBA.

He's safe enough. He's down there in  
the prison.

GARDNER.

Corey in prison ? What is he accused of ?

TITUBA.

Giles Corey and Martha Corey are in prison  
Down there in Salem Village. Both are  
Witches.

She came to me and whispered, "Kill the  
children !"

Both signed the Book !

GARDNER.

Begone, you imp of darkness !  
You Devil's dam !

TITUBA.

Beware of Tituba !

[Exit.

GARDNER.

How often out at sea on stormy nights,  
When the waves thundered round me, and  
the wind

Bellowed, and beat the canvas, and my ship  
Clove through the solid darkness, like a  
wedge,  
I've thought of him, upon his pleasant  
farm,

Living in quiet with his thrifty housewife,  
And envied him, and wished his fate were  
mine !

And now I find him shipwrecked utterly,  
Drifting upon this sea of sorceries,  
And lost, perhaps, beyond all aid of man!  
[Exit.

SCENE II. — *The prison. GILES COREY at a  
table on which are some papers.*

COREY.

Now I have done with earth and all its  
cares ;

I give my worldly goods to my dear chil-  
dren ;

My body I bequeath to my tormentors,  
And my immortal soul to Him who made  
it.

O God ! who in thy wisdom dost afflict me  
With an affliction greater than most men  
Have ever yet endured or shall endure,  
Suffer me not in this last bitter hour  
For any pains of death to fall from thee !

MARTHA is heard singing.

Arise, O righteous Lord !

And disappoint my foes ;

They are but thine avenging sword,  
Whose wounds are swift to close.

COREY.

Hark, hark ! it is her voice ! She is not  
dead !

She lives ! I am not utterly forsaken !

MARTHA, singing.

By thine abounding grace,  
And mercies multiplied,

I shall awake, and see thy face ;  
I shall be satisfied.

COREY hides his face in his hands. Enter the  
JAILER, followed by RICHARD GARDNER.

JAILER.

Here's a seafaring man, one Richard Gard-  
ner,  
A friend of yours, who asks to speak with  
you.

COREY rises. They embrace.

COREY.

I'm glad to see you, ay, right glad to see  
you.

GARDNER.

And I am most sorely grieved to see you  
thus.

COREY.

Of all the friends I had in happier days,  
You are the first, ay, and the only one,  
That comes to seek me out in my disgrace !  
And you but come in time to say farewell.  
They've dug my grave already in the field.  
I thank you. There is something in your  
presence,

I know not what it is, that gives me  
strength.

Perhaps it is the bearing of a man  
Familiar with all dangers of the deep,  
Familiar with the cries of drowning men,  
With fire, and wreck, and foundering ships  
at sea !

GARDNER.

Ah, I have never known a wreck like  
yours !  
Would I could save you !

COREY.

Do not speak of that.  
It is too late. I am resolved to die.

GARDNER.

Why would you die who have so much to  
live for ? —  
Your daughters, and —

COREY.

You cannot say the word.  
My daughters have gone from me. They  
are married ;  
They have their homes, their thoughts,  
apart from me ;

I will not say their hearts, — that were too cruel.

What would you have me do ?

GARDNER.

Confess and live.

COREY.

That's what they said who came here yesterday

To lay a heavy weight upon my conscience  
By telling me that I was driven forth  
As an unworthy member of their church.

GARDNER.

It is an awful death.

COREY.

'Tis but to drown,  
And have the weight of all the seas upon you.

GARDNER.

Say something ; say enough to fend off death

Till this tornado of fanaticism

Blows itself out. Let me come in between you

And your severer self, with my plain sense ;  
Do not be obstinate.

COREY.

I will not plead.

If I deny, I am condemned already,  
In courts where ghosts appear as witnesses,  
And swear men's lives away. If I confess,  
Then I confess a lie, to buy a life  
Which is not life, but only death in life.  
I will not bear false witness against any,  
Not even against myself, whom I count least.

GARDNER (*aside*).

Ah, what a noble character is this !

COREY.

I pray you, do not urge me to do that  
You would not do yourself. I have already  
The bitter taste of death upon my lips ;  
I feel the pressure of the heavy weight  
That will crush out my life within this hour ;  
But if a word could save me, and that word

Were not the Truth ; nay, if it did but serve

A hair's-breadth from the Truth, I would not say it !

GARDNER (*aside*).

How mean I seem beside a man like this !

COREY.

As for my wife, my Martha and my Martyr, —

Whose virtues, like the stars, unseen by day,  
Though numberless, do but await the dark  
To manifest themselves unto all eyes, —  
She who first won me from my evil ways,  
And taught me how to live by her example,  
By her example teaches me to die,  
And leads me onward to the better life !

SHERIFF (*without*).

Giles Corey ! Come ! The hour has struck !

COREY.

I come !

Here is my body ; ye may torture it,  
But the immortal soul ye cannot crush !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A street in the Village. Enter GLOYD and others.*

GLOYD.

Quick, or we shall be late !

A MAN.

That's not the way.  
Come here ; come up this lane.

GLOYD.

I wonder now  
If the old man will die, and will not speak ?  
He's obstinate enough and tough enough  
For anything on earth.

*A bell tolls.*

Hark ! What is that ?

A MAN.

The passing bell. He's dead !

GLOYD.

We are too late.

[*Exeunt in haste.*]

SCENE IV. — *A field near the graveyard. GILES COREY lying dead, with a great stone on his breast. The Sheriff at his head, RICHARD GARDNER at his feet. A crowd behind. The bell tolling. Enter HATHORNE and MATHER.*

HATHORNE.

This is the Potter's Field. Behold the fate  
Of those who deal in Witchcrafts, and,  
when questioned,

Refuse to plead their guilt or innocence,  
And stubbornly drag death upon them-  
selves.

MATHER.

O sight most horrible ! In a land like this,  
Spangled with Churches Evangelical,  
Inwrapped in our salvations, must we seek  
In mouldering statute-books of English  
Courts

Some old forgotten Law, to do such deeds ?  
Those who lie buried in the Potter's Field  
Will rise again, as surely as ourselves  
That sleep in honored graves with epitaphs ;  
And this poor man, whom we have made a  
victim,

Hereafter will be counted as a martyr !

### FINALE

SAINT JOHN

SAINT JOHN *wandering over the face of the Earth.*

SAINT JOHN.

THE Ages come and go,  
The Centuries pass as Years ;  
My hair is white as the snow,  
My feet are weary and slow,  
The earth is wet with my tears !  
The kingdoms crumble, and fall  
Apart, like a ruined wall,  
Or a bank that is undermined  
By a river's ceaseless flow,  
And leave no trace behind !  
The world itself is old ;  
The portals of Time unfold  
On hinges of iron, that grate  
And groan with the rust and the weight,  
Like the hinges of a gate  
That hath fallen to decay ;  
But the evil doth not cease ;  
There is war instead of peace,  
Instead of Love there is hate ;  
And still I must wander and wait,  
Still I must watch and pray,  
Not forgetting in whose sight,  
A thousand years in their flight  
Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam  
Of light, that comes and goes  
Like the course of the Holy Stream,  
The cityless river, that flows  
From fountains no one knows,  
Through the Lake of Galilee,

Through forests and level lands,  
Over rocks, and shallows, and sands  
Of a wilderness wild and vast,  
Till it findeth its rest at last  
In the desolate Dead Sea !  
But alas ! alas for me  
Not yet this rest shall be !

What, then ! doth Charity fail ?  
Is Faith of no avail ?  
Is Hope blown out like a light  
By a gust of wind in the night ?  
The clashing of creeds, and the strife  
Of the many beliefs, that in vain  
Perplex man's heart and brain,  
Are naught but the rustle of leaves,  
When the breath of God upheaves  
The boughs of the Tree of Life,  
And they subside again !  
And I remember still  
The words, and from whom they came,  
Not he that repeateth the name,  
But he that doeth the will !

And Him evermore I behold  
Walking in Galilee,  
Through the cornfield's waving gold,  
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,  
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.  
He toucheth the sightless eyes ;  
Before him the demons flee ;  
To the dead He sayeth : Arise !  
To the living : Follow me !  
And that voice still soundeth on  
From the centuries that are gone,  
To the centuries that shall be !

From all vain pomps and shows,  
From the pride that overflows,  
And the false conceits of men ;  
From all the narrow rules  
And subtleties of Schools,  
And the craft of tongue and pen ;  
Bewildered in its search,  
Bewildered with the cry :  
Lo, here ! lo, there, the Church !  
Poor, sad Humanity  
Through all the dust and heat  
Turns back with bleeding feet,  
By the weary road it came,  
Unto the simple thought  
By the great Master taught,  
And that remaineth still :  
Not he that repeateth the name,  
But he that doeth the will !

## JUDAS MACCABÆUS

The writing of this tragedy followed immediately upon the dismissal of *The Divine Tragedy*, and was in a measure an offshoot from it. While the poet's mind was charged with the contemplation of Judaic scenes, there came back to him the thought of a tragedy based upon the history of Judas Maccabæus, which had first visited him twenty years before. In 1850 he had entered it in his note-book as a subject for a poem.

Now, he repeats the suggestion December 5, 1871, and five days later he records: "At home all day. Begun the tragedy of *Judas Maccabæus*. The subject is a very striking one—the collision of Judaism and Hel-

lenism." Elsewhere, he raises the question: "The subject is tragic enough, but has it unity, and a catastrophe to end with?" He began the drama on the 10th of December; on the 12th *The Divine Tragedy* was published, and on the 21st he had finished his first draft of the new work. "The acts are not long," he writes, "but there are five of them." *Judas Maccabæus* formed one division of the volume *Three Books of Song*, which was published May 25, 1872; the other two divisions were *The Second Day of Tales of a Wayside Inn* and *A Handful of Translations*.

## ACT I

THE CITADEL OF ANTIOCHUS AT  
JERUSALEM

## SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS; JASON.

## ANTIOCHUS.

O ANTIOCH, my Antioch, my city!  
Queen of the East! my solace, my delight!  
The dowry of my sister Cleopatra  
When she was wed to Ptolemy, and now  
Won back and made more wonderful by  
me!

I love thee, and I long to be once more  
Among the players and the dancing women  
Within thy gates, and bathe in the Orontes,  
Thy river and mine. O Jason, my High-  
Priest,

For I have made thee so, and thou art  
mine,  
Hast thou seen Antioch the Beautiful?

## JASON.

Never, my Lord.

## ANTIOCHUS.

Then hast thou never seen  
The wonder of the world. This city of  
David  
Compared with Antioch is but a village,  
And its inhabitants compared with Greeks  
Are mannerless boors.

## JASON.

They are barbarians,  
And mannerless.

## ANTIOCHUS.

They must be civilized.  
They must be made to have more gods  
than one;  
And goddesses besides.

## JASON.

They shall have more.

## ANTIOCHUS.

They must have hippodromes, and games,  
and baths,  
Stage-plays and festivals, and most of all  
The Dionysia.

## JASON.

They shall have them all.

## ANTIOCHUS.

By Heracles! but I should like to see  
These Hebrews crowned with ivy, and  
arrayed  
In skins of fawns, with drums and flutes  
and thyrsi,  
Revel and riot through the solemn streets  
Of their old town. Ha, ha! It makes me  
merry  
Only to think of it!—Thou dost not  
laugh.

## JASON.

Yea, I laugh inwardly.

## ANTIOCHUS.

The new Greek leaven  
Works slowly in this Israelitish dough!  
Have I not sacked the Temple, and on the  
altar  
Set up the statue of Olympian Zeus  
To Hellenize it?

## JASON.

Thou hast done all this.

## ANTIOCHUS.

As thou wast Joshua once and now art  
Jason,  
And from a Hebrew hast become a Greek,  
So shall this Hebrew nation be translated,

Their very natures and their names be  
changed,  
And all be Hellenized.

JASON.

It shall be done.

ANTIOCHUS.

Their manners and their laws and way of  
living  
Shall all be Greek. They shall unlearn  
their language,  
And learn the lovely speech of Antioch.  
Where hast thou been to-day? Thou com-  
est late.

JASON.

Playing at discus with the other priests  
In the Gymnasium.

ANTIOCHUS.

Thou hast done well.  
There's nothing better for you lazy priests  
Than discus-playing with the common peo-  
ple.  
Now tell me, Jason, what these Hebrews  
call me  
When they converse together at their  
games.

JASON.

Antiochus Epiphanes, my Lord ;  
Antiochus the Illustrious.

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh, not that ;  
That is the public cry ; I mean the name  
They give me when they talk among them-  
selves,  
And think that no one listens ; what is  
that ?

JASON.

Antiochus Epimanes, my Lord !

ANTIOCHUS.

Antiochus the Mad ! Ay, that is it.  
And who hath said it? Who hath set in  
motion  
That sorry jest ?

JASON.

The Seven Sons insane  
Of a weird woman, like themselves insane.

ANTIOCHUS.

I like their courage, but it shall not save  
them.  
They shall be made to eat the flesh of  
swine  
Or they shall die. Where are they ?

JASON.

In the dungeons  
Beneath this tower.

ANTIOCHUS.

There let them stay and starve,  
Till I am ready to make Greeks of them,  
After my fashion.

JASON.

They shall stay and starve. —  
My Lord, the Ambassadors of Samaria  
Await thy pleasure.

ANTIOCHUS.

Why not my displeasure ?  
Ambassadors are tedious. They are men  
Who work for their own ends, and not for  
mine ;  
There is no furtherance in them. Let them  
go  
To Apollonius, my governor  
There in Samaria, and not trouble me.  
What do they want ?

JASON.

Only the royal sanction  
To give a name unto a nameless temple  
Upon Mount Gerizim.

ANTIOCHUS.

Then bid them enter.  
This pleases me, and furthers my designs.  
The occasion is auspicious. Bid them  
enter.

SCENE II. — ANTIOCHUS ; JASON ; *the SAMAR-  
ITAN AMBASSADORS.*

ANTIOCHUS.

Approach. Come forward ; stand not at  
the door  
Wagging your long beards, but demean  
yourselves  
As doth become Ambassadors. What seek  
ye ?

AN AMBASSADOR.

An audience from the King.

ANTIOCHUS.

Speak, and be brief.

Waste not the time in useless rhetoric.

Words are not things.

AMBASSADOR (*reading*).

"To King Antiochus,

The God, Epiphanes ; a Memorial  
From the Sidonians, who live at Sichem."

ANTIOCHUS.

Sidonians ?

AMBASSADOR.

Ay, my Lord.

ANTIOCHUS.

Go on, go on !

And do not tire thyself and me with bow-  
ing !

AMBASSADOR (*reading*).

"We are a colony of Medes and Persians."

ANTIOCHUS.

No, ye are Jews from one of the Ten  
Tribes ;

Whether Sidonians or Samaritans  
Or Jews of Jewry, matters not to me ;

Ye are all Israelites, ye are all Jews.

When the Jews prosper, ye claim kindred  
with them ;

When the Jews suffer, ye are Medes and  
Persians ;

I know that in the days of Alexander  
Ye claimed exemption from the annual  
tribute

In the Sabbatic Year, because, ye said,  
Your fields had not been planted in that  
year.

AMBASSADOR (*reading*).

"Our fathers, upon certain frequent  
plagues,

And following an ancient superstition,  
Were long accustomed to observe that day  
Which by the Israelites is called the Sab-  
bath,

And in a temple on Mount Gerizim  
Without a name, they offered sacrifice.

Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech thee,

Who art our benefactor and our savior,  
Not to confound us with these wicked Jews,

But to give royal order and injunction

To Apollonius in Samaria,

Thy governor, and likewise to Nicanor,

Thy procurator, no more to molest us ;  
And let our nameless temple now be named  
The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius."

ANTIOCHUS.

This shall be done. Full well it pleaseth  
me

Ye are not Jews, or are no longer Jews,  
But Greeks ; if not by birth, yet Greeks by  
custom.

Your nameless temple shall receive the  
name

Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go !

SCENE III. — ANTIOCHUS ; JASON.

ANTIOCHUS.

My task is easier than I dreamed. These  
people

Meet me half-way. Jason, didst thou take  
note

How these Samaritans of Sichem said  
They were not Jews ? that they were  
Medes and Persians,

They were Sidonians, anything but Jews ?  
'Tis of good augury. The rest will follow  
Till the whole land is Hellenized.

JASON.

My Lord,

These are Samaritans. The tribe of Judah  
Is of a different temper, and the task  
Will be more difficult.

ANTIOCHUS.

Dost thou gainsay me ?

JASON.

I know the stubborn nature of the Jew.  
Yesterday, Eleazer, an old man,  
Being fourscore years and ten, chose rather  
death

By torture than to eat the flesh of swine.

ANTIOCHUS.

The life is in the blood, and the whole  
nation

Shall bleed to death, or it shall change its  
faith !

JASON.

Hundreds have fled already to the moun-  
tains

Of Ephraim, where Judas Maccabæus  
Hath raised the standard of revolt against  
thee.

ANTIOCHUS.

I will burn down their city, and will make  
it

Waste as a wilderness. Its thoroughfares  
Shall be but furrows in a field of ashes.

It shall be sown with salt as Sodom is!

This hundred and fifty-third Olympiad  
Shall have a broad and blood-red seal upon  
it,

Stamped with the awful letters of my name,  
Antiochus the God, Epiphanes!—

Where are those Seven Sons?

JASON.

My Lord, they wait

Thy royal pleasure.

ANTIOCHUS.

They shall wait no longer!

## ACT II

## THE DUNGEONS IN THE CITADEL

SCENE I. — THE MOTHER of the SEVEN SONS  
*alone, listening.*

THE MOTHER.

Be strong, my heart! Break not till they  
are dead.

All, all my Seven Sons; then burst asunder,  
And let this tortured and tormented soul  
Leap and rush out like water through the  
shards

Of earthen vessels broken at a well.  
O my dear children, mine in life and death,  
I know not how ye came into my womb;  
I neither gave you breath, nor gave you  
life,

And neither was it I that formed the mem-  
bers

Of every one of you. But the Creator,  
Who made the world, and made the heavens  
above us,

Who formed the generation of mankind,  
And found out the beginning of all things,  
He gave you breath and life, and will again  
Of his own mercy, as ye now regard  
Not your own selves, but his eternal law.  
I do not murmur, nay, I thank thee, God,  
That I and mine have not been deemed un-  
worthy

To suffer for thy sake, and for thy law,  
And for the many sins of Israel.

Hark! I can hear within the sound of  
scourges!

I feel them more than ye do, O my sons!

But cannot come to you. I, who was wont

To wake at night at the least cry ye made,

To whom ye ran at every slightest hurt,—

I cannot take you now into my lap

And soothe your pain, but God will take  
you all

Into his pitying arms, and comfort you,

And give you rest.

A VOICE (*within*).

What wouldst thou ask of us?

Ready are we to die, but we will never

Transgress the law and customs of our  
fathers.

THE MOTHER.

It is the voice of my first-born! O brave

And noble boy! Thou hast the privilege

Of dying first, as thou wast born the first.

THE SAME VOICE (*within*).

God looketh on us, and hath comfort in us;

As Moses in his song of old declared,

He in his servants shall be comforted.

THE MOTHER.

I knew thou wouldst not fail! — He speaks

no more,

He is beyond all pain!

ANTIOCHUS (*within*).

If thou eat not

Thou shalt be tortured throughout all the  
members

Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat then?

SECOND VOICE (*within*).

No.

THE MOTHER.

It is Adaiah's voice. I tremble for him.

I know his nature, devious as the wind,

And swift to change, gentle and yielding  
always.

Be steadfast, O my son!

THE SAME VOICE (*within*).

Thou, like a fury,

Takest us from this present life, but God,

Who rules the world, shall raise us up  
again

Into life everlasting.

THE MOTHER.

God, I thank thee  
That thou hast breathed into that timid  
heart  
Courage to die for thee. O my Adaiah,  
Witness of God ! if thou for whom I feared  
Canst thus encounter death, I need not  
fear ;  
The others will not shrink.

THIRD VOICE (*within*).

Behold these hands  
Held out to thee, O King Antiochus,  
Not to implore thy mercy, but to show  
That I despise them. He who gave them  
to me  
Will give them back again.

THE MOTHER.

O Avilan,  
It is thy voice. For the last time I hear it ;  
For the last time on earth, but not the last.  
To death it bids defiance, and to torture.  
It sounds to me as from another world,  
And makes the petty miseries of this  
Seem unto me as naught, and less than  
naught.  
Farewell, my Avilan ; nay, I should say  
Welcome, my Avilan ; for I am dead  
Before thee. I am waiting for the others.  
Why do they linger ?

FOURTH VOICE (*within*).

It is good, O King,  
Being put to death by men, to look for  
hope  
From God, to be raised up again by Him.  
But thou — no resurrection shalt thou have  
To life hereafter.

THE MOTHER.

Four ! already four !  
Three are still living ; nay, they all are  
living,  
Half here, half there. Make haste, An-  
tiochus,  
To reunite us ; for the sword that cleaves  
These miserable bodies makes a door  
Through which our souls, impatient of re-  
lease,  
Rush to each other's arms.

FIFTH VOICE (*within*).

Thou hast the power ;  
Thou doest what thou wilt. Abide awhile,

And thou shalt see the power of God, and  
how  
He will torment thee and thy seed.

THE MOTHER.

O hasten ;  
Why dost thou pause ? Thou who hast  
slain already  
So many Hebrew women, and hast hung  
Their murdered infants round their necks,  
slay me,  
For I too am a woman, and these boys  
Are mine. Make haste to slay us all,  
And hang my lifeless babes about my neck.

SIXTH VOICE (*within*).

Think not, Antiochus, that takest in hand  
To strive against the God of Israel,  
Thou shalt escape unpunished, for his wrath  
Shall overtake thee and thy bloody house.

THE MOTHER.

One more, my Sirion, and then all is ended.  
Having put all to bed, then in my turn  
I will lie down and sleep as sound as they.  
My Sirion, my youngest, best beloved !  
And those bright golden locks, that I so oft  
Have curled about these fingers, even now  
Are foul with blood and dust, like a lamb's  
fleece,  
Slain in the shambles. — Not a sound I  
hear.  
This silence is more terrible to me  
Than any sound, than any cry of pain,  
That might escape the lips of one who dies.  
Doth his heart fail him ? Doth he fall  
away  
In the last hour from God ? O Sirion,  
Sirion,  
Art thou afraid ? I do not hear thy voice.  
Die as thy brothers died. Thou must not  
live !

SCENE II. — THE MOTHER ; ANTIOCHUS ;  
SIRION.

THE MOTHER.

Are they all dead ?

ANTIOCHUS.

Of all thy Seven Sons  
One only lives. Behold them where they  
lie ;  
How dost thou like this picture ?

THE MOTHER.

God in heaven !

Can a man do such deeds, and yet not die  
By the recoil of his own wickedness ?  
Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated bodies  
That were my children once, and still are  
mine,

I cannot watch o'er you as Rizpah watched  
In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of Saul,  
Till water drop upon you out of heaven  
And wash this blood away ! I cannot  
mourn

As she, the daughter of Aiah, mourned the  
dead,

From the beginning of the barley-harvest  
Until the autumn rains, and suffered not  
The birds of air to rest on them by day,  
Nor the wild beasts by night. For ye have  
died

A better death, a death so full of life  
That I ought rather to rejoice than  
mourn. —

Wherefore art thou not dead, O Sirion ?  
Wherefore art thou the only living thing  
Among thy brothers dead ? Art thou  
afraid ?

ANTIOCHUS.

O woman, I have spared him for thy sake,  
For he is fair to look upon and comely ;  
And I have sworn to him by all the gods  
That I would crown his life with joy and  
honor,

Heap treasures on him, luxuries, delights,  
Make him my friend and keeper of my  
secrets,

If he would turn from your Mosaic Law  
And be as we are ; but he will not listen.

THE MOTHER.

My noble Sirion !

ANTIOCHUS.

Therefore I beseech thee,  
Who art his mother, thou wouldst speak  
with him,  
And wouldst persuade him. I am sick of  
blood.

THE MOTHER.

Yea, I will speak with him and will per-  
suade him.

O Sirion, my son ! have pity on me,  
On me that bare thee, and that gave thee  
suck,

And fed and nourished thee, and brought  
thee up

With the dear trouble of a mother's care  
Unto this age. Look on the heavens above  
thee,

And on the earth and all that is therein ;  
Consider that God made them out of things  
That were not ; and that likewise in this  
manner

Mankind was made. Then fear not this  
tormentor ;

But, being worthy of thy brethren, take  
Thy death as they did, that I may receive  
thee

Again in mercy with them.

ANTIOCHUS.

I am mocked,  
Yea, I am laughed to scorn.

SIRION.

Whom wait ye for ?  
Never will I obey the King's command-  
ment,

But the commandment of the ancient Law,  
That was by Moses given unto our fathers.  
And thou, O godless man, that of all others  
Art the most wicked, be not lifted up,  
Nor puffed up with uncertain hopes, up-  
lifting

Thy hand against the servants of the Lord,  
For thou hast not escaped the righteous  
judgment

Of the Almighty God, who seeth all things !

ANTIOCHUS.

He is no God of mine ; I fear Him not.

SIRION.

My brothers, who have suffered a brief  
pain,

Are dead ; but thou, Antiochus, shalt suffer  
The punishment of pride. I offer up  
My body and my life, beseeching God  
That He would speedily be merciful  
Unto our nation, and that thou by plagues  
Mysterious and by torments mayest confess  
That He alone is God.

ANTIOCHUS.

Ye both shall perish  
By torments worse than any that your  
God,  
Here or hereafter, hath in store for me.

THE MOTHER.

My Sirion, I am proud of thee !

ANTIOCHUS.

Be silent !

Go to thy bed of torture in yon chamber,  
Where lie so many sleepers, heartless mother !

Thy footsteps will not wake them, nor thy  
voice,

Nor wilt thou hear, amid thy troubled  
dreams,

Thy children crying for thee in the night !

THE MOTHER.

O Death, that stretchest thy white hands to  
me,

I fear them not, but press them to my lips,  
That are as white as thine ; for I am

Death,

Nay, am the Mother of Death, seeing these  
sons

All lying lifeless. — Kiss me, Sirion.

### ACT III

#### THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BETH-HORON

SCENE I. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS *in armor before  
his tent.*

JUDAS.

The trumpets sound ; the echoes of the  
mountains

Answer them, as the Sabbath morning  
breaks

Over Beth-horon and its battle-field,  
Where the great captain of the hosts of  
God,

A slave brought up in the brick-fields of  
Egypt,

O'ercame the Amorites. There was no day  
Like that, before or after it, nor shall be.

The sun stood still ; the hammers of the  
hail

Beat on their harness ; and the captains  
set

Their weary feet upon the necks of kings,  
As I will upon thine, Antiochus,

Thou man of blood ! — Behold the rising  
sun

Strikes on the golden letters of my banner,

*Be Elohim Yehovah !* Who is like

To thee, O Lord, among the gods ? —  
Alas !

I am not Joshua, I cannot say,  
“Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou  
Moon,

In Ajalon !” Nor am I one who wastes  
The fateful time in useless lamentation ;  
But one who bears his life upon his hand  
To lose it or to save it, as may best  
Serve the designs of Him who giveth life.

SCENE II. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; JEWISH FUGITIVES.

JUDAS.

Who and what are ye, that with furtive  
steps

Steal in among our tents ?

FUGITIVES.

O Maccabæus,  
Outcasts are we, and fugitives as thou art,  
Jews of Jerusalem, that have escaped  
From the polluted city, and from death.

JUDAS.

None can escape from death. Say that ye  
come

To die for Israel, and ye are welcome.  
What tidings bring ye ?

FUGITIVES.

Tidings of despair.  
The Temple is laid waste ; the precious  
vessels,

Censers of gold, vials and veils and crowns,  
And golden ornaments, and hidden treasures,

Have all been taken from it, and the Gen-  
tiles

With revelling and with riot fill its courts,  
And dally with harlots in the holy places.

JUDAS.

All this I knew before.

FUGITIVES.

Upon the altar  
Are things profane, things by the law for-  
bidden ;

Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or our  
Feasts,

But on the festivals of Dionysus  
Must walk in their processions, bearing ivy  
To crown a drunken god.

JUDAS.

This too I know.  
But tell me of the Jews. How fare the  
Jews ?

FUGITIVES.

The coming of this mischief hath been sore  
And grievous to the people. All the land  
Is full of lamentation and of mourning.  
The Princes and the Elders weep and wail ;  
The young men and the maidens are made  
feeble ;  
The beauty of the women hath been  
changed.

JUDAS.

And are there none to die for Israel ?  
'T is not enough to mourn. Breastplate  
and harness  
Are better things than sackcloth. Let the  
women  
Lament for Israel ; the men should die.

FUGITIVES.

Both men and women die ; old men and  
young :  
Old Eleazer died : and Máhala  
With all her Seven Sons.

JUDAS.

Antiochus,  
At every step thou takest there is left  
A bloody footprint in the street, by which  
The avenging wrath of God will track thee  
out !  
It is enough. Go to the sutler's tents :  
Those of you who are men, put on such ar-  
mor  
As ye may find ; those of you who are  
women,  
Buckle that armor on ; and for a watch-  
word  
Whisper, or cry aloud, "The Help of  
God."

SCENE III. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; NICANOR.

NICANOR.

Hail, Judas Maccabæus !

JUDAS.

Hail ! — Who art thou  
That comest here in this mysterious guise  
Into our camp unheralded ?

NICANOR.

A herald

Sent from Nicanor.

JUDAS.

Heralds come not thus.  
Armed with thy shirt of mail from head to  
heel,  
Thou glidest like a serpent silently  
Into my presence. Wherefore dost thou  
turn  
Thy face from me ? A herald speaks his  
errand  
With forehead unabashed. Thou art a  
spy  
Sent by Nicanor.

NICANOR.

No disguise avails !  
Behold my face ; I am Nicanor's self.

JUDAS.

Thou art indeed Nicanor. I salute thee.  
What brings thee hither to this hostile camp  
Thus unattended ?

NICANOR.

Confidence in thee.  
Thou hast the nobler virtues of thy race,  
Without the failings that attend those vir-  
tues.  
Thou canst be strong, and yet not tyrann-  
ous,  
Canst righteous be and not intolerant.  
Let there be peace between us.

JUDAS.

What is peace ?  
Is it to bow in silence to our victors ?  
Is it to see our cities sacked and pillaged,  
Our people slain, or sold as slaves, or flee-  
ing  
At night-time by the blaze of burning  
towns ;  
Jerusalem laid waste ; the Holy Temple  
Polluted with strange gods ? Are these  
things peace ?

NICANOR.

These are the dire necessities that wait  
On war, whose loud and bloody enginery  
I seek to stay. Let there be peace between  
Antiochus and thee.

JUDAS.

Antiochus ?

What is Antiochus, that he should prate  
Of peace to me, who am a fugitive ?  
To-day he shall be lifted up ; to-morrow  
Shall not be found, because he is returned  
Unto his dust ; his thought has come to  
nothing.

There is no peace between us, nor can be,  
Until this banner floats upon the walls  
Of our Jerusalem.

NICANOR.

Between that city

And thee there lies a waving wall of  
tents

Held by a host of forty thousand foot,  
And horsemen seven thousand. What hast  
thou

To bring against all these ?

JUDAS.

The power of God,

Whose breath shall scatter your white tents  
abroad,  
As flakes of snow.

NICANOR.

Only Mighty One in heaven

Will not do battle on the Seventh Day ;  
It is his day of rest.

JUDAS.

Silence, blasphemer.

Go to thy tents.

NICANOR.

Shall it be war or peace ?

JUDAS.

War, war, and only war. Go to thy tents  
That shall be scattered, as by you were  
scattered

The torn and trampled pages of the Law,  
Blown through the windy streets.

NICANOR.

Farewell, brave foe !

JUDAS.

Ho, there, my captains ! Have safe-con-  
duct given

Unto Nicanor's herald through the camp,  
And come yourselves to me. — Farewell,  
Nicanor !

SCENE IV. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; CAPTAINS  
AND SOLDIERS.

JUDAS.

The hour is come. Gather the host to-  
gether

For battle. Lo, with trumpets and with  
songs

The army of Nicanor comes against us.

Go forth to meet them, praying in your  
hearts,

And fighting with your hands.

CAPTAINS.

Look forth and see !

The morning sun is shining on their shields  
Of gold and brass ; the mountains glisten  
with them,

And shine like lamps. And we, who are so  
few

And poorly armed, and ready to faint with  
fasting,

How shall we fight against this multitude ?

JUDAS.

The victory of a battle standeth not

In multitudes, but in the strength that com-  
eth

From heaven above. The Lord forbid that  
I

Should do this thing, and flee away from  
them.

Nay, if our hour be come, then let us die ;  
Let us not stain our honor.

CAPTAINS.

'Tis the Sabbath.

Wilt thou fight on the Sabbath, Maccabæus ?

JUDAS.

Ay ; when I fight the battles of the Lord,  
I fight them on his day, as on all others.

Have ye forgotten certain fugitives

That fled once to these hills, and hid  
themselves

In caves ? How their pursuers camped  
against them

Upon the Seventh Day, and challenged  
them ?

And how they answered not, nor cast a  
stone,

Nor stopped the places where they lay con-  
cealed,

But meekly perished with their wives and  
children,  
Even to the number of a thousand souls ?  
We who are fighting for our laws and lives  
Will not so perish.

CAPTAINS.

Lead us to the battle !

JUDAS.

And let our watchword be, "The Help of  
God !"

Last night I dreamed a dream ; and in my  
vision

Beheld Onias, our High-Priest of old,  
Who holding up his hands prayed for the  
Jews.

This done, in the like manner there ap-  
peared

An old man, and exceeding glorious,  
With hoary hair, and of a wonderful  
And excellent majesty. And Onias said :  
"This is a lover of the Jews, who prayeth  
Much for the people and the Holy City, —  
God's prophet Jeremias." And the pro-  
phet

Held forth his right hand and gave unto  
me

A sword of gold ; and giving it he said :  
"Take thou this holy sword, a gift from  
God,

And with it thou shalt wound thine adver-  
saries."

CAPTAINS.

The Lord is with us !

JUDAS.

Hark ! I hear the trumpets  
Sound from Beth-horon ; from the battle-  
field

Of Joshua, where he smote the Amorites,  
Smote the Five Kings of Eglon and of Jar-  
muth,

Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jerusalem,  
As we to-day will smite Nicanor's hosts  
And leave a memory of great deeds behind  
us.

CAPTAINS AND SOLDIERS.

The Help of God !

JUDAS.

*Be Elohim Yehovah !*

Lord, thou didst send thine Angel in the  
time

Of Esekias, King of Israel,  
And in the armies of Sennacherib  
Didst slay a hundred fourscore and five  
thousand.

Wherefore, O Lord of heaven, now also  
send

Before us a good angel for a fear,  
And through the might of thy right arm let  
those

Be stricken with terror that have come this  
day

Against thy holy people to blaspheme !

#### ACT IV

#### THE OUTER COURTS OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM

#### SCENE I. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; CAPTAINS ; JEWS.

JUDAS.

Behold, our enemies are discomfited.  
Jerusalem has fallen ; and our banners  
Float from her battlements, and o'er her  
gates

Nicanor's severed head, a sign of terror,  
Blackens in wind and sun.

CAPTAINS.

O Maccabæus,  
The citadel of Antiochus, wherein  
The Mother with her Seven Sons was mur-  
dered,  
Is still defiant.

JUDAS.

Wait.

CAPTAINS.

Its hateful aspect  
Insults us with the bitter memories  
Of other days.

JUDAS.

Wait ; it shall disappear  
And vanish as a cloud. First let us cleanse  
The Sanctuary. See, it is become  
Waste like a wilderness. Its golden gates  
Wrenched from their hinges and consumed  
by fire ;

Shrubs growing in its courts as in a forest ;  
Upon its altars hideous and strange idols ;  
And strewn about its pavement at my feet

Its Sacred Books, half-burned and painted  
o'er  
With images of heathen gods.

JUDAS.

Woe ! woe !  
Our beauty and our glory are laid waste !  
The Gentiles have profaned our holy  
places !  
(*Lamentation and alarm of trumpets.*)

JUDAS.

This sound of trumpets, and this lamenta-  
tion,  
The heart-cry of a people toward the  
heavens,  
Stir me to wrath and vengeance. Go, my  
captains ;  
I hold you back no longer. Batter down  
The citadel of Antiochus, while here  
We sweep away his altars and his gods.

SCENE II. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; JASON ;  
JEWS.

JEWS.

Lurking among the ruins of the Temple,  
Deep in its inner courts, we found this man,  
Clad as High-Priest.

JUDAS.

I ask not who thou art,  
I know thy face, writ over with deceit  
As are these tattered volumes of the Law  
With heathen images. A priest of God  
Wast thou in other days, but thou art now  
A priest of Satan. Traitor, thou art Jason.

JASON.

I am thy prisoner, Judas Maccabæus,  
And it would ill become me to conceal  
My name or office.

JUDAS.

Over yonder gate  
There hangs the head of one who was a  
Greek.  
What should prevent me now, thou man of  
sin,  
From hanging at its side the head of one  
Who born a Jew hath made himself a  
Greek ?

JASON.

Justice prevents thee.

JUDAS.

Justice ? Thou art stained  
With every crime 'gainst which the Deca-  
logue  
Thunders with all its thunder.

JASON.

If not Justice,  
Then Mercy, her handmaiden.

JUDAS.

When hast thou  
At any time, to any man or woman,  
Or even to any little child, shown mercy ?

JASON.

I have but done what King Antiochus  
Commanded me.

JUDAS.

True, thou hast been the weapon  
With which he struck ; but hast been such  
a weapon,  
So flexible, so fitted to his hand,  
It tempted him to strike. So thou hast  
urged him  
To double wickedness, thine own and his.  
Where is this King ? Is he in Antioch  
Among his women still, and from his win-  
dows  
Throwing down gold by handfuls, for the  
rabble  
To scramble for ?

JASON.

Nay, he is gone from there,  
Gone with an army into the far East.

JUDAS.

And wherefore gone ?

JASON.

I know not. For the space  
Of forty days almost were horsemen seen  
Running in air, in cloth of gold, and armed  
With lances, like a band of soldiery ;  
It was a sign of triumph.

JUDAS.

Or of death.  
Wherefore art thou not with him ?

JASON.

I was left  
For service in the Temple.

JUDAS.

To pollute it,  
And to corrupt the Jews ; for there are men  
Whose presence is corruption ; to be with  
them  
Degrades us and deforms the things we do.

JASON.

I never made a boast, as some men do,  
Of my superior virtue, nor denied  
The weakness of my nature, that hath made  
me  
Subservient to the will of other men.

JUDAS.

Upon this day, the five-and-twentieth day  
Of the month Caslan, was the Temple here  
Profaned by strangers, — by Antiochus  
And thee, his instrument. Upon this day  
Shall it be cleansed. Thou, who didst lend  
thyself

Unto this profanation, canst not be  
A witness of these solemn services.  
There can be nothing clean where thou art  
present.

The people put to death Callisthenes,  
Who burned the Temple gates ; and if  
they find thee

Will surely slay thee. I will spare thy life  
To punish thee the longer. Thou shalt  
wander

Among strange nations. Thou, that hast  
cast out

So many from their native land, shalt  
perish

In a strange land. Thou, that hast left so  
many

Unburied, shalt have none to mourn for  
thee,

Nor any solemn funerals at all,  
Nor sepulchre with thy fathers. — Get thee  
hence !

*Music. Procession of Priests and people, with  
citherns, harps, and cymbals. JUDAS MAC-  
CABÆUS puts himself at their head, and they  
go into the inner courts.*

SCENE III. — JASON *alone*.

JASON.

Through the Gate Beautiful I see them  
come,  
With branches and green boughs and leaves  
of palm,  
And pass into the inner courts. Alas !

I should be with them, should be one of  
them,

But in an evil hour, an hour of weakness,  
That cometh unto all, I fell away  
From the old faith, and did not clutch the  
new,

Only an outward semblance of belief ;  
For the new faith I cannot make mine own,  
Not being born to it. It hath no root  
Within me. I am neither Jew nor Greek,  
But stand between them both, a renegade  
To each in turn ; having no longer faith  
In gods or men. Then what mysterious  
charm,

What fascination is it chains my feet,  
And keeps me gazing like a curious child  
Into the holy places, where the priests  
Have raised their altar ? — Striking stones  
together,

They take fire out of them, and light the  
lamps

In the great candlestick. They spread the  
veils,

And set the loaves of shewbread on the  
table.

The incense burns ; the well-remembered  
odor

Comes wafted unto me, and takes me back  
To other days. I see myself among them  
As I was then ; and the old superstition  
Creeps over me again ! — A childish  
fancy ! —

And hark ! they sing with citherns and  
cymbals,

And all the people fall upon their faces,  
Praying and worshipping ! — I will away  
Into the East, to meet Antiochus

Upon his homeward journey, crowned with  
triumph.

Alas ! to-day I would give everything  
To see a friend's face, or to hear a voice  
That had the slightest tone of comfort  
in it !

ACT V

THE MOUNTAINS OF ECBATANA

SCENE I. — ANTIOCHUS ; PHILIP ; ATTEND-  
ANTS.

ANTIOCHUS.

Here let us rest awhile. Where are we,  
Philip ?  
What place is this ?

PHILIP.

Eebatana, my Lord ;  
And yonder mountain range is the Orontes.

ANTIOCHUS.

The Orontes is my river at Antioch.  
Why did I leave it ? Why have I been  
tempted  
By coverings of gold and shields and breast-  
plates  
To plunder Elymais, and be driven  
From out its gates, as by a fiery blast  
Out of a furnace ?

PHILIP.

These are fortune's changes.

ANTIOCHUS.

What a defeat it was ! The Persian horse-  
men  
Came like a mighty wind, the wind Khamá-  
seen,  
And melted us away, and scattered us  
As if we were dead leaves, or desert sand.

PHILIP.

Be comforted, my Lord ; for thou hast  
lost  
But what thou hadst not.

ANTIOCHUS.

I, who made the Jews  
Skip like the grasshoppers, am made my-  
self  
To skip among these stones.

PHILIP.

Be not discouraged.  
Thy realm of Syria remains to thee ;  
That is not lost nor marred.

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh, where are now  
The splendors of my court, my baths and  
banquets ?  
Where are my players and my dancing  
women ?  
Where are my sweet musicians with their  
pipes,  
That made me merry in the olden time ?  
I am a laughing-stock to man and brute.  
The very camels, with their ugly faces,  
Mock me and laugh at me.

PHILIP.

Alas ! my Lord,  
It is not so. If thou wouldst sleep awhile,  
All would be well.

ANTIOCHUS.

Sleep from mine eyes is gone,  
And my heart faileth me for very care.  
Dost thou remember, Philip, the old fable  
Told us when we were boys, in which the  
bear  
Going for honey overturns the hive,  
And is stung blind by bees ? I am that  
beast,  
Stung by the Persian swarms of Elymais.

PHILIP.

When thou art come again to Antioch,  
These thoughts will be as covered and for-  
gotten  
As are the tracks of Pharaoh's chariot-  
wheels  
In the Egyptian sands.

ANTIOCHUS.

Ah ! when I come  
Again to Antioch ! When will that be ?  
Alas ! alas !

SCENE II. — ANTIOCHUS ; PHILIP ; A MES-  
SENGER.

MESSENGER.

May the King live forever !

ANTIOCHUS.

Who art thou, and whence comest thou ?

MESSENGER.

My Lord,  
I am a messenger from Antioch,  
Sent here by Lysias.

ANTIOCHUS.

A strange foreboding  
Of something evil overshadows me.  
I am no reader of the Jewish Scriptures ;  
I know not Hebrew ; but my High-Priest  
Jason,  
As I remember, told me of a Prophet  
Who saw a little cloud rise from the sea  
Like a man's hand, and soon the heaven  
was black  
With clouds and rain. Here, Philip, read ;  
I cannot ;

I see that cloud. It makes the letters dim  
Before mine eyes.

PHILIP (*reading*).

"To King Antiochus,  
The God, Epiphanes."

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh mockery !  
Even Lysias laughs at me ! — Go on, go on !

PHILIP (*reading*).

"We pray thee hasten thy return. The  
realm  
Is falling from thee. Since thou hast gone  
from us

The victories of Judas Maccabæus  
Form all our annals. First he overthrew  
Thy forces at Beth-horon, and passed on,  
And took Jerusalem, the Holy City.  
And then Emmaus fell ; and then Bethsura,  
Ephron and all the towns of Galaad,  
And Maccabæus marched to Carnion."

ANTIOCHUS.

Enough, enough ! Go call my chariot-  
men ;

We will drive forward, forward, without  
ceasing,

Until we come to Antioch. My captains,  
My Lysias, Gorgias, Seron, and Nicanor,  
Are babes in battle, and this dreadful Jew  
Will rob me of my kingdom and my crown.  
My elephants shall trample him to dust ;  
I will wipe out his nation, and will make  
Jerusalem a common burying-place,  
And every home within its walls a tomb !

*Throws up his hands, and sinks into the arms of  
attendants, who lay him upon a bank.*

PHILIP.

Antiochus ! Antiochus ! Alas,  
The King is ill ! What is it, O my Lord ?

ANTIOCHUS.

Nothing. A sudden and sharp spasm of  
pain,

As if the lightning struck me, or the knife  
Of an assassin smote me to the heart.

'T is passed, even as it came. Let us set  
forward.

PHILIP.

See that the chariots be in readiness ;  
We will depart forthwith.

ANTIOCHUS.

A moment more.

I cannot stand. I am become at once  
Weak as an infant. Ye will have to lead  
me.

Jove, or Jehovah, or whatever name  
Thou wouldst be named, — it is alike to  
me, —

If I knew how to pray, I would entreat  
To live a little longer.

PHILIP.

O my Lord,

Thou shalt not die ; we will not let thee  
die !

ANTIOCHUS.

How canst thou help it, Philip ? Oh the  
pain !

Stab after stab. Thou hast no shield  
against

This unseen weapon. God of Israel,  
Since all the other gods abandon me,  
Help me. I will release the Holy City,  
Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy Temple.  
Thy people, whom I judged to be un-  
worthy

To be so much as buried, shall be equal  
Unto the citizens of Antioch.

I will become a Jew, and will declare  
Through all the world that is inhabited  
The power of God !

PHILIP.

He faints. It is like death.

Bring here the royal litter. We will bear  
him

Into the camp, while yet he lives.

ANTIOCHUS.

O Philip,

Into what tribulation am I come !

Alas ! I now remember all the evil  
That I have done the Jews ; and for this  
cause

These troubles are upon me, and behold  
I perish through great grief in a strange  
land.

PHILIP.

Antiochus ! my King !

ANTIOCHUS.

Nay, King no longer.

Take thou my royal robes, my signet ring,  
My crown and sceptre, and deliver them

Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator ;  
 And unto the good Jews, my citizens,  
 In all my towns, say that their dying  
 monarch  
 Wisheth them joy, prosperity, and health.  
 I who, puffed up with pride and arro-  
 gance,

Thought all the kingdoms of the earth  
 mine own,  
 If I would but outstretch my hand and  
 take them,  
 Meet face to face a greater potentate,  
 King Death — Epiphanes — the Illustrious !  
 [Dies.

## MICHAEL ANGELO : A FRAGMENT

Michel piu che mortal, Angel divino.

ARIOSTO.

Similamente operando all' artista

Ch' a l' abito dell' arte e man che trema.

DANTE, *Par.* xiii. st. 77.

The relation of Michael Angelo to Mr. Longfellow's life and work is dwelt on in the biographical sketch prefixed to this edition.

The notes at the end of this volume point out some of the more interesting indications of the manner in which the authorities used were made to contribute to the realism of the poem. It was the poet's intention at one time to insert in the poem translations of some of the sonnets and other verses of Michael Angelo, and to this he refers in his *Dedication* when he says —

Flowers of song have thrust  
 Their roots among the loose disjointed stones.

These translations with one exception he withdrew and published instead in the volume entitled *Kéramos and other Poems*; they may be found in their place among the *Translations* in this edition. Another intimation of the connection of his poetry with this study appears in the poem *Vittoria Colonna*, written in 1877, and published in *Flight the Fifth of Birds of Passage*.

*Michael Angelo* was found in the poet's desk after his death, and while in one or two instances some doubt arose as to Mr. Longfellow's final choice of alternative scenes, it was reasonably clear what his latest decision was as to the sequence and form of the poem.

The reader who is interested in the poet's development of the theme and in his several experiments will find the material at his hand in the poem as printed and annotated in vol. vi. of the Riverside edition.

## DEDICATION

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly,  
 But perish only to revive again  
 In other forms, as clouds restore in  
 rain  
 The exhalations of the land and sea.  
 Men build their houses from the masonry  
 Of ruined tombs ; the passion and the  
 pain  
 Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat,  
 remain  
 To throb in hearts that are, or are to  
 be.  
 So from old chronicles, where sleep in  
 dust  
 Names that once filled the world with  
 trumpet tones,  
 I build this verse ; and flowers of song  
 have thrust  
 Their roots among the loose disjointed  
 stones,  
 Which to this end I fashion as I must.  
 Quickened are they that touch the  
 Prophet's bones.

## PART FIRST

## I

## PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA

*The Castle Terrace.* VITTORIA COLONNA and  
 JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

WILL you then leave me, Julia, and so  
 soon,  
 To pace alone this terrace like a ghost ?

JULIA.

To-morrow, dearest.

VITTORIA.

Do not say to-morrow.  
 A whole month of to-morrows were too  
 soon.  
 You must not go. You are a part of me.

JULIA.

I must return to Fondi.

VITTORIA.

The old castle  
Needs not your presence. No one waits  
for you.

Stay one day longer with me. [ They who  
go

Feel not the pain of parting ; it is they  
Who stay behind that suffer. ] I was think-  
ing

But yesterday how like and how unlike  
Have been, and are, our destinies. Your  
husband,  
The good Vespasian, an old man, who  
seemed

A father to you rather than a husband,  
Died in your arms ; but mine, in all the  
flower

And promise of his youth, was taken from  
me

As by a rushing wind. The breath of  
battle

Breathed on him, and I saw his face no  
more,

Save as in dreams it haunts me. As our  
love

Was for these men, so is our sorrow for  
them.

Yours a child's sorrow, smiling through its  
tears ;

But mine the grief of an impassioned  
woman,

Who drank her life up in one draught of  
love.

JULIA.

Behold this locket. This is the white hair  
Of my Vespasian. This the flower-of-love,  
This amaranth, and beneath it the device,  
*Non moritura*. Thus my heart remains  
True to his memory ; and the ancient  
castle,

Where we have lived together, where he  
died,

Is dear to me as Ischia is to you.

VITTORIA.

I did not mean to chide you.

JULIA.

Let your heart  
Find, if it can, some poor apology  
For one who is too young, and feels too  
keenly

The joy of life, to give up all her days  
To sorrow for the dead. While I am true

To the remembrance of the man I loved  
And mourn for still, I do not make a show  
Of all the grief I feel, nor live secluded  
And, like Veronica da Gámbara,  
Drape my whole house in mourning, and  
drive forth

In coach of sable drawn by sable horses,  
As if I were a corpse. Ah, one to-day  
Is worth for me a thousand yesterdays.

VITTORIA.

Dear Julia ! ( Friendship has its jealousies  
As well as love. ) Who waits for you at  
Fondi ?

JULIA.

A friend of mine and yours ; a friend and  
friar.

You have at Naples your Fra Bernardino ;  
And I at Fondi have my Fra Bastiano,  
The famous artist, who has come from  
Rome

To paint my portrait. That is not a sin.

VITTORIA.

Only a vanity.

JULIA.

He painted yours.

VITTORIA.

Do not call up to me those days departed,  
When I was young, and all was bright  
about me,

And the vicissitudes of life were things  
But to be read of in old histories,

Though as pertaining unto me or mine  
Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed your  
dreams,

And now, grown older, I look back and  
see

They were illusions.

JULIA.

[ Yet without illusions  
What would our lives become, what we  
ourselves ?

Dreams or illusions, call them what you  
will,

They lift us from the commonplace of life  
To better things. ]

VITTORIA.

Are there no brighter dreams,  
No higher aspirations, than the wish  
To please and to be pleased ?

JULIA.

For you there are :  
I am no saint ; I feel the world we live in  
Comes before that which is to be hereafter,  
And must be dealt with first.

VITTORIA.

But in what way ?

JULIA.

Let the soft wind that wafts to us the odor  
Of orange blossoms, let the laughing sea  
And the bright sunshine bathing all the  
world,  
Answer the question.

VITTORIA.

And for whom is meant  
This portrait that you speak of ?

JULIA.

For my friend  
The Cardinal Ippolito.

VITTORIA.

For him ?

JULIA.

Yes, for Ippolito the Magnificent.  
'T is always flattering to a woman's pride  
To be admired by one whom all admire.

VITTORIA.

Ah, Julia, she that makes herself a dove  
Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your guard.  
He is a Cardinal ; and his adoration  
Should be elsewhere directed.

JULIA.

You forget  
The horror of that night, when Barbarossa,  
The Moorish corsair, landed on our coast  
To seize me for the Sultan Soliman ;  
How in the dead of night, when all were  
sleeping,  
He scaled the castle wall ; how I escaped,  
And in my night-dress, mounting a swift  
steed,  
Fled to the mountains, and took refuge  
there  
Among the brigands. Then of all my  
friends  
The Cardinal Ippolito was first  
To come with his retainers to my rescue.  
Could I refuse the only boon he asked  
At such a time, my portrait ?

VITTORIA.

I have heard  
Strange stories of the splendors of his pal-  
ace,  
And how, apparelled like a Spanish Prince,  
He rides through Rome with a long reti-  
nue  
Of Ethiopians and Numidians  
And Turks and Tartars, in fantastic dresses,  
Making a gallant show. Is this the way  
A Cardinal should live ?

JULIA.

He is so young ;  
Hardly of age, or little more than that ;  
Beautiful, generous, fond of arts and let-  
ters,  
A poet, a musician, and a scholar ;  
Master of many languages, and a player  
On many instruments. In Rome, his pal-  
ace  
Is the asylum of all men distinguished  
In art or science, and all Florentines  
Escaping from the tyranny of his cousin,  
Duke Alessandro.

VITTORIA.

I have seen his portrait,  
Painted by Titian. You have painted it  
In brighter colors.

JULIA.

And my Cardinal,  
At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace,  
Keeps a tame lion !

VITTORIA.

And so counterfeits  
St. Mark, the Evangelist !

JULIA.

Ah, your tame lion  
Is Michael Angelo.

VITTORIA.

You speak a name  
That always thrills me with a noble sound,  
As of a trumpet ! Michael Angelo !  
A lion all men fear and none can tame ;  
A man that all men honor, and the model  
That all should follow ; one who works and  
prays,  
For work is prayer, and consecrates his  
life  
To the sublime ideal of his art,  
Till art and life are one ; a man who holds

Such place in all men's thoughts, that when  
they speak  
Of great things done, or to be done, his  
name  
Is ever on their lips.

JULIA.

You too can paint  
The portrait of your hero, and in colors  
Brighter than Titian's ; I might warn you  
also  
Against the dangers that beset your path ;  
But I forbear.

VITTORIA.

If I were made of marble,  
Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,  
He might admire me : being but flesh and  
blood,  
I am no more to him than other women ;  
That is am nothing.

JULIA.

Does he ride through Rome  
Upon his little mule, as he was wont,  
With his slouched hat, and boots of Cor-  
dovan,  
As when I saw him last ?

VITTORIA.

Pray do not jest.  
I cannot couple with his noble name  
A trivial word ! Look, how the setting  
sun  
Lights up Castel-a-mare and Sorrento,  
And changes Capri to a purple cloud !  
And there Vesuvius with its plume of  
smoke,  
And the great city stretched upon the  
shore  
As in a dream !

JULIA.

Parthenope the Siren !

VITTORIA.

And yon long line of lights, those sunlit  
windows  
Blaze like the torches carried in procession  
To do her honor ! It is beautiful !

JULIA.

I have no heart to feel the beauty of it !  
My feet are weary, pacing up and down  
These level flags, and wearier still my  
thoughts

Treading the broken pavement of the Past.  
It is too sad. I will go in and rest,  
And make me ready for to-morrow's jour-  
ney.

VITTORIA.

I will go with you ; for I would not lose  
One hour of your dear presence. 'T is  
enough  
Only to be in the same room with you.  
I need not speak to you, nor hear you  
speak ;  
If I but see you, I am satisfied.

[*They go in.*]

#### MONOLOGUE : THE LAST JUDGMENT

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Stadio*. *He is at work on  
the cartoon of the Last Judgment.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals  
Come here to lay this heavy task upon  
me ?  
Were not the paintings on the Sistine  
ceiling  
Enough for them ? They saw the Hebrew  
leader  
Waiting, and clutching his tempestuous  
beard,  
But heeded not. The bones of Julius  
Shook in their sepulchre. I heard the  
sound ;  
They only heard the sound of their own  
voices.

Are there no other artists here in Rome  
To do this work, that they must needs seek  
me ?

Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have  
done it,

But he is lost to art. The Papal Seals,  
Like leaden weights upon a dead man's  
eyes,

Press down his lids ; and so the burden  
falls

On Michael Angelo, Chief Architect  
And Painter of the Apostolic Palace.

That is the title they cajole me with,  
To make me do their work and leave my  
own ;

But having once begun, I turn not back.  
Blow, ye bright angels, on your golden  
trumpets

To the four corners of the earth, and wake

The dead to judgment! Ye recording  
angels,  
Open your books and read! Ye dead,  
awake!  
Rise from your graves, drowsy and drugged  
with death,  
As men who suddenly aroused from sleep  
Look round amazed, and know not where  
they are!

In happy hours, when the imagination  
Wakes like a wind at midnight, and the  
soul

Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy  
To be uplifted on its wings, and listen  
To the prophetic voices in the air  
That call us onward. Then the work we do  
Is a delight, and the obedient hand  
Never grows weary. But how different  
is it

In the disconsolate, discouraged hours,  
When all the wisdom of the world appears  
As trivial as the gossip of a nurse  
In a sick-room, and all our work seems  
useless.

What is it guides my hand, what thoughts  
possess me,

That I have drawn her face among the  
angels,

Where she will be hereafter? O sweet  
dreams,

That through the vacant chambers of my  
heart

Walk in the silence, as familiar phantoms  
Frequent an ancient house, what will ye  
with me?

'T is said that Emperors write their names  
in green

When under age, but when of age in  
purple.

So Love, the greatest Emperor of them all,  
Writes his in green at first, but afterwards  
In the imperial purple of our blood.

First love or last love, — which of these  
two passions

Is more omnipotent? Which is more fair,  
The star of morning, or the evening star?

The sunrise or the sunset of the heart?  
The hour when we look forth to the un-  
known,

And the advancing day consumes the  
shadows,

Or that when all the landscape of our  
lives

Lies stretched behind us, and familiar  
places

Gleam in the distance, and sweet memo-  
ries

Rise like a tender haze, and magnify  
The objects we behold, that soon must  
vanish?

What matters it to me, whose counte-  
nance

Is like Laocoön's, full of pain? whose fore-  
head

Is a ploughed harvest-field, where three-  
score years

Have sown in sorrow and have reaped in  
anguish?

To me, the artisan, to whom all women  
Have been as if they were not, or at most

A sudden rush of pigeons in the air,  
A flutter of wings, a sound, and then a  
silence?

I am too old for love; I am too old  
To flatter and delude myself with visions

Of never-ending friendship with fair  
women,

Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,  
In which the things that cannot be take  
shape,

And seem to be, and for the moment are.

*Convent bells ring.*

Distant and near and low and loud the  
bells,

Dominican, Benedictine, and Franciscan,  
Jangle and wrangle in their airy towers,

Discordant as the brotherhoods themselves  
In their dim cloisters. The descending  
sun

Seems to caress the city that he loves,  
And crowns it with the aureole of a saint.

I will go forth and breathe the air awhile.

## II

## SAN SILVESTRO

*A Chapel in the Church of San Silvestro on  
Monte Cavallo.*

VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO TOLOMMEI, and  
others.

## VITTORIA.

Here let us rest awhile, until the crowd  
Has left the church. I have already sent  
For Michael Angelo to join us here.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

After Fra Bernardino's wise discourse  
On the Pauline Epistles, certainly  
Some words of Michael Angelo on Art  
Were not amiss, to bring us back to earth.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *at the door.*

How like a Saint or Goddess she appears !  
Diana or Madonna, which I know not,  
In attitude and aspect formed to be  
At once the artist's worship and despair !

VITTORIA.

Welcome, Maestro. We were waiting for  
you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I met your messenger upon the way,  
And hastened hither.

VITTORIA.

It is kind of you  
To come to us, who linger here like gossips  
Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.  
These are all friends of mine and friends  
of yours.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If friends of yours, then are they friends of  
mine.

Pardon me, gentlemen. But when I en-  
tered

I saw but the Marchesa.

VITTORIA.

Take this seat  
Between me and Ser Claudio Tolommei,  
Who still maintains that our Italian tongue  
Should be called Tuscan. But for that  
offence

We will not quarrel with him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Eccellenza —

VITTORIA.

Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza  
And all such titles from the Tuscan tongue.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

'T is the abuse of them, and not the use,  
I deprecate.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The use or the abuse,  
It matters not. Let them all go together,

As empty phrases and frivolities,  
And common as gold-lace upon the collar  
Of an obsequious lackey.

VITTORIA.

That may be,  
But something of politeness would go with  
them ;  
We should lose something of the stately  
manners  
Of the old school.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

Undoubtedly.

VITTORIA.

But that  
Is not what occupies my thoughts at  
present,  
Nor why I sent for you, Messer Michele.  
It was to counsel me. His Holiness  
Has granted me permission, long desired,  
To build a convent in this neighborhood,  
Where the old tower is standing, from  
whose top  
Nero looked down upon the burning city.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is an inspiration !

VITTORIA.

I am doubtful  
How I shall build ; how large to make the  
convent,  
And which way fronting.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, to build, to build !  
That is the noblest art of all the arts.  
Painting and sculpture are but images,  
Are merely shadows cast by outward  
things

On stone or canvas, having in themselves  
No separate existence. Architecture,  
Existing in itself, and not in seeming  
A something it is not, surpasses them  
As substance shadow. Long, long years

ago,  
Standing one morning near the Baths of  
Titus,

I saw the statue of Laocoön  
Rise from its grave of centuries, like a  
ghost  
Writhing in pain ; and as it tore away

The knotted serpents from its limbs, I  
heard,  
Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony  
From its white, parted lips. And still I  
marvel

At the three Rhodian artists, by whose  
hands

This miracle was wrought. Yet he beholds  
Far nobler works who looks upon the ruins  
Of temples in the Forum here in Rome.  
If God should give me power in my old  
age

To build for Him a temple half as grand  
As those were in their glory, I should  
count

My age more excellent than youth itself,  
And all that I have hitherto accomplished  
As only vanity.

VITTORIA.

I understand you.

Art is the gift of God, and must be used  
Unto His glory. That in art is highest  
Which aims at this. When St. Hilarion  
blessed

The horses of Italicus, they won  
The race at Gaza, for his benediction  
O'erpowered all magic; and the people  
shouted  
That Christ had conquered Marnas. So  
that art

Which bears the consecration and the seal  
Of holiness upon it will prevail  
Over all others. Those few words of  
yours

Inspire me with new confidence to build.  
What think you? The old walls might  
serve, perhaps,  
Some purpose still. The tower can hold  
the bells.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If strong enough.

VITTORIA.

If not, it can be strengthened.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see no bar nor drawback to this building,  
And on our homeward way, if it shall please  
you,

We may together view the site.

VITTORIA.

I thank you.

I did not venture to request so much.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let us now go to the old walls you spake  
of,  
Vossignoria —

VITTORIA.

What, again, Maestro?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon me, Messer Claudio, if once more  
I use the ancient courtesies of speech.  
I am too old to change.

III

CARDINAL IPPOLITO

SCENE I. — *A richly furnished apartment in  
the Palace of CARDINAL IPPOLITO. Night.*

JACOPO NARDI, *an old man, alone.*

NARDI.

I am bewildered. These Numidian slaves,  
In strange attire; these endless antecham-  
bers;

This lighted hall, with all its golden splen-  
dors,

Pictures, and statues! Can this be the  
dwelling

Of a disciple of that lowly Man  
Who had not where to lay his head? These  
statues

Are not of Saints; nor is this a Madonna,  
This lovely face, that with such tender  
eyes

Looks down upon me from the painted can-  
vas.

My heart begins to fail me. What can  
he

Who lives in boundless luxury at Rome  
Care for the imperilled liberties of Flor-  
ence,

Her people, her Republic? Ah, the rich  
Feel not the pangs of banishment. All  
doors

Are open to them, and all hands extended.  
The poor alone are outcasts; they who  
risked

All they possessed for liberty, and lost;  
And wander through the world without a  
friend,

Sick, comfortless, distressed, unknown, un-  
cared for.

SCENE II. — JACOPO NARDI; CARDINAL IPPOLITO, in Spanish cloak and slouched hat.

IPPOLITO.

I pray you pardon me if I have kept you  
Waiting so long alone.

NARDI.

I wait to see

The Cardinal.

IPPOLITO.

I am the Cardinal ;

And you ?

NARDI.

Jacopo Nardi.

IPPOLITO.

You are welcome.

I was expecting you. Filippo Strozzi  
Had told me of your coming.

NARDI.

'T was his son

That brought me to your door.

IPPOLITO.

Pray you, be seated.

You seem astonished at the garb I wear,  
But at my time of life, and with my habits,  
The petticoats of a Cardinal would be —  
Troublesome ; I could neither ride nor

walk,

Nor do a thousand things, if I were dressed  
Like an old dowager. It were putting  
wine

Young as the young Astyanax into goblets  
As old as Priam.

NARDI.

Oh, your Eminence

Knows best what you should wear.

IPPOLITO.

Dear Messer Nardi,

You are no stranger to me. I have read  
Your excellent translation of the books  
Of Titus Livius, the historian  
Of Rome, and model of all historians  
That shall come after him. It does you  
honor ;

But greater honor still the love you bear  
To Florence, our dear country, and whose  
annals

I hope your hand will write, in happier  
days

Than we now see.

NARDI.

Your Eminence will pardon  
The lateness of the hour.

IPPOLITO.

The hours I count not  
As a sun-dial ; but am like a clock,  
That tells the time as well by night as day.  
So, no excuse. I know what brings you  
here.

You come to speak of Florence.

NARDI.

And her woes.

IPPOLITO.

The duke, my cousin, the black Alessandro,  
Whose mother was a Moorish slave, that  
fed

The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm, still lives  
And reigns.

NARDI.

Alas, that such a scourge  
Should fall on such a city !

IPPOLITO.

When he dies,  
The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo,  
The beast obscene, should be the monument  
Of this bad man.

NARDI.

He walks the streets at night  
With revellers, insulting honest men.  
No house is sacred from his lusts. The  
convents  
Are turned by him to brothels, and the  
honor

Of woman and all ancient pious customs  
Are quite forgotten now. The offices  
Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri  
Have been abolished. All the magistrates  
Are now his creatures. Liberty is dead.  
The very memory of all honest living  
Is wiped away, and even our Tuscan tongue  
Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

IPPOLITO.

And, worst of all, his impious hand has  
broken

The Martinella, — our great battle bell,  
That, sounding through three centuries, has  
led

The Florentines to victory, — lest its voice

Should waken in their soul some memory  
Of far-off times of glory.

NARDI.

What a change  
Ten little years have made ! We all re-  
member

Those better days, when Niccolò Capponi,  
The Gonfaloniere, from the windows  
Of the Old Palace, with the blast of trum-  
pets,

Proclaimed to the inhabitants that Christ  
Was chosen King of Florence ; and already  
Christ is dethroned, and slain ; and in his  
stead

Reigns Lucifer ! Alas, alas, for Florence !

IPPOLITO.

Lilies with lilies, said Savonarola ;  
Florence and France ! But I say Florence  
only,

Or only with the Emperor's hand to help us  
In sweeping out the rubbish.

NARDI.

Little hope  
Of help is there from him. He has be-  
trothed  
His daughter Margaret to this shameless  
Duke.

What hope have we from such an Em-  
peror ?

IPPOLITO.

Baccio Valori and Philipppo Strozzi,  
Once the Duke's friends and intimates, are  
with us,

And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.  
We shall soon see, then, as Valori says,  
Whether the Duke can best spare honest  
men,

Or honest men the Duke.

NARDI.

We have determined  
To send ambassadors to Spain, and lay  
Our griefs before the Emperor, though I  
fear  
More than I hope.

IPPOLITO.

The Emperor is busy  
With this new war against the Algerines,  
And has no time to listen to complaints  
From our ambassadors ; nor will I trust  
them,

But go myself. All is in readiness  
For my departure, and to-morrow morning  
I shall go down to Itri, where I meet  
Dante da Castiglione and some others,  
Republicans and fugitives from Florence,  
And then take ship at Gaëta, and go  
To join the Emperor in his new crusade  
Against the Turk. I shall have time  
enough  
And opportunity to plead our cause.

NARDI, rising.

It is an inspiration, and I hail it  
As of good omen. May the power that  
sends it

Bless our beloved country, and restore  
Its banished citizens. The soul of Florence  
Is now outside its gates. What lies within  
Is but a corpse, corrupted and corrupting.  
Heaven help us all. I will not tarry  
longer,

For you have need of rest. Good-night.

IPPOLITO.

Good-night !

SCENE III. — CARDINAL IPPOLITO ; FRA SE-  
BASTIANO ; *Turkish attendants.*

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastiano, how your portly presence  
Contrasts with that of the spare Florentine  
Who has just left me !

FRA SEBASTIANO.

As we passed each other,  
I saw that he was weeping.

IPPOLITO.

Poor old man !

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Who is he ?

IPPOLITO.

Jacopo Nardi. A brave soul ;  
One of the Fuorusciti, and the best  
And noblest of them all ; but he has made  
me

Sad with his sadness. As I look on you  
My heart grows lighter. I behold a man  
Who lives in an ideal world, apart  
From all the rude collisions of our life,  
In a calm atmosphere.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Your Eminence

Is surely jesting. If you knew the life  
Of artists as I know it, you might think  
Far otherwise.

IPPOLITO.

But wherefore should I jest ?  
The world of art is an ideal world, —  
The world I love, and that I fain would  
live in ;

So speak to me of artists and of art,  
Of all the painters, sculptors, and musicians  
That now illustrate Rome.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Of the musicians,  
I know but Goudimel, the brave maestro —  
And chapel-master of his Holiness,  
Who trains the Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

In church, this morning,  
I listened to a mass of Goudimel,  
Divinely chanted. In the Incarnatus,  
In lieu of Latin words, the tenor sang  
With infinite tenderness, in plain Italian,  
A Neapolitan love-song.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You amaze me.

Was it a wanton song ?

IPPOLITO.

Not a divine one.

I am not over-scrupulous, as you know,  
In word or deed, yet such a song as that,  
Sung by the tenor of the Papal choir,  
And in a Papal mass, seemed out of place ;  
There's something wrong in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There's something wrong  
In everything. We cannot make the world  
Go right. 'Tis not my business to reform  
The Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

Nor mine, thank Heaven !  
Then tell me of the artists.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Naming one  
I name them all ; for there is only one :  
His name is Messer Michael Angelo.  
All art and artists of the present day  
Centre in him.

IPPOLITO.

You count yourself as nothing ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Or less than nothing, since I am at best  
Only a portrait-painter ; one who draws  
With greater or less skill, as best he may,  
The features of a face.

IPPOLITO.

And you have had  
The honor, nay, the glory, of portraying  
Julia Gonzaga ! Do you count as nothing  
A privilege like that ? See there the por-  
trait

Rebuking you with its divine expression.  
Are you not penitent ? He whose skilful  
hand

Painted that lovely picture has not right  
To vilipend the art of portrait-painting.  
But what of Michael Angelo ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But lately  
Strolling together down the crowded Corso,  
We stopped, well pleased, to see your Em-  
inence

Pass on an Arab steed, a noble creature,  
Which Michael Angelo, who is a lover  
Of all things beautiful, and especially  
When they are Arab horses, much ad-  
mired,  
And could not praise enough.

IPPOLITO, to an attendant.

Hassan, to-morrow,  
When I am gone, but not till I am gone, —  
Be careful about that, — take Barbarossa  
To Messer Michael Angelo the sculptor,  
Who lives there at Macello dei Corvi,  
Near to the Capitol ; and take besides  
Some ten mule-loads of provender, and  
say  
Your master sends them to him as a  
present.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A princely gift. Though Michael Angelo  
Refuses presents from his Holiness,  
Yours he will not refuse.

IPPOLITO.

You think him like  
Thymætēs, who received the wooden horse  
Into the walls of Troy. That book of  
Virgil

Have I translated in Italian verse,  
And shall, some day, when we have leisure  
for it,  
Be pleased to read you. When I speak of  
Troy

I am reminded of another town  
And of a lovelier Helen, our dear Coun-  
tess

Julia Gonzaga. You remember, surely,  
The adventure with the corsair Barbarossa,  
And all that followed ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A most strange adventure ;  
A tale as marvellous and full of wonder  
As any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti ;  
Almost incredible !

IPPOLITO.

Were I a painter  
I should not want a better theme than  
that :

The lovely lady fleeing through the night  
In wild disorder ; and the brigands' camp  
With the red fire-light on their swarthy  
faces.

Could you not paint it for me ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

No, not I.  
It is not in my line.

IPPOLITO.

Then you shall paint  
The portrait of the corsair, when we bring  
him

A prisoner chained to Naples ; for I feel  
Something like admiration for a man  
Who dared this strange adventure.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will do it.  
But catch the corsair first.

IPPOLITO.

You may begin  
To-morrow with the sword. Hassan, come  
hither ;

Bring me the Turkish scimitar that hangs  
Beneath the picture yonder. Now un-  
sheathe it.

'T is a Damascus blade ; you see the in-  
scription

In Arabic : *La Allah ! illa Allah !* —  
There is no God but God.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

How beautiful  
In fashion and in finish ! It is perfect.  
The Arsenal of Venice cannot boast  
A finer sword.

IPPOLITO.

You like it ? It is yours.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You do not mean it.

IPPOLITO.

I am not a Spaniard,  
To say that it is yours and not to mean it.  
I have at Itri a whole armory  
Full of such weapons. When you paint the  
portrait

Of Barbarossa, it will be of use.

You have not been rewarded as you should  
be

For painting the Gonzaga. Throw this  
bauble

Into the scale, and make the balance equal.

Till then suspend it in your studio ;

You artists like such trifles.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will keep it  
In memory of the donor. Many thanks.

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastian, I am growing tired of Rome,  
The old dead city, with the old dead  
people ;

Priests everywhere, like shadows on a wall,  
And morning, noon, and night the cease-  
less sound

Of convent bells. I must be gone from  
here ;

Though Ovid somewhere says that Rome is  
worthy

To be the dwelling-place of all the Gods,  
I must be gone from here. To-morrow  
morning

I start for Itri, and go thence by sea

To join the Emperor, who is making war

Upon the Algerines ; perhaps to sink  
Some Turkish galleys, and bring back in  
chains

The famous corsair. Thus would I avenge  
The beautiful Gonzaga.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

An achievement  
Worthy of Charlemagne, or of Orlando.

Berni and Ariosto both shall add  
A canto to their poems, and describe you  
As Furioso and Innamorato.  
Now I must say good-night.

IPPOLITO.

You must not go ;  
First you shall sup with me. My seneschal,  
Giovan Andrea dal Borgo a San Se-  
polero, —

I like to give the whole sonorous name,  
It sounds so like a verse of the Æneid, —  
Has brought me eels fresh from the Lake  
of Fondi,

And Lucrine oysters cradled in their  
shells ;

These, with red Fondi wine, the Cæcuban  
That Horace speaks of, under a hundred  
keys

Kept safe, until the heir of Posthumus  
Shall stain the pavement with it, make a  
feast

Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian even ;  
So we will go to supper, and be merry.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Beware ! Remember that Bolsena's eels  
And Vernage wine once killed a Pope of  
Rome !

IPPOLITO.

'T was a French Pope ; and then so long  
ago ;  
Who knows ? — perhaps the story is not  
true.

#### IV

BORGIO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES

*Room in the Palace of JULIA GONZAGA. Night.*  
JULIA GONZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

JULIA.

Do not go yet.

VALDESSO.

The night is far advanced ;  
I fear to stay too late, and weary you  
With these discussions.

JULIA.

I have much to say.  
I speak to you, Valdesso, with that frank-  
ness

Which is the greatest privilege of friend-  
ship, —

Speak as I hardly would to my confes-  
sor,  
Such is my confidence in you.

VALDESSO.

Dear Countess,  
If loyalty to friendship be a claim  
Upon your confidence, then I may claim it.

JULIA.

Then sit again, and listen unto things  
That nearer are to me than life itself.

VALDESSO.

In all things I am happy to obey you,  
And happiest then when you command me  
most.

JULIA.

Laying aside all useless rhetoric,  
That is superfluous between us two,  
I come at once unto the point, and say,  
You know my outward life, my rank and  
fortune ;

Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Trajetto,  
A widow rich and flattered, for whose hand  
In marriage princes ask, and ask it only  
To be rejected. All the world can offer  
Lies at my feet. If I remind you of it  
It is not in the way of idle boasting,  
But only to the better understanding  
Of what comes after.

VALDESSO.

God hath given you also  
Beauty and intellect ; and the signal grace  
To lead a spotless life amid temptations  
That others yield to.

JULIA.

But the inward life, —  
That you know not ; 't is known but to my-  
self,

And is to me a mystery and a pain :  
A soul disquieted and ill at ease,  
A mind perplexed with doubts and appre-  
hensions,  
A heart dissatisfied with all around me,  
And with myself, so that sometimes I  
weep,  
Discouraged and disgusted with the world.

VALDESSO.

Whene'er we cross a river at a ford,  
If we would pass in safety, we must keep

Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,  
 For if we cast them on the flowing stream,  
 The head swims with it ; so if we would cross  
 The running flood of things here in the world,  
 Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight  
 On the firm land beyond.)

JULIA.

I comprehend you.  
 You think I am too worldly ; that my head  
 Swims with the giddy whirl of life about me.  
 Is that your meaning ?

VALDESSO.

Yes ; your meditations  
 Are more of this world and its vanities  
 Than of the world to come.

JULIA.

Between the two  
 I am confused.

VALDESSO.

Yet have I seen you listen  
 Enraptured when Fra Bernardino preached  
 Of faith and hope and charity.

JULIA.

I listen,  
 But only as to music without meaning.  
 It moves me for the moment, and I think  
 How beautiful it is to be a saint,  
 As dear Vittoria is ; but I am weak  
 And wayward, and I soon fall back again  
 To my old ways, so very easily.  
 There are too many week-days for one  
 Sunday.

VALDESSO.

Then take the Sunday with you through  
 the week,  
 And sweeten with it all the other days.

JULIA.

In part I do so ; for to put a stop  
 To idle tongues, what men might say of  
 me  
 If I lived all alone here in my palace,  
 And not from a vocation that I feel  
 For the monastic life, I now am living  
 With Sister Caterina at the convent  
 Of Santa Chiara, and I come here only

On certain days, for my affairs, or visits  
 Of ceremony, or to be with friends.  
 For I confess, to live among my friends  
 Is Paradise to me ; my Purgatory  
 Is living among people I dislike.  
 And so I pass my life in these two worlds,  
 This palace and the convent.

VALDESSO.

It was then  
 The fear of man, and not the love of God,  
 That led you to this step. Why will you  
 not  
 Renounce the world, and give your heart  
 to God,<sup>1</sup>

JULIA.

If God so commands it,  
 Wherefore hath He not made me capable  
 Of doing for Him what I wish to do  
 As easily as I could offer Him  
 This jewel from my hand, this gown I  
 wear,  
 Or aught else that is mine ?

VALDESSO.

The hindrance lies  
 In that original sin, by which all fell.

JULIA.

Ah me, I cannot bring my troubled mind  
 To wish well to that Adam, our first parent,  
 Who by his sin lost Paradise for us,  
 And brought such ills upon us.

VALDESSO.

We ourselves,  
 When we commit a sin, lose Paradise,  
 As much as he did. Let us think of this,  
 And how we may regain it.

JULIA.

Teach me, then,  
 To harmonize the discord of my life,  
 And stop the painful jangle of these wires.

VALDESSO.

That is a task impossible, until  
 You tune your heart-strings to a higher key  
 Than earthly melodies.

JULIA.

How shall I do it ?  
 Point out to me the way of this perfection,

<sup>1</sup> For some unexplained reason, the sentence has been left incomplete ; apparently the omission was not more than a half line.

And I will follow you ; for you have made  
My soul enamored with it, and I cannot  
Rest satisfied until I find it out.  
But lead me privately, so that the world  
Hear not my steps ; I would not give occa-  
sion  
For talk among the people.

VALDESSO.

Now at last  
I understand you fully. Then, what need  
Is there for us to beat about the bush ?  
I know what you desire of me.

JULIA.

What rudeness !  
If you already know it, why not tell me ?

VALDESSO.

Because I rather wait for you to ask it  
With your own lips.

JULIA.

Do me the kindness, then,  
To speak without reserve ; and with all  
frankness,  
If you divine the truth, will I confess it.

VALDESSO.

I am content.

JULIA.

Then speak.

VALDESSO.

You would be free  
From the vexatious thoughts that come and  
go  
Through your imagination, and would have  
me  
Point out some royal road and lady-like  
Which you may walk in, and not wound  
your feet.  
You would attain to the divine perfection,  
And yet not turn your back upon the  
world ;  
You would possess humility within,  
But not reveal it in your outward actions ;  
You would have patience, but without the  
rude  
Occasions that require its exercise ;  
You would despise the world, but in such  
fashion  
The world should not despise you in return ;  
Would clothe the soul with all the Chris-  
tian graces,  
Yet not despoil the body of its gauds ;

Would feed the soul with spiritual food,  
Yet not deprive the body of its feasts ;  
Would seem angelic in the sight of God,  
Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of men ;  
In short, would lead a holy Christian life  
In such a way that even your nearest friend  
Would not detect therein one circumstance  
To show a change from what it was before.  
Have I divined your secret ?

JULIA.

You have drawn  
The portrait of my inner self as truly  
As the most skilful painter ever painted  
A human face.

VALDESSO.

This warrants me in saying  
You think you can win heaven by compro-  
mise,  
And not by verdict.

JULIA.

You have often told me  
That a bad compromise was better even  
Than a good verdict.

VALDESSO.

Yes, in suits at law ;  
Not in religion. With the human soul  
There is no compromise. By faith alone  
Can man be justified.

JULIA.

Hush, dear Valdesso ;  
That is a heresy. Do not, I pray you,  
Proclaim it from the house-top, but preserve  
it  
As something precious, hidden in your  
heart,  
As I, who half believe and tremble at it.

VALDESSO.

I must proclaim the truth.

JULIA.

Enthusiast !  
Why must you ? You imperil both your-  
self  
And friends by your imprudence. Pray,  
be patient.  
You have occasion now to show that virtue  
Which you lay stress upon. Let us return  
To our lost pathway. Show me by what  
steps  
I shall walk in it.

[Convent bells are heard.]

VALDESSO.

Hark ! the convent bells  
Are ringing ; it is midnight ; I must leave  
you.  
And yet I linger. Pardon me, dear Coun-  
tess,  
Since you to-night have made me your con-  
fessor,  
If I so far may venture, I will warn you  
Upon one point.

JULIA.

What is it ? Speak, I pray you,  
For I have no concealments in my conduct ;  
All is as open as the light of day.  
What is it you would warn me of ?

VALDESSO.

Your friendship  
With Cardinal Ippolito.

JULIA.

What is there  
To cause suspicion or alarm in that,  
More than in friendships that I entertain  
With you and others ? I ne'er sat with  
him  
Alone at night, as I am sitting now  
With you, Valdesso.

VALDESSO.

Pardon me ; the portrait  
That Fra Bastiano painted was for him.  
Is that quite prudent ?

JULIA.

That is the same question  
Vittoria put to me, when I last saw her.  
I make you the same answer. That was  
not  
A pledge of love, but of pure gratitude.  
Recall the adventure of that dreadful night  
When Barbarossa with two thousand Moors  
Landed upon the coast, and in the dark-  
ness  
Attacked my castle. Then, without delay,  
The Cardinal came hurrying down from  
Rome  
To rescue and protect me. Was it wrong  
That in an hour like that I did not weigh  
Too nicely this or that, but granted him  
A boon that pleased him, and that flattered  
me ?

VALDESSO.

Only beware lest, in disguise of friendship,  
Another corsair, worse than Barbarossa,

Steal in and seize the castle, not by storm  
But strategy. And now I take my leave.

JULIA.

Farewell ; but ere you go, look forth and  
see  
How night hath hushed the clamor and the  
stir  
Of the tumultuous streets. The cloudless  
moon  
Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver ;  
The dim, mysterious sea in silence sleeps,  
And straight into the air Vesuvius lifts  
His plume of smoke. How beautiful it is !  
[Voices in the street.]

GIOVAN ANDREA.

Poisoned at Itri.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Poisoned ? Who is poisoned ?

GIOVAN ANDREA.

The Cardinal Ippolito, my master.  
Call it malaria. It was very sudden.  
[Julia swoons.]

V

VITTORIA COLONNA

*A room in the Torre Argentina.*

VITTORIA COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

Come to my arms and to my heart once  
more ;  
My soul goes out to meet you and embrace  
you,  
For we are of the sisterhood of sorrow.  
I know what you have suffered.

JULIA.

Name it not.

Let me forget it.

VITTORIA.

I will say no more.  
Let me look at you. What a joy it is  
To see your face, to hear your voice again !  
You bring with you a breath as of the  
morn,  
A memory of the far-off happy days  
When we were young. When did you  
come from Fondi ?

JULIA.

I have not been at Fondi since —

VITTORIA.

Ah me !

You need not speak the word ; I understand you.

JULIA.

I came from Naples by the lovely valley,  
The Terra di Lavoro.

VITTORIA.

And you find me

But just returned from a long journey  
northward.

I have been staying with that noble woman,  
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

JULIA.

Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have heard  
Flaminio speak her praises with such  
warmth

That I am eager to hear more of her  
And of her brilliant court.

VITTORIA.

You shall hear all.

But first sit down and listen patiently  
While I confess myself.

JULIA.

What deadly sin

Have you committed ?

VITTORIA.

Not a sin ; a folly.

I chid you once at Ischia, when you told  
me

That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your  
portrait.

JULIA.

Well I remember it.

VITTORIA.

Then chide me now,

For I confess to something still more  
strange.

Old as I am, I have at last consented  
To the entreaties and the supplications  
Of Michael Angelo —

JULIA.

To marry him ?

VITTORIA.

I pray you, do not jest with me ! You  
know,

Or you should know, that never such a  
thought

Entered my breast. I am already married  
The Marquis of Pescara is my husband,  
And death has not divorced us.

JULIA.

Pardon me.

Have I offended you ?

VITTORIA.

No, but have hurt me.

Unto my buried lord I give myself,  
Unto my friend the shadow of myself,  
My portrait. It is not from vanity,  
But for the love I bear him.

JULIA.

I rejoice

To hear these words. Oh, this will be a  
portrait

Worthy of both of you ! [A knock.

VITTORIA.

Hark ! he is coming.

JULIA.

And shall I go or stay ?

VITTORIA.

By all means, stay.

The drawing will be better for your pres-  
ence ;

You will enliven me.

JULIA.

I shall not speak ;

The presence of great men doth take from  
me

All power of speech. I only gaze at them  
In silent wonder, as if they were gods,  
Or the inhabitants of some other planet.

*Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.*

VITTORIA.

Come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I fear my visit is ill-timed ;

I interrupt you.

VITTORIA.

No ; this is a friend

Of yours as well as mine, — the Lady Julia,  
The Duchess of Trajetto.

MICHAEL ANGELO to JULIA.

I salute you.

'Tis long since I have seen your face, my lady ;

Pardon me if I say that having seen it,  
One never can forget it.

JULIA.

You are kind

To keep me in your memory.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is

The privilege of age to speak with frank-  
ness.

You will not be offended when I say  
That never was your beauty more divine.

JULIA.

When Michael Angelo condescends to flat-  
ter

Or praise me, I am proud, and not offended.

VITTORIA.

Now this is gallantry enough for one ;  
Show me a little.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my gracious lady,

You know I have not words to speak your  
praise.

I think of you in silence. You conceal  
Your manifold perfections from all eyes,  
And make yourself more saint-like day by  
day,

And day by day men worship you the more.  
But now your hour of martyrdom has come.  
You know why I am here.

VITTORIA.

Ah yes, I know it ;

And meet my fate with fortitude. You  
find me

Surrounded by the labors of your hands :

The Woman of Samaria at the Well,  
The Mater Dolorosa, and the Christ  
Upon the Cross, beneath which you have  
written

Those memorable words of Alighieri,  
"Men have forgotten how much blood it  
costs."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I come to add one labor more,  
If you will call that labor which is pleasure,  
And only pleasure.

VITTORIA.

How shall I be seated ?

MICHAEL ANGELO, opening his portfolio.

Just as you are. The light falls well upon  
you.

VITTORIA.

I am ashamed to steal the time from you  
That should be given to the Sistine Chapel.  
How does that work go on ?

MICHAEL ANGELO, drawing.

But tardily,

Old men work slowly. Brain and hand  
alike

Are dull and torpid. To die young is best,  
And not to be remembered as old men  
Tottering about in their decrepitude.

VITTORIA.

My dear Maestro ! have you, then, forgot-  
ten

The story of Sophocles in his old age ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What story is it ?

VITTORIA.

When his sons accused him,  
Before the Areopagus, of dotage,  
For all defence, he read there to his Judges  
The Tragedy of *Ædipus Coloneus*, —  
The work of his old age.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'Tis an illusion,  
A fabulous story, that will lead old men  
Into a thousand follies and conceits.

VITTORIA.

So you may show to cavillers your painting  
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine  
Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now you and Lady Julia shall resume  
The conversation that I interrupted.

VITTORIA.

It was of no great import ; nothing more  
Nor less than my late visit to Ferrara,  
And what I saw there in the ducal palace.  
Will it not interrupt you ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not the least.

VITTORIA.

Well, first, then, of Duke Ercole : a man  
Cold in his manners, and reserved and silent,

And yet magnificent in all his ways ;  
Not hospitable unto new ideas,  
But from state policy, and certain reasons  
Concerning the investiture of the duchy,  
A partisan of Rome, and consequently  
Intolerant of all the new opinions.

JULIA.

I should not like the Duke. These silent  
men,

Who only look and listen, are like wells  
That have no water in them, deep and empty.

How could the daughter of a king of France  
Wed such a duke ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The men that women marry,  
And why they marry them, will always be  
A marvel and a mystery to the world.

VITTORIA.

And then the Duchess, — how shall I describe her,

Or tell the merits of that happy nature  
Which pleases most when least it thinks of  
pleasing ?

Not beautiful, perhaps, in form and feature,

Yet with an inward beauty, that shines  
through

Each look and attitude and word and gesture ;

A kindly grace of manner and behavior,  
A something in her presence and her ways  
That makes her beautiful beyond the reach  
Of mere external beauty ; and in heart  
So noble and devoted to the truth,  
And so in sympathy with all who strive  
After the higher life.

JULIA.

She draws me to her  
As much as her Duke Ercole repels me.

VITTORIA.

Then the devout and honorable women  
That grace her court, and make it good to  
be there ;

Francesca Bucyronia, the true-hearted,  
Lavinia della Rovere and the Orsini,  
The Magdalena and the Cherubina,  
And Anne de Parthenai, who sings so  
sweetly ;

All lovely women, full of noble thoughts  
And aspirations after noble things.

JULIA.

Boccaccio would have envied you such  
dames.

VITTORIA.

No ; his Fiammettas and his Philomenas  
Are fitter company for Ser Giovanni ;  
I fear he hardly would have comprehended  
The women that I speak of.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yet he wrote  
The story of Griseldis. That is something  
To set down in his favor.

VITTORIA.

With these ladies  
Was a young girl, Olympia Morata,  
Daughter of Fulvio, the learned scholar,  
Famous in all the universities :  
A marvellous child, who at the spinning-  
wheel,

And in the daily round of household cares,  
Hath learned both Greek and Latin ; and  
is now

A favorite of the Duchess and companion  
Of Princess Anne. This beautiful young  
Sappho

Sometimes recited to us Grecian odes  
That she had written, with a voice whose  
sadness

Thrilled and o'ermastered me, and made  
me look

Into the future time, and ask myself  
What destiny will be hers.

JULIA.

A sad one, surely.  
Frost kills the flowers that blossom out of  
season ;

And these precocious intellects portend  
A life of sorrow or an early death.

VITTORIA.

About the court were many learned men ;  
Chilian Sinapius from beyond the Alps,  
And Celio Curione, and Manzolli,

The Duke's physician ; and a pale young  
man,  
Charles d'Espeville of Geneva, whom the  
Duchess  
Doth much delight to talk with and to read.  
For he hath written a book of Institutes  
The Duchess greatly praises, though some  
call it  
The Koran of the heretics.

JULIA.

And what poets  
Were there to sing you madrigals, and  
praise  
Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's tresses ?

VITTORIA.

None ; for great Ariosto is no more.  
The voice that filled those halls with mel-  
ody  
Has long been hushed in death.

JULIA.

You should have made  
A pilgrimage unto the poet's tomb,  
And laid a wreath upon it, for the words  
He spake of you.

VITTORIA.

And of yourself no less,  
And of our master, Michael Angelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Of me ?

VITTORIA.

Have you forgotten that he calls you  
Michael, less man than angel, and divine ?  
You are ungrateful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A mere play on words.  
That adjective he wanted for a rhyme,  
To match with Gian Bellino and Urbino.

VITTORIA.

Bernardo Tasso is no longer there,  
Nor the gay troubadour of Gascony,  
Clement Marot, surnamed by flatterers  
The Prince of Poets and the Poet of Princes,  
Who, being looked upon with much dis-  
favor  
By the Duke Ercole, has fled to Venice.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There let him stay with Pietro Aretino,  
The Scourge of Princes, also called Divine.  
The title is so common in our mouths,  
That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi,  
Who play their bag-pipes in the streets of  
Rome  
At the Epiphany, will bear it soon,  
And will deserve it better than some poets.

VITTORIA.

What bee hath stung you ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

One that makes no honey ;  
One that comes buzzing in through every  
window,  
And stabs men with his sting. A bitter  
thought  
Passed through my mind, but it is gone  
again ;  
I spake too hastily.

JULIA.

I pray you, show me  
What you have done.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not yet ; it is not finished.

## PART SECOND

## I

## MONOLOGUE

*A room in MICHAEL ANGELO's house.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Fled to Viterbo, the old Papal city  
Where once an Emperor, humbled in his  
pride,  
Held the Pope's stirrup, as his Holiness  
Alighted from his mule ! A fugitive  
From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who hurls  
His thunders at the house of the Colonna,  
With endless bitterness ! — Among the nuns  
In Santa Caterina's convent hidden,  
Herself in soul a nun ! And now she chides  
me  
For my too frequent letters, that disturb  
Her meditations, and that hinder me  
And keep me from my work ; now gra-  
ciously

She thanks me for the crucifix I sent her,  
And says that she will keep it : with one  
hand

Inflicts a wound, and with the other heals it.

[Reading.]

"Profoundly I believed that God would  
grant you

A supernatural faith to paint this Christ ;  
I wished for that which now I see fulfilled  
So marvellously, exceeding all my wishes.  
Nor more could be desired, or even so much.  
And greatly I rejoice that you have made  
The angel on the right so beautiful ;  
For the Archangel Michael will place you,  
You, Michael Angelo, on that new day,  
Upon the Lord's right hand ! And waiting  
that,

How can I better serve you than to pray  
To this sweet Christ for you, and to beseech  
you

To hold me altogether yours in all things."

Well, I will write less often, or no more,  
But wait her coming. No one born in  
Rome

Can live elsewhere ; but he must pine for  
Rome,

And must return to it. I, who am born  
And bred a Tuscan and a Florentine,  
Feel the attraction, and I linger here  
As if I were a pebble in the pavement  
Trodden by priestly feet. This I endure,  
Because I breathe in Rome an atmosphere  
Heavy with odors of the laurel leaves  
That crowned great heroes of the sword  
and pen,

In ages past. I feel myself exalted  
To walk the streets in which a Virgil  
walked,

Or Trajan rode in triumph ; but far more,  
And most of all, because the great Colonna  
Breathes the same air I breathe, and is to  
me

An inspiration. Now that she is gone,  
Rome is no longer Rome till she return.  
This feeling overmasters me. I know not  
If it be love, this strong desire to be  
Forever in her presence ; but I know  
That I, who was the friend of solitude,  
And ever was best pleased when most alone,  
Now weary grow of my own company.  
For the first time old age seems lonely to  
me.

[Opening the *Divina Commedia*.]

I turn for consolation to the leaves

Of the great master of our Tuscan tongue,  
Whose words, like colored garnet-shirts in  
lava,

Betray the heat in which they were en-  
gendered.

A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread  
Of others, but repaid their meagre gifts  
With immortality. In courts of princes  
He was a by-word, and in streets of towns  
Was mocked by children, like the Hebrew  
prophet,

Himself a prophet. I too know the cry,  
Go up, thou bald head ! from a generation  
That, wanting reverence, wanteth the best  
food

The soul can feed on. There's not room  
enough

For age and youth upon this little planet.  
Age must give way. There was not room  
enough

Even for this great poet. In his song  
I hear reverberate the gates of Florence,  
Closing upon him, never more to open ;  
But mingled with the sound are melodies  
Celestial from the gates of paradise.

He came and he is gone. The people  
knew not

What manner of man was passing by their  
doors,

Until he passed no more ; but in his vision  
He saw the torments and beatitudes  
Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath  
left

Behind him this sublime Apocalypse.

I strive in vain to draw here on the margin  
The face of Beatrice. It is not hers,  
But the Colonna's. Each hath his ideal,  
The image of some woman excellent,  
That is his guide. No Grecian art, nor  
Roman,

Hath yet revealed such loveliness as hers.

## II

### VITERBO

VITTORIA COLONNA *at the convent window*.

### VITTORIA.

Parting with friends is temporary death,  
As all death is. We see no more their  
faces,

Nor hear their voices, save in memory.

But messages of love give us assurance  
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say  
That from the world of spirits comes no  
greeting,

No message of remembrance? It may be  
The thoughts that visit us, we know not  
whence,

Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers  
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us  
As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,  
Through the barred windows speak to those  
within. [*A pause.*]

As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,  
As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,  
As quiet as a heart that beats no more,  
This convent seems. Above, below, all  
peace!

Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends,  
Are with me here, and the tumultuous  
world

Makes no more noise than the remotest  
planet. [*A pause.*]

O gentle spirit, unto the third circle  
Of heaven among the blessed souls as-  
cended,

Who, living in the faith and dying for it,  
Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh  
For thee as being dead, but for myself  
That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes,

Once so benignant to me, upon mine,  
That open to their tears such uncontrolled  
And such continual issue. Still awhile  
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.  
A few more goings in and out these doors,  
A few more chimings of these convent  
bells,

A few more prayers, a few more sighs and  
tears,

And the long agony of this life will end,  
And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting  
To thy well-being, as thou art to mine,  
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.  
Ye winds that loiter in these cloister  
gardens,

Or wander far above the city walls,  
Bear unto him this message, that I ever  
Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light  
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud  
Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,  
And wafted up to heaven. It fades away,  
And melts into the air. Ah, would that I  
Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francesco,  
A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit!

## III

MICHAEL ANGELO AND BENVENUTO  
CELLINI

SCENE I. — MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO  
CELLINI in gay attire.

BENVENUTO.

A good day and good year to the divine  
Maestro Michael Angelo, the sculptor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Welcome, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

That is what  
My father said, the first time he beheld  
This handsome face. But say farewell, not  
welcome.

I come to take my leave. I start for  
Florence

As fast as horse can carry me. I long  
To set once more upon its level flags  
These feet, made sore by your vile Roman  
pavements.

Come with me; you are wanted there in  
Florence.

The Sacristy is not finished.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Speak not of it!  
How damp and cold it was! How my  
bones ached  
And my head reeled, when I was working  
there!

I am too old. I will stay here in Rome,  
Where all is old and crumbling, like myself,  
To hopeless ruin. All roads lead to Rome.

BENVENUTO.

And all lead out of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There is a charm,  
A certain something in the atmosphere,  
That all men feel, and no man can de-  
scribe.

BENVENUTO.

Malaria?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes, malaria of the mind,  
Out of this tomb of the majestic Past;  
The fever to accomplish some great work  
That will not let us sleep. I must go on  
Until I die.

BENVENUTO.

Do you ne'er think of Florence ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes ; whenever  
I think of anything beside my work,  
I think of Florence. I remember, too,  
The bitter days I passed among the quar-  
ries  
Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta ;  
Road-building in the marshes ; stupid  
people,  
And cold and rain incessant, and mad  
gusts  
Of mountain wind, like howling Dervishes,  
That spun and whirled the eddying snow  
about them  
As if it were a garment ; aye, vexations  
And troubles of all kinds, that ended only  
In loss of time and money.

BENVENUTO.

True, Maestro ;  
But that was not in Florence. You should  
leave  
Such work to others. Sweeter memories  
Cluster about you, in the pleasant city  
Upon the Arno.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

In my waking dreams  
I see the marvellous dome of Brunelleschi,  
Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and Giotto's  
tower ;  
And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci glides  
With folded hands amid my troubled  
thoughts,  
A splendid vision ! Time rides with the old  
At a great pace. // As travellers on swift  
steeds  
See the near landscape fly and flow behind  
them,  
While the remoter fields and dim horizons  
Go with them, and seem wheeling round to  
meet them,  
So in old age things near us slip away,  
And distant things go with us. Pleasantly  
Come back to me the days when, as a  
youth,  
I walked with Ghirlandajo in the gardens  
Of Medici, and saw the antique statues,  
The forms august of gods and godlike men,  
And the great world of art revealed itself  
To my young eyes. Then all that man  
hath done

Seemed possible to me. Alas ! how little  
Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved !

BENVENUTO.

Nay, let the Night and Morning, let  
Lorenzo  
And Julian in the Sacristy at Florence,  
Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel,  
And the Last Judgment answer. Is it  
finished ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The work is nearly done. But this Last  
Judgment  
Has been the cause of more vexation to me  
Than it will be of honor. Ser Biagio,  
Master of ceremonies at the Papal court,  
A man punctilious and over nice,  
Calls it improper ; says that those nude  
forms,  
Showing their nakedness in such shameless  
fashion,  
Are better suited to a common bagnio,  
Or wayside wine-shop, than a Papal  
Chapel.  
To punish him I painted him as Minos  
And leave him there as master of cere-  
monies  
In the Infernal Regions. What would you  
Have done to such a man ?

BENVENUTO.

I would have killed him.  
When any one insults me, if I can  
I kill him, kill him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh, you gentlemen,  
Who dress in silks and velvets, and wear  
swords,  
Are ready with your weapons, and have all  
A taste for homicide.

BENVENUTO.

I learned that lesson  
Under Pope Clement at the siege of Rome,  
Some twenty years ago. As I was standing  
Upon the ramparts of the Campo Santo  
With Alessandro Bene, I beheld  
A sea of fog, that covered all the plain,  
And hid from us the foe ; when suddenly,  
A misty figure, like an apparition,  
Rose up above the fog, as if on horseback.  
At this I aimed my arquebus, and fired.  
The figure vanished ; and there rose a cry

Out of the darkness, long and fierce and loud.

With imprecations in all languages.  
It was the Constable of France, the Bourbon,  
That I had slain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome should be grateful to you.

BENVENUTO.

But has not been; you shall hear presently.

During the siege I served as bombardier,  
There in St. Angelo. His Holiness  
One day was walking with his Cardinals  
On the round bastion, while I stood above  
Among my falconets. All thought and feeling,

All skill in art and all desire of fame,  
Were swallowed up in the delightful music  
Of that artillery. I saw far off,  
Within the enemy's trenches on the Prati,  
A Spanish cavalier in scarlet cloak;  
And firing at him with due aim and range,  
I cut the gay Hidalgo in two pieces.  
The eyes are dry that wept for him in Spain.

His Holiness, delighted beyond measure  
With such display of gunnery, and amazed  
To see the man in scarlet cut in two,  
Gave me his benediction, and absolved me  
From all the homicides I had committed  
In service of the Apostolic Church,  
Or should commit thereafter. From that day

I have not held in very high esteem  
The life of man.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And who absolved Pope Clement?  
Now let us speak of Art.

BENVENUTO.

Of what you will.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Say, have you seen our friend Fra Bastian lately,  
Since by a turn of fortune he became  
Friar of the Signet?

BENVENUTO.

Faith, a pretty artist  
To pass his days in stamping leaden seals  
On Papal bulls!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He has grown fat and lazy,  
As if the lead clung to him like a sinker.  
He paints no more since he was sent to

Fondi

By Cardinal Ippolito to paint  
The fair Gonzaga. Ah, you should have seen him

As I did, riding through the city gate,  
In his brown hood, attended by four horsemen,

Completely armed, to frighten the banditti.  
I think he would have frightened them alone,

For he was rounder than the O of Giotto.

BENVENUTO.

He must have looked more like a sack of meal  
Than a great painter.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, he is not great,  
But still I like him greatly. Benvenuto,  
Have faith in nothing but in industry.  
Be at it late and early; persevere,  
And work right on through censure and applause,  
Or else abandon Art.

BENVENUTO.

No man works harder  
Than I do. I am not a moment idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And what have you to show me?

BENVENUTO.

This gold ring,  
Made for his Holiness, — my latest work,  
And I am proud of it. A single diamond,  
Presented by the Emperor to the Pope.  
Targhetta of Venice set and tinted it;  
I have reset it, and retinted it  
Divinely, as you see. The jewellers  
Say I've surpassed Targhetta.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let me see it.  
A pretty jewel.

BENVENUTO.

That is not the expression.  
Pretty is not a very pretty word  
To be applied to such a precious stone,

Given by an Emperor to a Pope, and set  
By Benvenuto !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Messer Benvenuto,  
I lose all patience with you ; for the gifts  
That God hath given you are of such a kind,  
They should be put to far more noble uses  
Than setting diamonds for the Pope of  
Rome.

You can do greater things.

BENVENUTO.

The God who made me  
Knows why he made me what I am, — a  
goldsmith,  
A mere artificer.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh no ; an artist,  
Richly endowed by nature, but who wraps  
His talent in a napkin, and consumes  
His life in vanities.

BENVENUTO.

Michael Angelo  
May say what Benvenuto would not bear  
From any other man. He speaks the truth.  
I know my life is wasted and consumed  
In vanities ; but I have better hours  
And higher aspirations than you think.  
Once, when a prisoner at St. Angelo,  
Fasting and praying in the midnight dark-  
ness,  
In a celestial vision I beheld  
A crucifix in the sun, of the same sub-  
stance  
As is the sun itself. And since that hour  
There is a splendor round about my head,  
That may be seen at sunrise and at sunset  
Above my shadow on the grass. And now  
I know that I am in the grace of God,  
And none henceforth can harm me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

None but one, —  
None but yourself, who are your greatest  
foe.  
He that respects himself is safe from  
others ;  
He wears a coat of mail that none can  
pierce.

BENVENUTO.

I always wear one.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O incorrigible !  
At least, forget not the celestial vision.  
Man must have something higher than  
himself  
To think of.

BENVENUTO.

That I know full well. Now listen.  
I have been sent for into France, where  
grow  
The Lilies that illumine heaven and earth,  
And carry in mine equipage the model  
Of a most marvellous golden salt-cellar  
For the king's table ; and here in my brain  
A statue of Mars Armipotent for the foun-  
tain  
Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonderful.  
I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor.  
And so farewell, great Master. Think of  
me  
As one who, in the midst of all his follies,  
Had also his ambition, and aspired  
To better things.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not forget the vision.

SCENE II. — MICHAEL ANGELO *sitting down  
again to the Divina Commedia.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now in what circle of his poem sacred  
Would the great Florentine have placed  
this man ?  
Whether in Phlegethon, the river of blood,  
Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,  
I know not, but most surely not with those  
Who walk in leaden cloaks. Though he is  
one  
Whose passions, like a potent alkahest,  
Dissolve his better nature, he is not  
That despicable thing, a hypocrite ;  
He doth not cloak his vices, nor deny them.  
Come back, my thoughts, from him to Par-  
adise.

IV

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO

SCENE I. — MICHAEL ANGELO ; FRA SEBAS-  
TIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *not turning round.*  
Who is it ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Wait, for I am out of breath  
In climbing your steep stairs.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my Bastiano,  
If you went up and down as many stairs  
As I do still, and climbed as many ladders,  
It would be better for you. Pray sit down.  
Your idle and luxurious way of living  
Will one day take your breath away en-  
tirely,  
And you will never find it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Well, what then ?  
That would be better, in my apprehension,  
Than falling from a scaffold.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That was nothing.  
It did not kill me ; only lamed me slightly ;  
I am quite well again.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why, dear Master,  
Why do you live so high up in your house,  
When you could live below and have a gar-  
den,  
As I do ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

From this window I can look  
On many gardens ; o'er the city roofs  
See the Campagna and the Alban hills :  
And all are mine.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Can you sit down in them,  
On summer afternoons, and play the lute,  
Or sing, or sleep the time away ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I never  
Sleep in the day-time ; scarcely sleep at  
night ;  
I have not time. Did you meet Benvenuto  
As you came up the stair ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

He ran against me  
On the first landing, going at full speed ;  
Dressed like the Spanish captain in a play,  
With his long rapier and his short red  
cloak.

Why hurry through the world at such a  
pace ?  
Life will not be too long.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is his nature, —  
A restless spirit, that consumes itself  
With useless agitations. He o'erleaps  
The goal he aims at. Patience is a plant  
That grows not in all gardens. You are  
made  
Of quite another clay.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And thank God for it.  
And now, being somewhat rested, I will  
tell you  
Why I have climbed these formidable  
stairs.

I have a friend, Francesco Berni, here,  
A very charming poet and companion,  
Who greatly honors you and all your doings,  
And you must sup with us.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not I, indeed.  
I know too well what artists' suppers are.  
You must excuse me.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will not excuse you.  
You need repose from your incessant work ;  
Some recreation, some bright hours of plea-  
sure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

To me, what you and other men call plea-  
sure.

Is only pain. Work is my recreation,  
The play of faculty ; a delight like that  
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish  
In darting through the water, — nothing  
more.

I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves of life  
Grow precious now, when only few remain.  
I cannot go.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni, perhaps, will read  
A canto of the Orlando Innamorato.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That is another reason for not going.  
If aught is tedious and intolerable,  
It is a poet reading his own verses.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni thinks somewhat better of your verses  
Than you of his. He says that you speak  
things,  
And other poets words. So, pray you, come.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If it were now the Improvisatore,  
Luigi Pulci, whom I used to hear  
With Benvenuto, in the streets of Florence,  
I might be tempted. I was younger then,  
And singing in the open air was pleasant.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There is a Frenchman here, named Rabelais,  
Once a Franciscan friar, and now a doctor,  
And secretary to the embassy :  
A learned man, who speaks all languages,  
And wittiest of men ; who wrote a book  
Of the Adventures of Gargantua,  
So full of strange conceits one roars with  
laughter

At every page ; a jovial boon-companion  
And lover of much wine. He too is coming.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then you will not want me, who am not  
witty,  
And have no sense of mirth, and love not  
wine.

I should be like a dead man at your  
banquet.

Why should I seek this Frenchman, Rabelais ?

And wherefore go to hear Francesco Berni,  
When I have Dante Alighieri here,  
The greatest of all poets ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And the dullest ;  
And only to be read in episodes.  
His day is past. Petrarca is our poet.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Petrarca is for women and for lovers,  
And for those soft Abati, who delight  
To wander down long garden walks in  
summer,  
Tinkling their little sonnets all day long,  
As lap-dogs do their bells.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I love Petrarca.  
How sweetly of his absent love he sings,

When journeying in the forest of Ardenne !

"I seem to hear her, hearing the boughs  
and breezes

And leaves and birds lamenting, and the  
waters

Murmuring flee along the verdant herb-  
age."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Enough. It is all seeming, and no being.  
If you would know how a man speaks in  
earnest,

Read here this passage, where St. Peter  
thunders

In Paradise against degenerate Popes  
And the corruptions of the church, till all  
The heaven about him blushes like a sunset.  
I beg you to take note of what he says  
About the Papal seals, for that concerns  
Your office and yourself.

FRA SEBASTIANO, *reading*.

Is this the passage ?

"Nor I be made the figure of a seal  
To privileges venal and mendacious ;  
Whereat I often redden and flash with  
fire !" —

That is not poetry.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What is it, then ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Vituperation ; gall that might have spirted  
From Aretino's pen.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Name not that man !

A profligate, whom your Francesco Berni  
Describes as having one foot in the brothel  
And the other in the hospital ; who lives  
By flattering or maligning, as best serves  
His purpose at the time. He writes to  
me

With easy arrogance of my Last Judgment,  
In such familiar tone that one would say  
The great event already had transpired,  
And he was present, and from observation  
Informed me how the picture should be  
painted.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

What unassuming, unobtrusive men  
These critics are ! Now, to have Aretino

Aiming his shafts at you brings back to mind

The Gascon archers in the square of Milan,  
Shooting their arrows at Duke Sforza's statue,

By Leonardo, and the foolish rabble  
Of envious Florentines, that at your David  
Threw stones at night. But Aretino  
praised you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His praises were ironical. He knows  
How to use words as weapons, and to wound  
While seeming to defend. But look, Bastiano,  
See how the setting sun lights up that picture !

FRA SEBASTIANO.

My portrait of Vittoria Colonna.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It makes her look as she will look here-  
after,  
When she becomes a saint !

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A noble woman !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, these old hands can fashion fairer  
shapes  
In marble, and can paint diviner pictures,  
Since I have known her.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And you like this picture ;  
And yet it is in oils, which you detest.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When that barbarian Jan Van Eyck discovered

The use of oil in painting, he degraded  
His art into a handicraft, and made it  
Sign-painting, merely, for a country inn  
Or wayside wine-shop. 'Tis an art for  
women,

Or for such leisurely and idle people  
As you are, Fra Bastiano. Nature paints  
not

In oils, but frescoes the great dome of  
heaven

With sunsets, and the lovely forms of  
clouds

And flying vapors.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And how soon they fade !

Behold yon line of roofs and belfries  
painted

Upon the golden background of the sky,  
Like a Byzantine picture, or a portrait  
Of Cimabue. See how hard the outline,  
Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into  
shadow.

Yet that is nature.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

She is always right.

The picture that approaches sculpture  
nearest  
Is the best picture.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Leonardo thinks

The open air too bright. We ought to  
paint

As if the sun were shining through a mist.  
'T is easier done in oil than in distemper.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not revive again the old dispute ;  
I have an excellent memory for forgetting,  
But I still feel the hurt. Wounds are not  
healed

By the unbending of the bow that made  
them.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

So say Petrarca and the ancient proverb.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But that is past. Now I am angry with  
you,

Not that you paint in oils, but that, grown  
fat

And indolent, you do not paint at all.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Why should I paint ? Why should I toil  
and sweat,

Who now am rich enough to live at ease,  
And take my pleasure ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When Pope Leo died,

He who had been so lavish of the wealth  
His predecessors left him, who received  
A basket of gold-pieces every morning,  
Which every night was empty, left behind  
Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I care for banquets, not for funerals,  
As did his Holiness. I have forbidden  
All tapers at my burial, and procession  
Of priests and friars and monks ; and have  
provided

The cost thereof be given to the poor !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have done wisely, but of that I speak  
not.

Ghiberti left behind him wealth and chil-  
dren ;

But who to-day would know that he had  
lived,

If he had never made those gates of bronze  
In the old Baptistry, — those gates of  
bronze,

Worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

His wealth is scattered to the winds ; his  
children

Are long since dead ; but those celestial  
gates

Survive, and keep his name and memory  
green.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why should I fatigue myself ? I think  
That all things it is possible to paint  
Have been already painted ; and if not,  
Why, there are painters in the world at  
present

Who can accomplish more in two short  
months

Than I could in two years ; so it is well

That some one is contented to do nothing,  
And leave the field to others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O blasphemers !

Not without reason do the people call you  
Sebastian del Piombo, for the lead

Of all the Papal bulls is heavy upon you,  
And wraps you like a shroud.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Misericordia !

Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine, and  
sharp

The words you speak, because the heart  
within you

Is sweet unto the core.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How changed you are

From the Sebastiano I once knew,

When poor, laborious, emulous to excel,  
You strove in rivalry with Baldassare  
And Raphael Sanzio.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Raphael is dead ;

He is but dust and ashes in his grave,  
While I am living and enjoying life,  
And so am victor. One live Pope is worth  
A dozen dead ones.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Raphael is not dead ;

He doth but sleep ; for how can he be dead  
Who lives immortal in the hearts of men ?  
He only drank the precious wine of youth,  
The outbreak of the grapes, before the  
vintage

Was trodden to bitterness by the feet of  
men.

The gods have given him sleep. We never  
were

Nor could be foes, although our followers,  
Who are distorted shadows of ourselves,  
Have striven to make us so ; but each one  
worked

Unconsciously upon the other's thought,  
Both giving and receiving. He perchance  
Caught strength from me, and I some  
greater sweetness

And tenderness from his more gentle  
nature.

I have but words of praise and admiration  
For his great genius ; and the world is  
fairer

That he lived in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

We at least are friends ;

So come with me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No, no ; I am best pleased

When I 'm not asked to banquets. I have  
reached

A time of life when daily walks are  
shortened,

And even the houses of our dearest friends,  
That used to be so near, seem far away.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Then we must sup without you. We shall  
laugh

At those who toil for fame, and make their  
lives

A tedious martyrdom, that they may live  
A little longer in the mouths of men !  
And so, good-night.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-night, my Fra Bastiano.

SCENE II. — MICHAEL ANGELO, *returning to his work.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How will men speak of me when I am  
gone,  
When all this colorless, sad life is ended,  
And I am dust ? They will remember  
only  
The wrinkled forehead, the marred coun-  
tenance,  
The rudeness of my speech, and my rough  
manners,  
And never dream that underneath them all  
There was a woman's heart of tenderness ;  
They will not know the secret of my life,  
Locked up in silence, or but vaguely hinted  
In uncouth rhymes, that may perchance  
survive  
Some little space in memories of men !  
Each one performs his life-work, and then  
leaves it ;  
Those that come after him will estimate  
His influence on the age in which he lived.

V

PALAZZO BELVEDERE

TITIAN's studio. *A painting of Danaë with  
a curtain before it.* TITIAN, MICHAEL AN-  
GELO, and GIORGIO VASARI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So you have left at last your still lagoons,  
Your City of Silence floating in the sea,  
And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN.

I come to learn,  
But I have come too late. I should have  
seen  
Rome in my youth, when all my mind was  
open  
To new impressions. Our Vasari here  
Leads me about, a blind man, groping  
darkly

Among the marvels of the past. I touch  
them,  
But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There are things in Rome  
That one might walk barefooted here from  
Venice  
But to see once, and then to die content.

TITIAN.

I must confess that these majestic ruins  
Oppress me with their gloom. I feel as  
one  
Who in the twilight stumbles among tombs,  
And cannot read the inscriptions carved  
upon them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I felt so once ; but I have grown familiar  
With desolation, and it has become  
No more a pain to me, but a delight.

TITIAN.

I could not live here. I must have the sea,  
And the sea-mist, with sunshine interwoven  
Like cloth of gold ; must have beneath my  
windows  
The laughter of the waves, and at my door  
Their pattering footsteps, or I am not  
happy.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then tell me of your city in the sea,  
Paved with red basalt of the Paduan hills.  
Tell me of art in Venice. Three great  
names,  
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto,  
Illustrate your Venetian school, and send  
A challenge to the world. The first is  
dead,  
But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN.

And paints with fire,  
Sudden and splendid, as the lightning  
paints  
The cloudy vault of heaven.

GIORGIO.

Does he still keep  
Above his door the arrogant inscription  
That once was painted there, — " The color  
of Titian,  
With the design of Michael Angelo " ?

TITIAN.

Indeed, I know not. 'T was a foolish boast,  
And does no harm to any but himself.  
Perhaps he has grown wiser.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When you two  
Are gone, who is there that remains behind  
To seize the pencil falling from your fin-  
gers ?

GIORGIO.

Oh, there are many hands upraised already  
To clutch at such a prize, and hardly wait  
For death to loose your grasp,—a hun-  
dred of them :

Schiavone, Bonifazio, Campagnola,  
Moretto, and Moroni ; who can count them,  
Or measure their ambition ?

TITIAN.

When we are gone,  
The generation that comes after us  
Will have far other thoughts than ours.  
Our ruins

Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.  
They will possess the world that we think  
ours,  
And fashion it far otherwise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I hear  
Your son Orazio and your nephew Marco  
Mentioned with honor.

TITIAN.

Ay, brave lads, brave lads.  
But time will show. There is a youth in  
Venice,  
One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese,  
Still a mere stripling, but of such rare  
promise  
That we must guard our laurels, or may  
lose them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These are good tidings ; for I sometimes  
fear  
That, when we die, with us all art will die.  
'T is but a fancy. Nature will provide  
Others to take our places. I rejoice  
To see the young spring forward in the race,  
Eager as we were, and as full of hope  
And the sublime audacity of youth.

TITIAN.

Men die and are forgotten. The great  
world  
Goes on the same. Among the myriads  
Of men that live, or have lived, or shall  
live,  
What is a single life, or thine or mine,  
That we should think all nature would  
stand still  
If we were gone ? We must make room  
for others.)

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now, Maestro, pray unveil your picture  
Of Danaë, of which I hear such praise.

TITIAN, *drawing back the curtain.*

What think you ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That Acrisius did well  
To lock such beauty in a brazen tower,  
And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN.

The model truly  
Was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And more, that you were present,  
And saw the showery Jove from high Olym-  
pus  
Descend in all his splendor.

TITIAN.

From your lips  
Such words are full of sweetness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have caught  
These golden hues from your Venetian sun-  
sets.

TITIAN.

Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Or from sunshine through a shower  
On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic.  
Nature reveals herself in all our arts.  
The pavements and the palaces of cities  
Hint at the nature of the neighboring hills.  
Red lavas from the Euganean quarries  
Of Padua pave your streets ; your palaces  
Are the white stones of Istria, and gleam  
Reflected in your waters and your pictures.  
And thus the works of every artist show

Something of his surroundings and his habits.

The uttermost that can be reached by color  
Is here accomplished. Warmth and light  
and softness

Mingle together. Never yet was flesh  
Painted by hand of artist, dead or living,  
With such divine perfection.

TITIAN.

I am grateful  
For so much praise from you, who are a  
master ;  
While mostly those who praise and those  
who blame  
Know nothing of the matter, so that mainly  
Their censure sounds like praise, their  
praise like censure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Wonderful ! wonderful ! The charm of  
color

Fascinates me the more that in myself  
The gift is wanting. I am not a painter.

GIORGIO.

Messer Michele, all the arts are yours,  
Not one alone ; and therefore I may venture  
To put a question to you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, speak on.

GIORGIO.

Two nephews of the Cardinal Farnese  
Have made me umpire in dispute between  
them

Which is the greater of the sister arts,  
Painting or sculpture. Solve for me the  
doubt.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Sculpture and painting have a common  
goal,

And whosoever would attain to it,  
Whichever path he take, will find that goal  
Equally hard to reach.

GIORGIO.

No doubt, no doubt ;  
But you evade the question.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When I stand  
In presence of this picture, I concede

That painting has attained its uttermost ;  
But in the presence of my sculptured fig-  
ures

I feel that my conception soars beyond  
All limit I have reached.

GIORGIO.

You still evade me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Giorgio Vasari, I have often said  
That I account that painting as the best  
Which most resembles sculpture. Here  
before us

We have the proof. Behold these rounded  
limbs !

How from the canvas they detach them-  
selves,

Till they deceive the eye, and one would  
say,

It is a statue with a screen behind it !

TITIAN.

Signori, pardon me ; but all such questions  
Seem to me idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle as the wind.

And now, Maestro, I will say once more  
How admirable I esteem your work,  
And leave you, without further interrup-  
tion.

TITIAN.

Your friendly visit hath much honored me.

GIORGIO.

Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO to GIORGIO, going out.

If the Venetian painters knew  
But half as much of drawing as of color,  
They would indeed work miracles in art,  
And the world see what it hath never seen.

## VI

### PALAZZO CESARINI

SCENE I. — VITTORIA COLONNA, seated in an  
arm-chair ; JULIA GONZAGA, standing near  
her.

JULIA.

It grieves me that I find you still so weak  
And suffering.

VITTORIA.

No, not suffering ; only dying.  
 Death is the chillness that precedes the  
 dawn ;  
 We shudder for a moment, then awake  
 In the broad sunshine of the other life.  
 I am a shadow, merely, and these hands,  
 These cheeks, these eyes, these tresses that  
 my husband  
 Once thought so beautiful, and I was proud  
 of  
 Because he thought them so, are faded  
 quite, —  
 All beauty gone from them.

JULIA.

Ah, no, not that.  
 Paler you are, but not less beautiful.

VITTORIA, *folding her hands.*

O gentle spirit, unto the third circle  
 Of heaven among the blessed souls as-  
 cended,  
 Who living for the faith and dying for it,  
 Have gone to their reward, I do not mourn  
 For thee as being dead, but for myself  
 That I am still alive. A little longer  
 Have patience with me, and if I am want-  
 ing  
 To thy well-being as thou art to mine,  
 Have patience ; I will come to thee ere  
 long.

JULIA.

Do not give way to these foreboding  
 thoughts.

VITTORIA.

Hand me the mirror. I would fain behold  
 What change comes o'er our features when  
 we die.  
 Thank you. And now sit down beside me  
 here.  
 How glad I am that you have come to-day,  
 Above all other days, and at the hour  
 When most I need you.

JULIA.

Do you ever need me ?

VITTORIA.

Always, and most of all to-day and now.  
 Do you remember, Julia, when we walked,  
 One afternoon, upon the castle terrace  
 At Ischia, on the day before you left me ?

JULIA.

Well I remember ; but it seems to me  
 Something unreal that has never been,  
 Something that I have read of in a book,  
 Or heard of some one else.

VITTORIA.

      Ten years and more  
 Have passed since then ; and many things  
 have happened  
 In those ten years, and many friends have  
 died :  
 Marco Flaminio, whom we all admired  
 And loved as our Catullus ; dear Valdesso,  
 The noble champion of free thought and  
 speech ;  
 And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

JULIA.

Oh, do not speak of him ! His sudden  
 death  
 O'ercomes me now, as it o'ercame me then.  
 Let me forget it ; for my memory  
 Serves me too often as an unkind friend,  
 And I remember things I would forget,  
 While I forget the things I would re-  
 member.

VITTORIA.

Forgive me ; I will speak of him no more.  
 The good Fra Bernardino has departed,  
 Has fled from Italy, and crossed the Alps,  
 Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because he taught  
 That He who made us all without our help  
 Could also save us without aid of ours.  
 Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara,  
 That Lily of the Loire, is bowed by winds  
 That blow from Rome ; Olympia Morata  
 Banished from court because of this new  
 doctrine.  
 Therefore be cautious. Keep your secret  
 thought  
 Locked in your breast.

JULIA.

I will be very prudent.  
 But speak no more, I pray ; it wearies  
 you.

VITTORIA.

Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

JULIA.

Most willingly. What shall I read ?

VITTORIA.

Petrarca's

Triumph of Death. The book lies on the  
table,  
Beside the casket there. Read where you  
find  
The leaf turned down. 'T was there I left  
off reading.

JULIA reads.

"Not as a flame that by some force is  
spent,  
But one that of itself consumeth quite,  
Departed hence in peace the soul con-  
tent,  
In fashion of a soft and lucent light  
Whose nutriment by slow gradation  
goes,  
Keeping until the end its lustre bright.  
Not pale, but whiter than the sheet of  
snows  
That without wind on some fair hill-top  
lies,  
Her weary body seemed to find re-  
pose.  
Like a sweet slumber in her lovely eyes,  
When now the spirit was no longer  
there,  
Was what is dying called by the un-  
wise.  
E'en Death itself in her fair face seemed  
fair."

Is it of Laura that he here is speaking? —  
She doth not answer, yet is not asleep;  
Her eyes are full of light and fixed on  
something  
Above her in the air. I can see naught  
Except the painted angels on the ceiling.  
Vittoria! speak! What is it? Answer  
me! —  
She only smiles, and stretches out her  
hands.

*[The mirror falls and breaks.]*

VITTORIA.

Call my confessor! —  
Not disobedient to the heavenly vision!  
Pescara! my Pescara! *[Dies.]*

JULIA.

Holy Virgin!

Her body sinks together, — she is dead!  
*[Kneels, and hides her face in Vittoria's lap.]*

SCENE II. — JULIA GONZAGA, MICHAEL AN-  
GELO.

JULIA.

Hush! make no noise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How is she?

JULIA.

Never better.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then she is dead!

JULIA.

Alas! yes, she is dead!  
Even death itself in her fair face seems  
fair.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How wonderful! The light upon her face  
Shines from the windows of another world.  
Saints only have such faces. Holy Angels!  
Bear her like sainted Catherine to her  
rest! *[Kisses Vittoria's hand.]*

## PART THIRD

## I

## MONOLOGUE

*Macello de' Corvi. A room in MICHAEL AN-  
GELO'S house.*

MICHAEL ANGELO, standing before a model of  
*St. Peter's.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Better than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi,  
And less than thou I will not! If the  
thought  
Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous  
stones  
And swing them to their places; if a  
breath  
Could blow this rounded dome into the  
air,  
As if it were a bubble, and these statues  
Spring at a signal to their sacred stations,  
As sentinels mount guard upon a wall,  
Then were my task completed. Now,  
alas!  
Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus, holding  
Upon his hand the model of a church,

As German artists paint him ; and what  
 years,  
 What weary years, must drag themselves  
 along,  
 Ere this be turned to stone ! What hin-  
 drances  
 Must block the way ; what idle inter-  
 ferences  
 Of Cardinals and Canons of St. Peter's,  
 Who nothing know of art beyond the color  
 Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any build-  
 ing  
 Save that of their own fortunes ! And what  
 then ?  
 I must then the short-coming of my  
 means  
 Piece out by stepping forward, as the Spar-  
 tan  
 Was told to add a step to his short sword.

[A pause.

And is Fra Bastian dead ? Is all that light  
 Gone out ? that sunshine darkened ? all  
 that music  
 And merriment, that used to make our  
 lives  
 Less melancholy, swallowed up in silence  
 Like madrigals sung in the street at night  
 By passing revellers ? It is strange in-  
 deed  
 That he should die before me. 'T is against  
 The laws of nature that the young should  
 die,  
 And the old live ; unless it be that some  
 Have long been dead who think themselves  
 alive,  
 Because not buried. Well, what matters  
 it,  
 Since now that greater light, that was my  
 sun,  
 Is set, and all is darkness, all is darkness !  
 Death's lightnings strike to right and left  
 of me,  
 And, like a ruined wall, the world around  
 me  
 Crumbles away, and I am left alone.  
 I have no friends, and want none. My  
 own thoughts  
 Are now my sole companions, — thoughts  
 of her,  
 That like a benediction from the skies  
 Come to me in my solitude and soothe me.  
 When men are old, the incessant thought  
 of Death  
 Follows them like their shadow ; sits with  
 them

At every meal ; sleeps with them when  
 they sleep ;  
 And when they wake already is awake,  
 And standing by their bedside. Then, what  
 folly  
 It is in us to make an enemy  
 Of this importunate follower, not a friend !  
 To me a friend, and not an enemy,  
 Has he become since all my friends are  
 dead.

## II

### VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO

SCENE I. — POPE JULIUS III. *seated by the  
 Fountain of Acqua Vergine, surrounded by  
 Cardinals.*

JULIUS.

Tell me, why is it ye are discontent,  
 You, Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,  
 With Michael Angelo ? What has he  
 done,  
 Or left undone, that ye are set against  
 him ?  
 When one Pope dies, another is soon made ;  
 And I can make a dozen Cardinals,  
 But cannot make one Michael Angelo.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

Your Holiness, we are not set against him ;  
 We but deplore his incapacity.  
 He is too old.

JULIUS.

You, Cardinal Salviati,  
 Are an old man. Are you incapable ?  
 'T is the old ox that draws the straightest  
 furrow.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Your Holiness remembers he was charged  
 With the repairs upon St. Mary's bridge ;  
 Made cofferdams, and heaped up load on  
 load  
 Of timber and travertine ; and yet for  
 years  
 The bridge remained unfinished, till we  
 gave it  
 To Baccio Bigio.

JULIUS.

Always Baccio Bigio !  
 Is there no other architect on earth ?

Was it not he that sometime had in charge  
The harbor of Ancona ?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Ay, the same.

JULIUS.

Then let me tell you that your Baccio  
Bigio

Did greater damage in a single day  
To that fair harbor than the sea had done  
Or would do in ten years. And him you  
think

To put in place of Michael Angelo,  
In building the Basilica of St. Peter !  
The ass that thinks himself a stag discovers  
His error when he comes to leap the ditch.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

He does not build ; he but demolishes  
The labors of Bramante and San Gallo.

JULIUS.

Only to build more grandly.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

But time passes ;

Year after year goes by, and yet the work  
Is not completed. Michael Angelo  
Is a great sculptor, but no architect.  
His plans are faulty.

JULIUS.

I have seen his model,  
And have approved it. But here comes  
the artist.

Beware of him. He may make Persians  
of you,  
To carry burdens on your backs forever.

SCENE II. — *The same* : MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIUS.

Come forward, dear Maestro. In these  
gardens  
All ceremonies of our court are banished.  
Sit down beside me here.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *sitting down*.

How graciously  
Your Holiness commiserates old age  
And its infirmities !

JULIUS.

Say its privileges.  
Art I respect. The building of this palace

And laying out of these pleasant garden  
walks

Are my delight, and if I have not asked  
Your aid in this, it is that I forbear  
To lay new burdens on you at an age  
When you need rest. Here I escape  
from Rome

To be at peace. The tumult of the city  
Scarce reaches here.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How beautiful it is,  
And quiet almost as a hermitage !

JULIUS.

We live as hermits here ; and from these  
heights

O'erlook all Rome and see the yellow Tiber  
Cleaving in twain the city, like a sword,  
As far below there as St. Mary's bridge.  
What think you of that bridge ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I would advise  
Your Holiness not to cross it, or not often ;  
It is not safe.

JULIUS.

It was repaired of late.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some morning you will look for it in vain ;  
It will be gone. The current of the river  
Is undermining it.

JULIUS.

But you repaired it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I strengthened all its piers, and paved its  
road

With travertine. He who came after me  
Removed the stone and sold it, and filled in  
The space with gravel.

JULIUS.

Cardinal Salviati  
And Cardinal Marcello, do you listen ?  
This is your famous Nanni Baccio Bigio.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *aside*.

There is some mystery here. These Car-  
dinals  
Stand lowering at me with unfriendly eyes.

JULIUS.

Now let us come to what concerns us more  
Than bridge or gardens. Some complaints  
are made

Concerning the Three Chapels in St. Peter's ;

Certain supposed defects or imperfections,  
You doubtless can explain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

This is no longer  
The golden age of art. Men have become  
Iconoclasts and critics. They delight not  
In what an artist does, but set themselves  
To censure what they do not comprehend.  
You will not see them bearing a Madonna  
Of Cimabue to the church in triumph,  
But tearing down the statue of a Pope  
To cast it into cannon. Who are they  
That bring complaints against me ?

JULIUS.

Deputies  
Of the Commissioners ; and they complain  
Of insufficient light in the Three Chapels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Your Holiness, the insufficient light  
Is somewhere else, and not in the Three  
Chapels.  
Who are the deputies that make complaint ?

JULIUS.

The Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,  
Here present.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *rising*.

With permission, Monsignori,  
What is it ye complain of ?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

We regret  
You have departed from Bramante's plan,  
And from San Gallo's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Since the ancient time  
No greater architect has lived on earth  
Than Lazzari Bramante. His design,  
Without confusion, simple, clear, well-  
lighted,  
Merits all praise, and to depart from it  
Would be departing from the truth. San  
Gallo,

Building about with columns, took all light  
Out of this plan ; left in the choir dark  
corners

For infinite ribaldries, and lurking places  
For rogues and robbers ; so that when the  
church

Was shut at night, not five and twenty  
men

Could find them out. It was San Gallo,  
then,

That left the church in darkness, and not I.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Excuse me ; but in each of the Three  
Chapels  
Is but a single window.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Monsignore,  
Perhaps you do not know that in the vault-  
ing  
Above there are to go three other windows.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

How should we know ? You never told  
us of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I neither am obliged, nor will I be,  
To tell your Eminence or any other  
What I intend or ought to do. Your office  
Is to provide the means, and see that  
thieves

Do not lay hands upon them. The designs  
Must all be left to me.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Sir architect,  
You do forget yourself, to speak thus  
rudely

In presence of his Holiness, and to us  
Who are his Cardinals.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *putting on his hat*.

I do not forget  
I am descended from the Counts Canossa,  
Linked with the Imperial line, and with  
Matilda,  
Who gave the Church Saint Peter's Patri-  
mony.

I, too, am proud to give unto the Church  
The labor of these hands, and what of life  
Remains to me. My father Buonarrotti  
Was Podestà of Chiusi and Caprese.  
I am not used to have men speak to me

As if I were a mason, hired to build  
A garden wall, and paid on Saturdays  
So much an hour.

CARDINAL SALVIATI, *aside*.

No wonder that Pope Clement  
Never sat down in presence of this man,  
Lest he should do the same ; and always  
bade him  
Put on his hat, lest he unasked should  
do it !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If any one could die of grief and shame,  
I should. This labor was imposed upon  
me ;

I did not seek it ; and if I assumed it,  
'T was not for love of fame or love of gain,  
But for the love of God. Perhaps old age  
Deceived me, or self-interest, or ambition ;  
I may be doing harm instead of good.  
Therefore, I pray your Holiness, release  
me ;

Take off from me the burden of this work ;  
Let me go back to Florence.

JULIUS.

Never, never,  
While I am living.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Doth your Holiness  
Remember what the Holy Scriptures say  
Of the inevitable time, when those  
Who look out of the windows shall be  
darkened,  
And the almond-tree shall flourish ?

JULIUS.

That is in  
Ecclesiastes.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the grasshopper  
Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail,  
Because man goeth unto his long home.  
Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher ;  
all  
Is vanity.

JULIUS.

Ah, were to do a thing  
As easy as to dream of doing it,  
We should not want for artists. But the  
men

Who carry out in act their great designs  
Are few in number ; aye, they may be  
counted

Upon the fingers of this hand. Your place  
Is at St. Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have had my dream,  
And cannot carry out my great conception,  
And put it into act.

JULIUS.

Then who can do it ?  
You would but leave it to some Baccio  
Bigio  
To mangle and deface.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rather than that,  
I will still bear the burden on my shoulders  
A little longer. If your Holiness  
Will keep the world in order, and will leave  
The building of the church to me, the work  
Will go on better for it. Holy Father,  
If all the labors that I have endured,  
And shall endure, advantage not my soul,  
I am but losing time.

JULIUS, *laying his hands on* MICHAEL ANGELO'S  
*shoulders*.

You will be gainer  
Both for your soul and body.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not events  
Exasperate me, but the funest conclusions  
I draw from these events ; the sure decline  
Of art, and all the meaning of that word ;  
All that embellishes and sweetens life,  
And lifts it from the level of low cares  
Into the purer atmosphere of beauty ;  
The faith in the Ideal ; the inspiration  
That made the canons of the church of Se-  
ville  
Say, " Let us build, so that all men here-  
after  
Will say that we were madmen." Holy  
Father,  
I beg permission to retire from here.

JULIUS.

Go ; and my benediction be upon you.

SCENE III. — POPE JULIUS *and the* CARDINALS.

JULIUS.

My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo  
Must not be dealt with as a common mason.

He comes of noble blood, and for his crest  
Bears two bull's horns ; and he has given  
us proof

That he can toss with them. From this  
day forth

Unto the end of time, let no man utter  
The name of Baccio Bigio in my presence.  
All great achievements are the natural  
fruits

Of a great character. As trees bear not  
Their fruits of the same size and quality,  
But each one in its kind with equal ease,  
So are great deeds as natural to great men  
As mean things are to small ones. By his  
work

We know the master. Let us not perplex  
him.

## III

## BINDO ALTOVITI

*A street in Rome. BINDO ALTOVITI, standing  
at the door of his house. MICHAEL ANGELO,  
passing.*

BINDO.

Good-morning, Messer Michael Angelo !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-morning, Messer Bindo Altoviti !

BINDO.

What brings you forth so early ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The same reason  
That keeps you standing sentinel at your  
door, —

The air of this delicious summer morning.  
What news have you from Florence ?

BINDO.

Nothing new ;  
The same old tale of violence and wrong.  
Since the disastrous day at Monte Murlo,  
When in procession, through San Gallo's  
gate,  
Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on sorry  
steeds,

Philippo Strozzi and the good Valori  
Amid the shouts of an ungrateful people  
Were led as prisoners down the streets of  
Florence,

Hope is no more, and liberty no more.

Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Florence is dead : her houses are but  
tombs ;

Silence and solitude are in her streets.

BINDO.

Ah yes ; and often I repeat the words  
You wrote upon your statue of the Night,  
There in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo :  
“ Grateful to me is sleep ; to be of stone  
More grateful, while the wrong and shame  
endure ;

To see not, feel not, is a benediction ;  
Therefore awake me not ; oh, speak in  
whispers.”

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, Messer Bindo, the calamities,  
The fallen fortunes, and the desolation  
Of Florence are to me a tragedy  
Deeper than words, and darker than de-  
spair.

I, who have worshipped freedom from my  
cradle,

Have loved her with the passion of a lover,  
And clothed her with all lovely attributes  
That the imagination can conceive,  
Or the heart conjure up, now see her dead,  
And trodden in the dust beneath the feet  
Of an adventurer ! It is a grief  
Too great for me to bear in my old age.

BINDO.

I say no news from Florence : I am wrong,  
For Benvenuto writes that he is coming  
To be my guest in Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Those are good tidings.  
He hath been many years away from us.

BINDO.

Pray you, come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have not time to stay,  
And yet I will. I see from here your house  
Is filled with works of art. That bust in  
bronze

Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the master  
That works in such an admirable way,  
And with such power and feeling ?

BINDO.

Benvenuto.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah? Benvenuto? 'Tis a masterpiece!  
 It pleases me as much, and even more,  
 Than the antiques about it; and yet they  
 Are of the best one sees. But you have  
     placed it  
 By far too high. The light comes from  
     below,  
 And injures the expression. Were these  
     windows  
 Above and not beneath it, then indeed  
 It would maintain its own among these  
     works  
 Of the old masters, noble as they are.  
 I will go in and study it more closely.  
 I always prophesied that Benvenuto,  
 With all his follies and fantastic ways,  
 Would show his genius in some work of  
     art  
 That would amaze the world, and be a  
     challenge  
 Unto all other artists of his time.

*[They go in.]*

## IV

## IN THE COLISEUM

MICHAEL ANGELO and TOMASO DE' CAVALIERI.

CAVALIERI.

What do you here alone, Messer Michele?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I come to learn.

CAVALIERI.

You are already master,  
 And teach all other men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nay, I know nothing;  
 Not even my own ignorance, as some  
 Philosopher hath said. I am a school-boy  
 Who hath not learned his lesson, and who  
     stands  
 Ashamed and silent in the awful presence  
 Of the great master of antiquity  
 Who built these walls cyclopean.

CAVALIERI.

Gaudentius  
 His name was, I remember. His reward

Was to be thrown alive to the wild beasts  
 Here where we now are standing.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle tales.

CAVALIERI.

But you are greater than Gaudentius was,  
 And your work nobler.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Silence, I beseech you.

CAVALIERI.

Tradition says that fifteen thousand men  
 Were toiling for ten years incessantly  
 Upon this amphitheatre.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Behold

How wonderful it is! The queen of  
     flowers,  
 The marble rose of Rome! Its petals torn  
 By wind and rain of thrice five hundred  
     years;  
 Its mossy sheath half rent away, and sold  
 To ornament our palaces and churches,  
 Or to be trodden under feet of man  
 Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what remains  
 Still opening its fair bosom to the sun,  
 And to the constellations that at night  
 Hang poised above it like a swarm of bees.

CAVALIERI.

The rose of Rome, but not of Paradise;  
 Not the white rose our Tuscan poet saw,  
 With saints for petals. When this rose  
     was perfect  
 Its hundred thousand petals were not  
     saints,  
 But senators in their Thessalian caps,  
 And all the roaring populace of Rome;  
 And even an Empress and the Vestal  
     Virgins,  
 Who came to see the gladiators die,  
 Could not give sweetness to a rose like this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I spake not of its uses, but its beauty.

CAVALIERI.

The sand beneath our feet is saturate  
 With blood of martyrs; and these rifted  
     stones  
 Are awful witnesses against a people  
 Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word,  
You should have been a preacher, not a  
painter !

Think you that I approve such cruelties,  
Because I marvel at the architects  
Who built these walls, and curved these  
noble arches ?

Oh, I am put to shame, when I consider  
How mean our work is, when compared  
with theirs !

Look at these walls about us and above us !  
They have been shaken by earthquakes,  
have been made

A fortress, and been battered by long  
sieges ;

The iron clamps, that held the stones  
together,

Have been wrenched from them ; but they  
stand erect

And firm, as if they had been hewn and  
hollowed

Out of the solid rock, and were a part  
Of the foundations of the world itself.

CAVALIERI.

Your work, I say again, is nobler work,  
In so far as its end and aim are nobler ;  
And this is but a ruin, like the rest.  
Its vaulted passages are made the caverns  
Of robbers, and are haunted by the ghosts  
Of murdered men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A thousand wild flowers bloom  
From every chink, and the birds build their  
nests

Among the ruined arches, and suggest  
New thoughts of beauty to the architect.  
Now let us climb the broken stairs that  
lead

Into the corridors above, and study  
The marvel and the mystery of that art  
In which I am a pupil, not a master.

All things must have an end ; the world  
itself

Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it.  
There came a great hand out of heaven,  
and touched

The earth, and stopped it in its course.  
The seas

Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss ;  
The forests and the fields slid off, and  
floated

Like wooded islands in the air. The dead  
Were hurled forth from their sepulchres ;  
the living

Were mingled with them, and themselves  
were dead, —

All being dead ; and the fair, shining  
cities

Dropped out like jewels from a broken  
crown.

Naught but the core of the great globe re-  
mained,

A skeleton of stone. And over it  
The wrack of matter drifted like a cloud,

And then recoiled upon itself, and fell  
Back on the empty world, that with the  
weight

Reeled, staggered, righted, and then head-  
long plunged

Into the darkness, as a ship, when struck  
By a great sea, throws off the waves at  
first

On either side, then settles and goes down  
Into the dark abyss, with her dead crew.

CAVALIERI.

But the earth does not move.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Who knows ? who knows ?  
There are great truths that pitch their  
shining tents

Outside our walls, and though but dimly  
seen

In the gray dawn, they will be manifest  
When the light widens into perfect day.

A certain man, Copernicus by name,  
Sometime professor here in Rome, has  
whispered

It is the earth, and not the sun, that moves.

What I beheld was only in a dream,  
Yet dreams sometimes anticipate events,  
Being unsubstantial images of things  
As yet unseen.

V

MACELLO DE' CORVI

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So, Benvenuto, you return once more  
To the Eternal City. 'Tis the centre  
To which all gravitates. One finds no rest

Elsewhere than here. There may be other cities  
That please us for a while, but Rome alone  
Completely satisfies. It becomes to all  
A second native land by predilection,  
And not by accident of birth alone.

BENVENUTO.

I am but just arrived, and am now lodging  
With Bindo Altoviti. I have been  
To kiss the feet of our most Holy Father,  
And now am come in haste to kiss the hands  
Of my miraculous Master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And to find him  
Grown very old.

BENVENUTO.

You know that precious stones  
Never grow old.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Half sunk beneath the horizon,  
And yet not gone. Twelve years are a long while.  
Tell me of France.

BENVENUTO.

It were too long a tale  
To tell you all. Suffice in brief to say  
The King received me well, and loved me well;  
Gave me the annual pension that before  
me  
Our Leonardo had, nor more nor less,  
And for my residence the Tour de Nesle,  
Upon the river-side.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A princely lodging.

BENVENUTO.

What in return I did now matters not,  
For there are other things, of greater moment,  
I wish to speak of. First of all, the letter  
You wrote me, not long since, about my bust  
Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome. You said,  
"My Benvenuto, I for many years  
Have known you as the greatest of all  
goldsmiths,

And now I know you as no less a sculptor."

Ah, generous Master! How shall I e'er  
thank you  
For such kind language?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

By believing it.  
I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's house,  
And thought it worthy of the ancient masters,  
And said so. That is all.

BENVENUTO.

It is too much;  
And I should stand abashed here in your presence,  
Had I done nothing worthier of your praise  
Than Bindo's bust.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What have you done that's better?

BENVENUTO.

When I left Rome for Paris, you remember  
I promised you that if I went a goldsmith  
I would return a sculptor. I have kept  
The promise I then made.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Dear Benvenuto,  
I recognized the latent genius in you,  
But feared your vices.

BENVENUTO.

I have turned them all  
To virtues. My impatient, wayward nature,  
That made me quick in quarrel, now has  
served me  
Where meekness could not, and where  
patience could not,  
As you shall hear now. I have cast in  
bronze  
A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft  
In his left hand the head of the Medusa,  
And in his right the sword that severed it;  
His right foot planted on the lifeless corse;  
His face superb and pitiful, with eyes  
Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see it as it should be.

BENVENUTO.

As it will be  
When it is placed upon the Ducal Square,  
Half-way between your David and the Judith  
Of Donatello.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rival of them both !

BENVENUTO.

But ah, what infinite trouble have I had  
With Bandinello, and that stupid beast,  
The major-domo of Duke Cosimo,  
Francesco Ricci, and their wretched agent  
Gorini, who came crawling round about me  
Like a black spider, with his whining voice  
That sounded like the buzz of a mosquito !  
Oh, I have wept in utter desperation,  
And wished a thousand times I had not  
left  
My Tour de Nesle, nor e'er returned to  
Florence,  
Nor thought of Perseus. What malignant  
falsehoods  
They told the Grand Duke, to impede my  
work,  
And make me desperate !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The nimble lie  
Is like the second-hand upon a clock ;  
We see it fly, while the hour-hand of truth  
Seems to stand still, and yet it moves un-  
seen,  
And wins at last, for the clock will not  
strike  
Till it has reached the goal.

BENVENUTO.

My obstinacy  
Stood me in stead, and helped me to o'er-  
come  
The hindrances that envy and ill-will  
Put in my way.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When anything is done  
People see not the patient doing of it,  
Nor think how great would be the loss to  
man  
If it had not been done. As in a building  
Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foun-  
dation  
All would be wanting, so in human life

Each action rests on the foregone event,  
That made it possible, but is forgotten  
And buried in the earth.

BENVENUTO.

Even Bandinello,  
Who never yet spake well of anything,  
Speaks well of this ; and yet he told the  
Duke  
That, though I cast small figures well  
enough,  
I never could cast this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But you have done it,  
And proved Ser Bandinello a false prophet.  
That is the wisest way.

BENVENUTO.

And ah, that casting !  
What a wild scene it was, as late at night,  
A night of wind and rain, we heaped the  
furnace  
With pine of Serristori, till the flames  
Caught in the rafters over us, and threat-  
ened  
To send the burning roof upon our heads ;  
And from the garden side the wind and  
rain  
Poured in upon us, and half quenched our  
fires.  
I was beside myself with desperation.  
A shudder came upon me, then a fever ;  
I thought that I was dying, and was forced  
To leave the work-shop, and to throw my-  
self  
Upon my bed, as one who has no hope.  
And as I lay there, a deformed old man  
Appeared before me, and with dismal voice,  
Like one who doth exhort a criminal  
Led forth to death, exclaimed, " Poor Ben-  
venuto,  
Thy work is spoiled ! There is no reme-  
dy !"  
Then with a cry so loud it might have  
reached  
The heaven of fire, I bounded to my feet,  
And rushed back to my workmen. They  
all stood  
Bewildered and desponding ; and I looked  
Into the furnace, and beheld the mass  
Half molten only, and in my despair  
I fed the fire with oak, whose terrible heat  
Soon made the sluggish metal shine and  
sparkle.

Then followed a bright flash, and an explosion,

As if a thunderbolt had fallen among us.  
The covering of the furnace had been rent  
Asunder, and the bronze was flowing over ;  
So that I straightway opened all the sluices  
To fill the mould. The metal ran like  
lava,

Sluggish and heavy ; and I sent my workmen

To ransack the whole house, and bring together

My pewter plates and pans, two hundred of them,

And cast them one by one into the furnace  
To liquefy the mass, and in a moment  
The mould was filled ! I fell upon my  
knees

And thanked the Lord ; and then we ate  
and drank

And went to bed, all hearty and contented.  
It was two hours before the break of day.  
My fever was quite gone.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A strange adventure,  
That could have happened to no man alive  
But you, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

As my workmen said  
To major-domo Ricci afterward  
When he inquired of them : " 'T was not  
a man,

But an express great devil."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the statue ?

BENVENUTO.

Perfect in every part, save the right foot  
Of Perseus, as I had foretold the Duke.  
There was just bronze enough to fill the  
mould ;

Not a drop over, not a drop too little.  
I looked upon it as a miracle  
Wrought by the hand of God.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I see  
How you have turned your vices into virtues.

BENVENUTO.

But wherefore do I prate of this ? I came  
To speak of other things. Duke Cosimo

Through me invites you to return to Florence,

And offers you great honors, even to make  
you

One of the Forty-Eight, his Senators.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His Senators ! That is enough. Since  
Florence

Was changed by Clement Seventh from a  
Republic

Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish  
To be a Florentine. That dream is ended.  
The Grand Duke Cosimo now reigns supreme ;

All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me !  
I hoped to see my country rise to heights  
Of happiness and freedom yet unreachd  
By other nations, but the climbing wave  
Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides again  
Back to the common level, with a hoarse  
Death-rattle in its throat. I am too old  
To hope for better days. I will stay here  
And die in Rome. The very weeds, that  
grow

Among the broken fragments of her ruins,  
Are sweeter to me than the garden flowers

Of other cities ; and the desolate ring  
Of the Campagna round about her walls  
Fairer than all the villas that encircle  
The towns of Tuscany.

BENVENUTO.

But your old friends !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All dead by violence. Baccio Valori  
Has been beheaded ; Guicciardini poisoned ;  
Philippo Strozzi strangled in his prison.  
Is Florence then a place for honest men  
To flourish in ? What is there to prevent

My sharing the same fate ?

BENVENUTO.

Why, this : if all  
Your friends are dead, so are your enemies.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Is Aretino dead ?

BENVENUTO.

He lives in Venice,  
And not in Florence.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is the same to me.  
This wretched mountebank, whom flatterers  
Call the Divine, as if to make the word  
Unpleasant in the mouths of those who  
speak it  
And in the ears of those who hear it, sends  
me

A letter written for the public eye,  
And with such subtle and infernal malice,  
I wonder at his wickedness. 'T is he  
Is the express great devil, and not you.  
Some years ago he told me how to paint  
The scenes of the Last Judgment.

BENVENUTO.

I remember.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, now he writes to me that, as a Christian,  
He is ashamed of the unbounded freedom  
With which I represent it.

BENVENUTO.

Hypocrite !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He says I show mankind that I am wanting

In piety and religion, in proportion  
As I profess perfection in my art.  
Profess perfection? Why, 't is only men  
Like Bugiardini who are satisfied  
With what they do. I never am content,  
But always see the labor of my hand  
Fall short of my conception.

BENVENUTO.

I perceive

The malice of this creature. He would  
taint you

With heresy, and in a time like this !  
'T is infamous !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I represent the angels

Without their heavenly glory, and the  
saints

Without a trace of earthly modesty.

BENVENUTO.

Incredible audacity !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The heathen

Veiled their Diana with some drapery,

And when they represented Venus naked  
They made her by her modest attitude  
Appear half clothed. But I, who am a  
Christian,

Do so subordinate belief to art  
That I have made the very violation  
Of modesty in martyrs and in virgins  
A spectacle at which all men would gaze  
With half-averted eyes even in a brothel.

BENVENUTO.

He is at home there, and he ought to know  
What men avert their eyes from in such  
places ;

From the Last Judgment chiefly, I imagine.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But divine Providence will never leave  
The boldness of my marvellous work unpunished ;

And the more marvellous it is, the more  
'T is sure to prove the ruin of my fame !  
And finally, if in this composition  
I had pursued the instructions that he gave  
me

Concerning heaven and hell and paradise,  
In that same letter, known to all the  
world,

Nature would not be forced, as she is now,  
To feel ashamed that she invested me  
With such great talent ; that I stand  
myself

A very idol in the world of art.  
He taunts me also with the Mausoleum  
Of Julius, still unfinished, for the reason  
That men persuaded the inane old man  
It was of evil augury to build  
His tomb while he was living ; and he  
speaks

Of heaps of gold this Pope bequeathed to  
me,

And calls it robbery ;— that is what he  
says.

What prompted such a letter ?

BENVENUTO.

Vanity.

He is a clever writer, and he likes  
To draw his pen, and flourish it in the face  
Of every honest man, as swordsmen do  
Their rapiers on occasion, but to show  
How skilfully they do it. Had you followed

The advice he gave, or even thanked him  
for it,

You would have seen another style of fence.

'T is but his wounded vanity, and the wish  
To see his name in print. So give it not  
A moment's thought ; it will soon be forgotten.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I will not think of it, but let it pass  
For a rude speech thrown at me in the street,  
As boys threw stones at Dante.

BENVENUTO.

And what answer  
Shall I take back to Grand Duke Cosimo ?  
He does not ask your labor or your service ;  
Only your presence in the city of Florence,  
With such advice upon his work in hand  
As he may ask, and you may choose to give.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have my answer. Nothing he can offer

Shall tempt me to leave Rome. My work is here,

And only here, the building of St. Peter's.  
What other things I hitherto have done  
Have fallen from me, are no longer mine ;  
I have passed on beyond them, and have left them

As milestones on the way. What lies before me,

That is still mine, and while it is unfinished  
No one shall draw me from it, or persuade me,

By promises of ease, or wealth, or honor,  
Till I behold the finished dome uprise  
Complete, as now I see it in my thought.

BENVENUTO.

And will you paint no more ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No more.

BENVENUTO.

'T is well.

Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature,

That fashions all her works in high relief,  
And that is sculpture. This vast ball, the Earth,

Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire ;

Men, women, and all animals that breathe

Are statues and not paintings. Even the plants,

The flowers, the fruits, the grasses, were first sculptured,

And colored later. Painting is a lie,  
A shadow merely.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Truly, as you say,  
Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater

To raise the dead to life than to create  
Phantoms that seem to live. The most majestic

Of the three sister arts is that which builds ;  
The eldest of them all, to whom the others  
Are but the handmaids and the servitors,  
Being but imitation, not creation.  
Henceforth I dedicate myself to her.

BENVENUTO.

And no more from the marble hew those forms

That fill us all with wonder ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Many statues  
Will there be room for in my work. Their station

Already is assigned them in my mind.  
But things move slowly. There are hindrances,

Want of material, want of means, delays  
And interruptions, endless interference  
Of Cardinal Commissioners, and disputes  
And jealousies of artists, that annoy me.

But I will persevere until the work  
Is wholly finished, or till I sink down  
Surprised by Death, that unexpected guest,  
Who waits for no man's leisure, but steps in,  
Unasked and unannounced, to put a stop  
To all our occupations and designs.

And then perhaps I may go back to Florence ;

This is my answer to Duke Cosimo.

## VI

### MICHAEL ANGELO'S STUDIO

MICHAEL ANGELO and URBINO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *pausing in his work.*

Urbino, thou and I are both old men.  
My strength begins to fail me.

URBINO.

Eccellenza,  
That is impossible. Do I not see you  
Attack the marble blocks with the same  
fury  
As twenty years ago ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an old habit.  
I must have learned it early from my nurse  
At Setignano, the stone-mason's wife ;  
For the first sounds I heard were of the  
chisel  
Chipping away the stone.

URBINO.

At every stroke  
You strike fire with your chisel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Aye, because  
The marble is too hard.

URBINO.

It is a block  
That Topolino sent you from Carrara.  
He is a judge of marble.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I remember.  
With it he sent me something of his mak-  
ing, —  
A Mercury, with long body and short legs,  
As if by any possibility  
A messenger of the gods could have short  
legs.  
It was no more like Mercury than you  
are,  
But rather like those little plaster figures  
That peddlers hawk about the villages  
As images of saints. But luckily  
For Topolino, there are many people  
Who see no difference between what is  
best  
And what is only good, or not even good ;  
So that poor artists stand in their esteem  
On the same level with the best, or higher.

URBINO.

How Eccellenza laughed !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Poor Topolino !  
All men are not born artists, nor will labor  
E'er make them artists.

URBINO.

No, no more  
Than Emperors, or Popes, or Cardinals.  
One must be chosen for it. I have been  
Your color-grinder six and twenty years,  
And am not yet an artist.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some have eyes  
That see not ; but in every block of mar-  
ble  
I see a statue, — see it as distinctly  
As if it stood before me shaped and per-  
fect  
In attitude and action. I have only  
To hew away the stone walls that imprison  
The lovely apparition, and reveal it  
To other eyes as mine already see it.  
But I grow old and weak. What wilt thou  
do  
When I am dead, Urbino ?

URBINO.

Eccellenza,  
I must then serve another master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Never !  
Bitter is servitude at best. Already  
So many years hast thou been serving me ;  
But rather as a friend than as a servant.  
We have grown old together. Dost thou  
think  
So meanly of this Michael Angelo  
As to imagine he would let thee serve,  
When he is free from service ? Take this  
purse,  
Two thousand crowns in gold.

URBINO.

Two thousand crowns !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ay, it will make thee rich. Thou shalt not  
die  
A beggar in a hospital.

URBINO.

Oh, Master !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I cannot have them with me on the jour-  
ney  
That I am undertaking. The last garment  
That men will make for me will have no  
pockets.

URBINO, *kissing the hand of* MICHAEL ANGELO.  
My generous master !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Hush !

URBINO.

My Providence !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not a word more. Go now to bed, old man.

Thou hast served Michael Angelo. Remember,

Henceforward thou shalt serve no other master.

## VII

### THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA

MICHAEL ANGELO, *alone in the woods.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How still it is among these ancient oaks !  
Surges and undulations of the air  
Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall  
With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietudes

Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,

That may have heard in infancy the trumpets

Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride  
Man's brief existence, that with all his strength

He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year.

This little acorn, turbaned like the Turk,  
Which with my foot I spurn, may be an oak

Hereafter, feeding with its bitter mast  
The fierce wild-boar, and tossing in its arms

The cradled nests of birds, when all the men

That now inhabit this vast universe,  
They and their children, and their children's children,

Shall be but dust and mould, and nothing more.

Through openings in the trees I see below me

The valley of Clitumnus, with its farms

And snow-white oxen grazing in the shade  
Of the tall poplars on the river's brink.  
O Nature, gentle mother, tender nurse !  
I, who have never loved thee as I ought,  
But wasted all my years immured in cities,  
And breathed the stifling atmosphere of streets,

Now come to thee for refuge. Here is peace.  
Yonder I see the little hermitages  
Dotting the mountain side with points of light,

And here St. Julian's convent, like a nest  
Of curlews, clinging to some windy cliff.  
Beyond the broad, illimitable plain  
Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's quoit,  
That, by the envious Zephyr blown aside,  
Struck Hyacinthus dead, and stained the earth

With his young blood, that blossomed into flowers.

And now, instead of these fair deities,  
Dread demons haunt the earth ; hermits inhabit

The leafy homes of sylvan Hamadryads ;  
And jovial friars, rotund and rubicund,  
Replace the old Silenus with his ass.

Here underneath these venerable oaks,  
Wrinkled and brown and gnarled like them with age,

A brother of the monastery sits,  
Lost in his meditations. What may be  
The questions that perplex, the hopes that cheer him ? —

Good-evening, holy father.

MONK.

God be with you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon a stranger if he interrupt  
Your meditations.

MONK.

It was but a dream. —

The old, old dream, that never will come true ;

The dream that all my life I have been dreaming,

And yet is still a dream.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All men have dreams,  
I have had mine ; but none of them came true ;

They were but vanity. Sometimes I think  
The happiness of man lies in pursuing,  
Not in possessing; for the things possessed  
Lose half their value. Tell me of your  
dream.

MONK.

The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,  
That like the sheaf of Joseph stands up-  
right,  
While all the others bend and bow to it;  
The passion that torments me, and that  
breathes  
New meaning into the dead forms of  
prayer,  
Is that with mortal eyes I may behold  
The Eternal City.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome?

MONK.

There is but one;  
The rest are merely names. I think of it  
As the Celestial City, paved with gold,  
And sentinelled with angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Would it were.  
I have just fled from it. It is beleaguered  
By Spanish troops, led by the Duke of Alva.

MONK.

But still for me 't is the Celestial City,  
And I would see it once before I die.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Each one must bear his cross.

MONK.

Were it a cross  
That had been laid upon me, I could bear  
it,  
Or fall with it. It is a crucifix;  
I am nailed hand and foot, and I am dying!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What would you see in Rome?

MONK.

His Holiness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Him that was once the Cardinal Caraffa?  
You would but see a man of fourscore  
years,  
With sunken eyes, burning like carbuncles,

Who sits at table with his friends for hours,  
Cursing the Spaniards as a race of Jews  
And miscreant Moors. And with what  
soldiery  
Think you he now defends the Eternal  
City?

MONK.

With legions of bright angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So he calls them;  
And yet in fact these bright angelic legions  
Are only German Lutherans.

MONK, *crossing himself*.

Heaven protect us!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What further would you see?

MONK.

The Cardinals,  
Going in their gilt coaches to High Mass.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Men do not go to Paradise in coaches.

MONK.

The catacombs, the convents, and the  
churches;  
The ceremonies of the Holy Week  
In all their pomp, or, at the Epiphany,  
The feast of the Santissimo Bambino  
At Ara Cœli. But I shall not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These pompous ceremonies of the Church  
Are but an empty show to him who knows  
The actors in them. Stay here in your  
convent,  
For he who goes to Rome may see too  
much.  
What would you further?

MONK.

I would see the painting  
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The smoke of incense and of altar candles  
Has blackened it already.

MONK.

Woe is me!  
Then I would hear Allegri's Miserere,  
Sung by the Papal choir.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A dismal dirge !

I am an old, old man, and I have lived  
In Rome for thirty years and more, and  
know

The jarring of the wheels of that great  
world,

Its jealousies, its discords, and its strife.

Therefore I say to you, remain content

Here in your convent, here among your  
woods,

Where only there is peace. Go not to  
Rome.

There was of old a monk of Wittenberg  
Who went to Rome ; you may have heard  
of him ;

His name was Luther ; and you know  
what followed.

[*The convent bell rings.*]

MONK, *rising*.

It is the convent bell ; it rings for vespers.  
Let us go in ; we both will pray for peace.

## VIII

## THE DEAD CHRIST

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio*. MICHAEL ANGELO with a *light*, working upon the *Dead Christ*. *Midnight*.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O Death, why is it I cannot portray  
Thy form and features ? Do I stand too  
near thee ?

Or dost thou hold my hand, and draw me  
back,

As being thy disciple, not thy master ?

Let him who knows not what old age is  
like

Have patience till it comes, and he will  
know.

I once had skill to fashion Life and Death  
And Sleep, which is the counterfeit of  
Death ;

And I remember what Giovanni Strozzi  
Wrote underneath my statue of the Night  
In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago !

Grateful to me is sleep ! More grateful  
now

Than it was then ; for all my friends are  
dead ;

And she is dead, the noblest of them all.

I saw her face, when the great sculptor  
Death,

Whom men should call Divine, had at a  
blow

Stricken her into marble ; and I kissed

Her cold white hand. What was it held  
me back

From kissing her fair forehead, and those  
lips,

Those dead, dumb lips ? Grateful to me  
is sleep !

*Enter* GIORGIO VASARI.

GIORGIO.

Good-evening, or good-morning, for I know  
not

Which of the two it is.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How came you in ?

GIORGIO.

Why, by the door, as all men do.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ascanio

Must have forgotten to bolt it.

GIORGIO.

Probably.

Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit,  
That I could slip through bolted door or  
window ?

As I was passing down the street, I saw  
A glimmer of light, and heard the well-  
known chink

Of chisel upon marble. So I entered,  
To see what keeps you from your bed so  
late.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *coming forward with the  
lamp*.

You have been revelling with your boon  
companions,

Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me  
At an untimely hour.

GIORGIO.

The Pope hath sent me.

His Holiness desires to see again

The drawing you once showed him of the  
dome

Of the Basilica.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

We will look for it.

GIORGIO.

What is the marble group that glimmers  
there  
Behind you ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nothing, and yet everything, —  
As one may take it. It is my own tomb  
That I am building.

GIORGIO.

Do not hide it from me.  
By our long friendship and the love I bear  
you,  
Refuse me not !

MICHAEL ANGELO, *letting fall the lamp.*

Life hath become to me  
An empty theatre, — its lights extinguished,  
The music silent, and the actors gone ;  
And I alone sit musing on the scenes  
That once have been. I am so old that  
Death  
Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come with  
him ;  
And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall  
down,  
And my last spark of life will be ex-  
tinguished.  
Ah me ! ah me ! what darkness of despair !  
So near to death, and yet so far from God.

## TRANSLATIONS

In accordance with the plan determined upon for this edition, the Translations are collected from the separate volumes put forth by Mr. Longfellow and re-arranged here. As shown in the Biographical Sketch, translating played an important part in the development of Mr. Longfellow's powers. Before he had begun to write those poems which at once attested his poetic calling, and while he was busying himself with study and prose expression, he was finding an outlet for his metrical thought and emotion in the translation of lyrics and pastoral verse, and occasionally of epic and dramatic fragments. Tasks thus early begun passed easily into pleasant avocations, and to the end of his life he found an ever grateful occupation in recasting the foreign thought of other men in moulds of his own. It has been deemed most expedient to group these translations by the several literatures from which they are derived, following in each group a chronological order of composition, as far as possible. As the first most important work in this field by Mr. Longfellow was in a translation from the Spanish, the group from the literature of Spain takes precedence.

The successive publication of *Coplas de Manrique* indicates the importance attached to it by Mr. Longfellow, and both the treatment which it received at his hands and the formal statement of his theory of translation have an interest, for the contrast which they afford to his later judgment and practice.

The preface to the book, dated Bowdoin College, August 9, 1833, besides a brief notice of Don Jorge Manrique and some characterization of the poem which will be found in the notes, contained the following remarks on the translator's task : —

"The object of this little work is to place in the hands of the lovers of Spanish literature the most beautiful moral poem of that language. The original is printed with the translation, that in the estimate of those at least who are versed in the Spanish tongue the author may not suffer for the imperfections of the translator.

"The great art of translating well lies in the power of rendering literally the words of a foreign author while at the same time we preserve the spirit of the original. But how far one of these requisites of a good translation may be sacrificed to the other — how far a translator is at liberty to embellish the original before him, while clothing it in a new language, is a

question which has been decided differently by persons of different tastes. The sculptor, when he transfers to the inanimate marble the form and features of a living being, may be said not only to copy, but to translate. But the sculptor cannot represent in marble the beauty and expression of the human eye ; and in order to remedy this defect as far as possible, he is forced to transgress the rigid truth of nature. By sinking the eye deeper, and making the brow more prominent above it, he produces a stronger light and shade, and thus gives to the statue more of the spirit and life of the original than he could have done by an exact copy. So, too, the translator. As there are certain beauties of thought and expression in a good original, which cannot be fully represented in the less flexible material of another language, he, too, at times may be permitted to transgress the rigid truth of language, and remedy the defect, as far as such a defect can be remedied, by slight and judicious embellishments.

"By this principle I have been guided in the following translations. I have rendered literally the words of the original, when it could be done without injuring their spirit ; and when this could not be done, I have occasionally used the embellishment of an additional epithet, or a more forcible turn of expression. How far I have succeeded in my purpose, the reader shall determine."

It may be added that the translator did not keep to the exact metre and rhyme of the Spanish original, but adopted what he regarded as an equivalent stanza. He afterward adopted a much stricter rule of translation, indicated by the couplet from Spenser prefixed to his version of Dante : —

"I follow here the footing of thy feete,  
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete."

Besides the translations preserved by Mr. Longfellow in successive volumes, there are several published in periodicals and elsewhere which are directly traceable to his pen, and are included in the Appendix to this volume, including one found among his manuscripts. As a fitting prelude to the entire series, the poem, not a translation, which was used for a similar purpose in the posthumous collection *In the Harbor*, is here given at the outset.

PRELUDE

*As treasures that men seek,  
Deep buried in sea-sands,  
Vanish if they but speak,  
And elude their eager hands, —*

*So ye escape and slip,  
O songs, and fade away,  
When the word is on my lip  
To interpret what ye say.*

*Were it not better, then,  
To let the treasures rest  
Hid from the eyes of men  
Locked in their iron chest?*

*I have but marked the place,  
But half the secret told,  
That, following this slight trace,  
Others may find the gold.*

FROM THE SPANISH

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE

OH let the soul her slumbers break,  
Let thought be quickened, and awake ;  
Awake to see  
How soon this life is past and gone,  
And death comes softly stealing on,  
How silently !

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,  
Our hearts recall the distant day  
With many sighs ;  
The moments that are speeding fast  
We heed not, but the past, — the  
past,  
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,  
Onward the constant current sweeps,  
Till life is done ;  
And, did we judge of time aright,  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,  
That Hope and all her shadowy train  
Will not decay ;  
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,

Remembered like a tale that 's told,  
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
The silent grave !  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,  
Thither the brook pursues its way,  
And tinkling rill.  
There all are equal ; side by side  
The poor man and the son of pride  
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng  
Of orators and sons of song,  
The deathless few ;  
Fiction entices and deceives,  
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,  
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,  
The Eternal Truth, the Good and Wise,  
To Him I cry,  
Who shared on earth our common lot,  
But the world comprehended not  
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above ;  
So let us choose that narrow way,  
Which leads no traveller's foot astray  
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,  
Life is the running of the race,  
We reach the goal  
When, in the mansions of the blest,  
Death leaves to its eternal rest  
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,  
This world would school each wandering  
thought  
To its high state.  
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,  
Up to that better world on high,  
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,  
To guide us to our home above,  
The Saviour came ;

Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
He suffered in this vale of tears  
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth  
The bubbles we pursue on earth,  
The shapes we chase  
Amid a world of treachery !  
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,  
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances strange,  
Disastrous accident, and change,  
That come to all ;  
Even in the most exalted state,  
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;  
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers seek  
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,  
The hues that play  
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,  
When hoary age approaches slow,  
Ah; where are they ?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,  
The glorious strength that youth imparts  
In life's first stage ;  
These shall become a heavy weight,  
When Time swings wide his outward gate  
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,  
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,  
In long array ;  
How, in the onward course of time,  
The landmarks of that race sublime  
Were swept away !

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,  
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,  
Shall rise no more ;  
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain  
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,  
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,  
With what untimely speed they glide,  
How soon depart !  
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,  
The vassals of a mistress they,  
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;  
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,  
And they are gone !

No rest the inconstant goddess knows,  
But changing, and without repose,  
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save  
Its gilded baubles, till the grave  
Reclaimed its prey,  
Let none on such poor hopes rely ;  
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,  
And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust  
Are passions springing from the dust,  
They fade and die ;  
But, in the life beyond the tomb,  
They seal the immortal spirit's doom  
Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which mask  
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,  
What are they all  
But the fleet coursers of the chase,  
And death an ambush in the race,  
Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,  
Brook no delay, but onward speed  
With loosened rein ;  
And, when the fatal snare is near,  
We strive to check our mad career,  
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,  
And fashion with a cunning art  
The human face,  
As we can clothe the soul with light,  
And make the glorious spirit bright  
With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour  
Should we exert that magic power !  
What ardor show,  
To deck the sensual slave of sin,  
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,  
In weeds of woe !

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,  
Famous in history and in song  
Of olden time,  
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,  
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate  
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion ? who the strong ?  
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng ?  
On these shall fall

As heavily the hand of Death,  
As when it stays the shepherd's breath -  
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,  
Neither its glory nor its shame  
Has met our eyes ;  
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,  
Though we have heard so oft, and read,  
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know  
Of ages passed so long ago,  
Nor how they rolled ;  
Our theme shall be of yesterday,  
Which to oblivion sweeps away,  
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan ? Where  
Each royal prince and noble heir  
Of Aragon ?  
Where are the courtly gallantries ?  
The deeds of love and high emprise,  
In battle done ?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the  
eye,  
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,  
And nodding plume,  
What were they but a pageant scene ?  
What but the garlands, gay and green,  
That deck the tomb ?

Where are the high-born dames, and  
where  
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,  
And odors sweet ?  
Where are the gentle knights, that came  
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent  
flame,  
Low at their feet ?

Where is the song of Troubadour ?  
Where are the lute and gay tambour  
They loved of yore ?  
Where is the mazy dance of old,  
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,  
The dancers wore ?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,  
Henry, whose royal court displayed  
Such power and pride ;  
Oh, in what winning smiles arrayed,  
The world its various pleasures laid  
His throne beside !

But oh, how false and full of guile  
That world, which wore so soft a smile  
But to betray !  
She, that had been his friend before,  
Now from the fated monarch tore  
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately walls,  
The royal palaces, and halls,  
All filled with gold ;  
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,  
Chambers with ample treasures fraught  
Of wealth untold ;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,  
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,  
In rich array,  
Where shall we seek them now ? Alas !  
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,  
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal  
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,  
Unskilled to reign ;  
What a gay, brilliant court had he,  
When all the flower of chivalry  
Was in his train !

But he was mortal ; and the breath  
That flamed from the hot forge of Death  
Blasted his years ;  
Judgment of God ! that flame by thee,  
When raging fierce and fearfully,  
Was quenched in tears !

Spain's haughty Constable, the true  
And gallant Master, whom we knew  
Most loved of all ;  
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,  
He on the gloomy scaffold died,  
Ignoble fall !

The countless treasures of his care,  
His villages and villas fair,  
His mighty power,  
What were they all but grief and shame,  
Tears and a broken heart, when came  
The parting hour ?

His other brothers, proud and high,  
Masters, who, in prosperity,  
Might rival kings ;  
Who made the bravest and the best  
The bondsmen of their high behest,  
Their underlings ;

What was their prosperous estate,  
 When high exalted and elate  
 With power and pride ?  
 What, but a transient gleam of light,  
 A flame, which, glaring at its height,  
 Grew dim and died ?

So many a duke of royal name,  
 Marquis and count of spotless fame,  
 And baron brave,  
 That might the sword of empire wield,  
 All these, O Death, hast thou concealed  
 In the dark grave !

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,  
 In peaceful days, or war's alarms, .  
 When thou dost show,  
 O Death, thy stern and angry face,  
 One stroke of thy all-powerful mace  
 Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,  
 Pennon and standard flaunting high,  
 And flag displayed ;  
 High battlements intrenched around,  
 Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,  
 And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep,  
 All these cannot one victim keep,  
 O Death, from thee,  
 When thou dost battle in thy wrath,  
 And thy strong shafts pursue their path  
 Unerringly.

O World ! so few the years we live,  
 Would that the life which thou dost give  
 Were life indeed !  
 Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
 Our happiest hour is when at last  
 The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
 And sorrows neither few nor brief  
 Veil all in gloom ;  
 Left desolate of real good,  
 Within this cheerless solitude  
 No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
 And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
 Or dark despair ;  
 Midway so many toils appear,  
 That he who lingers longest here  
 Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
 By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
 And weary hearts ;  
 Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
 But with a lingering step and slow  
 Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,  
 To whom all hearts their homage paid,  
 As Virtue's son,  
 Roderic Manrique, he whose name  
 Is written on the scroll of Fame,  
 Spain's champion ;

His signal deeds and prowess high  
 Demand no pompous eulogy,  
 Ye saw his deeds !  
 Why should their praise in verse be sung ?  
 The name, that dwells on every tongue,  
 No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend ; how kind to all  
 The vassals of this ancient hall  
 And feudal fief !  
 To foes how stern a foe was he !  
 And to the valiant and the free  
 How brave a chief !

What prudence with the old and wise :  
 What grace in youthful gayeties ;  
 In all how sage !  
 Benignant to the serf and slave,  
 He showed the base and falsely brave  
 A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,  
 The rush of Cæsar's conquering car  
 At battle's call ;  
 His, Scipio's virtue ; his, the skill  
 And the indomitable will  
 Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his  
 A Titus' noble charities  
 And righteous laws ;  
 The arm of Hector, and the might  
 Of Tully, to maintain the right  
 In truth's just cause ;

The clemency of Antonine,  
 Aurelius' countenance divine,  
 Firm, gentle, still ;  
 The eloquence of Adrian,  
 And Theodosius' love to man,  
 And generous will ;

In tented field and bloody fray,  
An Alexander's vigorous sway  
And stern command ;  
The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,  
The fervent love Camillus bore  
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,  
He heaped no pile of riches high,  
Nor massive plate ;  
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,  
City and tower and castled wall  
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,  
Brave steeds and gallant riders found  
A common grave ;  
And there the warrior's hand did gain  
The rents, and the long vassal train,  
That conquest gave.

And if of old his halls displayed  
The honored and exalted grade  
His worth had gained,  
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,  
Brothers and bondsmen of his power  
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,  
In the stern warfare which of old  
'T was his to share,  
Such noble leagues he made that more  
And fairer regions than before  
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,  
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced  
On history's page ;  
But with fresh victories he drew  
Each fading character anew  
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great  
And veteran service to the state,  
By worth adored,  
He stood, in his high dignity,  
The proudest knight of chivalry,  
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains  
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains  
And cruel power ;  
But, by fierce battle and blockade,  
Soon his own banner was displayed  
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,  
His monarch and his native land  
Were nobly served ;  
Let Portugal repeat the story,  
And proud Castile, who shared the glory  
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,  
His life upon the fatal throw  
Had been cast down ;  
When he had served, with patriot zeal,  
Beneath the banner of Castile,  
His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valor strong,  
That neither history nor song  
Can count them all ;  
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,  
Death at his portal came to knock,  
With sudden call,

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare  
To leave this world of toil and care  
With joyful mien ;  
Let thy strong heart of steel this day  
Put on its armor for the fray,  
The closing scene.

" Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,  
So prodigal of health and life,  
For earthly fame,  
Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;  
Loud on the last stern battle-plain  
They call thy name.

¶ Think not the struggle that draws near  
Too terrible for man, nor fear  
To meet the foe ;  
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,  
Its life of glorious fame to leave  
On earth below.

" A life of honor and of worth  
Has no eternity on earth,  
'T is but a name ;  
And yet its glory far exceeds  
That base and sensual life, which leads  
To want and shame.

" The eternal life, beyond the sky,  
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high  
And proud estate ;  
The soul in dalliance laid, the spirit  
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit  
A joy so great. ]

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,  
Shall gain it by his book and bell,  
His prayers and tears ;  
And the brave knight, whose arm en-  
dures  
Fierce battle, and against the Moors  
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has  
poured  
The life-blood of the Pagan horde  
O'er all the land,  
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,  
The guerdon of thine earthly strength  
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,  
Strong in the faith entire and pure  
Thou dost profess,  
Depart, thy hope is certainty,  
The third, the better life on high  
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay ;  
My spirit longs to flee away,  
And be at rest ;  
The will of Heaven my will shall be,  
I bow to the divine decree,  
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,  
No thought rebels, the obedient heart  
Breathes forth no sigh ;  
The wish on earth to linger still  
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign  
will  
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take  
A human form, and humbly make  
Thy home on earth ;  
Thou, that to thy divinity  
A human nature didst ally  
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here  
Torment, and agony, and fear,  
So patiently ;  
By thy redeeming grace alone,  
And not for merits of my own,  
Oh, pardon me !"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,  
Without one gathering mist or shade  
Upon his mind ;

Encircled by his family,  
Watched by affection's gentle eye  
So soft and kind ;

His soul to Him who gave it rose ;  
God lead it to its long repose,  
Its glorious rest !  
And, though the warrior's sun has set,  
Its light shall linger round us yet,  
Bright, radiant, blest.

## SONNETS

### I

#### THE GOOD SHEPHERD

(EL BUEN PASTOR)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

The five following sonnets are from the *Coplas de Manrique* volume, where they were printed with the Spanish text on the opposite pages. Two other sonnets in that volume, not retained when the volume was merged in *Voices of the Night*, will be found in the Appendix. The two Lope de Vega sonnets are from his *Rimas Sacras*.

SHEPHERD ! who with thine amorous, sylvan  
song

Hast broken the slumber that encom-  
passed me,

Who mad'st thy crook from the accursed  
tree,

On which thy powerful arms were  
stretched so long !

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing foun-  
tains ;

For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide  
shalt be ;

I will obey thy voice, and wait to see  
Thy feet all beautiful upon the moun-  
tains.

Hear, Shepherd ! thou who for thy flock  
art dying,

Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for  
thou

Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.

Oh, wait ! to thee my weary soul is cry-  
ing,

Wait for me ! Yet why ask it, when I  
see,

With feet nailed to the cross, thou 'rt  
waiting still for me !

## II

## TO-MORROW

(MAÑANA)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,  
 Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst  
 wait,  
 Wet with unhealthy dews, before my  
 gate,  
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter  
 there ?  
 Oh, strange delusion, that I did not greet  
 Thy blest approach! and oh, to Heaven  
 how lost,  
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon  
 thy feet!  
 How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
 "Soul, from thy casement look, and thou  
 shalt see  
 How he persists to knock and wait for  
 thee!"  
 And, oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,  
 "To-morrow we will open," I replied,  
 And when the morrow came I answered  
 still, "To-morrow."

## III

## THE NATIVE LAND

(EL PATRIO CIELO)

BY FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on  
 high,  
 Bright with a glory that shall never  
 fade!  
 Mansion of truth! without a veil or  
 shade,  
 Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.  
 There dwells the soul in its ethereal es-  
 sence,  
 Gasping no longer for life's feeble  
 breath;  
 But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious  
 presence  
 With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not,  
 death.

Beloved country! banished from thy shore,  
 A stranger in this prison-house of clay,  
 The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for  
 thee!

Heavenward the bright perfections I adore  
 Direct, and the sure promise cheers the  
 way,  
 That, whither love aspires, there shall  
 my dwelling be.

## IV

## THE IMAGE OF GOD

(LA IMÁGEN DE DIOS)

BY FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

O LORD! who seest, from yon starry  
 height,  
 Centred in one the future and the past,  
 Fashioned in thine own image, see how  
 fast  
 The world obscures in me what once was  
 bright!  
 Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast  
 given,  
 To cheer life's flowery April, fast de-  
 cays;  
 Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,  
 Forever green shall be my trust in  
 Heaven.  
 Celestial King! oh let thy presence pass  
 Before my spirit, and an image fair  
 Shall meet that look of mercy from on  
 high,  
 As the reflected image in a glass  
 Doth meet the look of him who seeks it  
 there,  
 And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

## V

## THE BROOK

(Á UN ARROYUELO)

ANONYMOUS

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of bird  
 and tree!  
 Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the  
 morn!

The soul of April, unto whom are born  
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in  
 thee !  
 Although, where'er thy devious current  
 strays,  
 The lap of earth with gold and silver  
 teems,  
 To me thy clear proceeding brighter  
 seems  
 Than golden sands, that charm each  
 shepherd's gaze.  
 How without guile thy bosom, all trans-  
 parent  
 As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye  
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round peb-  
 bles count !  
 How, without malice murmuring, glides thy  
 current !  
 O sweet simplicity of days gone by !  
 Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell  
 in limpid fount !

### ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS

In the chapter with this title in *Outre-Mer*, besides  
 illustrations from Byron and Lockhart are the three  
 following examples, contributed by Mr. Longfellow.

#### I

RIO VERDE, Rio Verde !  
 Many a corpse is bathed in thee,  
 Both of Moors and eke of Christians,  
 Slain with swords most cruelly.  
 And thy pure and crystal waters  
 Dappled are with crimson gore ;  
 For between the Moors and Christians  
 Long has been the fight and sore.  
 Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee,  
 Lords of high renown were slain,  
 Perished many a brave hidalgo  
 Of the noblemen of Spain.

#### II

"King Alfonso the Eighth, having exhausted his  
 treasury in war, wishes to lay a tax of five farthings  
 upon each of the Castilian hidalgos, in order to defray  
 the expenses of a journey from Burgos to Cuenca. This  
 proposition of the king was met with disdain by the  
 noblemen who had been assembled on the occasion."

DON NUNO, Count of Lara,  
 In anger and in pride,  
 Forgot all reverence for the king,  
 And thus in wrath replied :

"Our noble ancestors," quoth he,  
 "Ne'er such a tribute paid ;  
 Nor shall the king receive of us  
 What they have once gainsaid.

"The base-born soul who deems it just  
 May here with thee remain ;  
 But follow me, ye cavaliers,  
 Ye noblemen of Spain."

Forth followed they the noble Count,  
 They marched to Glera's plain ;  
 Out of three thousand gallant knights  
 Did only three remain.

They tied the tribute to their spears,  
 They raised it in the air,  
 And they sent to tell their lord the king  
 That his tax was ready there.

"He may send and take by force," said  
 they,  
 "This paltry sum of gold ;  
 But the goodly gift of liberty  
 Cannot be bought and sold."

#### III

"One of the finest of the historic ballads is that  
 which describes Bernardo's march to Roncesvalles. He  
 sallies forth 'with three thousand Leonese and more,'  
 to protect the glory and freedom of his native land.  
 From all sides, the peasantry of the land flock to the  
 hero's standard."

THE peasant leaves his plough afield,  
 The reaper leaves his hook,  
 And from his hand the shepherd-boy  
 Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,  
 The old forget their years,  
 The feeble man grows stout of heart,  
 No more the craven fears.

All rush to Bernard's standard,  
 And on liberty they call ;  
 They cannot brook to wear the yoke,  
 When threatened by the Gaul.

"Free were we born," 't is thus they cry,  
 "And willingly pay we  
 The duty that we owe our king,  
 By the divine decree.

"But God forbid that we obey  
 The laws of foreign knaves,

Tarnish the glory of our sires,  
And make our children slaves.

"Our hearts have not so craven grown,  
So bloodless all our veins,  
So vigorless our brawny arms,  
As to submit to chains.

"Has the audacious Frank, forsooth,  
Subdued these seas and lands ?  
Shall he a bloodless victory have ?  
No, not while we have hands.

"He shall learn that the gallant Leonese  
Can bravely fight and fall,  
But that they know not how to yield ;  
They are Castilians all.

"Was it for this the Roman power  
Of old was made to yield  
Unto Numantia's valiant hosts  
On many a bloody field ?

"Shall the bold lions that have bathed  
Their paws in Libyan gore,  
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,  
And dare the strife no more ?

"Let the false king sell town and tower,  
But not his vassals free ;  
For to subdue the free-born soul  
No royal power hath he !"

# VIDA DE SAN MILLAN

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

AND when the kings were in the field, —  
their squadrons in array, —  
With lance in rest they onward pressed to  
mingle in the fray ;  
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror  
of their foes, —  
These were a numerous army, — a little  
handful those.

And while the Christian people stood in  
this uncertainty,  
Upward to heaven they turned their eyes,  
and fixed their thoughts on high ;  
And there two figures they beheld, all  
beautiful and bright,  
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their  
garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses more white  
than crystal sheen,  
And arms they bore such as before no  
mortal man had seen ;  
The one, he held a crosier, — a pontiff's  
mitre wore ;  
The other held a crucifix, — such man ne'er  
saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms  
had they, —  
And downward through the fields of air  
they urged their rapid way ;  
They looked upon the Moorish host with  
fierce and angry look,  
And in their hands, with dire portent, their  
naked sabres shook.

The Christian host, beholding this, straight-  
way take heart again ;  
They fall upon their bended knees, all rest-  
ing on the plain,  
And each one with his clenched fist to  
smite his breast begins,  
And promises to God on high he will for-  
sake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near  
unto the battle-ground,  
They dashed among the Moors and dealt  
unerring blows around ;  
Such deadly havoc there they made the  
foremost ranks along,  
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of  
the throng.

Together with these two good knights, the  
champions of the sky,  
The Christians rallied and began to smite  
full sore and high ;  
The Moors raised up their voices and by  
the Koran swore  
That in their lives such deadly fray they  
ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers, — fast sped  
the bloody fight, —  
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and  
some half dead with fright :  
Full sorely they repented that to the field  
they came,  
For they saw that from the battle they  
should retreat with shame.

Another thing befell them, — they dreamed  
not of such woes, —

The very arrows that the Moors shot from  
their twanging bows

Turned back against them in their flight  
and wounded them full sore,

And every blow they dealt the foe was  
paid in drops of gore.

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal  
crown had on,

Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of  
Saint John ;

And he that held the crucifix, and wore the  
monkish hood,

Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neigh-  
borhood.

### SAN MIGUEL, THE CONVENT

(SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA)

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA is a convent  
vast and wide ;

The sea encircles it around, and groans on  
every side :

It is a wild and dangerous place, and many  
woes betide

The monks who in that burial-place in pen-  
itence abide.

Within those dark monastic walls, amid the  
ocean flood,

Of pious, fasting monks there dwelt a holy  
brotherhood ;

To the Madonna's glory there an altar high  
was placed,

And a rich and costly image the sacred  
altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin  
Mother smiled,

And, as the custom is, she held within her  
arms the Child ;

The kings and wise men of the East were  
kneeling by her side ;

Attended was she like a queen whom God  
had sanctified.

Descending low before her face a screen of  
feathers hung, —

A *moscader*, or fan for flies, 't is called in  
vulgar tongue ;

From the feathers of the peacock's wing  
't was fashioned bright and fair,  
And glistened like the heaven above when  
all its stars are there.

It chanced that, for the people's sins, fell  
the lightning's blasting stroke :

Forth from all four the sacred walls the  
flames consuming broke ;

The sacred robes were all consumed, missal  
and holy book ;

And hardly with their lives the monks their  
crumbling walls forsook.

But though the desolating flame raged  
fearfully and wild,

It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did not  
reach the Child ;

It did not reach the feathery screen before  
her face that shone,

Nor injure in a farthing's worth the image  
or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did not  
burn the screen ;

Even in the value of a hair they were not  
hurt, I ween ;

Not even the smoke did reach them, nor in-  
jure more the shrine

Than the bishop hight Don Tello has been  
hurt by hand of mine.

. . . . .

### SONG

SHE is a maid of artless grace,  
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,  
That sailest on the sea,

If ship, or sail, or evening star  
Be half so fair as she !

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,  
Whose shining arms I see,

If steel, or sword, or battle-field  
Be half so fair as she !

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy  
flock

Beneath the shadowy tree,  
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge  
Be half so fair as she !

## SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK

(LETRILLA QUE LLEVABA POR REGISTRO EN SU BREVUARIO)

BY SANTA TERESA DE AVILA

LET nothing disturb thee,  
 Nothing affright thee ;  
 All things are passing ;  
 God never changeth ;  
 Patient endurance  
 Attaineth to all things ;  
 Who God possesseth  
 In nothing is wanting ;  
 Alone God sufficeth.

## FROM THE CANCIONEROS

The main repository of these poems is Ochoa's *Tesoro de los Romanceros y Cancioneros Españoles*, Paris, 1838. See also *Antología Española*. Mr. Longfellow published his translations in the volume entitled *Aftermath*, 1873. His acquaintance with these Spanish popular songs was an early one, for there is an entry in his journal, when at Dresden, February 1, 1829: "At the Public Library in the morning till one o'clock. Found a very curious old Spanish book, treating of the troubadour poetry of Spain, entitled the *Cancionero General*."

## I

EYES SO TRISTFUL, EYES SO TRISTFUL

(OJOS TRISTES, OJOS TRISTES)

BY DIEGO DE SALDAÑA

EYES so tristful, eyes so tristful,  
 Heart so full of care and cumber,  
 I was lapped in rest and slumber,  
 Ye have made me wakeful, wistful !  
 In this life of labor endless  
 Who shall comfort my distresses ?  
 Querulous my soul and friendless  
 In its sorrow shuns caresses.  
 Ye have made me, ye have made me  
 Querulous of you, that care not,  
 Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not  
 Say to what ye have betrayed me.

## II

SOME DAY, SOME DAY

(ALGUNA VEZ)

BY CRISTÓBAL DE GASTILLEJO

SOME day, some day,  
 O troubled breast,  
 Shalt thou find rest.  
 If Love in thee

To grief give birth,  
 Six feet of earth  
 Can more than he ;  
 There calm and free  
 And unoppressed  
 Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained  
 In life at last,  
 When life is passed,  
 Shall all be gained ;  
 And no more pained,  
 No more distressed,  
 Shalt thou find rest.

## III

COME, O DEATH, SO SILENT FLYING

(VEN, MUERTE TAN ESCONDIDA)

BY EL COMMENDADOR ESCRIBA

COME, O Death, so silent flying  
 That unheard thy coming be,  
 Lest the sweet delight of dying  
 Bring life back again to me.  
 For thy sure approach perceiving,  
 In my constancy and pain  
 I new life should win again,  
 Thinking that I am not living.  
 So to me, unconscious lying,  
 All unknown thy coming be,  
 Lest the sweet delight of dying  
 Bring life back again to me.  
 Unto him who finds thee hateful,  
 Death, thou art inhuman pain ;  
 But to me, who dying gain,  
 Life is but a task ungrateful.  
 Come, then, with my wish complying,  
 All unheard thy coming be,  
 Lest the sweet delight of dying  
 Bring life back again to me.

## IV

GLOVE OF BLACK IN WHITE HAND  
BARE

GLOVE of black in white hand bare,  
 And about her forehead pale  
 Wound a thin, transparent veil,  
 That doth not conceal her hair ;  
 Sovereign attitude and air,  
 Cheek and neck alike displayed,  
 With coquettish charms arrayed,  
 Laughing eyes and fugitive ; —  
 This is killing men that live,  
 'Tis not mourning for the dead.

## FROM THE SWEDISH AND DANISH

Mr. Longfellow spent the summer of 1835 in Sweden, where he occupied himself with the study of the language and literature, and with travel and observations of Swedish character. "The Swedish language," he wrote, "is soft and musical, with an accent like the lowland Scotch. It is an easy language to read, but difficult to speak with correctness, owing to some grammatical peculiarities. . . . Sweden has one great poet, and only one. That is Tegnér, Bishop of Wexjö, who is still living. His noblest work is *Frithiof's Saga*, a heroic poem, founded on an old tradition." After his return to America, Mr. Longfellow wrote an article on the poem for the *North American Review*, giving in it the translations which are placed first in this section.

His friend Mr. Samuel Ward four years later urged him to translate another of Tegnér's poems, of which Mr. Longfellow had shown him a brief specimen; and in reply Mr. Longfellow wrote, under date of October 24, 1841: "How strange! While you are urging me to translate *Nattvardsbarnen* [*The Children of the Lord's Supper*] comes a letter from Bishop Tegnér himself, saying that of all the translations he has seen of *Frithiof*, my fragments are the only attempts 'that have fully satisfied him.' 'The only fault,' he says, 'that I can find with your translation is, that it is not complete. I take the liberty of urging you to complete the task, that I may be able to say that *Frithiof* has

been translated into at least one language.' Highly complimentary is the Bishop to my humble endeavor. . . . After this kind letter, can I do less than over-set the *Nattvardsbarnen*?" In his willingness, he at once set about the translation, and wrote his friend, November 6th: "It is Saturday night, and eight by the village clock. I have just finished the translation of *The Children of the Lord's Supper*; and with the very ink that wrote the last words of it, I commence this letter to you. That it is with the same pen, too, this chirography sufficiently makes manifest. With your permission I will mend that. The poem is indeed very beautiful; and in parts so touching that more than once in translating it I was blinded with tears. Perhaps my weakness makes the poet strong. You shall soon judge." In the introduction to the volume containing the poem, Mr. Longfellow made the following remarks regarding his translation:—

"The translation is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure, that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, 'the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.'"

PASSAGES FROM FRITHIOF'S  
SAGA

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR

## I

## FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD

THREE miles extended around the fields of  
the homestead, on three sides  
Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the  
fourth side was the ocean.  
Birch woods crowned the summits, but down  
the slope of the hillsides  
Flourished the golden corn, and man-high  
was waving the rye-field.  
Lakes, full many in number, their mirror  
held up for the mountains,  
Held for the forests up, in whose depths  
the high-horned reindeers  
Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hun-  
dred brooklets.  
But in the valleys widely around, there fed  
on the greensward  
Herds with shining hides and udders that  
longed for the milk-pail.  
'Mid these scattered, now here and now  
there, were numberless flocks of  
Sheep with fleeces white, as thou seest the  
white-looking stray clouds,  
Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault,  
when it bloweth in spring-time.

Coursers two times twelve, all mettlesome,  
fast fettered storm-winds,  
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, and  
tugged at their fodder.  
Knotted with red were their manes, and  
their hoofs all white with steel shoes.  
Th' banquet-hall, a house by itself, was  
timbered of hard fir.  
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve  
to the hundred)  
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled  
for drinking, at Yule-tide.  
Thorough the hall, as long as it was, went a  
table of holm-oak,  
Polished and white, as of steel; the columns  
twain of the High-seat  
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved  
out of an elm-tree;  
Odin with lordly look, and Frey with the  
sun on his frontlet.  
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the  
skin it was coal-black,  
Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws  
were shodden with silver),  
Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality  
sitting with Gladness.  
Often, when the moon through the cloud-rack  
flew, related the old man  
Wonders from distant lands he had seen,  
and cruises of Vikings  
Far away on the Baltic, and Sea of the  
West, and the White Sea.

Hushed sat the listening bench, and their  
glances hung on the graybeard's  
Lips, as a bee on the rose ; but the Scald  
was thinking of Brage,  
Where, with his silver beard, and runes on  
his tongue, he is seated  
Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition  
by Mimer's  
Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living  
tradition.  
Midway the floor (with thatch was it  
strewn) burned ever the fire-flame  
Glad on its stone-built hearth ; and thor-  
ough the wide-mouthed smoke-flue  
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends,  
down into the great hall.  
Round the walls, upon nails of steel, were  
hanging in order  
Breastplate and helmet together, and here  
and there among them  
Downward lightened a sword, as in winter  
evening a star shoots.  
More than helmets and swords the shields  
in the hall were resplendent,  
White as the orb of the sun, or white as  
the moon's disk of silver.  
Ever and anon went a maid round the  
board, and filled up the drink-horns,  
Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed ;  
in the shield her reflection  
Blushed, too, even as she ; this gladdened  
the drinking champions.

II

A SLEDGE-RIDE ON THE ICE

KING RING with his queen to the banquet  
did fare,  
On the lake stood the ice so mirror-clear.

"Fare not o'er the ice," the stranger  
cries ;  
"It will burst, and full deep the cold bath  
lies."

"The king drowns not easily," Ring out-  
spake ;  
"He who's afraid may go round the lake."

Threatening and dark looked the stranger  
round,  
His steel shoes with haste on his feet he  
bound.

The sledge-horse starts forth strong and  
free ;  
He snorteth flames, so glad is he.

"Strike out," screamed the king, "my  
trotter good,  
Let us see if thou art of Sleipner's blood."

They go as a storm goes over the lake,  
No heed to his queen doth the old man  
take.

But the steel-shod champion standeth not  
still,  
He passeth them by as swift as he will.

He carves many runes in the frozen tide,  
Fair Ingeborg o'er her own name doth  
glide.

III

FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION

SPRING is coming, birds are twittering,  
forests leaf, and smiles the sun,  
And the loosened torrents downward, sing-  
ing, to the ocean run ;  
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping  
rosebuds 'gin to ope,  
And in human hearts awaken love of life,  
and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and  
the queen shall join the sport :  
Swarming in its gorgeous splendor, is as-  
sembled all the court ;  
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions  
paw the ground alway,  
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, scream  
the falcons for their prey.

See, the Queen of the chase advances !  
Frithiof, gaze not at the sight !  
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on  
her palfrey white.  
Half of Freya, half of Rota, yet more  
beauteous than these two,  
And from her light hat of purple wave  
aloft the feathers blue.

Gaze not at her eyes' blue heaven, gaze  
not at her golden hair !  
Oh beware ! her waist is slender, full her  
bosom is, beware !

Look not at the rose and lily on her cheek  
that shifting play,  
List not to the voice beloved, whispering  
like the wind of May.

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hur-  
rah ! over hill and dale !  
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward  
to the hall of Odin sail.  
All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear  
their cavern homes,  
But, with spear outstretched before her,  
after them the Valkyr comes.

Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and  
upon the greensward spread,  
And the ancient king so trustful laid on  
Frithiof's knee his head,  
Slept as calmly as the hero sleepeth, after  
war's alarm,  
On his shield, or as an infant sleeps upon  
its mother's arm.

As he slumbers, hark ! there sings a coal-  
black bird upon the bough ;  
"Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, end  
your quarrel at a blow :  
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once  
the bridal kiss she gave,  
Now no human eye beholds thee, deep and  
silent is the grave."

Frithiof listens ; hark ! there sings a snow-  
white bird upon the bough :  
"Though no human eye beholds thee,  
Odin's eye beholds thee now.  
Coward ! wilt thou murder sleep, and a  
defenceless old man slay !  
Whatsoe'er thou winn'st, thou canst not  
win a hero's fame this way."

Thus the two wood-birds did warble :  
Frithiof took his war-sword good,  
With a shudder hurled it from him, far  
into the gloomy wood.  
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand, but  
on light, unfolded wings,  
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding  
towards the sun, upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. "Sweet  
has been my sleep," he said ;  
"Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow,  
guarded by a brave man's blade.

But where is thy sword, O stranger ?  
Lightning's brother, where is he ?  
Who thus parts you, who should never  
from each other parted be !"

"It avails not," Frithiof answered ; "in  
the North are other swords :  
Sharp, O monarch ! is the sword's tongue,  
and it speaks not peaceful words ;  
Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits  
from the Niffelhem ;  
Slumber is not safe before them, silver  
locks but anger them."

## IV

## FRITHIOF'S FAREWELL

No more shall I see  
In its upward motion  
The smoke of the Northland. Man is a  
slave :  
The fates decree.  
On the waste of the ocean  
There is my fatherland, there is my grave.

Go not to the strand,  
Ring, with thy bride,  
After the stars spread their light through  
the sky.

Perhaps in the sand,  
Washed up by the tide,  
The bones of the outlawed Viking may lie.

Then, quoth the king,  
"T is mournful to hear  
A man like a whimpering maiden cry.  
The death-song they sing  
Even now in mine ear.  
What avails it ? He who is born must  
die."

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S  
SUPPER

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come.  
The church of the village  
Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen.  
On the spire of the belfry,  
Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly  
flames of the Spring-sun

Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by  
 Apostles aforetime.  
 Clear was the heaven and blue, and May,  
 with her cap crowned with roses,  
 Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and  
 the wind and the brooklet  
 Murmured gladness and peace, God's-  
 peace ! with lips rosy-tinted  
 Whispered the race of the flowers, and  
 merry on balancing branches  
 Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant  
 hymn to the Highest.  
 Swept and clean was the churchyard.  
 Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor  
 Stood its old-fashioned gate ; and within  
 upon each cross of iron  
 Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined  
 by the hands of affection.  
 Even the dial, that stood on a mound among  
 the departed,  
 (There full a hundred years had it stood,)  
 was embellished with blossoms.  
 Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his  
 kith and the hamlet,  
 Who on his birthday is crowned by children  
 and children's children,  
 So stood the ancient prophet, and mute  
 with his pencil of iron  
 Marked on the tablet of stone, and mea-  
 sured the time and its changes,  
 While all around at his feet, an eternity  
 slumbered in quiet.  
 Also the church within was adorned, for  
 this was the season  
 When the young, their parents' hope, and  
 the loved-ones of heaven,  
 Should at the foot of the altar renew the  
 vows of their baptism.  
 Therefore each nook and corner was swept  
 and cleaned, and the dust was  
 Blown from the walls and ceiling, and  
 from the oil-painted benches.  
 There stood the church like a garden ; the  
 Feast of the Leafy Pavilions  
 Saw we in living presentment. From noble  
 arms on the church wall  
 Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the  
 preacher's pulpit of oak-wood  
 Budded once more anew, as aforetime the  
 rod before Aaron.  
 Wreathed thereon was the Bible with  
 leaves, and the dove, washed with  
 silver,  
 Under its canopy fastened, had on it a  
 necklace of wind-flowers.

But in front of the choir, round the altar-  
 piece painted by Hörberg,  
 Crept a garland gigantic ; and bright-curl-  
 ing tresses of angels  
 Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from  
 out of the shadowy leaf-work.  
 Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished,  
 blinked from the ceiling,  
 And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost  
 set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already ; the throng-  
 ing crowd was assembled  
 Far from valleys and hills, to list to the  
 holy preaching.  
 Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty  
 tones of the organ,  
 Hover like voices from God, aloft like  
 invisible spirits.  
 Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from  
 off him his mantle,  
 So cast off the soul its garments of earth ;  
 and with one voice  
 Chimed in the congregation, and sang an  
 anthem immortal  
 Of the sublime Wallén, of David's harp in  
 the North-land  
 Tuned to the choral of Luther ; the song  
 on its mighty pinions  
 Took every living soul, and lifted it gently  
 to heaven,  
 And each face did shine like the Holy One's  
 face upon Tabor.  
 Lo ! there entered then into the church the  
 Reverend Teacher.  
 Father he hight and he was in the parish ;  
 a Christianly plainness  
 Clothed from his head to his feet the old  
 man of seventy winters.  
 Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the  
 heralding angel  
 Walked he among the crowds, but still a  
 contemplative grandeur  
 Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-  
 covered gravestone a sunbeam.  
 As in his inspiration (an evening twilight  
 that faintly  
 Gleams in the human soul, even now, from  
 the day of creation)  
 Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines  
 Saint John when in Patmos,  
 Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so  
 seemed then the old man ;  
 Such was the glance of his eye, and such  
 were his tresses of silver.

All the congregation arose in the pews that  
were numbered.  
But with a cordial look, to the right and  
the left hand, the old man  
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in  
the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the  
Christian service,  
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent  
discourse from the old man.  
Many a moving word and warning, that out  
of the heart came,  
Fell like the dew of the morning, like  
manna on those in the desert.  
Then, when all was finished, the Teacher  
reëntered the chancel,  
Followed therein by the young. The boys  
on the right had their places,  
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair  
and cheeks rosy-blooming.  
But on the left of these there stood the  
tremulous lilies,  
Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn,  
the diffident maidens, —  
Folding their hands in prayer, and their  
eyes cast down on the pavement.  
Now came, with question and answer, the  
catechism. In the beginning  
Answered the children with troubled and  
faltering voice, but the old man's  
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon,  
and the doctrines eternal  
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so  
clear from lips unpolluted.  
Each time the answer was closed, and as  
oft as they named the Redeemer,  
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maid-  
ens all courtesied.  
Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel  
of light there among them,  
And to the children explained the holy, the  
highest, in few words,  
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublim-  
ity always is simple,  
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize  
on its meaning.  
E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds  
when Springtide approaches,  
Leaf by leaf puts forth, and, warmed by  
the radiant sunshine,  
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the  
perfected blossom  
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with  
its crown in the breezes,

So was unfolded here the Christian lore of  
salvation,  
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The  
fathers and mothers  
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad  
at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar ;  
— and straightway transfigured  
(So did it seem unto me) was then the af-  
fectionate Teacher.  
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful  
as Death and as Judgment  
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the  
soul-searcher, earthward descend-  
ing.  
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that  
to him were transparent  
Shot he ; his voice was deep, was low like  
the thunder afar off.  
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there,  
he spake and he questioned.

“ This is the faith of the Fathers, the  
faith the Apostles delivered,  
This is moreover the faith whereunto I  
baptized you, while still ye  
Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer  
the portals of heaven.  
Slumbering received you then the Holy  
Church in its bosom ;  
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the  
light in its radiant splendor  
Downward rains from the heaven ; — to-day  
on the threshold of childhood  
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and  
make your election,  
For she knows naught of compulsion, and  
only conviction desireth.  
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-  
point of existence,  
Seed for the coming days ; without revo-  
cation departeth  
Now from your lips the confession. Bethink  
ye, before ye make answer !  
Think not, oh think not with guile to de-  
ceive the questioning Teacher.  
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever  
rests upon falsehood.  
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey ; the  
multitude hears you,  
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear  
upon earth is and holy  
Standeth before your sight as a witness ;  
the Judge everlasting

Looks from the sun down upon you, and  
 angels in waiting beside him  
 Grave your confession in letters of fire  
 upon tablets eternal.  
 Thus, then, — believe ye in God, in the  
 Father who this world created ?  
 Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the  
 Spirit where both are united ?  
 Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !)   
 to cherish  
 God more than all things earthly, and every  
 man as a brother ?  
 Will ye promise me here, to confirm your  
 faith by your living,  
 Th' heavenly faith of affection ! to hope, to  
 forgive, and to suffer,  
 Be what it may your condition, and walk  
 before God in uprightness ?  
 Will ye promise me this before God and  
 man ?" — With a clear voice  
 Answered the young men Yes ! and Yes !  
 with lips softly-breathing  
 Answered the maidens eke. Then dis-  
 solved from the brow of the Teacher  
 Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he  
 spake in accents more gentle,  
 Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by  
 Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all ! To the  
 heirdom of heaven be ye welcome !  
 Children no more from this day, but by  
 covenant brothers and sisters !  
 Yet, — for what reason not children ? Of  
 such is the kingdom of heaven.  
 Here upon earth an assemblage of children,  
 in heaven one Father,  
 Ruling them all as his household, — for-  
 giving in turn and chastising,  
 That is of human life a picture, as Scripture  
 has taught us.  
 Blest are the pure before God ! Upon pur-  
 ity and upon virtue  
 Resteth the Christian Faith ; she herself  
 from on high is descended.  
 Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the  
 sum of the doctrine,  
 Which the Divine One taught, and suffered  
 and died on the cross for.  
 Oh, as ye wander this day from childhood's  
 sacred asylum  
 Downward, and ever downward, and deeper  
 in Age's chill valley,  
 Oh, how soon will ye come, — too soon ! —  
 and long to turn backward

Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illu-  
 mined, where Judgment  
 Stood like a father before you, and Pardon,  
 clad like a mother,  
 Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving  
 heart was forgiven,  
 Life was a play and your hands grasped  
 after the roses of heaven !  
 Seventy years have I lived already ; the  
 Father eternal  
 Gave me gladness and care ; but the loveli-  
 est hours of existence,  
 When I have steadfastly gazed in their  
 eyes, I have instantly known them,  
 Known them all again ; — they were my  
 childhood's acquaintance.  
 Therefore take from henceforth, as guides  
 in the paths of existence,  
 Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven,  
 and Innocence, bride of man's child-  
 hood.  
 Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from  
 the world of the blessed,  
 Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's  
 roaring billows  
 Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not,  
 in the ship she is sleeping.  
 Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of  
 men ; in the desert  
 Angels descend and minister unto her ; she  
 herself knoweth  
 Naught of her glorious attendance ; but  
 follows faithful and humble,  
 Follows so long as she may her friend ; oh  
 do not reject her,  
 For she cometh from God and she holdeth  
 the keys of the heavens.  
 Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly  
 flieth incessant  
 'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-  
 pigeon of heaven.  
 Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an  
 exile, the Spirit  
 Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles  
 like flame ever upward.  
 Still he recalls with emotion his Father's  
 manifold mansions,  
 Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blos-  
 somed more freshly the flowerets,  
 Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played  
 with the winged angels.  
 Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ;  
 and homesick for heaven  
 Longs the wanderer again ; and the  
 Spirit's longings are worship ;

Worship is called his most beautiful hour,  
and its tongue is entreaty.

Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,

Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,

Then it is good to pray unto God ; for his sorrowing children

Turns He ne'er from his door, but He heals and helps and consoles them.

Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,

Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune

Kneels before the Eternal's throne ; and with hands interfolded,

Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.

Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven ?

What has mankind forsooth, the poor ! that it has not received ?

Therefore, fall in the dust and pray ! The seraphs adoring

Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him who

Hung his masonry pendent on naught, when the world He created.

Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his glory.

Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,

Downward like withered leaves ; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums

Lay themselves down at his feet, and He sees them, but counts them as nothing.

Who shall stand in his presence ? The wrath of the Judge is terrific,

Casting the insolent down at a glance. When He speaks in his anger

Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.

Yet, — why are ye afraid, ye children ? This awful avenger,

Ah ! is a merciful God ! God's voice was not in the earthquake,

Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.

Love is the root of creation ; God's essence ; worlds without number

Lie in his bosom like children ; He made them for this purpose only.

Only to love and to be loved again, He breathed forth his spirit

Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its

Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.

Quench, oh quench not that flame ! It is the breath of your being.

Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father nor mother

Loved you, as God has loved you ; for 't was that you may be happy

Gave He his only Son. When He bowed down his head in the death-hour

Solemnized Love its triumph ; the sacrifice then was completed.

Lo ! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing

Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising

Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other

Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma, — Atonement !

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.

Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father ;

Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection ;

Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth is willing ;

Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren ;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.

Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead ?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not sailing

Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided

By the same stars that guide thee ? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother ?

Hateth he thee, forgive ! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter

Of the Eternal's language ; — on earth it is called Forgiveness !

Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns on his temples ?

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers ? Say, dost thou know Him ?

Ah ! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a  
veil over his failings,  
Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the  
heavenly shepherd  
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it  
back to its mother.  
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its  
fruits that we know it.  
Love is the creature's welfare, with God ;  
but Love among mortals  
Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and en-  
dures, and stands waiting,  
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with  
tears on his eyelids.  
Hope, — so is called upon earth his re-  
compense, — Hope, the befriending,  
Does what she can, for she points evermore  
up to heaven, and faithful  
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of  
the grave, and beneath it  
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but  
a sweet play of shadows !  
Races, better than we, have leaned on her  
waving promise,  
Having naught else but Hope. Then praise  
we our Father in heaven,  
Him, who has given us more ; for to us  
has Hope been transfigured,  
Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith,  
she is living assurance.  
Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is  
the eye of affection,  
Dreams of the longing interprets, and  
carves their visions in marble.  
Faith is the sun of life ; and her counte-  
nance shines like the Hebrew's,  
For she has looked upon God ; the heaven  
on its stable foundation  
Draws she with chains down to earth, and  
the New Jerusalem sinketh  
Splendid with portals twelve in golden va-  
pors descending.  
There enraptured she wanders, and looks  
at the figures majestic,  
Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst  
of them all is her homestead.  
Therefore love and believe ; for works will  
follow spontaneous  
Even as day does the sun ; the Right from  
the Good is an offspring,  
Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian  
works are no more than  
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the  
animate Springtide.

Works do follow us all unto God ; there  
stand and bear witness  
Not what they seemed, — but what they  
were only. Blessed is he who  
Hears their confession secure ; they are  
mute upon earth until death's hand  
Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye chil-  
dren, does Death e'er alarm you ?  
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother  
is he, and is only  
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon  
lips that are fading  
Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked  
in the arms of affection,  
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore  
the face of its father.  
Sounds of his coming already I hear, —  
see dimly his pinions,  
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn  
upon them ! I fear not before  
him.  
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute.  
On his bosom  
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast ;  
and face to face standing  
Look I on God as He is, a sun unpolluted  
by vapors ;  
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the  
spirits majestic,  
Nobler, better than I ; they stand by the  
throne all transfigured,  
Vested in white, and with harps of gold,  
and are singing an anthem,  
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the lan-  
guage spoken by angels.  
You, in like manner, ye children beloved,  
He one day shall gather,  
Never forgets He the weary ; — then wel-  
come, ye loved ones hereafter !  
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows,  
forget not the promise,  
Wander from holiness onward to holiness ;  
earth shall ye heed not ;  
Earth is but dust and heaven is light ; I  
have pledged you to heaven.  
God of the universe, hear me ! thou foun-  
tain of Love everlasting,  
Hark to the voice of thy servant ! I send  
up my prayer to thy heaven !  
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne  
one spirit of all these,  
Whom thou hast given me here ! I have  
loved them all like a father.  
May they bear witness for me, that I  
taught them the way of salvation,

Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word ;  
 again may they know me,  
 Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before  
 thy face may I place them,  
 Pure as they now are, but only more tried,  
 and exclaiming with gladness,  
 Father, lo ! I am here, and the children,  
 whom thou hast given me ! ”

Weeping he spake in these words ; and  
 now at the beck of the old man  
 Knee against knee they knitted a wreath  
 round the altar's enclosure.

Kneeling he read then the prayers of the  
 consecration, and softly  
 With him the children read ; at the close,  
 with tremulous accents,  
 Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction  
 upon them.

Now should have ended his task for the  
 day ; the following Sunday  
 Was for the young appointed to eat of the  
 Lord's holy Supper.

Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood  
 the Teacher silent and laid his  
 Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks  
 upward ; while thoughts high and  
 holy

Flew through the midst of his soul, and his  
 eyes glanced with wonderful bright-  
 ness.

“On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps  
 I shall rest in the graveyard !

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily  
 broken untimely,

Bow down his head to the earth ; why de-  
 lay I ? the hour is accomplished.

Warm is the heart ; — I will ! for to-day  
 grows the harvest of heaven.

What I began accomplish I now ; what  
 failing therein is

I, the old man, will answer to God and the  
 reverend father.

Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens  
 new-come in heaven,

Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread  
 of Atonement ?

What it denoteth, that know ye full well,  
 I have told it you often.

Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Ato-  
 nement a token,

Stablished between earth and heaven.  
 Man by his sins and transgressions

Far has wandered from God, from his es-  
 sence. ”T was in the beginning

Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and  
 it hangs its crown o'er the  
 Fall to this day ; in the Thought is the Fall ;  
 in the Heart the Atonement.

Infinite is the fall, — the Atonement infinite  
 likewise.

See ! behind me, as far as the old man re-  
 members, and forward,

Far as Hope in her flight can reach with  
 her wearied pinions,

Sin and Atonement incessant go through the  
 lifetime of mortals,

Sin is brought forth full-grown ; but Ato-  
 nement sleeps in our bosoms

Still as the cradled babe ; and dreams of  
 heaven and of angels,

Cannot awake to sensation ; is like the  
 tones in the harp's strings,

Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the  
 deliverer's finger.

Therefore, ye children beloved, descended  
 the Prince of Atonement,

Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she  
 stands now with eyes all resplen-  
 dent,

Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles  
 with Sin and o'ercomes her.

Downward to earth He came and, trans-  
 figured, thence reascended,

Not from the heart in like wise, for there  
 He still lives in the Spirit,

Loves and atones evermore. So long as  
 Time is, is Atonement.

Therefore with reverence take this day her  
 visible token.

Tokens are dead if the things live not.  
 The light everlasting

Unto the blind is not, but is born of the  
 eye that has vision.

Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the  
 heart that is hallowed

Lieth forgiveness enshrined ; the intention  
 alone of amendment

Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly  
 things, and removes all

Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love  
 with his arms wide extended,

Penitence weeping and praying ; the Will  
 that is tried, and whose gold flows

Purified forth from the flames ; in a word,  
 mankind by Atonement

Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh  
 Atonement's wine-cup.

But he who cometh up hither, unworthy,  
 with hate in his bosom,

Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of  
 Christ's blessed body,  
 And the Redeemer's blood ! To himself  
 he eateth and drinketh  
 Death and doom ! And from this, preserve  
 us, thou heavenly Father !  
 Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the  
 bread of Atonement ? "

Thus with emotion he asked, and together  
 answered the children,  
 " Yes ! " with deep sobs interrupted. Then  
 read he the due supplications,  
 Read the Form of Communion, and in  
 chimed the organ and anthem :  
 " O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away  
 our transgressions,  
 Hear us ! give us thy peace ! have mercy,  
 have mercy upon us ! "

Th' old man, with trembling hand, and  
 heavenly pearls on his eyelids,  
 Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt  
 round the mystical symbols.

Oh, then seemed it to me as if God, with  
 the broad eye of midday,  
 Clearer looked in at the windows, and all  
 the trees in the churchyard  
 Bowed down their summits of green, and  
 the grass on the graves 'gan to  
 shiver.

But in the children (I noted it well ; I  
 knew it) there ran a  
 Tremor of holy rapture along through  
 their ice-cold members.

Decked like an altar before them, there  
 stood the green earth, and above it  
 Heaven opened itself, as of old before  
 Stephen ; they saw there  
 Radiant in glory the Father, and on his  
 right hand the Redeemer.

Under them hear they the clang of harp-  
 strings, and angels from gold clouds  
 Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with  
 their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with  
 heaven in their hearts and their  
 faces,  
 Up rose the children all, and each bowed  
 him, weeping full sorely,  
 Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but  
 all of them pressed he  
 Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a  
 prayer, his hands full of blessings,  
 Now on the holy breast, and now on the  
 innocent tresses.

## KING CHRISTIAN

(KONG CHRISTIAN STOD VED HØIEN MAST)

## A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK

Written during a visit to Copenhagen in September,  
 1835. The poet first heard the air from some strolling  
 musician in a coffee-house, and looking up the words  
 by Johannes Evald in his lyrical drama *Fiskerne* (*The*  
*Fishermen*), Act ii. Sc. v., translated them.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast

In mist and smoke ;

His sword was hammering so fast,  
 Through Gothic helm and brain it passed ;  
 Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,

In mist and smoke.

" Fly ! " shouted they, " fly, he who can !  
 Who braves of Denmark's Christian

The stroke ? "

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's  
 roar,

Now is the hour !

He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,  
 And smote upon the foe full sore,  
 And shouted loud, through the tempest's  
 roar,

" Now is the hour ! "

" Fly ! " shouted they, " for shelter fly !  
 Of Denmark's Juel who can defy  
 The power ? "

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel rent

Thy murky sky !

Then champions to thine arms were  
 sent ;

Terror and Death glared where he went ;  
 From the waves was heard a wail, that  
 rent

Thy murky sky !

From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol',  
 Let each to Heaven commend his soul,  
 And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !

Dark-rolling wave !

Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,  
 Goes to meet danger with despite,  
 Proudly as thou the tempest's might,

Dark-rolling wave !

And amid pleasures and alarms,  
 And war and victory, be thine arms  
 My grave !

## THE ELECTED KNIGHT

(DEN UDKAARNE RIDDER)

This strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser fra Middelalderen*. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Erantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation. H. W. L.

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,  
Full seven miles broad and seven miles  
wide,  
But never, ah never can meet with the  
man  
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside  
A Knight full well equipped ;  
His steed was black, his helm was barred ;  
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs  
Twelve little golden birds ;  
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,  
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail  
Twelve little golden wheels ;  
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,  
And round and round the wheels they  
flew.

He wore before his breast  
A lance that was poised in rest ;  
And it was sharper than diamond-stone,  
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm  
A wreath of ruddy gold ;  
And that gave him the Maidens Three,  
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon  
If he were come from heaven down ;  
"Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth  
he,  
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,  
Thou shalt not yield thee yet ;  
I am an Unknown Knight,  
Three modest Maidens have me be-  
dight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,  
And have three maidens thee bedight ;  
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,  
For all the Maidens' honor !"

The first tilt they together rode  
They put their steeds to the test ;  
The second tilt they together rode  
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode  
Neither of them would yield ;  
The fourth tilt they together rode  
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,  
And their blood runs unto death ;  
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,  
The youngest sorrows till death.

## CHILDHOOD

(DA JEG VAR LILLE)

BY JENS IMMANUEL BAGGESEN

THERE was a time when I was very small,  
When my whole frame was but an ell in  
height ;  
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,  
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,  
And rode a-horseback on best father's  
knee ;  
Alike were sorrows, passions and alarms,  
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown  
to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in  
size,  
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked  
far ;  
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars  
arise,  
And longed for wings that I might catch  
a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,  
And thought, "Oh, were I on that island  
there,  
I could find out of what the moon is made,  
Find out how large it is, how round, how  
fair !"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through  
western skies,  
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,  
And yet upon the morrow early rise,  
And paint the eastern heaven with crim-  
son light ;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly  
Father,  
Who made me, and that lovely sun on  
high,  
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung  
together,  
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er  
all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did  
say  
The prayer my pious mother taught to  
me :  
"O gentle God ! oh, let me strive alway  
Still to be wise, and good, and follow  
thee !"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,  
And for my sister, and for all the  
town ;  
The king I knew not, and the beggar-bro-  
ther,  
Who, bent with age, went, sighing, up  
and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boy-  
hood perished,  
And all the gladness, all the peace I  
knew !  
Now have I but their memory, fondly cher-  
ished ;—  
God ! may I never lose that too !

## FROM THE GERMAN

The first ten of the following poems are all from the  
volume *Voices of the Night*, into which they were brought  
for the most part from *Hyperion*. The winter of 1836,  
spent by Mr. Longfellow in Germany, appears to have  
been the time when most of his translations from Ger-  
man poetry were made.

## THE HAPPIEST LAND

THERE sat one day in quiet,  
By an alehouse on the Rhine,  
Four hale and hearty fellows,  
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,  
Around the rustic board ;  
Then sat they all so calm and still,  
And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,  
A Swabian raised his hand,  
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,  
"Long live the Swabian land !

"The greatest kingdom upon earth  
Cannot with that compare ;  
With all the stout and hardy men  
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha !" cried a Saxon, laughing,  
And dashed his beard with wine ;  
"I had rather live in Lapland,  
Than that Swabian land of thine !

"The goodliest land on all this earth,  
It is the Saxon land !  
There have I as many maidens  
As fingers on this hand !"

"Hold your tongues ! both Swabian and  
Saxon !"  
A bold Bohemian cries ;  
"If there 's a heaven upon this earth,  
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,  
And the cobbler blows the horn,  
And the miner blows the bugle,  
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter  
Up to heaven raised her hand,  
And said, "Ye may no more contend,—  
There lies the happiest land !"

## THE WAVE

(DIE WELLE)

BY CHRISTOPH AUGUST TIEDGE

"WHITHER, thou turbid wave ?  
Whither, with so much haste,  
As if a thief wert thou ?"

"I am the Wave of Life,  
Stained with my margin's dust ;  
From the struggle and the strife  
Of the narrow stream I fly

To the Sea's immensity,  
To wash from me the slime  
Of the muddy banks of Time."

### THE DEAD

BY ERNST STOCKMANN

How they so softly rest,  
All they the holy ones,  
Unto whose dwelling-place  
Now doth my soul draw near !  
How they so softly rest,  
All in their silent graves,  
Deep to corruption  
Slowly down-sinking !

And they no longer weep,  
Here, where complaint is still !  
And they no longer feel,  
Here, where all gladness flies !  
And by the cypresses  
Softly o'ershadowed,  
Until the Angel  
Calls them, they slumber !

### THE BIRD AND THE SHIP

(SCHIFF UND VOGEL)

BY WILHELM MÜLLER

"The rivers rush into the sea,  
By castle and town they go ;  
The winds behind them merrily  
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,  
We little birds in them play ;  
And everything, that can sing and fly,  
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat ! Whither, or  
whence,  
With thy fluttering golden band ?" —  
"I greet thee, little bird ! To the wide  
sea  
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail ;  
I see no longer a hill,  
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,  
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us ?  
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,  
For full to sinking is my house  
With merry companions all." —

"I need not and seek not company,  
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;  
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,  
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,  
Who shall gainsay these joys ?  
When thy merry companions are still, at  
last,  
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,  
God bless them every one !  
I dart away, in the bright blue day,  
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,  
Wherever the four winds blow ;  
And this same song, my whole life long,  
Neither Poet nor Printer may know."

### WHITHER ?

(WOHIN ?)

BY WILHELM MÜLLER

I HEARD a brooklet gushing  
From its rocky fountain near,  
Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,  
Nor who the counsel gave ;  
But I must hasten downward,  
All with my pilgrim-stave ;

Downward, and ever farther,  
And ever the brook beside ;  
And ever fresher murmured,  
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going ?  
Whither, O brooklet, say !  
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,  
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur ?  
That can no murmur be ;

'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing  
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,  
And wander merrily near ;  
The wheels of a mill are going  
In every brooklet clear.

## BEWARE !

(HÜT DU DICH!)

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,  
Take care !  
She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
Take care !  
She gives a side-glance and looks down,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

And she has hair of a golden hue,  
Take care !  
And what she says, it is not true,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom as white as snow,  
Take care !  
She knows how much it is best to show,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven fair,  
Take care !  
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

## SONG OF THE BELL

First published in *Hyperion*, Book III. chapter iii.  
The scene of the chapter is laid at Interlachen. "The  
evening sun was setting," writes the author, "when I

first beheld thee. The sun of life will set ere I forget  
thee ! Surely it was a scene like this that inspired the  
soul of the Swiss poet, in his *Song of the Bell*."

BELL ! thou soundest merrily,  
When the bridal party  
To the church doth hie !  
Bell ! thou soundest solemnly,  
When, on Sabbath morning,  
Fields deserted lie !

Bell ! thou soundest merrily ;  
Teltest thou at evening,  
Bed-time draweth nigh !  
Bell ! thou soundest mournfully,  
Teltest thou the bitter  
Parting hath gone by !

Say ! how canst thou mourn ?  
How canst thou rejoice ?  
Thou art but metal dull !  
And yet all our sorrowings,  
And all our rejoicings,  
Thou dost feel them all !

God hath wonders many,  
Which we cannot fathom,  
Placed within thy form !  
When the heart is sinking,  
Thou alone canst raise it,  
Trembling in the storm !

## THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

(DAS SCHLOSS AM MEERE)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle,  
That Castle by the Sea ?  
Golden and red above it  
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward  
To the mirrored wave below ;  
And fain it would soar upward  
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,  
That Castle by the Sea,  
And the moon above it standing,  
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
Had they a merry chime ?

Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers  
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme ? ”

“ The winds and the waves of ocean,  
They rested quietly,  
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,  
And tears came to mine eye.”

“ And sawest thou on the turrets  
The King and his royal bride ?  
And the wave of their crimson mantles ?  
And the golden crown of pride ?

“ Led they not forth, in rapture,  
A beauteous maiden there ?  
Resplendent as the morning sun,  
Beaming with golden hair ? ”

“ Well saw I the ancient parents,  
Without the crown of pride ;  
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,  
No maiden was by their side ! ”

### THE BLACK KNIGHT

(DER SCHWARZE RITTER)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

’T WAS Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,  
When woods and fields put off all sadness,  
Thus began the King and spake :  
“ So from the halls  
Of ancient Hofburg’s walls,  
A luxuriant Spring shall break.”

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,  
Wave the crimson banners proudly,  
From balcony the King looked on ;  
In the play of spears,  
Fell all the cavaliers,  
Before the monarch’s stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight  
Rode at last a sable Knight.

“ Sir Knight ! your name and scutcheon,  
say ! ”

“ Should I speak it here,  
Ye would stand aghast with fear ;  
I am a Prince of mighty sway ! ”

When he rode into the lists,  
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,  
And the castle ’gan to rock ;

At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,  
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,  
Torch-light through the high halls glances ;  
Waves a mighty shadow in ;  
With manner bland  
Doth ask the maiden’s hand,  
Doth with her the dance begin.

Danced in sable iron sark,  
Danced a measure weird and dark,  
Coldly clasped her limbs around ;  
From breast and hair  
Down fall from her the fair  
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came  
Every Knight and every Dame ;  
’Twixt son and daughter all distraught,  
With mournful mind  
The ancient King reclined,  
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,  
But the guest a beaker took :  
“ Golden wine will make you whole ! ”  
The children drank,  
Gave many a courteous thank :  
“ Oh, that draught was very cool ! ”

Each the father’s breast embraces,  
Son and daughter ; and their faces  
Colorless grow utterly ;  
Whichever way  
Looks the fear-struck father gray,  
He beholds his children die.

“ Woe ! the blessed children both  
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;  
Take me, too, the joyless father ! ”  
Spake the grim Guest,  
From his hollow, cavernous breast :  
“ Roses in the spring I gather ! ”

### SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

(LIED : INS STILLE LAND)

BY JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS-SEEWIS

INTO the Silent Land !  
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly  
gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the  
strand.  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, oh, thither,  
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection ! Tender morning-visions  
Of beauteous souls ! The Future's pledge  
and band !

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
To the land of the great Departed,  
Into the Silent Land !

## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

(DAS GLÜCK VON EDENHALL)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord  
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;  
He rises at the banquet board,  
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,  
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall !"

The butler hears the words with pain,  
The house's oldest seneschal,  
Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
The drinking-glass of crystal tall ;  
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord : "This glass to praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal !"  
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys ;  
A purple light shines over all,  
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light :  
"This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite ;  
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*  
*Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !*

"'T was right a goblet the Fate should be  
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !  
Deep draughts drink we right willingly ;  
And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling ! klang ! to the Luck of Edenhall !"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,  
Like to the song of a nightingale ;  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild ;  
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,  
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;  
It has lasted longer than is right ;  
Kling ! klang ! — with a harder blow than  
all  
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall !"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;  
And through the rift, the wild flames start ;  
The guests in dust are scattered all,  
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall !

In storms the foe, with fire and sword ;  
He in the night had scaled the wall,  
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,  
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,  
The graybeard in the desert hall,  
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,  
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall  
aside,  
Down must the stately columns fall ;  
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball  
One day like the Luck of Edenhall !"

## THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR

(DER JUNGGESELL)

BY GUSTAV PFIZER

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,  
I wander through the world ;  
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent  
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife  
Close in my heart was locked,  
And in the sweet repose of life  
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake ! Away that dream, — away !  
Too long did it remain !  
So long, that both by night and day  
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought ;  
To a grave so cold and deep  
The mother beautiful was brought ;  
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,  
I bathe mine eyes and see ;  
And wander through the world once  
more,  
A youth so light and free.

Two locks — and they are wondrous fair —  
Left me that vision mild ;  
The brown is from the mother's hair,  
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,  
Pale grows the evening-red ;  
And when the dark lock I behold,  
I wish that I were dead.

### THE HEMLOCK TREE

O HEMLOCK tree ! O hemlock tree ! how  
faithful are thy branches !  
Green not alone in summer time,  
But in the winter's frost and rime !  
O hemlock tree ! O hemlock tree ! how  
faithful are thy branches !

O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faith-  
less is thy bosom !  
To love me in prosperity,  
And leave me in adversity !  
O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faith-  
less is thy bosom !

The nightingale the nightingale, thou tak'st  
for thine example !  
So long as summer laughs she sings,  
But in the autumn spreads her wings.  
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st  
for thine example !

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is  
mirror of thy falsehood !  
It flows so long as falls the rain,  
In drought its springs soon dry again.  
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is  
mirror of thy falsehood !

### ANNIE OF THARAW

(ANKE VON THARAU)

BY SIMON DACH

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw her heart once again  
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,  
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood !

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or  
come snow,  
We will stand by each other, however it  
blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and  
pain  
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and  
so tall,  
The more the hail beats, and the more the  
rains fall, —

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty  
and strong,  
Through crosses, through sorrows, through  
manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander  
alone  
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce  
known, —

Through forests I'll follow, and where the  
sea flows,  
Through ice, and through iron, through  
armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
The threads of our two lives are woven in  
one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,  
 Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,  
 Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand ?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife ;  
 Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love ;  
 Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen ;  
 I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,  
 That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell ;  
 While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

### THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR

(DAS STEINBILD AM DOME)

BY JULIUS MOSEN

FORMS of saints and kings are standing  
 The cathedral door above ;  
 Yet I saw but one among them  
 Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle, — wound about him,  
 As their robes the sowers wind, —  
 Bore he swallows and their fledglings,  
 Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,  
 High in wind and tempest wild ;  
 Oh, were I like him exalted,  
 I would be like him a child !

And my songs, — green leaves and blossoms, —  
 To the doors of heaven would bear,  
 Calling even in storm and tempest,  
 Round me still these birds of air.

### THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL

(DER KREUZSCHNABEL, No. 3)

BY JULIUS MOSEN

ON the cross the dying Saviour  
 Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,  
 Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling  
 In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,  
 Sees He how with zealous care  
 At the ruthless nail of iron  
 A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,  
 With its beak it doth not cease,  
 From the cross 't would free the Saviour,  
 Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness :  
 "Blest be thou of all the good !  
 Bear, as token of this moment,  
 Marks of blood and holy rood !"

And that bird is called the crossbill ;  
 Covered all with blood so clear,  
 In the groves of pine it singeth  
 Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

### THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS

BY HEINRICH HEINE

THE sea hath its pearls,  
 The heaven hath its stars ;  
 But my heart, my heart,  
 My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven,  
 Yet greater is my heart ;  
 And fairer than pearls and stars  
 Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
Come unto my great heart ;  
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven  
Are melting away with love !

### POETIC APHORISMS

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIE-  
DRICH VON LOGAU

#### MONEY

WHEREUNTO is money good ?  
Who has it not wants hardihood,  
Who has it has much trouble and care,  
Who once has had it has despair.

#### THE BEST MEDICINES

Joy and Temperance and Repose  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

#### SIN

Man-like is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God-like is it all sin to leave.

#### POVERTY AND BLINDNESS

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a  
poor man is ;  
For the former seeth no man, and the latter  
no man sees.

#### LAW OF LIFE

Live I, so live I,  
To my Lord heartily,  
To my Prince faithfully,  
To my Neighbor honestly,  
Die I, so die I.

#### CREEDS

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these  
creeds and doctrines three  
Extant are ; but still the doubt is, where  
Christianity may be.

#### THE RESTLESS HEART

A mill-stone and the human heart are  
driven ever round ;  
If they have nothing else to grind, they  
must themselves be ground.

#### CHRISTIAN LOVE

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth  
and comfort it bespoke ;  
But, alas ! it now is quenched, and only  
bites us, like the smoke.

#### ART AND TACT

Intelligence and courtesy not always are  
combined ;  
Often in a wooden house a golden room we  
find.

#### RETRIBUTION

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet  
they grind exceeding small ;  
Though with patience he stands waiting,  
with exactness grinds he all.

#### TRUTH

When by night the frogs are croaking,  
kindle but a torch's fire,  
Ha ! how soon they all are silent ! Thus  
Truth silences the liar.

#### RHYMES

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should  
sound not well in strangers' ears,  
They have only to bethink them that it  
happens so with theirs ;  
For so long as words, like mortals, call a  
fatherland their own,  
They will be most highly valued where they  
are best and longest known.

#### SILENT LOVE

Who love would seek,  
Let him love evermore  
And seldom speak ;  
For in love's domain  
Silence must reign ;  
Or it brings the heart  
Smart  
And pain.

#### BLESSED ARE THE DEAD

(SELIG SIND, DIE IN DEM HERRN STERBEN)

BY SIMON DACH

Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are  
ended !  
Who, through death, have unto God as-  
cended !

Ye have arisen  
From the cares which keep us still in  
prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,  
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiv-  
ing ;  
Our undertakings  
Are but toils, and troubles, and heart-  
breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleep-  
ing,  
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping ;  
No cross nor trial  
Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears for  
ever ;  
Ye have that for which we still endeavor.  
To you are chanted  
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah ! who would not, then, depart with glad-  
ness,  
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness ?  
Who here would languish  
Longer in bemoaning and in anguish ?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that  
bind us !  
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind  
us !  
With thee, the Anointed,  
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

### WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS

(WANDRERS NACHTLIED AND EIN GLEICHES)

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

#### I

THOU that from the heavens art,  
Every pain and sorrow stillest,  
And the doubly wretched heart  
Doubly with refreshment fillest,  
I am weary with contending !  
Why this rapture and unrest ?  
Peace descending  
Come, ah, come into my breast !

#### II

O'er all the hill-tops  
Is quiet now,  
In all the tree-tops  
Hearest thou  
Hardly a breath ;  
The birds are asleep in the trees :  
Wait ; soon like these  
Thou too shalt rest.

### REMORSE

(MUT AND UNMUT)

BY AUGUST VON PLATEN

How I started up in the night, in the night,  
Drawn on without rest or reprieve !  
The streets, with their watchmen, were lost  
to my sight,  
As I wandered so light  
In the night, in the night,  
Through the gate with the arch mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed from the rocky  
height,  
I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearn-  
ing ;  
Deep under me watched I the waves in  
their flight,  
As they glided so light  
In the night, in the night,  
Yet backward not one was returning.

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and  
bright,  
The stars in melodious existence ;  
And with them the moon, more serenely  
bedight ;  
They sparkled so light  
In the night, in the night,  
Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed in the night, in the  
night,  
And again on the waves in their fleeting ;  
Ah woe ! thou hast wasted thy days in  
delight,  
Now silence thou light,  
In the night, in the night,  
The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

## FORSAKEN

SOMETHING the heart must have to cherish,  
Must love and joy and sorrow learn,  
Something with passion clasp, or perish,  
And in itself to ashes burn.

So to this child my heart is clinging,  
And its frank eyes, with look intense,  
Me from a world of sin are bringing  
Back to a world of innocence.

Disdain must thou endure forever ;  
Strong may thy heart in danger be !  
Thou shalt not fail ! but ah, be never  
False as thy father was to me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless,  
And thou thy mother ne'er forsake,  
Until her lips are white and breathless,  
Until in death her eyes shall break.

## ALLAH

BY SIEGFRIED AUGUST MAHLMANN

ALLAH gives light in darkness,  
Allah gives rest in pain,  
Cheeks that are white with weeping  
Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms wither,  
Years vanish with flying feet ;  
But my heart will live on forever,  
That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling  
Yonder would I take flight ;  
There will the darkness vanish,  
There will my eyes have sight.

## FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

## THE GRAVE

For thee was a house built  
Ere thou wast born,  
For thee was a mould meant  
Ere thou of mother camest.  
But it is not made ready,  
Nor its depth measured,

Nor is it seen  
How long it shall be.  
Now I bring thee  
Where thou shalt be ;  
Now I shall measure thee,  
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not  
Highly timbered,  
It is unhigh and low ;  
When thou art therein,  
The heel-ways are low,  
The side-ways unhigh.  
The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh,  
So thou shalt in mould  
Dwell full cold,  
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,  
And dark it is within ;  
There thou art fast detained  
And Death hath the key.  
Loathsome is that earth-house,  
And grim within to dwell.  
There thou shalt dwell,  
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,  
And leavest thy friends ;  
Thou hast no friend,  
Who will come to thee,  
Who will ever see  
How that house pleaseth thee ;  
Who will ever open  
The door for thee,  
And descend after thee ;  
For soon thou art loathsome  
And hateful to see.

BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO  
HEORT

THUS then, much care-worn,  
The son of Healfden  
Sorrowed evermore,  
Nor might the prudent hero  
His woes avert.  
The war was too hard,  
Too loath and longsome,  
That on the people came,  
Dire wrath and grim,  
Of night-woes the worst.

This from home heard  
 Higelac's Thane,  
 Good among the Goths,  
 Grendel's deeds.  
 He was of mankind  
 In might the strongest,  
 At that day  
 Of this life,  
 Noble and stalwart.  
 He bade him a sea-ship,  
 A goodly one, prepare.  
 Quoth he, the war-king,  
 Over the swan's road,  
 Seek he would  
 The mighty monarch,  
 Since he wanted men.  
 For him that journey  
 His prudent fellows  
 Straight made ready,  
 Those that loved him.  
 They excited their souls,  
 The omen they beheld.  
 Had the good-man  
 Of the Gothic people  
 Champions chosen,  
 Of those that keenest  
 He might find,  
 Some fifteen men.  
 The sea-wood sought he.  
 The warrior showed,  
 Sea-crafty man !  
 The land-marks,  
 And first went forth.  
 The ship was on the waves,  
 Boat under the cliffs.  
 The barons ready  
 To the prow mounted.  
 The streams they whirled  
 The sea against the sands.  
 The chieftains bore  
 On the naked breast  
 Bright ornaments,  
 War-gear, Goth-like.  
 The men shoved off,  
 Men on their willing way,  
 The bounden wood.  
 Then went over the sea-waves,  
 Hurried by the wind,  
 The ship with foamy neck,  
 Most like a sea-fowl,  
 Till about one hour  
 Of the second day  
 The curved prow  
 Had passed onward

So that the sailors  
 The land saw,  
 The shore-cliffs shining,  
 Mountains steep,  
 And broad sea-noses.  
 Then was the sea-sailing  
 Of the Earl at an end.  
 Then up speedily  
 The Weather people  
 On the land went,  
 The sea-bark moored,  
 Their mail-sarks shook,  
 Their war-weeds.  
 God thanked they,  
 That to them the sea-journey  
 Easy had been.  
 Then from the wall beheld  
 The warden of the Scyldings,  
 He who the sea-cliffs  
 Had in his keeping,  
 Bear o'er the balks  
 The bright shields,  
 The war-weapons speedily.  
 Him the doubt disturbed  
 In his mind's thought,  
 What these men might be.  
 Went then to the shore,  
 On his steed riding,  
 The Thane of Hrothgar.  
 Before the host he shook  
 His warden's-staff in hand,  
 In measured words demanded :  
 " What men are ye  
 War-gear wearing,  
 Host in harness,  
 Who thus the brown keel  
 Over the water-street  
 Leading come  
 Hither over the sea ?  
 I these boundaries  
 As shore-warden hold,  
 That in the Land of the Danes  
 Nothing loathsome  
 With a ship-crew  
 Scathe us might. . . .  
 Ne'er saw I mightier  
 Earl upon earth  
 Than is your own,  
 Hero in harness.  
 Not seldom this warrior  
 Is in weapons distinguished ;  
 Never his beauty belies him,  
 His peerless countenance !  
 Now would I fain

Your origin know,  
 Ere ye forth  
 As false spies  
 Into the Land of the Danes  
 Farther fare.  
 Now, ye dwellers afar-off !  
 Ye sailors of the sea ?  
 Listen to my  
 One-fold thought.  
 Quickest is best  
 To make known  
 Whence your coming may be."

### THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

MUCH it behoveth  
 Each one of mortals,  
 That he his soul's journey  
 In himself ponder,  
 How deep it may be.  
 When Death cometh,  
 The bonds he breaketh  
 By which were united  
 The soul and the body.

Long it is thenceforth  
 Ere the soul taketh

From God himself  
 Its woe or its weal ;  
 As in the world erst,  
 Even in its earth-vessel,  
 It wrought before.

The soul shall come  
 Wailing with loud voice,  
 After a semnight,  
 The soul, to find  
 The body  
 That it erst dwelt in ; —  
 Three hundred winters,  
 Unless ere that worketh  
 The Eternal Lord,  
 The Almighty God,  
 The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn,  
 With cold utterance,  
 And speaketh grimly,  
 The ghost to the dust :  
 "Dry dust ! thou dreary one !  
 How little didst thou labor for me !  
 In the foulness of earth  
 Thou all wearest away  
 Like to the loam !  
 Little didst thou think  
 How thy soul's journey  
 Would be thereafter,  
 When from the body  
 It should be led forth."

### FROM THE FRENCH

#### SONG

#### FROM THE PARADISE OF LOVE

The first work which Mr. Longfellow printed in the way of translation of French poetry was in connection with his article on *Origin and Progress of the French Language*, which he contributed to the *North American Review* for April, 1831. He used a portion of this paper in the chapter, *The Trouvères, in Outer-Mer*, introducing his translation of some early lyrics by these words: "The favorite theme of the ancient lyric poets of the North of France is the wayward passion of love. They all delight to sing *les douces douleurs et le mal plaisant de fine amor*." With such feelings the beauties of the opening spring are naturally associated. Almost every love-ditty of the old poets commences with some such exordium as this: 'When the snows of

winter have passed away, when the soft and gentle spring returns, and the flower and leaf shoot in the groves, and the little birds warble to their mates in their own sweet language, — then will I sing my lady-love!' Another favorite introduction to these little rhapsodies of romantic passion is the approach of morning and its sweet-voiced herald, the lark. The minstrel's song to his lady-love frequently commences with an allusion to the hour

When the rosebud opes its ean,  
 And the bluebells droop and die,  
 And upon the leaves so green  
 Sparkling dew-drops lie.

"The following is at once the simplest and prettiest piece of this kind which I have met with among the early lyric poets of the North of France. It is taken from an anonymous poem, entitled *The Paradise of Love*. A lover, having passed the 'live-long night in tears as he was wont,' goes forth to beguile his sorrows with the fragrance and beauty of morning. The carol of the vaulting skylark salutes his ear, and to this merry musician he makes his complaint."

HARK ! hark !

Pretty lark !

Little heedest thou my pain !

But if to these longing arms

Pitying Love would yield the charms

Of the fair

With smiling air,

Blithe would beat my heart again.

Hark ! hark !

Pretty lark !

Little heedest thou my pain !

Love may force me still to bear,

While he lists, consuming care ;

But in anguish

Though I languish,

Faithful shall my heart remain.

Hark ! hark !

Pretty lark !

Little heedest thou my pain !

Then cease, Love, to torment me so ;

But rather than all thoughts forego

Of the fair

With flaxen hair,

Give me back her frowns again.

Hark ! hark !

Pretty lark !

Little heedest thou my pain !

# SONG

Given in *The Trouvères*, a chapter of *Outre-Mer*, as another example of the lyrics of the early poets of the North of France.

And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,  
Breathed so softly in my ear ?  
Say, dost thou bear his fate severe  
To Love's poor martyr doomed to die ?  
Come, tell me quickly, — do not lie ;  
What secret message bring'st thou here ?  
And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,  
Breathed so softly in my ear ?  
May Heaven conduct thee to thy will,  
And safely speed thee on thy way ;  
This only I would humbly pray, —

Pierce deep, — but oh ! forbear to kill.  
And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,  
Breathed so softly in my ear ?

# THE RETURN OF SPRING

(RENOUVEAU)

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS

Now Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,  
And clothes him in the embroidery  
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.  
With beast and bird the forest rings,  
Each in his jargon cries or sings ;  
And Time throws off his cloak again.  
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook  
Wear in their dainty livery  
Drops of silver jewelry ;  
In new-made suit they merry look ;  
And Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.)

# SPRING

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS

GENTLE Spring ! in sunshine clad,  
Well dost thou thy power display !  
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,  
And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.  
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy  
train,  
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and  
the rain ;  
And they shrink away, and they flee in  
fear,  
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so  
old,  
Their beards of icicles and snow ;  
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,  
We must cover over the embers low ;  
And, snugly housed from the wind and  
weather,  
Mope like birds that are changing feather.  
But the storm retires, and the sky grows  
clear,  
When thy merry step draws near.)

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky  
 Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud ;  
 But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh ;  
 Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,  
 And the earth looks bright, and Winter  
   surly,  
 Who has toiled for naught both late and  
   early,  
 Is banished afar by the new-born year,  
 When thy merry step draws near.]

### THE CHILD ASLEEP

(VERSLETS À MON PREMIER NÉ)

BY CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE

[SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy father's  
   face,  
 Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have  
   pressed !  
 Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place  
   Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's  
   breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,  
 Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to  
   me !  
 I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;  
 'T is sweet to watch for thee, alone for  
   thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his  
   brow ;  
 His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor dreams  
   of harm.  
 Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,  
 Would you not say he slept on Death's  
   cold arm ?

Awake, my boy ! I tremble with affright !  
 Awake, and chase this fatal thought ! Un-  
   close  
 Thine eye but for one moment on the  
   light !  
 Even at the price of thine, give me re-  
   pose !

Sweet error ! he but slept, I breathe again ;  
 Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep  
   beguile !  
 Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,  
 Beside me watch to see thy waking  
   smile ?]

### DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN

FROM THE CHANSON DE ROLAND

THE Archbishop, whom God loved in high  
 degree,  
 Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and  
   free ;  
 And then his cheek more ghastly grew and  
   wan,  
 And a faint shudder through his members  
   ran.  
 Upon the battle-field his knee was bent ;  
 Brave Roland saw, and to his succor went,  
 Straightway his helmet from his brow un-  
   laced,  
 And tore the shining hauberk from his  
   breast.  
 Then raising in his arms the man of God,  
 Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.  
 " Rest, Sire," he cried,— " for rest thy suf-  
   fering needs."  
 The priest replied, " Think but of warlike  
   deeds !  
 The field is ours ; well may we boast this  
   strife !  
 But death steals on, — there is no hope of  
   life ;  
 In paradise, where Almoners live again,  
 There are our couches spread, there shall  
   we rest from pain."

Sore Roland grieved ; nor marvel I, alas !  
 That thrice he swooned upon the thick green  
   grass.  
 When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,  
 " O Heavenly Father ! Holy Saint Marie !  
 Why lingers death to lay me in my grave !  
 Beloved France ! how have the good and  
   brave  
 Been torn from thee, and left thee weak  
   and poor !"  
 Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came  
   o'er  
 His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,  
 " My gentle friend ! — what parting full of  
   woe !  
 Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see ; —  
 Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee !  
 Christ, who did save from realms of woe  
   beneath,  
 The Hebrew Prophets from the second  
   death."

Then to the Paladins, whom well he knew,  
He went, and one by one unaided drew  
To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly  
lore ;—

No heart had he to smile, but, weeping  
sore,

He blessed them in God's name, with faith  
that he

Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad  
eternity.

The Archbishop, then, on whom God's  
benison rest,

Exhausted, bowed his head upon his  
breast ;—

His mouth was full of dust and clotted  
gore,

And many a wound his swollen visage bore.  
Slow beats his heart, his panting bosom  
heaves,

Death comes apace, — no hope of cure re-  
lieves.

Towards heaven he raised his dying hands  
and prayed

That God, who for our sins was mortal  
made,

Born of the Virgin, scorned and crucified,  
In paradise would place him by his side.

Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,  
In battle great and eke great orison ;—

'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion ;  
God grant to him his holy benison.

## THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL CUILLE

BY JACQUES JASMIN

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might  
Rehearse this little tragedy aright ;  
Let me attempt it with an English quill ;  
And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

On the 30th of September, 1849, Mr. Longfellow wrote in his diary : " I think I shall translate Jasmin's *Blind Girl of Castèl Cuillè*, — a beautiful poem, unknown to English ears and hearts, but well deserving to be made known."

At the foot of the mountain height  
Where is perched Castèl Cuillè,  
When the apple, the plum, and the almond  
tree

In the plain below were growing white,

This is the song one might perceive  
On a Wednesday morn of St. Joseph's  
Eve :

*The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !*

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,  
Seemed from the clouds descending ;

When lo ! a merry company  
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,  
Each one with her attendant swain,  
Came to the cliff, all singing the same  
strain ;

Resembling there, so near unto the sky,  
Rejoicing angels, that kind heaven had  
sent

For their delight and our encouragement.

Together blending,  
And soon descending  
The narrow sweep  
Of the hillside steep,  
They wind aslant  
Towards Saint Amant,  
Through leafy alleys  
Of verdurous valleys  
With merry salles,  
Singing their chant :

*The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !*

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,  
With garlands for the bridal laden !

The sky was blue ; without one cloud of  
gloom,

The sun of March was shining brightly,  
And to the air the freshening wind gave  
lightly

Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blos-  
som,

A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is !  
To sounds of joyous melodies,  
That touch with tenderness the trembling  
bosom,

A band of maidens  
Gayly frolicking,  
A band of youngsters

Wildly rollicking !  
 Kissing,  
 Caressing,  
 With fingers pressing,  
 Till in the veriest  
 Madness of mirth, as they dance,  
 They retreat and advance,  
 Trying whose laugh shall be loud-  
 est and merriest ;  
 While the bride, with roguish eyes,  
 Sporting with them, now escapes and  
 cries :  
 "Those who catch me  
 Married verily  
 This year shall be !"

And all pursue with eager haste,  
 And all attain what they pursue,  
 And touch her pretty apron fresh and  
 new,  
 And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that  
 among  
 These youthful maidens fresh and fair,  
 So joyous, with such laughing air,  
 Baptiste stands sighing, with silent  
 tongue ?

And yet the bride is fair and young !  
 Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,  
 That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall ?

Oh no ! for a maiden frail, I trow,  
 Never bore so lofty a brow !

What lovers ! they give not a single caress !  
 To see them so careless and cold to-day,  
 These are grand people, one would  
 say.

What ails Baptiste ? what grief doth him  
 oppress ?

It is, that, half-way up the hill,  
 In yon cottage, by whose walls  
 Stand the cart-house and the stalls,  
 Dwelleth the blind orphan still,  
 Daughter of a veteran old ;  
 And you must know, one year ago,  
 That Margaret, the young and tender,  
 Was the village pride and splendor,  
 And Baptiste her lover bold.  
 Love, the deceiver, them ensnared ;  
 For them the altar was prepared ;  
 But alas ! the summer's blight,  
 The dread disease that none can stay,  
 The pestilence that walks by night,  
 Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was  
 changed ;  
 Their peace was gone, but not their love  
 estranged.

Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled ;  
 Returned but three short days ago,  
 The golden chain they round him  
 throw,  
 He is enticed, and onward led  
 To marry Angela, and yet  
 Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,  
 "Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate !  
 Here comes the cripple Jane !" And by a  
 fountain's side

A woman, bent and gray with years,  
 Under the mulberry trees appears,  
 And all towards her run, as fleet  
 As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,  
 Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.  
 She telleth fortunes, and none complain.  
 She promises one a village swain,  
 Another a happy wedding-day,  
 And the bride a lovely boy straight-  
 way.  
 All comes to pass as she avers ;  
 She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer  
 Wears a countenance severe,  
 And from beneath her eyebrows thin and  
 white  
 Her two eyes flash like cannons bright  
 Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat  
 blue,  
 Who, like a statue, stands in view ;  
 Changing color, as well he might,  
 When the beldame wrinkled and gray  
 Takes the young bride by the hand,  
 And, with the tip of her reedy wand  
 Making the sign of the cross, doth  
 say : —

"Thoughtless Angela, beware !  
 Lest, when thou weddest this false  
 bridegroom,  
 Thou diggest for thyself a tomb !"  
 And she was silent ; and the maidens fair  
 Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear ;  
 But on a little streamlet silver-clear,  
 What are two drops of turbid rain ?  
 Saddened a moment, the bridal train  
 Resumed the dance and song again ;

The bridegroom only was pale with fear ; —  
 And down green alleys  
 Of verdurous valleys,  
 With merry sallies,  
 They sang the refrain : —

*The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day !*

## II

And by suffering worn and weary,  
 But beautiful as some fair angel yet,  
 Thus lamented Margaret,  
 In her cottage lone and dreary : —

“He has arrived ! arrived at last !  
 Yet Jane has named him not these three  
 days past ;  
 Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !  
 And knows that of my night he is the star !  
 Knows that long months I wait alone, be-  
 nighted,  
 And count the moments since he went  
 away !  
 Come ! keep the promise of that happier  
 day,  
 That I may keep the faith to thee I  
 plighted !  
 What joy have I without thee ? what de-  
 light ?  
 Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery ;  
 Day for the others ever, but for me  
 Forever night ! forever night !  
 When he is gone 't is dark ! my soul is  
 sad !  
 I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me glad.  
 When he is near, no thoughts of day in-  
 trude ;  
 Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has  
 blue eyes !  
 Within them shines for me a heaven of  
 love,  
 A heaven all happiness, like that above,  
 No more of grief ! no more of lassi-  
 tude !  
 Earth I forget, — and heaven, and all dis-  
 tresses,  
 When seated by my side my hand he  
 presses ;  
 But when alone, remember all !  
 Where is Baptiste ? he hears not when I  
 call !

A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,  
 I need some bough to twine around !  
 In pity come ! be to my suffering kind !  
 True love, they say, in grief doth more  
 abound !  
 What then — when one is blind ?

“Who knows ? perhaps I am forsaken !  
 Ah ! woe is me ! then bear me to my  
 grave !  
 O God ! what thoughts within me  
 waken !

Away ! he will return ! I do but rave !  
 He will return ! I need not fear !  
 He swore it by our Saviour dear ;  
 He could not come at his own will ;  
 Is weary, or perhaps is ill !  
 Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,  
 Prepares for me some sweet sur-  
 prise !

But some one comes ! Though blind, my  
 heart can see !  
 And that deceives me not ! 't is he ! 't is  
 he !”

And the door ajar is set,  
 And poor, confiding Margaret  
 Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless  
 eyes ;  
 'T is only Paul, her brother, who thus  
 cries : —

“Angela the bride has passed !  
 I saw the wedding guests go by ;  
 Tell me, my sister, why were we not  
 asked ?  
 For all are there but you and I !”

“Angela married ! and not sent  
 To tell her secret unto me !  
 Oh, speak ! who may the bridegroom  
 be ?”

“My sister, 't is Baptiste, thy  
 friend !”

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing  
 said ;

A milky whiteness spreads upon her  
 cheeks ;  
 An icy hand, as heavy as lead,  
 Descending, as her brother speaks,  
 Upon her heart, that has ceased to  
 beat,  
 Suspends awhile its life and heat.

She stands beside the boy, now sore dis-  
 tressed,

A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again  
Brings her back to her sorrow and  
pain.

"Hark ! the joyous airs are ringing !  
Sister, dost thou hear them singing ?  
How merrily they laugh and jest !  
Would we were bidden with the rest !  
I would don my hose of homespun  
gray,  
And my doublet of linen striped and  
gay ;  
Perhaps they will come ; for they do  
not wed  
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is  
said !"

"I know it !" answered Margaret ;  
Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,  
Mastered again ; and its hand of ice  
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice !

"Paul, be not sad ! 'Tis a holiday ;  
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay !  
But leave me now for awhile alone."  
Away, with a hop and a jump, went  
Paul,  
And, as he whistled along the hall,  
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin ! what dreadful heat !  
I am faint, and weary, and out of  
breath !

But thou art cold, — art chill as  
death ;

My little friend ! what ails thee,  
sweet ?"

"Nothing ! I heard them singing home the  
bride ;

And, as I listened to the song,  
I thought my turn would come ere long,  
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.

Thy cards forsooth can never lie,  
To me such joy they prophesy,  
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and  
wide

When they behold him at my side.

And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou ?  
It must seem long to him ; — methinks I see  
him now !"

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press :  
"Thy love I cannot all approve ;

We must not trust too much to happi-  
ness ; —

Go, pray to God, that thou mayest love him  
less !"

"The more I pray, the more I love !

It is no sin, for God is on my side !"  
It was enough ; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and  
cold ;

But to deceive the beldame old  
She takes a sweet, contented air ;  
Speak of foul weather or of fair,  
At every word the maiden smiles !  
Thus the beguiler she beguiles ;  
So that, departing at the evening's close,  
She says, "She may be saved ! she  
nothing knows !"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress !  
Now that thou wouldst, thou art no pro-  
phetess !

This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,  
Thou wast so, far beyond thine art !

### III

Now rings the bell, nine times reverber-  
ating,

And the white daybreak, stealing up the  
sky,

Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,  
How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,  
The one puts on her cross and crown,

Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,  
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,

Looks at herself, and cannot rest.  
The other, blind, within her little  
room,

Has neither crown nor flower's per-  
fume ;

But in their stead for something gropes  
apart,

That in a drawer's recess doth lie,

And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet  
dye,

Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,

'Mid kisses ringing,

And joyous singing,

Forgets to say her morning prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,  
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the  
floor,

And whispers, as her brother opes the door,  
"O God ! forgive me now !"

And then the orphan, young and blind,  
 Conducted by her brother's hand,  
 Towards the church, through paths un-  
 scanned,  
 With tranquil air, her way doth wind.  
 Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,  
 Round her at times exhale,  
 And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,  
 But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,  
 Crowded with sculptures old, in every  
 part,  
 Marvels of nature and of art,  
 And proud of its name of high degree,  
 A little chapel, almost bare  
 At the base of the rock, is builded  
 there ;  
 All glorious that it lifts aloof,  
 Above each jealous cottage roof,  
 Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,  
 And its blackened steeple high in air,  
 Round which the osprey screams and  
 sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by !"  
 Thus Margaret said. "Where are we ? we  
 ascend !"

"Yes ; seest thou not our journey's end ?  
 Hearest not the osprey from the belfry  
 cry ?  
 The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we  
 know !

Dost thou remember when our father said,  
 The night we watched beside his bed,  
 'O daughter, I am weak and low ;  
 Take care of Paul ; I feel that I am dy-  
 ing !'

And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying ?  
 Then on the roof the osprey screamed  
 aloud ;

And here they brought our father in his  
 shroud.

There is his grave ; there stands the cross  
 we set ;

Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Mar-  
 garet ?

Come in ! the bride will be here soon :  
 Thou tremblest ! O my God ! thou art go-  
 ing to swoon !"

She could no more, — the blind girl, weak  
 and weary !

A voice seemed crying from that grave so  
 dreary,

"What wouldst thou do, my daughter ?" —  
 and she started,  
 And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-  
 hearted ;

But Paul, impatient, urges evermore  
 Her steps towards the open door ;  
 And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy  
 maid

Crushes the laurel near the house immor-  
 tal,

And with her head, as Paul talks on again,  
 Touches the crown of filigrane

Suspended from the low-arched portal,  
 No more restrained, no more afraid,

She walks, as for a feast arrayed,  
 And in the ancient chapel's sombre night  
 They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,  
 With booming sound,  
 Sends forth, resounding round,  
 Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the  
 dell.

It is broad day, with sunshine and with  
 rain ;

And yet the guests delay not long,  
 For soon arrives the bridal train,  
 And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,  
 For lo ! Baptiste on this triumphant day,  
 Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,  
 Thinks only of the beldame's words of  
 warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis ;  
 To be a bride is all ! the pretty lisper  
 Feels her heart swell to hear all round her  
 whisper,

"How beautiful ! how beautiful she is !"

But she must calm that giddy head,  
 For already the Mass is said ;  
 At the holy table stands the priest ;  
 The wedding ring is blessed ; Baptiste re-  
 ceives it ;

Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves  
 it,

He must pronounce one word at  
 least !

'T is spoken ; and sudden at the grooms-  
 man's side

"'T is he !" a well-known voice has cried.  
 And while the wedding guests all hold their  
 breath,

Opes the confessional, and the blind girl,  
 see !  
 "Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast  
 wished my death,  
 As holy water be my blood for thee !"  
 And calmly in the air a knife suspended !  
 Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,  
 For anguish did its work so well,  
 That, ere the fatal stroke descended,  
 Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal verse,  
 The De Profundis filled the air ;  
 Decked with flowers a simple hearse  
 To the churchyard forth they bear ;  
 Village girls in robes of snow  
 Follow, weeping as they go ;  
 Nowhere was a smile that day,  
 No, ah no ! for each one seemed to say : —

*The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom,  
 So fair a corpse shall leave its home !  
 Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away !  
 So fair a corpse shall pass to day !*

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FROM THE NOËL BOURGUIGNON DE GUI  
 BARÔZAI

I HEAR along our street  
 Pass the minstrel throngs ;  
 Hark ! they play so sweet,  
 On their hautboys, Christmas songs !  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire !

In December ring  
 Every day the chimes ;  
 Loud the gleemen sing  
 In the streets their merry rhymes.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,  
 Where the Babe was born,  
 Sang, with many a change,  
 Christmas carols until morn.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire !

These good people sang  
 Songs devout and sweet ;  
 While the rafters rang,  
 There they stood with freezing feet.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells  
 At this holy tide,  
 For want of something else,  
 Christmas songs at times have tried.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire !

Washerwomen old,  
 To the sound they beat,  
 Sing by rivers cold,  
 With uncovered heads and feet.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands  
 Stamps his feet and sings ;  
 But he who blows his hands  
 Not so gay a carol brings.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire !

### CONSOLATION

TO M. DUPERRIER, GENTLEMAN OF AIX  
 IN PROVENCE, ON THE DEATH OF HIS  
 DAUGHTER

BY FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE

WILL then, Duperrier, thy sorrow be eter-  
 nal ?  
 And shall the sad discourse  
 Whispered within thy heart, by tenderness  
 paternal,  
 Only augment its force ?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into the tomb  
 descending  
 By death's frequented ways,  
 Has it become to thee a labyrinth never  
 ending,  
 Where thy lost reason strays ?

I know the charms that made her youth a  
benediction :  
Nor should I be content,  
As a censorious friend, to solace thine affliction  
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which fairest  
things exposes  
To fates the most forlorn ;  
A rose, she too hath lived as long as live  
the roses,  
The space of one brief morn.

Death has his rigorous laws, unparalleled,  
unfeeling ;  
All prayers to him are vain ;  
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf to our  
appealing,  
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only thatch  
for cover,  
Unto these laws must bend ;  
The sentinel that guards the barriers of the  
Louvre  
Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petulant defiance,  
Is never for the best ;  
To will what God doth will, that is the only  
science  
That gives us any rest.

## TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU

BY FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE

Thou mighty Prince of Church and State,  
Richelieu ! until the hour of death,  
Whatever road man chooses, Fate  
Still holds him subject to her breath.  
Spun of all silks, our days and nights  
Have sorrows woven with delights ;  
And of this intermingled shade  
Our various destiny appears,  
Even as one sees the course of years  
Of summers and of winters made.

Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours  
Let us enjoy the halcyon wave ;  
Sometimes impending peril lowers  
Beyond the seaman's skill to save.

The Wisdom, infinitely wise,  
That gives to human destinies  
Their foreordained necessity,  
Has made no law more fixed below,  
Than the alternate ebb and flow  
Of Fortune and Adversity.

## THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD

(L'ANGE ET L'ENFANT ; ELÉGIE À UNE MÈRE)

BY JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER OF NISMES

AN angel with a radiant face,  
Above a cradle bent to look,  
Seemed his own image there to trace,  
As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child ! who me resemblest so,"  
It whispered, "come, oh come with me !  
Happy together let us go,  
The earth unworthy is of thee !

"Here none to perfect bliss attain ;  
The soul in pleasure suffering lies ;  
Joy hath an undertone of pain,  
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock ;  
Never a day serene and pure  
From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock  
Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears  
Come to disturb so pure a brow ?  
And with the bitterness of tears  
These eyes of azure troubled grow ?

"Ah no ! into the fields of space,  
Away shalt thou escape with me ;  
And Providence will grant thee grace  
Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower,  
In sombre vestments draped and veiled ;  
But let them welcome thy last hour,  
As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow ;  
There let the grave no shadow cast ;  
When one is pure as thou art now,  
The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,  
The angel, at these words, had sped  
Towards the eternal realms of light ! —  
Poor mother ! see, thy son is dead !

## ON THE TERRACE OF THE AIGALADES

BY JOSEPH MÉRY

FROM this high portal, where upsprings  
The rose to touch our hands in play,  
We at a glance behold three things, —  
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

And the Sea says : My shipwrecks fear ;  
I drown my best friends in the deep ;  
And those who braved my tempests, here  
Among my sea-weeds lie asleep !

The Town says : I am filled and fraught  
With tumult and with smoke and care ;  
My days with toil are overwrought,  
And in my nights I gasp for air.

The Highway says : My wheel-tracks guide  
To the pale climates of the North ;  
Where my last milestone stands abide  
The people to their death gone forth.

Here in the shade this life of ours,  
Full of delicious air, glides by  
Amid a multitude of flowers  
As countless as the stars on high ;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful soil,  
Bathed with an azure all divine,  
Where springs the tree that gives us oil,  
The grape that giveth us the wine ;

Beneath these mountains stripped of trees,  
Whose tops with flowers are covered o'er,  
Where springtime of the Hesperides  
Begins, but endeth nevermore ;

Under these leafy vaults and walls,  
That unto gentle sleep persuade ;  
This rainbow of the waterfalls,  
Of mingled mist and sunshine made ;

Upon these shores, where all invites,  
We live our languid life apart ;  
This air is that of life's delights,  
The festival of sense and heart ;

This limpid space of time prolong,  
Forget to-morrow in to-day,  
And leave unto the passing throng  
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

## TO MY BROOKLET

(À MON RUISSEAU)

BY JEAN FRANÇOIS DUCIS

THOU brooklet, all unknown to song,  
Hid in the covert of the wood !  
Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng,  
Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past  
Lie all forgotten in their graves,  
Till in my thoughts remain at last  
Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy waves.

The lily by thy margin waits ; —  
The nightingale, the marguerite ;  
In shadow here he meditates  
His nest, his love, his music sweet.

Near thee the self-collected soul  
Knows naught of error or of crime ;  
Thy waters, murmuring as they roll,  
Transform his musings into rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal eves,  
Pursuing still thy course, shall I  
List the soft shudder of the leaves,  
And hear the lapwing's plaintive cry ?

## BARRÉGES

BY LEFRANC DE POMPIGNAN

I LEAVE you, ye cold mountain chains,  
Dwelling of warriors stark and frore !  
You, may these eyes behold no more,  
Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views !  
Ye rocks that mount up to the clouds !  
Of skies, enwrapped in misty shrouds,  
Imp practicable avenues !

Ye torrents, that with might and main  
Break pathways through the rocky walls,  
With your terrific waterfalls  
Fatigue no more my weary brain !

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms,  
 Arise, ye pictures of delight !  
 Ye brooks, that water in your flight  
 The flowers and harvests of our farms !

You I perceive, ye meadows green,  
 Where the Garonne the lowland fills,  
 Not far from that long chain of hills,  
 With intermingled vales between.

Yon wreath of smoke, that mounts so high,  
 Methinks from my own hearth must come ;  
 With speed, to that beloved home,  
 Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly !

And bear me thither, where the soul  
 In quiet may itself possess,  
 Where all things soothe the mind's dis-  
 tress,  
 Where all things teach me and console.

### WILL EVER THE DEAR DAYS COME BACK AGAIN ?

WILL ever the dear days come back again,  
 Those days of June, when lilacs were in  
 bloom,  
 And bluebirds sang their sonnets in the  
 gloom  
 Of leaves that roofed them in from sun  
 or rain ?

I know not ; but a presence will remain  
 Forever and forever in this room,  
 Formless, diffused in air ; like a per-  
 fume, —

A phantom of the heart, and not the brain.  
 Delicious days ! when every spoken word  
 Was like a footfall nearer and more near,  
 And a mysterious knocking at the gate  
 Of the heart's secret places, and we heard  
 In the sweet tumult of delight and fear  
 A voice that whispered, " Open, I cannot  
 wait ! "

### AT LA CHAUDEAU

BY XAVIER MARMIER

AT La Chateau, — 't is long since then :  
 I was young, — my years twice ten ;  
 All things smiled on the happy boy,  
 Dreams of love and songs of joy,  
 Azure of heaven and wave below,  
 At La Chateau.

To La Chateau I come back old :  
 My head is gray, my blood is cold ;  
 Seeking along the meadow ooze,  
 Seeking beside the river Seymouse,  
 The days of my spring-time of long ago  
 At La Chateau.

At La Chateau nor heart nor brain  
 Ever grows old with grief and pain ;  
 A sweet remembrance keeps off age ;  
 A tender friendship doth still assuage  
 The burden of sorrow that one may know  
 At La Chateau.

At La Chateau, had fate decreed  
 To limit the wandering life I lead,  
 Peradventure I still, forsooth,  
 Should have preserved my fresh green  
 youth  
 Under the shadows the hill-tops throw  
 At La Chateau.

At La Chateau, live on, my friends,  
 Happy to be where God intends ;  
 And sometimes, by the evening fire,  
 Think of him whose sole desire  
 Is again to sit in the old chateau  
 At La Chateau.

### A QUIET LIFE

LET him who will, by force or fraud in-  
 nate,  
 Of courtly grandeurs gain the slippery  
 height ;

I, leaving not the home of my delight,  
 Far from the world and noise will medi-  
 tate.

Then, without pomps or perils of the great,  
 I shall behold the day succeed the night ;  
 Behold the alternate seasons take their  
 flight,

And in serene repose old age await.  
 And so, whenever Death shall come to  
 close

The happy moments that my days com-  
 pose,

I, full of years, shall die, obscure, alone !  
 How wretched is the man, with honors  
 crowned,

Who, having not the one thing needful  
 found,

Dies, known to all, but to himself un-  
 known.

## THE WINE OF JURANÇON

BY CHARLES CORAN

LITTLE sweet wine of Jurançon,  
 You are dear to my memory still !  
 With mine host and his merry song,  
 Under the rose-tree I drank my fill.

Twenty years after, passing that way,  
 Under the trellis I found again  
 Mine host, still sitting there *au frais*,  
 And singing still the same refrain.

The Jurançon, so fresh and bold,  
 Treats me as one it used to know ;  
 Souvenirs of the days of old  
 Already from the bottle flow.

With glass in hand our glances met ;  
 We pledge, we drink. How sour it is !  
 Never Argenteuil piquette  
 Was to my palate sour as this !

And yet the vintage was good, in sooth ;  
 The self-same juice, the self-same cask !  
 It was you, O gayety of my youth,  
 That failed in the autumnal flask !

## FRIAR LUBIN

(LE FRÈRE LUBIN)

BY CLEMENT MAROT

Mr. Longfellow gave this lyric in his paper on *Origin and Progress of the French Language*, and afterward printed it in *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*. In one of the scenes of *Michael Angelo*, which he appears to have set aside when revising that dramatic poem, he makes Rabelais sing it. The *envoy* which closes the poem here is omitted in the scene.

To gallop off to town post-haste,  
 So oft, the times I cannot tell ;  
 To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced, —  
 Friar Lubin will do it well.  
 But a sober life to lead,  
 To honor virtue, and pursue it,  
 That 's a pious, Christian deed, —  
 Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,  
 The goods of others with his own,  
 And leave you without cross or pile,  
 Friar Lubin stands alone.

To say 't is yours is all in vain,  
 If once he lays his finger to it ;  
 For as to giving back again,  
 Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,  
 To woo and win some guileless maid,  
 Cunning pander need you none, —  
 Friar Lubin knows the trade.  
 Loud preacheth he sobriety,  
 But as for water, doth eschew it ;  
 Your dog may drink it, — but not he ;  
 Friar Lubin cannot do it.

## ENVOY

When an evil deed 's to do  
 Friar Lubin is stout and true ;  
 Glimmers a ray of goodness through it,  
 Friar Lubin cannot do it.

## RONDEL

BY JEAN FROISSART

LOVE, love, what wilt thou with this heart  
 of mine ?  
 Naught see I fixed or sure in thee !  
 I do not know thee, — nor what deeds are  
 thine :  
 Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart  
 of mine ?  
 Naught see I fixed or sure in thee !

Shall I be mute, or vows with prayers  
 combine ?  
 Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it me :  
 Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart  
 of mine ?  
 Naught see I permanent or sure in thee !

## MY SECRET

BY FÉLIX ARVERS

My soul its secret has, my life too has its  
 mystery,  
 A love eternal in a moment's space con-  
 ceived ;  
 Hopeless the evil is, I have not told its  
 history,  
 And she who was the cause nor knew it nor  
 believed.

Alas ! I shall have passed close by her unperceived,  
 Forever at her side, and yet forever lonely,  
 I shall unto the end have made life's journey, only  
 Daring to ask for naught, and having naught received.  
 For her, though God has made her gentle and endearing,  
 She will go on her way distraught and without hearing  
 These murmurings of love that round her steps ascend,  
 Piously faithful still unto her austere duty,  
 Will say, when she shall read these lines full of her beauty,  
 "Who can this woman be?" and will not comprehend.

## FROM THE ITALIAN THE CELESTIAL PILOT

### PURGATORIO II. 13-51.

Mr. Longfellow's biographer, in speaking of the poet's methods with his college class when engaged upon the study of Dante, says: "The Professor read the book into English to his class, with a running commentary and illustration. For his purpose he had bound an interleaved copy of the author; the blank pages of which he gradually filled with notes and with translations of noteworthy passages. In this way were written those passages from the *Divina Commedia* which were first printed in the *Voices of the Night*."

AND now, behold ! as at the approach of morning,  
 Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red  
 Down in the west upon the ocean floor,  
 Appeared to me, — may I again behold it !  
 A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,  
 Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.  
 And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little  
 Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,  
 Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.  
 Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared  
 I knew not what of white, and underneath,  
 Little by little, there came forth another.  
 My master yet had uttered not a word,

While the first whiteness into wings unfolded,  
 But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,  
 He cried aloud : "Quick, quick, and bow the knee !  
 Behold the Angel of God ! fold up thy hands !  
 Henceforward shalt thou see such officers !  
 See, how he scorns all human arguments,  
 So that no oar he wants, nor other sail  
 Than his own wings, between so distant shores !  
 See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,  
 Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,  
 That do not moult themselves like mortal hair !"  
 And then, as nearer and more near us came  
 The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,  
 So that the eye could not sustain his presence,  
 But down I cast it ; and he came to shore  
 With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,  
 So that the water swallowed naught thereof.  
 Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot !  
 Beatitude seemed written in his face !  
 And more than a hundred spirits sat within.  
 "*In exitu Israel de Ægypto !*"  
 Thus sang they all together in one voice,  
 With whatso in that Psalm is after written.  
 Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,  
 Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,  
 And he departed swiftly as he came.

## THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE

### PURGATORIO XXVIII. 1-33.

LONGING already to search in and round  
 The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,  
 Which tempered to the eyes the new-born day.  
 Withouten more delay I left the bank,

Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,  
 Over the soil, that everywhere breathed  
 fragrance.  
 A gently-breathing air, that no mutation  
 Had in itself, smote me upon the fore-  
 head  
 No heavier blow than of a pleasant breeze,  
 Whereat the tremulous branches readily  
 Did all of them bow downward towards  
 that side  
 Where its first shadow casts the Holy  
 Mountain ;  
 Yet not from their upright direction bent  
 So that the little birds upon their tops  
 Should cease the practice of their tune-  
 ful art ;  
 But, with full-throated joy, the hours of  
 prime  
 Singing received they in the midst of  
 foliage  
 That made monotonous burden to their  
 rhymes,  
 Even as from branch to branch it gather-  
 ing swells,  
 Through the pine forests on the shore of  
 Chiassi,  
 When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.  
 Already my slow steps had led me on  
 Into the ancient wood so far, that I  
 Could see no more the place where I  
 had entered.  
 And lo ! my further course cut off a river,  
 Which, tow'rs the left hand, with its  
 little waves,  
 Bent down the grass, that on its margin  
 sprang.  
 All waters that on earth most limpid are,  
 Would seem to have within themselves  
 some mixture,  
 Compared with that, which nothing doth  
 conceal,  
 Although it moves on with a brown, brown  
 current,  
 Under the shade perpetual, that never  
 Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

## BEATRICE

PURGATORIO XXX. 13-33, 85-99, XXXI.  
 13-21.

EVEN as the Blessed, at the final summons,  
 Shall rise up quickened, each one from  
 his grave,

Wearing again the garments of the flesh,  
 So, upon that celestial chariot,  
 A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,  
 Ministers and messengers of life eter-  
 nal.

They all were saying, "*Benedictus qui  
 venis*,"

And scattering flowers above and round  
 about,

"*Manibus o date lilia plenis*."

OfT have I seen, at the approach of day,  
 The orient sky all stained with roseate  
 hues,

And the other heaven with light serene  
 adorned,

And the sun's face uprising, overshad-  
 owed,

So that, by temperate influence of va-  
 pors,

The eye sustained his aspect for long  
 while ;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,  
 Which from those hands angelic were  
 thrown up,

And down descended inside and with-  
 out,

With crown of olive o'er a snow-white  
 veil,

Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,  
 Vested in colors of the living flame.

Even as the snow, among the living raf-  
 ters

Upon the back of Italy, congeals,  
 Blown on and beaten by Selavonian  
 winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through it-  
 self,

Whene'er the land, that loses shadow,  
 breathes,

Like as a taper melts before a fire,

Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,  
 Before the song of those who chime for-  
 ever

After the chiming of the eternal  
 spheres ;

But, when I heard in those sweet melo-  
 dies

Compassion for me, more than had they  
 said,

"Oh wherefore, lady, dost thou thus con-  
 sume him ?"

The ice, that was about my heart congealed,  
 To air and water changed, and, in my  
 anguish,

Through lips and eyes came gushing  
from my breast.

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,

Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,

To understand it one had need of sight.

Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 't is discharged,

Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,

And with less force the arrow hits the mark ;

So I gave way beneath this heavy burden,  
Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,

And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

## TO ITALY

BY VINCENZO DA FILICAJA

ITALY ! Italy ! thou who'rt doomed to wear

The fatal gift of beauty, and possess  
The dower funest of infinite wretchedness

Written upon thy forehead by despair ;

Ah ! would that thou wert stronger, or less fair,

That they might fear thee more, or love thee less,

Who in the splendor of thy loveliness  
Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat dare !

Then from the Alps I should not see descending

Such torrents of armed men, nor Gallic horde

Drinking the wave of Po, distained with gore,

Nor should I see thee girded with a sword

Not thine, and with the stranger's arm contending,

Victor or vanquished, slave forevermore.

## SEVEN SONNETS AND A CANZONE

The following translations are from the poems of Michael Angelo as revised by his nephew, Michael Angelo the Younger, and were made before the publication of the original text by Guasti. H. W. L.

### I

#### THE ARTIST

NOTHING the greatest artist can conceive  
That every marble block doth not confine  
Within itself ; and only its design  
The hand that follows intellect can achieve.

The ill I flee, the good that I believe,  
In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine,  
Thus hidden lie ; and so that death be mine,

Art, of desired success, doth me bereave.  
Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair face,  
Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great disdain,  
Of my disgrace, nor chance nor destiny,  
If in thy heart both death and love find place

At the same time, and if my humble brain,

Burning, can nothing draw but death from thee.

### II

#### FIRE

NOT without fire can any workman mould  
The iron to his preconceived design,  
Nor can the artist without fire refine  
And purify from all its dross the gold ;  
Nor can revive the phoenix, we are told,  
Except by fire. Hence, if such death be mine,

I hope to rise again with the divine,  
Whom death augments, and time cannot make old.

O sweet, sweet death ! O fortunate fire that burns

Within me still to renovate my days,  
Though I am almost numbered with the dead !

If by its nature unto heaven returns  
This element, me, kindled in its blaze,  
Will it bear upward when my life is fled.

## III

## YOUTH AND AGE

OH give me back the days when loose and free  
 To my blind passion were the curb and rein,  
 Oh give me back the angelic face again,  
 With which all virtue buried seems to be !  
 Oh give my panting footsteps back to me,  
 That are in age so slow and fraught with pain,  
 And fire and moisture in the heart and brain,  
 If thou wouldst have me burn and weep for thee !  
 If it be true thou livest alone, Amor,  
 On the sweet-bitter tears of human hearts,  
 In an old man thou canst not wake desire ;  
 Souls that have almost reached the other shore  
 Of a diviner love should feel the darts,  
 And be as tinder to a holier fire.

## IV

## OLD AGE

THE course of my long life hath reached at last,  
 In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,  
 The common harbor, where must rendered be  
 Account of all the actions of the past.  
 The impassioned phantasy, that, vague and vast,  
 Made art an idol and a king to me,  
 Was an illusion, and but vanity  
 Were the desires that lured me and harassed.  
 The dreams of love, that were so sweet of yore,  
 What are they now, when two deaths may be mine, —  
 One sure, and one forecasting its alarms ?  
 Painting and sculpture satisfy no more  
 The soul now turning to the Love Divine,  
 That oped, to embrace us, on the cross its arms.

## V

## TO VITTORIA COLONNA

LADY, how can it chance — yet this we see  
 In long experience — that will longer last  
 A living image carved from quarries vast  
 Than its own maker, who dies presently ?  
 Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be,  
 And even Nature is by Art surpassed ;  
 This know I, who to Art have given the past,  
 But see that Time is breaking faith with me.  
 Perhaps on both of us long life can I  
 Either in color or in stone bestow,  
 By now portraying each in look and mien ;  
 So that a thousand years after we die,  
 How fair thou wast, and I how full of woe,  
 And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

## VI

## TO VITTORIA COLONNA

WHEN the prime mover of my many sighs  
 Heaven took through death from out her earthly place,  
 Nature, that never made so fair a face,  
 Remained ashamed, and tears were in all eyes.  
 O fate, unheeding my impassioned cries !  
 O hopes fallacious ! O thou spirit of grace,  
 Where art thou now ? Earth holds in its embrace  
 Thy lovely limbs, thy holy thoughts the skies.  
 Vainly did cruel death attempt to stay  
 The rumor of thy virtuous renown,  
 That Lethe's waters could not wash away !  
 A thousand leaves, since he hath stricken thee down,  
 Speak of thee, nor to thee could Heaven convey,  
 Except through death, a refuge and a crown.

## VII

## DANTE

WHAT should be said of him cannot be said ;  
 By too great splendor is his name attended ;  
 To blame is easier those who him offended,  
 Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.  
 This man descended to the doomed and dead  
 For our instruction ; then to God ascended ;  
 Heaven opened wide to him its portals splendid,  
 Who from his country's, closed against him, fled.  
 Ungrateful land ! To its own prejudice  
 Nurse of his fortunes ; and this showeth well  
 That the most perfect most of grief shall see.  
 Among a thousand proofs let one suffice,  
 That as his exile hath no parallel,  
 Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he.

## VIII

## CANZONE

AH me ! ah me ! when thinking of the years,  
 The vanished years, alas, I do not find  
 Among them all one day that was my own !  
 Fallacious hopes, desires of the unknown,  
 Lamenting, loving, burning, and in tears,  
 (For human passions all have stirred my mind.)  
 Have held me, now I feel and know, confined  
 Both from the true and good still far away.  
 I perish day by day ;  
 The sunshine fails, the shadows grow more dreary,  
 And I am near to fall, infirm and weary.

## THE NATURE OF LOVE

## BY GUIDO GUINIZELLI

To noble heart Love doth for shelter fly,  
 As seeks the bird the forest's leafy shade ;  
 Love was not felt till noble heart beat high,  
 Nor before love the noble heart was made.  
 Soon as the sun's broad flame  
 Was formed, so soon the clear light filled the air ;  
 Yet was not till he came :  
 So love springs up in noble breasts, and there  
 Has its appointed space,  
 As heat in the bright flames finds its allotted place.  
 Kindles in noble heart the fire of love,  
 As hidden virtue in the precious stone :  
 This virtue comes not from the stars above,  
 Till round it the ennobling sun has shone ;  
 But when his powerful blaze  
 Has drawn forth what was vile, the stars impart  
 Strange virtue in their rays ;  
 And thus when Nature doth create the heart  
 Noble and pure and high,  
 Like virtue from the star, love comes from woman's eye.

## FROM THE PORTUGUESE

## SONG

## BY GIL VICENTE

If thou art sleeping, maiden,  
 Awake, and open thy door.  
 'Tis the break of day, and we must away,  
 O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.  
 Wait not to find thy slippers,  
 But come with thy naked feet :  
 We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,  
 And waters wide and fleet.

## FROM EASTERN SOURCES

## THE FUGITIVE

## A TARTAR SONG

## I

"He is gone to the desert land !  
I can see the shining mane  
Of his horse on the distant plain,  
As he rides with his Kossak band !

"Come back, rebellious one !  
Let thy proud heart relent ;  
Come back to my tall, white tent,  
Come back, my only son !

"Thy hand in freedom shall  
Cast thy hawks, when morning breaks,  
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,  
On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will give thee leave to stray  
And pasture thy hunting steeds  
In the long grass and the reeds  
Of the meadows of Karaday.

"I will give thee my coat of mail,  
Of softest leather made,  
With choicest steel inlaid ;  
Will not all this prevail ?"

## II

"This hand no longer shall  
Cast my hawks, when morning breaks,  
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,  
On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will no longer stray  
And pasture my hunting steeds  
In the long grass and the reeds  
Of the meadows of Karaday.

"Though thou give me thy coat of mail,  
Of softest leather made,  
With choicest steel inlaid,  
All this cannot prevail.

"What right hast thou, O Khan,  
To me, who am mine own,  
Who am slave to God alone,  
And not to any man ?

"God will appoint the day  
When I again shall be  
By the blue, shallow sea,  
Where the steel-bright sturgeons play.

"God, who doth care for me,  
In the barren wilderness,  
On unknown hills, no less  
Will my companion be.

"When I wander lonely and lost  
In the wind ; when I watch at night  
Like a hungry wolf, and am white  
And covered with hoar-frost ;

"Yea, wheresoever I be,  
In the yellow desert sands,  
In mountains or unknown lands,  
Allah will care for me !"

## III

Then Sobra, the old, old man, —  
Three hundred and sixty years  
Had he lived in this land of tears,  
Bowed down and said, "O Khan !

"If you bid me, I will speak.  
There 's no sap in dry grass,  
No marrow in dry bones ! Alas,  
The mind of old men is weak !

"I am old, I am very old :  
I have seen the primeval man,  
I have seen the great Genghis Khan,  
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

"What I say to you is the truth ;  
And I say to you, O Khan,  
Pursue not the star-white man,  
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

"Him the Almighty made,  
And brought him forth of the light  
At the verge and end of the night,  
When men on the mountain prayed.

"He was born at the break of day,  
When abroad the angels walk ;  
He hath listened to their talk,  
And he knoweth what they say.

"Gifted with Allah's grace,  
Like the moon of Ramazan

When it shines in the skies, O Khan,  
Is the light of his beautiful face.

"When first on earth he trod,  
The first words that he said  
Were these, as he stood and prayed,  
'There is no God but God!'

"And he shall be king of men,  
For Allah hath heard his prayer,  
And the Archangel in the air,  
Gabriel, hath said, Amen!"

### THE SIEGE OF KAZAN

BLACK are the moors before Kazan,  
And their stagnant waters smell of  
blood:

I said in my heart, with horse and man,  
I will swim across this shallow flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,  
Like new moons were the shoes he bare,  
Silken trappings hung on his back,  
In a talisman on his neck, a prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are following me;  
But when I looked behind, alas!  
Not one of all the band could I see,  
All had sunk in the black morass!

Where are our shallow fords? and where  
The power of Kazan with its fourfold  
gates?

From the prison windows our maidens fair  
Talk of us still through the iron grates.

We cannot hear them; for horse and man  
Lie buried deep in the dark abyss!  
Ah! the black day hath come down on  
Kazan!  
Ah! was ever a grief like this?

### THE BOY AND THE BROOK

DOWN from yon distant mountain height  
The brooklet flows through the village  
street;

A boy comes forth to wash his hands,  
Washing, yes, washing, there he stands,  
In the water cool and sweet.

Brook, from what mountain dost thou  
come?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!  
I come from yon mountain high and cold  
Where lieth the new snow on the old,  
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!  
I go to the river there below  
Where in bunches the violets grow,  
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!  
I go to the garden in the vale  
Where all night long the nightingale  
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!  
I go to the fountain at whose brink  
The maid that loves thee comes to drink,  
And whenever she looks therein,  
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,  
And my joy is then complete.

### TO THE STORK

WELCOME, O Stork! that dost wing  
Thy flight from the far-away!  
Thou hast brought us the signs of Spring,  
Thou hast made our sad hearts gay.

Descend, O Stork! descend  
Upon our roof to rest;  
In our ash-tree, O my friend,  
My darling, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork, I complain,  
O Stork, to thee I impart  
The thousand sorrows, the pain  
And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go,  
Away from this tree of ours,  
The withering winds did blow,  
And dried up all the flowers.

Dark grew the brilliant sky,  
Cloudy and dark and drear;  
They were breaking the snow on high,  
And winter was drawing near.

From Varaca's rocky wall,  
 From the rock of Varaca unrolled,  
 The snow came and covered all,  
 And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow  
 Was hidden away and lost,  
 And the rose-trees that in it grow  
 Were withered by snow and frost.

## FROM THE LATIN

### VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE

MELIBŒUS.

TITYRUS, thou in the shade of a spreading  
 beech tree reclining  
 Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of  
 the woodlands.  
 We our country's bounds and pleasant pas-  
 tures relinquish,  
 We our country fly ; thou, Tityrus, stretched  
 in the shadow,  
 Teachest the woods to resound with the  
 name of the fair Amaryllis.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, a god for us this leisure  
 created,  
 For he will be unto me a god forever ; his  
 altar  
 Oftentimes shall imbue a tender lamb from  
 our sheepfolds.  
 He, my heifers to wander at large, and  
 myself, as thou seest,  
 On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath  
 permitted.

MELIBŒUS.

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather ; on all  
 sides  
 In all the fields is such trouble. Behold,  
 my goats I am driving,  
 Heartsick, further away ; this one scarce,  
 Tityrus, lead I ;  
 For having here yeaned twins just now  
 among the dense hazels,  
 Hope of the flock, ah me ! on the naked  
 flint she hath left them.  
 Often this evil to me, if my mind had not  
 been insensate,  
 Oak trees stricken by heaven predicted, as  
 now I remember ;

Often the sinister crow from the hollow  
 ilex predicted.  
 Nevertheless, who this god may be, O  
 Tityrus, tell me.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, the city that they call Rome,  
 I imagined,  
 Foolish I ! to be like this of ours, where  
 often we shepherds  
 Wanted are to drive down of our ewes the  
 delicate offspring.  
 Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known,  
 and kids to their mothers,  
 Thus to compare great things with small  
 had I been accustomed.  
 But this among other cities its head as far  
 hath exalted  
 As the cypresses do among the lissome  
 viburnums.

MELIBŒUS.

And what so great occasion of seeing Rome  
 hath possessed thee ?

TITYRUS.

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon  
 me in my inertness,  
 After the time when my beard fell whiter  
 from me in shaving,  
 Yet she looked upon me, and came to me  
 after a long while,  
 Since Amaryllis possesses and Galatea hath  
 left me.  
 For I will even confess that while Galatea  
 possessed me  
 Neither care of my flock nor hope of  
 liberty was there.  
 Though from my wattled folds there went  
 forth many a victim,  
 And the unctuous cheese was pressed for  
 the city ungrateful,  
 Never did my right hand return home  
 heavy with money.

MELIBŒUS.

I have wondered why sad thou invokedst  
 the gods, Amaryllis,  
 And for whom thou didst suffer the apples  
 to hang on the branches !  
 Tityrus hence was absent ! Thee, Tityrus,  
 even the pine trees,  
 Thce the very fountains, the very copses  
 were calling.

TITYRUS.

What could I do? No power had I to  
escape from my bondage,  
Nor had I power elsewhere to recognize  
gods so propitious.  
Here I beheld that youth, to whom each  
year, Melibœus,  
During twice six days ascends the smoke  
of our altars.  
Here first gave he response to me soliciting  
favor:  
"Feed as before your heifers, ye boys, and  
yoke up your bullocks."

MELIBŒUS.

Fortunate old man! So then thy fields  
will be left thee,  
And large enough for thee, though naked  
stone and the marish  
All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush  
may encompass.  
No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes  
shall endanger,  
Nor of the neighboring flock the dire con-  
tagion infect them.  
Fortunate old man! Here among familiar  
rivers,  
And these sacred founts, shalt thou take  
the shadowy coolness.  
On this side, a hedge along the neighboring  
cross-road,  
Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the  
flower of the willow,  
Often with gentle susurrus to fall asleep  
shall persuade thee.  
Yonder, beneath the high rock, the pruner  
shall sing to the breezes,  
Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight,  
the hoarse wood-pigeons,  
Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from  
aerial elm trees.

TITYRUS.

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed  
in the ether,  
And the billows leave the fishes bare on the  
sea-shore,  
Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed,  
shall the exiled  
Parthian drink of the Soane, or the German  
drink of the Tigris,  
Than the face of him shall glide away from  
my bosom!

MELIBŒUS.

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty  
Africs,  
Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan  
Oaxes,  
And to the Britons from all the universe  
utterly sundered.  
Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the  
bounds of my country  
And the roof of my lowly cottage covered  
with greensward  
Seeing, with wonder behold, — my king-  
doms, a handful of wheat-ears!  
Shall an impious soldier possess these lands  
newly cultured,  
And these fields of corn a barbarian? Lo,  
whither discord  
Us wretched people hath brought! for  
whom our fields we have planted!  
Graft, Melibœus, thy pear trees now, put in  
order thy vineyards.  
Go, my goats, go hence, my flocks so happy  
aforetime.  
Never again henceforth outstretched in my  
verdurous cavern  
Shall I behold you afar from the bushy  
precipice hanging.  
Songs no more shall I sing; not with me,  
ye goats, as your shepherd,  
Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or  
blooming laburnum.

TITYRUS.

Nevertheless, this night together with me  
canst thou rest thee  
Here on the verdant leaves; for us there  
are mellowing apples,  
Chestnuts soft to the touch, and clouted  
cream in abundance;  
And the high roofs now of the villages  
smoke in the distance,  
And from the lofty mountains are falling  
larger the shadows.

OID IN EXILE

AT TOMIS, IN BESSARABIA, NEAR THE  
MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE

TRISTIA, BOOK III., ELEGY X.

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember  
Ovid the exile,  
And, without me, my name still in the  
city survive;

Tell him that under stars which never set  
in the ocean  
I am existing still, here in a barbarous  
land.

Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round,  
and the Bessi and Getæ ;  
Names how unworthy to be sung by a  
genius like mine !

Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister  
defends us :  
He, as he flows, repels inroads of war  
with his waves.

But when the dismal winter reveals its hid-  
eous aspect,  
When all the earth becomes white with a  
marble-like frost ;

And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow  
hurled under Arcturus,  
Then these nations, in sooth, shudder  
and shiver with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor  
the rain can dissolve it ;  
Boreas hardens it still, makes it forever  
remain.

Hence, ere the first has melted away, an-  
other succeeds it.  
And two years it is wont, in many places,  
to lie.

And so great is the power of the North-  
wind awakened, it levels  
Lofty towers with the ground, roofs up-  
lifted bears off.

Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed,  
they contend with the weather,  
And their faces alone of the whole body  
are seen.

Often their tresses, when shaken, with pen-  
dent icicles tinkle,  
And their whitened beards shine with  
the gathering frost.

Wines consolidate stand, preserving the  
form of the vessels ;  
No more draughts of wine, — pieces pre-  
sented they drink.

Why should I tell you how all the rivers  
are frozen and solid,  
And from out of the lake frangible water  
is dug ?

Ister, — no narrower stream than the river  
that bears the papyrus, —  
Which through its many mouths mingles  
its waves with the deep ;

Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its  
cerulean waters,  
Under a roof of ice winding its way to  
the sea.

There where ships have sailed, men go on  
foot ; and the billows,  
Solid made by the frost, hoof-beats of  
horses indent.

Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding  
beneath them,  
The Sarmatian steers drag their barba-  
rian carts.

Scarcely shall I be believed ; yet when  
naught is gained by a falsehood,  
Absolute credence then should to a wit-  
ness be given.

I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all  
compacted,  
And a slippery crust pressing its motion-  
less tides.

'T is not enough to have seen, I have trod-  
den this indurate ocean ;  
Dry shod passed my foot over its upper-  
most wave.

If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this  
is, Leander !  
Then thy death had not been charged as  
a crime to the Strait.

Nor can the curvèd dolphins uplift them-  
selves from the water ;  
All their struggles to rise merciless win-  
ter prevents ;

And though Boreas sound with roar of  
wings in commotion,  
In the blockaded gulf never a wave will  
there be ;

And the ships will stand hemmed in by the  
frost, as in marble,  
Nor will the oar have power through the  
stiff waters to cleave.

Fast-bound in the ice have I seen the fishes  
adhering,  
Yet notwithstanding this some of them  
still were alive.

Hence, if the savage strength of omnipo-  
tent Boreas freezes  
Whether the salt-sea wave, whether the  
refluent stream, —

Straightway, — the Ister made level by arid  
blasts of the North-wind, —  
Comes the barbaric foe borne on his  
swift-footed steed ;

Foe, that powerful made by his steed and  
his far-flying arrows,  
All the neighboring land void of inhabit-  
ants makes.

Some take flight, and none being left to de-  
fend their possessions,  
Unprotected, their goods pillage and  
plunder become ;

Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth  
of the country,  
And what riches beside indigent peasants  
possess.

Some as captives are driven along, their  
hands bound behind them,  
Looking backward in vain toward their  
Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbèd arrows, in  
agony perish.  
For the swift arrow-heads all have in  
poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they  
demolish,  
And the hostile flames burn up the inno-  
cent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war  
is impending ;  
None, with the ploughshare pressed, fur-  
rows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that  
it sees not,  
And the sluggish land slumbers in utter  
neglect.

No sweet grape lies hidden here in the  
shade of its vine-leaves,  
No fermenting must fills and o'erflows  
the deep vats.

Apples the region denies ; nor would  
Acontius have found here  
Aught upon which to write words for his  
mistress to read.

Naked and barren plains without leaves or  
trees we behold here, —  
Places, alas ! unto which no happy man  
would repair.

Since then this mighty orb lies open so  
wide upon all sides,  
Has this region been found only my  
prison to be ?

TRISTIA, BOOK III., ELEGY XII.

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the  
year being ended,  
Winter Mæotian seems longer than ever  
before ;

And the Ram that bore unsafely the bur-  
den of Helle,  
Now makes the hours of the day equal  
with those of the night.

Now the boys and the laughing girls the  
violet gather,  
Which the fields bring forth, nobody  
sowing the seed.

Now the meadows are blooming with flow-  
ers of various colors,  
And with untaught throats carol the  
garrulous birds.

Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her  
merciless mother,  
Under the rafters builds cradles and  
dear little homes ;

And the blade that lay hid, covered up in  
the furrows of Ceres,  
Now from the tepid ground raises its  
delicate head.

Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots  
forth from the tendrils,  
But from the Getic shore distant afar is  
the vine !

Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the  
branches are swelling,  
But from the Getic land distant afar is  
the tree !

Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to  
games in due order  
Give place the windy wars of the vociferous  
bar.

Now they are riding the horses ; with light  
arms now they are playing,  
Now with the ball, and now round rolls  
the swift-flying hoop :

Now, when the young athlete with flowing  
oil is anointed,  
He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, over-  
wearied, his limbs.

Thrives the stage ; and applause, with  
voices at variance, thunders,  
And the Theatres three for the three  
Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without  
number is happy,  
Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, en-  
joys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sun-  
shine dissolving,  
And the waters no more delved from the  
indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before  
o'er the Ister  
Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his  
stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels al-  
ready are steering,  
And on this Pontic shore alien vessels  
will be.

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having  
saluted,  
Who he may be, I shall ask ; wherefore  
and whence he hath come.

Strange indeed will it be, if he come not  
from regions adjacent,  
And incautious unless ploughing the  
neighboring sea.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy  
passes,  
Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly  
of harbors devoid.

Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in  
Latin he speaketh,  
Surely on this account he the more wel-  
come will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the  
Strait and the waters Propontic,  
Unto the steady South-wind, some one is  
spreading his sails.

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully  
tell me,  
Which may become a part and an ap-  
proach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the  
triumphs of Cæsar,  
Which he has heard of, and vows paid  
to the Latian Jove ;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania,  
thou, the rebellious,  
Under the feet, at last, of the Great  
Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not  
to have seen will afflict me,  
Forthwith unto my house welcomed as  
guest shall he be.

Woe is me ! Is the house of Ovid in Scy-  
thian lands now ?  
And doth punishment now give me its  
place for a home ?

Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not  
my house and my homestead,  
But decree it to be only the inn of my  
pain.

## APPENDIX

### I. JUVENILE POEMS

WHEN Mr. Longfellow made his first collection of poems in *Voices of the Night*, he included a group of *Earlier Poems*, but printed only seven out of a number which bore his initials or are directly traceable to him. He chose these, doubtless, not as specimens of his youthful work, but because, of all that he had written ten years or more before, they only appeared to him to have poetic qualities which he could regard with any complacency. It is not likely that any readers will be found to contravene his judgment in the omission of the other verses, but since this edition is intended for the student as well as for the general reader, it has been thought best to print here those poetical exercises which curious investigators have recovered from the obscurity in which Mr. Longfellow was entirely willing to leave them. They are printed in as nearly chronological order as may be.

#### THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND

Mr. Longfellow's first verses, so far as known, printed in the *Portland Gazette*, November 17, 1820.

COLD, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast  
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,  
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,  
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell  
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell ;  
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er,  
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country, and bled,  
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;  
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,  
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,  
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;  
They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast,  
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

HENRY.

#### TO IANTHE

WHEN upon the western cloud  
Hang day's fading roses,  
When the linnet sings aloud  
And the twilight closes, —  
As I mark the moss-grown spring  
By the twisted holly,  
Pensive thoughts of thee shall bring  
Love's own melancholy.

Lo, the crescent moon on high  
Lights the half-choked fountain;  
Wandering winds steal sadly by  
From the lazy mountain.  
Yet that moon shall wax and wane,  
Summer winds pass over, —  
Ne'er the heart shall love again  
Of the slighted lover!

When the russet autumn brings  
Blighting to the forest,  
Twisted close the ivy clings  
To the oak that's hoarest;  
So the love of other days  
Cheers the broken-hearted;  
But if once our love decays  
'Tis for aye departed.

When the hoar-frost nips the leaf,  
Pale and sear it lingers,  
Wasted in its beauty brief  
By decay's cold fingers;  
Yet unchanged it ne'er again  
Shall its bloom recover; —  
Thus the heart shall aye remain  
Of the slighted lover.

Love is like the songs we hear  
O'er the moonlit ocean;  
Youth, the spring-time of a year  
Passed in Love's devotion!  
Roses of their bloom bereft  
Breathe a fragrance sweeter;  
Beauty has no fragrance left  
Though its bloom is fleet.

Then when tranquil evening throws  
Twilight shades above thee,  
And when early morning glows, —  
Think on those that love thee!  
For an interval of years  
We are long must sever,  
But the hearts that love endears  
Shall be parted never.

#### THANKSGIVING

WHEN first in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue  
The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,  
To sacred hymnings and elysian song  
His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.  
Devotion breathed aloud from every chord:  
The voice of praise was heard in every tone,  
And prayer and thanks to Him, the Eternal One,  
To Him, that with bright inspiration touched  
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,  
And warmed the soul with new vitality.  
A stirring energy through Nature breathed:  
The voice of adoration from her broke,  
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard  
Long in the sullen waterfall, what time  
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth  
Its bloom or blighting; when the summer smiled;  
Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned.

The Deity was there ; a nameless spirit  
 Moved in the breasts of men to do him homage ;  
 And when the morning smiled, or evening pale  
 Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,  
 They came beneath the broad, o'erarching trees,  
 And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,  
 Where pale the vine clung round their simple altars,

And gray moss mantling hung. Above was heard  
 The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees  
 Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty ;  
 And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below,  
 The bright and widely wandering rivulet  
 Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots  
 That choked its reedy fountain, and dark rocks  
 Worn smooth by the constant current. Even there  
 The listless wave, that stole with mellow voice  
 Where reeds grew rank on the rusly-fringed brink,  
 And the green sedge bent to the wandering wind,  
 Sang with a cheerful song of sweet tranquillity.  
 Men felt the heavenly influence ; and it stole  
 Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace :  
 And even the air they breathed, the light they saw,  
 Became religion ; for the ethereal spirit  
 That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,  
 And mellowed everything to beauty, moved  
 With cheering energy within their breasts  
 And made all holy there, for all was love.  
 The morning stars, that sweetly sang together ;  
 The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky ;  
 Dayspring and eventide ; and all the fair  
 And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice  
 Of eloquent worship. Ocean, with its tides  
 Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm  
 Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat  
 The pulses of the sea, sent forth a voice  
 Of awful adoration to the spirit  
 That, wrapt in darkness, moved upon its face.  
 And when the bow of evening arched the east,  
 Or, in the moonlight pale, the curling wave  
 Kissed with a sweet embrace the sea-worn beach,  
 And soft the song of winds came o'er the waters,  
 The mingled melody of wind and wave  
 Touched like a heavenly anthem on the ear ;  
 For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship.  
 And have our hearts grown cold ? Are there on earth  
 No pure reflections caught from heavenly light ?  
 Have our mute lips no hymn, our souls no song ?  
 Let him that in the summer-day of youth  
 Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,  
 And him that in the nightfall of his years  
 Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace  
 His dim, pale eyes on life's short wayfaring,  
 Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.

#### AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL

ROUND Autumn's mouldering urn  
 Loud mourns the chill and cheerless gale,  
 When nightfall shades the quiet vale  
 And stars in beauty burn.

'T is the year's eventide.  
 The wind, like one that sighs in pain  
 O'er joys that ne'er will bloom again  
 Mourns on the far hillside.

And yet my pensive eye  
 Rests on the faint blue mountain long ;  
 And for the fairy-land of song,  
 That lies beyond, I sigh.

The moon unveils her brow ;  
 In the mid-sky her urn glows bright,  
 And in her sad and mellowing light  
 The valley sleeps below.

Upon the hazel gray  
 The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung  
 And o'er its tremulous chords are hung  
 The fringes of decay.

I stand deep musing here,  
 Beneath the dark and motionless beech,  
 Whilst wandering winds of nightfall reach  
 My melancholy ear.

The air breathes chill and free :  
 A spirit in soft music calls  
 From Autumn's gray and moss-grown halls,  
 And round her withered tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,  
 With moss and twisted ivy brown,  
 Bends in its lifeless beauty down  
 Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice  
 Echoes the sound of precious things ;  
 Of early feeling's tuneful springs  
 Choked with our blighted joys.

Leaves, that the night-wind bears  
 To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,  
 Are types of our mortality,  
 And of our fading years.

The tree that shades the plain,  
 Wasting and hoar as time decays,  
 Spring shall renew with cheerful days, —  
 But not my joys again.

#### ITALIAN SCENERY

NIGHT rests in beauty on Mont Alo.  
 Beneath its shade the beautiful Arno sleeps  
 In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark trees  
 Bend with a calm and quiet shadow down  
 Upon the beauty of that silent river.

Still in the west a melancholy smile  
 Mantles the lips of day, and twilight pale  
 Moves like a spectre in the dusky sky,  
 While eve's sweet star on the fast-fading year  
 Smiles calmly. Music steals at intervals  
 Across the water, with a tremulous swell,  
 From out the upland dingle of tall firs ;  
 And a faint footfall sounds, where, dim and dark,  
 Hangs the gray willow from the river's brink,  
 O'ershadowing its current. Slowly there  
 The lover's gondola drops down the stream,  
 Silent, save when its dipping oar is heard,  
 Or in its eddy sighs the rippling wave.  
 Mouldering and moss-grown through the lapse of years,  
 In motionless beauty stands the giant oak ;  
 Whilst those that saw its green and flourishing youth  
 Are gone and are forgotten. Soft the fount,  
 Whose secret springs the star-light pale discloses,  
 Gushes in hollow music ; and beyond  
 The broader river sweeps its silent way,  
 Mingling a silver current with that sea,  
 Whose waters have no tides, coming nor going.  
 On noiseless wing along that fair blue sea  
 The halcyon flits ; and, where the wearied storm  
 Left a loud moaning, all is peace again.

A calm is on the deep. The winds that came  
 O'er the dark sea-surge with a tremulous breathing,  
 And mourned on the dark cliff where weeds grew rank,  
 And to the autumnal death-dirge the deep sea  
 Heaved its long billows, with a cheerless song  
 Have passed away to the cold earth again,  
 Like a way-lining mourner. Silently

Up from the calm sea's dim and distant verge,  
Full and unveiled, the moon's broad disk emerges.  
On Tivoli, and where the fairy hues  
Of autumn glow upon Abruzzi's woods,  
The silver light is spreading. Far above,  
Encompassed with their thin, cold atmosphere,  
The Apennines uplift their snowy brows,  
Glowing with colder beauty, where unheard  
The eagle screams in the fathomless ether,  
And stays his wearied wing. Here let us pause.  
The spirit of these solitudes — the soul  
That dwells within these steep and difficult places —  
Speaks a mysterious language to mine own,  
And brings unutterable musings. Earth  
Sleeps in the shades of nightfall, and the sea  
Spreads like a thin blue haze beneath my feet ;  
Whilst the gray columns and the mouldering tombs  
Of the Imperial City, hidden deep  
Beneath the mantle of their shadows, rest.

My spirit looks on earth. A heavenly voice  
Comes silently : " Dreamer, is earth thy dwelling ?  
Lo ! nursed within that fair and fruitful bosom,  
Which has sustained thy being, and within  
The colder breast of Ocean, lie the germs  
Of thine own dissolution ! E'en the air,  
That fans the clear blue sky, and gives thee strength,  
Up from the sullen lake of mouldering reeds,  
And the wide waste of forest, where the osier  
Thrives in the damp and motionless atmosphere,  
Shall bring the dire and wasting pestilence,  
And blight thy cheek. Dream thou of higher things :  
This world is not thy home ! " And yet my eye  
Rests upon earth again. How beautiful,  
Where wild Velino heaves its sullen waves  
Down the high cliff of gray and shapeless granite,  
Hung on the curling mist, the moonlight bow  
Arches the perilous river ! A soft light  
Silvers the Albanian mountains, and the haze  
That rests upon their summits mellows down  
The auster features of their beauty. Faint  
And dim-discovered glow the Sabine hills ;  
And, listening to the sea's monotonous shell,  
High on the cliffs of Terracina stands  
The castle of the royal Goth in ruins.

But night is in her wane : day's early flush  
Glow like a hectic on her fading cheek,  
Wasting its beauty. And the opening dawn  
With cheerful lustre lights the royal city,  
Where, with its proud tiara of dark towers,  
It sleeps upon its own romantic bay.

#### THE LUNATIC GIRL

Most beautiful, most gentle ! Yet how lost  
To all that gladdens the fair earth ; the eye  
That watched her being ; the maternal care  
That kept and nourished her ; and the calm light  
That steals from our own thoughts, and softly rests  
On youth's green valleys and smooth-sliding waters.  
Alas ! few suns of life, and fewer winds,  
Had withered or had wasted the fresh rose  
That bloomed upon her cheek ; but one chill frost  
Came in that early autumn, when ripe thought  
Is rich and beautiful, and blighted it ;  
And the fair stalk grew languid day by day,  
And drooped — and drooped, and shed its many leaves.  
'T is said that some have died of love ; and some,  
That once from beauty's high romance had caught  
Love's passionate feelings and heart-wasting cares,  
Have spurned life's threshold with a desperate foot ;  
And others have gone mad, — and she was one !  
Her lover died at sea ; and they had felt  
A coldness for each other when they parted,  
But love returned again : and to her ear

Came tidings that the ship which bore her lover  
Had sullenly gone down at sea, and all were lost.  
I saw her in her native vale, when high  
The aspiring lark up from the reedy river  
Mounted on cheerful pinion ; and she sat  
Casting smooth pebbles into a clear fountain,  
And marking how they sunk ; and oft she sighed  
For him that perished thus in the vast deep.  
She had a sea-shell, that her lover brought  
From the far-distant ocean ; and she pressed  
Its smooth, cold lips unto her ear, and thought  
It whispered tidings of the dark blue sea ;  
And sad, she cried, " The tides are out ! " — and now  
I see his corse upon the stormy beach !  
Around her neck a string of rose-lipped shells,  
And coral, and white pearl, was loosely hung ;  
And close beside her lay a delicate fan,  
Made of the halcyon's blue wing ; and when  
She looked upon it, it would calm her thoughts  
As that bird calms the ocean, — for it gave  
Mournful, yet pleasant, memory. Once I marked,  
When through the mountain hollows and green woods,  
That bent beneath its footsteps, the loud wind  
Came with a voice as of the restless deep,  
She raised her head, and on her pale, cold cheek  
A beauty of diviner seeming came ;  
And then she spread her hands, and smiled, as if  
She welcomed a long-absent friend, — and then  
Shrunk timorously back again, and wept.  
I turned away : a multitude of thoughts,  
Mournful and dark, were crowding on my mind ;  
And as I left that lost and ruined one, —  
A living monument that still on earth  
There is warm love and deep sincerity, —  
She gazed upon the west, where the blue sky  
Held, like an ocean, in its wide embrace  
Those fairy islands of bright cloud, that lay  
So calm and quietly in the thin ether.  
And then she pointed where, alone and high,  
One little cloud sailed onward, like a lost  
And wandering bark, and fainter grew, and fainter,  
And soon was swallowed up in the blue depths ;  
And, when it sunk away, she turned again  
With sad despondency and tears to earth.

Three long and weary months — yet not a whisper  
Of stern reproach for that cold parting ! Then  
She sat no longer by her favorite fountain :  
She was at rest forever.

#### THE VENETIAN GONDOLIER

HERE rest the weary oar ! — soft airs  
Breathe out in the o'erarching sky ;  
And Night — sweet Night — serenely wears  
A smile of peace : her noon is nigh.

Where the tall fir in quiet stands,  
And waves, embracing the chaste shores,  
Move over sea-shells and bright sands,  
Is heard the sound of dipping oars.

Swift o'er the wave the light bark springs,  
Love's midnight hour draws lingering near ;  
And list ! — his tuneful viol strings  
The young Venetian Gondolier.

Lo ! on the silver-mirrored deep,  
On earth, and her embosomed lakes,  
And where the silent rivers sweep,  
From the thin cloud fair moonlight breaks

Soft music breathes around, and dies  
On the calm bosom of the sea ;  
Whilst in her cell the novice sighs  
Her vespers to her rosary.

At their dim altars bow fair forms,  
In tender charity for those,  
That, helpless left to life's rude storms,  
Have never found this calm repose.

The bell swings to its midnight chime,  
Relieved against the deep blue sky.  
Haste! — dip the oar again — 't is time  
To seek Geneva's balcony.

#### THE ANGLER'S SONG

FROM the river's plashy bank,  
Where the sedge grows green and rank,  
And the twisted woodbine springs,  
Upward speeds the morning lark  
To its silver cloud — and hark!  
On his way the woodman sings.

On the dim and misty lakes  
Gloriously the morning breaks,  
And the eagle's on his cloud: —  
Whilst the wind, with sighing, wooes  
To its arms the chaste cold ooze,  
And the rustling reeds pipe loud.

Where the embracing ivy holds  
Close the hoar elm in its folds,  
In the meadow's fenny land,  
And the winding river sweeps  
Through its shallows and still deeps, —  
Silent with my rod I stand.

But when sultry suns are high  
Underneath the oak I lie  
As it shades the water's edge,  
And I mark my line, away  
In the wheeling eddy, play,  
Tangling with the river sedge.

When the eye of evening looks  
On green woods and winding brooks,  
And the wind sighs o'er the lea, —  
Woods and streams, — I leave you then,  
While the shadow in the glen  
Lengthens by the greenwood tree.

#### LOVER'S ROCK

They showed us, near the outlet of Sebago, the Lover's Rock, from which an Indian maid threw herself down into the lake, when the guests were coming together to the marriage festival of her false-hearted lover." — *Leaf from a Traveller's Journal*.

THERE is a love that cannot die! —  
And some their doom have met  
Heart-broken — and gone as stars go by,  
That rise, and burn, and set.  
Their days were in Spring's fallen leaf —  
Tender — and young — and bright — and brief.

There is a love that cannot die! —  
Aye — it survives the grave;  
When life goes out with many a sigh,  
And earth takes what it gave,  
Its light is on the home of those  
That heed not when the cold wind blows.

With us there are sad records left  
Of life's declining day:  
How true hearts here were broken and cleft,  
And how they passed away.  
And yon dark rock that swells above  
Its blue lake — has a tale of love.

'T is of an Indian maid, whose fate  
Was saddened by the burst  
Of passion, that made desolate  
The heart it filled at first.  
Her lover was false-hearted, — yet  
Her love she never could forget.

It was a summer-day, and bright  
The sun was going down:  
The wave lay blushing in rich light  
Beneath the dark rock's frown,  
And under the green maple's shade  
Her lover's bridal feast was made.

She stood upon the rocky steep,  
Grief had her heart unstrung,  
And far across the lake's blue sweep  
Was heard the dirge she sung.  
It ceased — and in the deep cold wave  
The Indian Girl has made her grave.

#### DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE

By yon still river, where the wave  
Is winding slow at evening's close,  
The beech, upon a nameless grave,  
Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks down  
Upon the many-twinkling leaves,  
And twilight's mellow shades are brown,  
Where darkly the green turf upheaves.

The river glides in silence there,  
And hardly waves the sapling tree:  
Sweet flowers are springing, and the air  
Is full of balm — but where is she!

They bade her wed a son of pride,  
And leave the hope she cherished long:  
She loved but one — and would not hide  
A love which knew a wrong.

And months went sadly on — and years:  
And she was wasting day by day:  
At length she died — and many tears  
Were shed, that she should pass away.

Then came a gray old man, and knelt  
With bitter weeping by her tomb:  
And others mourned for him, who felt  
That he had sealed a daughter's doom.

The funeral train has long past on,  
And time wiped dry the father's tear!  
Farewell — lost maiden! — there is one  
That mourns thee yet — and he is here.

#### A SONG OF SAVOY

As the dim twilight shrouds  
The mountain's purple crest,  
And Summer's white and folded clouds  
Are glowing in the west,  
Loud shouts come up the rocky dell,  
And voices hail the evening-bell.

Faint is the goatherd's song,  
And sighing comes the breeze;  
The silent river sweeps along  
Amid its bending trees —  
And the full moon shines faintly there,  
And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs  
 The tinkling cymbals sound ;  
 And as the wind the foliage stirs,  
 I see the dancers bound  
 Where the green branches, arched above,  
 Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there, that sought  
 My young heart long ago !  
 But he has left me — though I thought  
 He ne'er could leave me so.  
 Ah ! lover's vows — how frail are they !  
 And his — were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not ? I call  
 In tears upon him yet ;  
 'T were better ne'er to love at all,  
 Than love, and then forget !  
 Why comes he not ? Alas ! I should  
 Reclaim him still, if weeping could.

But see — he leaves the glade,  
 And beckons me away :  
 He comes to seek his mountain maid !  
 I cannot chide his stay.  
 Glad sounds along the valley swell,  
 And voices hail the evening-bell.

#### THE INDIAN HUNTER

WHEN the summer harvest was gathered in,  
 And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,  
 And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,  
 Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,  
 An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,  
 Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day  
 Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,  
 But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,  
 And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet.  
 And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,  
 As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods  
 As the sun stole out from their solitudes ;  
 The moss was white on the maple's trunk,  
 And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk.  
 And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red  
 Were the tree's withered leaves round it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn  
 And the sickle cut down the yellow corn —  
 The mower sung loud by the meadow-side,  
 Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,  
 And the voice of the herdsmen came up the lea,  
 And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,  
 Where the home of his fathers once had been,  
 And heard by the distant and measured stroke,  
 That the woodman hewed down the giant oak,  
 And burning thoughts flashed over his mind  
 Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,  
 As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white —  
 A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,  
 Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,  
 And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore, —  
 And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lakeside  
 The fisher looked down through the silver tide,  
 And there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed,

A skeleton wasted and white was laid,  
 And 't was seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,  
 That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

#### ODE WRITTEN FOR THE COMMEMORATION AT FRYEBURG, MAINE, OF LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

##### *Air — Bruce's Address.*

##### I

MANY a day and wasted year  
 Bright has left its footsteps here,  
 Since was broke the warrior's spear,  
 And our fathers bled.  
 Still the tall trees, arching, shake  
 Where the fleet deer by the lake,  
 As he dash'd through birch and brake,  
 From the hunter fled.

##### II

In these ancient woods so bright,  
 That are full of life and light,  
 Many a dark, mysterious rite  
 The stern warriors kept.  
 But their altars are bereft,  
 Fall'n to earth, and strewn and cleft,  
 And a holier faith is left  
 Where their fathers slept.

##### III

From their ancient sepulchres,  
 Where amid the giant firs,  
 Moaning loud, the high wind stirs,  
 Have the red men gone.  
 Tow'rd the setting sun that makes  
 Bright our western hills and lakes,  
 Faint and few, the remnant takes  
 Its sad journey on.

##### IV

Where the Indian hamlet stood,  
 In the interminable wood,  
 Battle broke the solitude,  
 And the war-cry rose ;  
 Sudden came the straggling shot  
 Where the sun looked on the spot  
 That the trace of war would blot  
 Ere the day's faint close.

##### V

Low the smoke of battle hung ;  
 Heavy down the lake it swung,  
 Till the death wail loud was sung  
 When the night shades fell ;  
 And the green pine, waving dark,  
 Held within its shattered bark  
 Many a lasting scathe and mark,  
 That a tale could tell.

##### VI

And the story of that day  
 Shall not pass from earth away,  
 Nor the blighting of decay  
 Waste our liberty ;  
 But within the river's sweep  
 Long in peace our vale shall sleep  
 And free hearts the record keep  
 Of this jubilee.

## JECKOYVA

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition says, perished alone on the mountain which now bears his name. Night overtook him whilst hunting among the cliffs, and he was not heard of till after a long time, when his half-decayed corpse was found at the foot of a high rock, over which he must have fallen. Mount Jeckoyva is near the White Hills. H. W. L.

THEY made the warrior's grave beside  
The dashing of his native tide :  
And there was mourning in the glen —  
The strong wall of a thousand men —  
O'er him thus fallen in his pride,  
Ere mist of age — or blight or blast  
Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave beneath  
The bending of the wild elm's wreath,  
When the dark hunter's piercing eye  
Had found that mountain rest on high,  
Where, scattered by the sharp wind's breath,  
Beneath the ragged cliff were thrown  
The strong belt and the mouldering bone.

Where was the warrior's foot, when first  
The red sun on the mountain burst ?  
Where — when the sultry noon-time came  
On the green vales with scorching flame,  
And made the woodlands faint with thirst ?  
'T was where the wind is keen and loud,  
And the gray eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot when night  
Veiled in thick cloud the mountain-height ?  
None heard the loud and sudden crash —  
None saw the fallen warrior dash  
Down the bare rock so high and white !  
But he that drooped not in the chase  
Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long day  
Of cold desertion passed away,  
And traces on that barren cleft  
Of struggling hard with death were left —  
Deep marks and footprints in the clay !  
And they have laid this feathery helm  
By the dark river and green elm.

## THE SEA-DIVER

MY way is on the bright blue sea,  
My sleep upon its rocking tide ;  
And many an eye has followed me  
Where billows clasp the worn seaside.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,  
When ocean by the sun is kissed !  
When fades the evening's purple flush,  
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath  
The bright arch of the splendid deep  
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe  
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,  
And by the pearly diadem ;  
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown  
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drench'd wing,  
I poised above a helmless bark,  
And soon I saw the shattered thing  
Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm were done,  
A ship, that had rode out the gale,  
Sunk down, without a signal-gun,  
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart —  
The cloud resign its golden crown,  
When to the ocean's beating heart  
The sailor's wasted corpse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made  
Beneath the bright and silver sea !  
Peace — that their relics there were laid  
With no vain pride and pageantry.

## MUSINGS

I SAT by my window one night,  
And watched how the stars grew high ;  
And the earth and skies were a splendid sight  
To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone down  
With gentle and mellow ray,  
And beneath the crowded roofs of the town  
In broad light and shadow lay.

A glory was on the silent sea,  
And mainland and island too,  
Till a haze came over the lowland lea,  
And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn wood  
Its crimson scarf unrolled,  
And the trees like a splendid army stood  
In a panoply of gold !

I saw them waving their banners high,  
As their crests to the night wind bowed,  
And a distant sound on the air went by,  
Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watched from my window how fast  
The lights all around me fled,  
As the wearied man to his slumber passed  
And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burned  
With distant and steady light ;  
But that, too, went out — and I turned  
Where my own lamp within shone bright !

Thus, thought I, our joys must die,  
Yes — the brightest from earth we win :  
Till each turns away, with a sigh,  
To the lamp that burns brightly within.

## SONG

WHERE, from the eye of day,  
The dark and silent river  
Pursues through tangled woods a way  
O'er which the tall trees quiver ;

The silver mist, that breaks  
From out that woodland cover,  
Betrays the hidden path it takes,  
And hangs the current over !

So oft the thoughts that burst  
From hidden springs of feeling,  
Like silent streams, unseen at first,  
From our cold hearts are stealing :

But soon the clouds that veil  
The eye of Love, when glowing,  
Betray the long unwhispered tale  
Of thoughts in darkness flowing!

## SONG OF THE BIRDS

WITH what a hollow dirge its voice did fill  
The vast and empty hollow of the night! —  
It had perched itself upon a tall old tree,  
That hung its tufted and thick clustering leaves  
Midway across the brook; and sung most sweetly,  
In all the merry and heart-broken sadness  
Of those that love hath crazed. Clearly it ran  
Through all the delicate compass of its voice: —  
And then again, as from a distant hollow,  
I heard its sweet tones like an echo sounding,  
And coming, like the memory of a friend  
From a far distant country — or the silent land  
Of the mourned and the dead, to which we all are passing;  
It seemed the song of some poor broken heart,  
Haunted forever with love's cruel fancies! —  
Of one that has loved much yet never known  
The luxury of being loved again!

But when the morning broke, and the green woods  
Were all alive with birds — with what a clear  
And ravishing sweetness sung the plaintive thrush;  
I love to hear its delicate rich voice,  
Chanting through all the gloomy day, when loud  
Amid the trees is dropping the big rain,  
And gray mists wrap the hills; — for aye the sweeter  
Its song is, when the day is sad and dark. And thus,  
When the bright fountains of a woman's love  
Are gently running over, if a cloud  
But darken, with its melancholy shadow,  
The bright flowers round our way, her heart  
Doth learn new sweetness, and her rich voice falls  
With more delicious music on our ears.

## II. UNACKNOWLEDGED AND UNCOLLECTED TRANSLATIONS

THE history of Mr. Longfellow's work in translation has been given in the Introductory Note to the *Translations* in the present volume. As indicated there, a number of poems were contributed by Mr. Longfellow to periodicals as well as to his two collections, *The Poets and Poetry of Europe* and *Poems of Places*, which were signed by him, but for some reason were not included in any of the volumes of poetry which he put forth from time to time. Such poems have been recovered and placed in their proper groups. Besides these signed poems, however, there are a number which may be traced without question to Mr. Longfellow's pen, and in accordance with the plan of this edition they have been reserved for the Appendix, and are here given.

## LET ME GO WARM

BY LUIS DE GÓNGORA Y ARGOTE

Published in *The New England Magazine*, July, 1831, and afterwards in *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*.

Let me go warm and merry still;  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let others muse on earthly things, —  
The fall of thrones, the fate of kings,  
And those whose fame the world doth fill;  
Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,  
And orange-punch in winter sways  
The merry sceptre of my days; —  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears  
From golden plate a thousand cares  
Doth swallow as a gilded pill:  
On feasts like these I turn my back,  
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack  
Beside the chimney hiss and crack; —  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,  
And January's sleet and snows  
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,  
With one to tell a merry tale  
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,  
I sit, and care not for the gale; —  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands,  
For silver mines and golden sands;  
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill,  
Just where its bubbling fountain swells,  
Do sit and gather stones and shells,  
And hear the tale the blackbird tells; —  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover  
The stormy Hellespont swam over:  
I cross, without the fear of ill,  
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides  
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,  
Or barefoot wade through Yepes' tides; —  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,  
That Pyramus should die of love,  
And love should gentle Thisbe kill;  
My Thisbe be an apple-tart,  
The sword I plunge into her heart  
The tooth that bites the crust apart, —  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

## THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

BY LUIS DE GÓNGORA Y ARGOTE

TO-DAY from the Aurora's bosom  
A pink has fallen, — a crimson blossom:  
And oh, how glorious rests the hay  
On which the fallen blossom lay.

When silence gently had unfurled  
Her mantle over all below,  
And, crowned with winter's frost and snow,  
Night swayed the sceptre of the world,  
Amid the gloom descending slow,  
Upon the monarch's frozen bosom  
A pink has fallen, — a crimson blossom.

The only flower the Virgin bore  
(Aurora fair,) within her breast,  
She gave to earth, yet still possessed  
Her virgin blossom as before:  
The hay that colored drop caressed, —  
Received upon its faithful bosom  
That single flower, — a crimson blossom.

The manger, unto which 't was given,  
Even amid wintry snows and cold,  
Within its fostering arms to fold

The blushing flower that fell from Heaven,  
Was as a canopy of gold, —  
A downy couch, — where on its bosom  
That flower hath fallen, — that crimson blossom.

## THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

BY LUIS PONCE DE LEON

LADY! thine upward flight  
The opening heavens receive with joyful song:  
Blest, who thy garments bright  
May seize, amid the throng,  
And to the sacred mount float peacefully along.

Bright angels are around thee,  
They that have served thee from thy birth are there:  
Their hands with stars have crowned thee;  
Thou, — peerless Queen of air,  
As sandals to thy feet the silver moon dost wear.

Celestial dove! so meek  
And mild and fair! — oh, let thy peaceful eye  
This thorny valley seek,  
Where such sweet blossoms lie,  
But where the sons of Eve in pain and sorrow sigh.

For if the imprisoned soul  
Could catch the brightness of that heavenly way,  
'T would own its sweet control  
And gently pass away,  
Drawn by its magnet power to an eternal day.

## THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT

BY HERNANDO DE HERRERA

PURE Spirit! that within a form of clay  
Once veiled the brightness of thy native sky;  
In dreamless slumber sealed thy burning eye,  
Nor heavenward sought to wing thy flight away!  
He that chastised thee did at length unclose  
Thy prison doors, and give thee sweet release; —  
Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal peace  
Received thee to its stillness and repose.  
Look down once more from thy celestial dwelling,  
Help me to rise and be immortal there, —  
An earthly vapor melting into air; —  
For my whole soul, with secret ardor swelling,  
From earth's dark mansion struggles to be free,  
And longs to soar away and be at rest with thee.

## IDEAL BEAUTY

BY HERNANDO DE HERRERA

O LIGHT serene! present in him who breathes  
That love divine, which kindles yet restrains  
The high-born soul — that in its mortal chains  
Heavenward aspires for love's immortal wreaths!  
Rich golden locks, within whose clustered curls  
Celestial and eternal treasures lie!  
A voice that breathes angelic harmony  
Among bright coral and unspotted pearls!  
What marvellous beauty! Of the high estate  
Of immortality, within this light  
Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse is given;  
And in the glorious form, I contemplate,  
(Although its brightness blinds my feeble sight,)  
The immortal still I seek and follow on to Heaven!

## THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

BY HERNANDO DE HERRERA

BRIGHT Sun! that, flaming through the mid-day sky,  
Fillest with light heaven's blue, deep-vaulted arch,  
Say, hast thou seen in thy celestial march  
One hue to rival this blue, tranquil eye?  
Thou Summer Wind, of soft and delicate touch,  
Fanning me gently with thy cool, fresh pinion,  
Say, hast thou found, in all thy wide dominion,  
Tresses of gold, that can delight so much?  
Moon, honor of the night! Thou glorious choir  
Of wandering Planets and eternal Stars!  
Say, have ye seen two peerless orbs like these?  
Answer me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of fire —  
Hear ye my woes, that know no bounds nor bars?  
See ye these cruel stars, that brighten and yet freeze?

## ART AND NATURE

BY FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO

THE works of human artifice soon tire  
The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling rill,  
And gardens, when adorned by human skill,  
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.  
But oh! the free and wild magnificence  
Of Nature, in her lavish hours, doth steal,  
In admiration silent and intense,  
The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.  
The river moving on its ceaseless way,  
The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,  
And the blue hills, that bound the sylvan scene,  
These speak of grandeur, that defies decay, —  
Proclaim the Eternal Architect on high,  
Who stamps on all his works his own eternity.

## THE TWO HARVESTS

BY FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO

BUT yesterday these few and hoary sheaves  
Waved in the golden harvest; from the plain  
I saw the blade shoot upward, and the grain  
Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.  
Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,  
And to the air the broad green leaves unrolled,  
A peerless emerald in each silken fold,  
And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.  
And thus sprang up and ripened in brief space  
All that beneath the reaper's sickle died,  
All that smiled beauteous in the summer-tide.  
And what are we? a copy of that race,  
The later harvest of a longer year!  
And oh! how many fall before the ripened ear!

## CLEAR HONOR OF THE LIQUID ELEMENT

BY LUIS DE GÓNGORA Y ARGOTE

CLEAR honor of the liquid element,  
Sweet rivulet of shining silver sheen!  
Whose waters steal along the meadows green,  
With gentle step, and murmur of content!  
When she, for whom I bear each fierce extreme,  
Beholds herself in thee, — then Love doth trace  
The snow and crimson of that lovely face  
In the soft gentle movement of thy stream.  
Then smoothly flow as now; and set not free  
The crystal curb and undulating rein  
Which now thy current's headlong speed restrain;  
Lest, broken and confused the image rest  
Of such rare charms on the deep-heaving breast  
Of him who holds and sways the trident of the sea.

## PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

JUAN RUIZ DE HITA

I wish to make my sermon brief, — to shorten my oration, —  
 For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation :  
 I like short women, — suits at law without procrastination, —  
 And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock ; he 's a fool who 's always grinning ;  
 But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.  
 There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,  
 And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing ;  
 To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing :  
 So I 'll praise the little women, and you 'll find the thing amusing :  
 They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.

They 're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is raging ;  
 They 're gay and pleasant in the street, — soft, cheerful, and engaging ;  
 They 're thrifty and discreet at home, — the cares of life assuaging :  
 All this and more ; — try, and you 'll find how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes !  
 In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies !  
 So in a little woman love grows and multiplies :  
 You recollect the proverb says, — *A word unto the wise.*

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner  
 More than all other condiments, although 't is sprinkled thinner :  
 Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her, —  
 There 's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,  
 And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,  
 As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,  
 So in a little woman there 's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,  
 Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays, —  
 Just so a little woman much excellence displays,  
 Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,  
 Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing :  
 And so a little woman, though a very little thing,  
 Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,  
 Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat, —  
 A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat :  
 And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.

There 's naught can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation ;  
 She is a paradise on earth, — our greatest consolation, —  
 So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation :  
 In fine, she 's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,  
 Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.  
*Now of two evils choose the less*, — said a wise man of the East :  
 By consequence, of womankind be sure to choose the least.

## MILAGROS DE NUESTRA SEÑORA

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

I, GONZALO DE BERCEO, in the gentle summer-tide,  
 Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side :  
 All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and wide, —  
 A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveller might abide.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all the sunny air,  
 And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the mind from care ;  
 On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters pure and fair,  
 Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in winter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees, amid the foliage green,  
 Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and apple, seen ;  
 And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves between,  
 None were unpleasant to the taste, and none decayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green, the odor of the flowers,  
 The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered with fragrant showers,  
 Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry noon-tide hours :  
 Oh, one might live upon the balm and fragrance of those bowers !

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had such power to please,  
 Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors on the breeze :  
 I threw my mantle on the ground, that I might rest at ease,  
 And stretched upon the greensward lay in the shadow of the trees.

There soft reclining in the shade, all cares beside me flung,  
 I heard the soft and mellow notes that through the woodland rung :  
 Ear never listened to a strain, from instrument or tongue,  
 So mellow and harmonious as the songs above me sung.

## SONG OF THE RHINE

FORTH rolled the Rhine-stream strong and deep  
 Beneath Helvetia's Alpine steep,  
 And joined in youthful company  
 Its fellow-travellers to the sea.

In Germany embraced the Rhine,  
The Neckar, the Mosel, the Lahn, and the Main,  
And strengthened by each rushing tide,  
Onward he marched in kingly pride.

But soon from his enfeebled grasp  
The satraps of his power,  
The current's flowing veins unclasped —  
He moves in pride no more.

Forth the confederate waters broke  
On that rebellious day,  
And, bursting from their monarch's yoke,  
Each chose a separate way.

Wahl, Issel, Leck, and Wecht, all, all  
Flowed sideways o'er the land,  
And a nameless brook, by Leyden's wall,  
The Rhine sank in sand.

#### ELEGY WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE

BY FRIEDRICH VON MATTHISSON

SILENT, in the veil of evening twilight,  
Rests the plain; the woodland song is still,  
Save that here, amid these mouldering ruins,  
Chirps a cricket, mournfully and shrill.  
Silence sinks from skies without a shadow,  
Slowly wind the herds from field and meadow,  
And the weary hind to the repose  
Of his father's lowly cottage goes.

Here, upon this hill, by forests bounded,  
'Mid the ruins of departed days,  
By the awful shapes of Eld surrounded,  
Sadness! unto thee my song I raise!  
Sadly think I what in gray old ages  
Were these wrecks of lordly residences:  
A majestic castle, like a crown,  
Placed upon the mountain's brow of stone.

There, where round the column's gloomy ruins,  
Sadly whispering, clings the ivy green,  
And the evening twilight's mournful shimmer  
Blinks the empty window-space between,  
Blessed, perhaps, a father's tearful eye  
Once the noblest son of Germany;  
One whose heart, with high ambition rife,  
Warmly swelled to meet the coming strife.

"Go in peace!" thus spake the hoary warrior,  
As he girded on his sword of fame;  
"Come not back again, or come as victor:  
Oh, be worthy of thy father's name!"  
And the noble youth's bright eyes were throwing  
Deadly flashes forth; his cheeks were glowing,  
As with full-blown branches the red rose  
In the purple light of morning glows.

Then, a cloud of thunder, flew the champion,  
Even as Richard Lion-Heart, to fight;  
Like a wood of pines in storm and tempest,  
Bowed before his path the hostile might.  
Gently, as a brook through flowers descendeth.  
Homeward to the castle-crag he wendeth, —  
To his father's glad, yet tearful face, —  
To the modest maiden's chaste embrace.

Oh, with anxious longing, looks the fair one  
From her turret down the valley drear!  
Shield and breastplate glow in gold of evening,  
Steeds fly forward, the beloved draws near!  
Him the faithful right-hand mute extending,  
Stands she, pallid looks with blushes blending.

Oh, but what that soft, soft eye doth say,  
Sings not Petrarch's, nor e'en Sappho's lay!

Merrily echoed there the sound of goblets,  
Where the rank grass, waving in the gale,  
O'er the nests of owls is blackly spreading,  
Till the silver glance of stars grew pale.  
Tales of hard-won battle fought afar,  
Wild adventures in the Holy War,  
Wakened in the breast of hardy knight  
The remembrance of his fierce delight.

Oh, what changes! Awe and night o'ershadow  
Now the scene of all that proud array;  
Winds of evening, full of sadness, whisper,  
Where the strong ones revelled and were gay;  
Thistles lonely nod, in places seated  
Where for shield and spear the boy entreated,  
When aloud the war-horn's summons rang,  
And to horse in speed the father sprang.

Ashes are the bones of these, — the mighty!  
Deep they lie within earth's gloomy breast;  
Hardly the half-sunken funeral tablets  
Now point out the places where they rest!  
Many to the winds were long since scattered, —  
Like their tombs, their memories sunk and shattered  
O'er the brilliant deeds of ages gone  
Sweep the cloud-folds of Oblivion!

Thus depart life's pageantry and glory!  
Thus flit by the visions of vain might!  
Thus sinks, in the rapid lapse of ages,  
All that earth doth bear, to empty night!  
Laurels, that the victor's brow encircle,  
High deeds, that in brass and marble sparkle,  
Urns devoted unto Memory,  
And the songs of Immortality!

All, all, that with longing and with rapture  
Here on earth a noble heart doth warm,  
Vanishes like sunshine in the autumn,  
When the horizon's verge is veiled in storm.  
Friends at evening part with warm embraces, —  
Morning looks upon the death-pale faces;  
Even the joys that Love and Friendship find  
Leave on earth no lasting trace behind.

Gentle Love! how all thy fields of roses  
Bounded close by thorny deserts lie!  
And a sudden tempest's awful shadow  
Oft doth darken Friendship's brightest sky!  
Vain are titles, honor, might, and glory!  
On the monarch's temples proud and hoary,  
And the way-worn pilgrim's trembling head,  
Doth the grave one common darkness spread!

#### THE STARS

BY MARTIN OPITZ

NIGHT comes stealing from the East,  
Frees from labor man and beast,  
Brings to all the wished-for rest,  
And the sorrow to my breast.

Shines the moonlight clear and cold,  
Shine the little stars of gold;  
Glad are all things far and wide; —  
I alone in grief abide.

Two are missing, two in vain  
Seek I in the starry train;  
And these stars that do not rise  
Are my darling's lovely eyes.

Naught I heed the moonlight clear,  
Dim to me the stars appear.  
Since is hidden from my sight  
Kunigund, my heaven of light.

But when in their splendor shine  
Over me those suns divine,  
Then it seemeth best to me  
Neither moon nor stars should be.

## RONDEL

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS

HENCE away, begone, begone,  
Carking care and melancholy !  
Think ye thus to govern me  
All my life long, as ye have done ?  
That shall ye not, I promise ye,  
Reason shall have the mastery.  
So hence away, begone, begone,  
Carking care and melancholy !

If ever ye return this way,  
With your mournful company,  
A curse be on ye, and the day  
That brings ye moping back to me !  
Hence away, begone, I say,  
Carking care and melancholy !

## THE BANKS OF THE CHER

BY ANTOINE-MARIN LE MIÈRE

IN that province of our France  
Proud of being called its garden,  
In those fields where once by chance  
Pepin's father with his lance  
Made the Saracen sue for pardon ;  
There between the old château  
Which two hundred years ago  
Was the centre of the League,  
Whose infernal, black intrigue  
Almost fatal was, 't is reckoned,  
To young Francis, called the Second,  
And that pleasant city's wall  
Of this canton capital,  
City memorable in story,  
And whose fruits preserved with care  
Make the riches and the glory  
Of the gourmands everywhere !—  
Now, a more prosaic head  
Without verbiage might have said,  
There between Tours and Amboise  
In the province of Touraine ;  
But the poet, and with cause,  
Loves to ponder and to pause ;  
Ever more his soul delighteth  
In the language that he writeth,  
Finer far than other people's ;  
So, while he describes the steeples,  
One might travel through Touraine,  
Far as Tours and back again.

On the borders of the Cher  
Is a valley green and fair,  
Where the eye, that travels fast,  
Tires with the horizon vast ;  
There, since five and forty lustres,  
From the bosom of the stream,  
Like the castle of a dream,  
High into the fields of air  
The château of Chenonceaux  
Lifts its glittering vanes in clusters.  
Six stone arches of a bridge

Into channels six divide  
The swift river in its flow,  
And upon their granite ridge  
Hold this beautiful château,  
Flanked with turrets on each side.  
Time, that grand old man with wings,  
Who destroys all earthly things,  
Hath not tarnished yet one stone,  
White as ermine is alone,  
Of this palace of dead kings.

One in speechless wonder sees  
In the rampart-walls of Blois,  
To the shame of the Valois,  
Marble stained with blood of Guise ;  
By the crimes that it can show,  
By its war-beleaguered gates,  
Famous be that black château ;  
Thou art famous for thy fêtes  
And thy feastings, Chenonceaux !  
Ah, most beautiful of places,  
With what pleasure thee I see ;  
Everywhere the selfsame traces,  
Residence of all the Graces  
And Love's inn and hostelry !

Here that second Agrippina,  
The imperious Catharina,  
Jealous of all pleasant things,  
To her cruel purpose still  
Subjugating every will,  
Kept her sons as underlings  
Fastened to her apron-strings.

Here, divested of his armor,  
As gallant as he was brave,  
Francis First to some fair charmer  
Many an hour of dalliance gave.  
Here, beneath these ceilings florid,  
Chose Diana her retreat, —  
Not Diana of the groves  
With the crescent on her forehead,  
Who, as swiftest arrow fleet,  
Flies before all earthly loves ;  
But that charming mortal dame,  
She the Poiterine alone,  
She the Second Henry's flame,  
Who with her celestial zone  
Loves and Laughters made secure  
From banks of Cher to banks of Eure.

Cher, whose stream, obscure and troubled,  
Flowed before with many a halt,  
By this palace is ennobled,  
Since it bathes its noble vault.  
Even the boatman, hurrying fast,  
Pauses, mute with admiration  
To behold a pile so vast  
Rising like an exhalation  
From the stream ; and with his mast  
Lowered salutes it, gliding past.

## TO THE FOREST OF GASTINE

BY PIERRE DE RONSARD

STRETCHED in thy shadows I rehearse,  
Gastine, thy solitudes,  
Even as the Grecians in their verse  
The Erymanthian woods.

For I, alas ! cannot conceal  
From any future race  
The pleasure, the delight, I feel  
In thy green dwelling-place.

Thou who beneath thy sheltering bowers  
Dost make me visions see;  
Thou who dost cause that at all hours  
The Muses answer me;

Thou who from each importunate care  
Dost free me with a look,  
When lost I roam I know not where  
Conversing with a book!

Forever may thy thickets hold  
The amorous brigade  
Of Satyrs and of Sylvans bold,  
That make the Nymphs afraid;

In thee the Muses evermore  
Their habitation claim,  
And never may thy woods deplore  
The sacrilegious flame.

## FONTENAY

BY GUILLAUME AMFRY DE CHAULIEU

O AMIABLE solitude,  
Sojourn of silence and of peace!  
Asylum where forever cease  
All tumult and inquietude!

I, who have chanted many a time  
To tender accents of my lyre  
All that one suffers from the fire  
Of love and beauty in its prime,—

Shall I, whose gratitude requites  
All blessing I from thee receive,—  
Shall I, unsung, in silence leave  
Thy benefactions and delights?

Thou bringest back my youthful dream;  
Calmer my agitated breast,  
And of my idleness and rest  
Makest a happiness extreme.

Amid these hamlets and these woods  
Again do I begin to live,  
And to the winds all memory give  
Of sorrows and solitudes.

What smiling pictures and serene  
Each day reveals to sight and sense,  
Of treasures with which Providence  
Embellishes this rural scene!

How sweet it is in yonder glade  
To see, when noonday burns the plain,  
The flocks around the shepherd swain  
Reposing in the elm-tree's shade!

To hear at eve our flageolets  
Answered by all the hills around,  
And all the villages resound  
With hautbois and with canzonets!

Alas! these peaceful days, perforce,  
With too great swiftness onward press;  
My indolence and idleness  
Are powerless to suspend their course.

Old age comes stealing on apace;  
And cruel Death shall soon or late  
Execute the decree of fate  
That gives me to him without grace.

O Fontenay! forever dear!  
Where first I saw the light of day,

I soon from life shall steal away  
To sleep with my forefathers here.

Ye Muses, that have nourished me  
In this delightful spot of earth;  
Beautiful trees, that saw my birth,  
Erelong ye too my death shall see!

Meanwhile let me in patience wait  
Beneath thy shadowy woods, nor grieve  
That I so soon their shade must leave  
For that dark manor desolate,

Whither not one shall follow me  
Of all these trees that by my own hand  
Hath planted, and for pastime planned,  
Saving alone the cypress-tree!

## PRAY FOR ME

BY CHARLES-HUBERT MILLEVOYE

In the hamlet desolate,  
Brooding o'er his woes in vain,  
Lay a young man, doomed by fate,  
Wasted by disease and pain.  
"People of the chaumière,"  
Said he, "'t is the hour of prayer;  
Ringing are the bells! all ye  
Who are praying, pray for me!"

"When you see the waterfall  
Covered with dark boughs in spring,  
You will say, He's free from all,  
All his pain and suffering.  
Then returning to this shore  
Sing your simple plaint once more,  
And when ring the bells, all ye  
Who are praying, pray for me."

"Falsehood I could not endure,  
Was the enemy of hate;  
Of an honest life and pure  
The end approaches, and I wait.  
Short my pilgrimage appears;  
In the springtime of my years  
I am dying; and all ye  
Who are praying, pray for me."

"Best of friends and only friend,  
Worthy of all love and praise,  
Thine my life was to the end;  
Ah, 't was but a life of days.  
People of the chaumière,  
Pity, at the hour of prayer,  
Her who comes with bended knee,  
Saying also, Pray for me!"

## VIRE

BY GUSTAVE LE VASSEUR

It is good to rhyming go  
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!  
For a poet of Normandy the Low  
It is good to rhyming go!  
One is inspired and all aglow  
With the old singers of voice so pure.  
It is good to rhyming go  
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!

Do you know one Thomas Sonnet?  
He was a medical man of Vire;  
And turned very well a roundelay,  
Do you know this Thomas Sonnet?

To the sick he used to say,  
 "Never drink bad wine, my dear!"  
 Do you know this Thomas Sonnet?  
 He was a medical man of Vire.

Do you know one Master Le Houx?  
 He was an advocate of Vire;  
 The taste of dry and sweet he knew;  
 Do you know this Master Le Houx?  
 From the holly boughs his name he drew  
 Which as tavern-signs one sees appear.  
 Do you know this Master Le Houx?  
 He was an advocate of Vire.

Do you know one Master Olivier?  
 He was an ancient fuller of Vire;  
 He only fulled his tub, they say;  
 Do you know this Master Olivier?  
 As to his trade, it was only play;  
 He knew how to sing and drink and leer;  
 Do you know this Master Olivier?  
 He was an ancient fuller of Vire.

Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet  
 Are Peace, and Tavern, and Poesy;  
 Every good rhymers knows to-day  
 Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet.  
 Dame Reason throws her cap away  
 If the rhyme well chosen be;  
 Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet  
 Are Peace, and Tavern, and Poesy.

Vire is a delicious place,  
 Vire is a little Norman town.  
 'T is not the home of a godlike race,  
 Vire is a delicious place;  
 But what gives it its crowning grace  
 Is the peace that there comes down.  
 Vire is a delicious place,  
 Vire is a little Norman town.

There are taverns by the score  
 And solid are the drinkers there.  
 More than in Evreux of yore,  
 There are taverns by the score.  
 One sees there empty brains no more,  
 But empty glasses everywhere.  
 There are taverns by the score,  
 And solid are the drinkers there.

'T is the fresh cradle of the Song,  
 And mother of the Vaudeville;  
 Lawyers as cupbearers throng,  
 'T is the fresh cradle of the Song.  
 The fullers pierce the puncheons strong,  
 The doctors drink abroad their fill;  
 'T is the fresh cradle of the Song  
 And mother of the Vaudeville.

It is good to rhyming go  
 From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!  
 For a poet of Normandy the Low,  
 It is good to rhyming go!  
 One is inspired and all aglow  
 With the old singers of voice so pure.  
 It is good to rhyming go  
 From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!

## A FLORENTINE SONG

If I am fair 't is for myself alone,  
 I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,  
 Nor would I call another's heart my own,  
 Nor have a gallant lover to revere me.  
 For surely I will plight my faith to none,  
 Though many an amorous cit would jump to hear me;

For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,  
 When once they find that maidens are believers.

Yet should I find one that in truth could please me,  
 One whom I thought my charms had power to move,  
 Why then, I do confess, the whim might seize me,  
 To taste for once the porringer of love.  
 Alas! there is one pair of eyes that tease me;  
 And then that mouth! — he seems a star above,  
 He is so good, so gentle, and so kind,  
 And so unlike the sullen, clownish hind.

What love may be, indeed I cannot tell,  
 Nor if I e'er have known his cunning arts;  
 But true it is, there 's one I like so well,  
 That when he looks at me my bosom starts.  
 And, if we meet, my heart begins to swell;  
 And the green fields around, when he departs,  
 Seem like a nest from which the bird has flown;  
 Can this be love? — say — ye who love have known!

## A NEAPOLITAN CANZONET

ONE morning, on the sea-shore as I strayed,  
 My heart dropped in the sand beside the sea;  
 I asked of yonder mariners, who said  
 They saw it in thy bosom, — worn by thee.  
 And I am come to seek that heart of mine,  
 For I have none, and thou, alas, hast two;  
 If this be so, dost know what thou shalt do? —  
 Still keep my heart, and give me, give me thine.

## CHRISTMAS CAROL

One of the Neapolitan *Pastorali de' Zampognari*.

WHEN Christ was born in Bethlehem,  
 'T was night, but seemed the noon of day;  
 The stars, whose light  
 Was pure and bright,  
 Shone with unwavering ray;  
 But one, one glorious star  
 Guided the Eastern Magi from afar.

Then peace was spread throughout the land;  
 The lion fed beside the tender lamb;  
 And with the kid,  
 To pasture led,  
 The spotted leopard fed;  
 In peace, the calf and bear,  
 The wolf and lamb reposed together there.

As shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
 An angel, brighter than the sun's own light,  
 Appeared in air,  
 And gently said,  
 Fear not, — be not afraid,  
 For lo! beneath your eyes,  
 Earth has become a smiling paradise.

## A SOLDIER'S SONG

Paraphrase of a Neapolitan popular song.

"Who knocks, — who knocks at my door,  
 Who knocks, and who can it be?"  
 "Thy own true lover, betrothed forever,  
 So open the door to me."

"My mother is not at home,  
 So I cannot open to thee."  
 "Why make me wait so long at the gate,  
 For mercy's sake open to me."

"Thou canst not come in so late,  
From the window I'll listen to thee."  
"My cloak is old, and the wind blows cold,  
So open the door to me."

TELL ME, TELL ME, THOU PRETTY BEE

BY GIOVANNI MELI

TELL me, tell me, thou pretty bee,  
Whither so early thy flight may be?  
Not a neighboring mountain height  
Yet blushes with the morning light;  
Still the dew on spray and blossom  
Trembling shines in the meadow's bosom;  
Why do I see thee, then, unfold  
Thy soft and dainty wings of gold; —  
Those little wings are weary quite,  
Still thou holdest thy onward flight, —  
Then tell me, tell me, thou pretty bee,  
Whither so early thy flight may be.

Thou seekest honey? — if it be so,  
Fold up thy wings, — no farther go;  
I'll show thee a safe and sacred spot,  
Where all the year round 't will fail thee not.  
Knowest thou the maid for whom I sigh, —  
Her of the bright and beaming eye?  
Endless sweetness shalt thou sip,  
Honied stores upon her lip.  
On those lips of brightest red,  
Lips of the beloved maid,  
Sweetest honey lies for thee; —  
Sip it, — sip it; — this is she.

#### SICILIAN CANZONET

WHAT shall I do, sweet Nici, tell me,  
I burn, — I burn, — I can no more!  
I know not how the thing befell me,  
But I'm in love, and all is o'er.  
One look, — alas! one glance of thine,  
One single glance my death shall be;  
Even this poor heart no more is mine,  
For, Nici, it belongs to thee.

How shall I then my grief repress,  
How shall this soul in anguish live?  
I fear a *no*, — desire a *yes*, —  
But which the answer thou wilt give?  
No, — Love, — not so deceived am I;  
Soft pity dwells in those bright eyes,  
And no tyrannic cruelty  
Within that gentle bosom lies.

Then, fairest Nici, speak and say  
If I must know thy love or hate;  
Oh, do not leave me thus, I pray,  
But speak, — be quick, — I cannot wait.  
Quick, — I entreat thee; — if not so,  
This weary soul no more shall sigh; —  
So tell me quickly, — *yes* or *no*,  
Which, — which shall be my destiny.

#### THE GLEANER OF SAPRI

BY LUIGI MERCANTINI

Published in the *Supplement to The Poets and Poetry of Europe*. "This poet," says Mr. Longfellow, "is a professor in the University of Palermo. The following simple and striking poem from his pen has reference to the ill-fated expedition of Carlo Pisacane, on the shores of the kingdom of Naples in the summer of 1857, in which, says Dall' Ongaro, 'he fell with his followers like Leonidas with his three hundred.'"

THEY were three hundred, they were young and strong,  
And they are dead!

One morning as I went to glean the grain,  
I saw a bark in middle of the main;  
It was a bark came steaming to the shore,  
And hoisted for its flag the tricolor.  
At Ponza's isle it stopped beneath the lea,  
It stayed awhile, and then put out to sea,  
Put out to sea, and came unto our strand;  
Landed with arms, but not as foemen land.  
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,  
And they are dead!

Landed with arms, but not as foemen land,  
For they stooped down and kissed the very sand.  
And one by one I looked them in the face;  
A tear and smile in each one I could trace!  
"Thieves from their dens are these," some people said,  
And yet they took not even a loaf of bread!  
I heard them utter but a single cry:  
"We for our native land have come to die!"  
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,  
And they are dead!

With eyes of azure, and with hair of gold,  
A young man marched in front of them; and bold  
I made myself, and having seized his hand,  
Asked him, "Where goest, fair captain of the band?"  
He looked at me and answered, "Sister mine,  
I go to die for this fair land of thine!"  
I felt my heart was trembling through and through,  
Nor could I say to him, "God comfort you!"  
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,  
And they are dead!

That morning I forgot to glean the grain,  
And set myself to follow in their train.  
Twice over they encountered the gens-d'armes,  
Twice over they despoiled them of their arms;  
But when we came before Certosa's wall  
We heard the drums beat and the trumpets call,  
And 'mid the smoke, the firing, and the glare,  
More than a thousand fell upon them there.  
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,  
And they are dead!

They were three hundred, and they would not fly;  
They seemed three thousand, and they wished to die,  
But wished to die with weapons in their hands;  
Before them ran with blood the meadow lands.  
I prayed for them, but ere the fight was o'er,  
Swooned suddenly away, and looked no more;  
For in their midst I could no more behold  
Those eyes of azure and that hair of gold!  
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,  
And they are dead!

#### III. NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Page 9. *Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem.*

[This poem was suggested by the following sentence in an article upon Pulaski in the *North American Review*, for April, 1825: "The standard of his legion was formed of a piece of crimson silk embroidered by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania." The historic facts in regard to the banner appear to be that Pulaski ordered it of the Moravian sisters at Bethlehem, who helped to support their house by needlework. This banner is preserved in the cabinet of the Maryland Historical Society at Baltimore; it is twenty

inches square and made to be carried on a lance. It is of double silk, now so much faded and discolored by time as to make it impossible to determine its original color. On both sides designs are embroidered with what was yellow silk, shaded with green, and deep silk fringe bordering. On one side are the letters "U. S.," and in a circle around them the words, "*Unitas Virtus Fortior*"; on the other side, in the centre, is embroidered an all-seeing eye and the words "*Non Alius Regit.*" Pulaski received a mortal wound at the siege of Savannah, and dying on one of the vessels of the fleet when he was on his way north, was buried at sea. It is said that Lafayette lay sick at Bethlehem, and that it was on a visit to his brother officer that Pulaski ordered the flag. Its size, in any event, would have precluded its use as a shroud.]

Page 11. *The Skeleton in Armor.*

[The historic groundwork upon which Mr. Longfellow built his legend is in two parts, the Newport tower and the Fall River skeleton. The passage from Rafn, to which Mr. Longfellow refers as affording a poet sufficient basis upon which to build, is as follows:—

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed,—the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century,—that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern."

Dr. Palfrey, in his *History of New England*, so cogently presented the reasons for believing this tower to have been constructed by Governor Arnold, that most students have since been disposed to accept this explanation; but there have not been wanting those who maintained other views, as witness an article by R. G. Hatfield in *Scribner's Monthly* for March, 1879, in which the author maintains that the old mill at Newport ought to be called the Vinland Baptistery; and also an article by Mr. S. Edward Forbes who maintains that the structure had nothing in common with the Chesterton mill in Warwickshire, with which it is commonly compared.

With regard to the Fall River skeleton, which with its appurtenances was unfortunately burned before it could be satisfactorily examined by experts, the following description taken from *The American Monthly Magazine* for January, 1836, will give the reader as full an account as is now possible:

"In digging down a hill near the village, a large mass of earth slid off, leaving in the bank and partially uncovered a human skull, which on examination was found to belong to a body buried in a sitting posture; the head being about one foot below what had been for many years the surface of the ground. The surrounding earth was carefully removed, and the body found to be enveloped in a covering of coarse bark of a dark color. Within this envelope were found the remains of another of coarse cloth, made of fine bark, and about the texture of a Manilla coffee bag. On the breast was a plate of brass, thirteen inches long, six broad at the upper end, and five in the lower. This plate appears to have been cast, and is from one eighth to three thirty-seconds of an inch in thickness. It is so much corroded that whether or not anything was engraved upon it has not yet been ascertained. It is oval in form, the edges being irregular, apparently made so by corrosion. Below the breastplate, and entirely encircling the body, was a belt composed of brass tubes, each four and a half inches in length, and three sixteenths of an inch in diameter, arranged longitudinally and close together, the length of the tube being the width of the belt. The tubes are of thin brass, cast upon hollow reeds, and were fastened together by pieces of sinew. Near the right knee was a quiver of arrows. The arrows are of brass, thin, flat, and triangular in shape, with a round hole cut through near the base. The shaft was fastened to the head by inserting the latter in an opening at the end of the wood and then tying with a sinew through the round hole, a mode of constructing the weapon never practised by the Indians, not even with their arrows of thin shell. Parts of the shaft still remain on some of them. When first discovered, the arrows were in a sort of quiver of bark, which fell to pieces when exposed to the air."

The more generally received opinion amongst archæologists makes the skeleton to be that of an Indian.]

Page 13. *Skaal!*

In Scandinavia, this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation [*skaal*].

Page 24. *As Lope says.*

La cólera  
De un Español sentado no se templa,  
Sino le representan en dos horas  
Hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis.  
LOPE DE VEGA.

Page 25. *Abrenuncio Satanas!*

"Digo, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abrenuncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decís, dijo el Duque." — *Don Quixote*, Part II., ch. 35.

Page 29. *Fray Carrillo.*

The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

Siempre Fray Carrillo estás  
Cansándonos acá fuera;  
Quien en tu celda estuviera  
Para no verte jamás!  
BÖHL DE FABER, *Floresta*, No. 611.

Page 29. *Padre Francisco.*

This is from an Italian popular song.

"Padre Francesco,  
Padre Francesco!"  
— Cosa volete del Padre Francesco? —  
"V'è una bella ragazzina  
Che si vuole confessar!"  
Fatte l'entrare, fatte l'entrare!  
Che la voglia confessare.

КОРІСОН, *Volksthümliche Poesien aus allen Mundarten Italiens und seiner Inseln*, p. 194.

Page 30. *Ave! cujus calcem clare.*

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

Page 33. *The Gold of the Busné.*

Busné is the name given by the Gypsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 33. *Count of the Calés.*

The Gypsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain*. London, 1841.

Page 35. *Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

"¿Y volviéndome á un lado, ví á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro, (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léxos sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados) si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos?" — *El Sueño de las Calaveras*.

Page 35. *And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid*.

Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador.  
Line 3044.

Page 35. *The river of his thoughts.*

This expression is from Dante: —

Si che chiaro  
Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.

Byron has likewise used the expression.

[She was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all.

*The Dream.*]

Page 35. *Mari Franca.*

A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer: —

Porque casó Mari Franca  
Quatro leguas de Salamanca.

Page 36. *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well-known *Villancico*: —

Ay ojuelos verdes,  
Ay los mis ojuelos,  
Ay hagan los cielos  
Que de mí te acuerdes!

Tengó confianza  
De mis verdes ojos.

BÖHL DE FABER, *Floresta*, No. 255.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorio*, xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, "Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare."

Page 36. *The Avenging Child.*

See the ancient Ballads of *El Infante Vengador*, and *Calaynos*.

Page 36. *All are sleeping.*

From the Spanish. Böhl de Faber. *Floresta*, No. 282.

Page 42. *Good night.*

From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III. (by Lopez Maldonado).

Page 48. *The evil eye.*

"In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querelar nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

"The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville." — Borrow's *Zincali*, vol. i., ch. 9.

Page 48. *On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali*.

The Gypsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted :—

*John-Dorados*, pieces of gold.

*Pigeon*, a simpleton.

*In your morocco*, stripped.

*Doves*, sheets.

*Moon*, a shirt.

*Chirelin*, a thief.

*Murcigalleros*, those who steal at nightfall.

*Rastilleros*, footpads.

*Hermit*, a highway-robber.

*Planets*, candles.

*Commandments*, the fingers.

*St. Martin asleep*, to rob a person asleep.

*Lanterns*, eyes.

*Goblin*, police officer.

*Papagayo*, a spy.

*Vineyards and Dancing John*, to take flight.

Page 52. *If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish ; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on the same page.

Page 55. *All the Foresters of Flanders.*

The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bueq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them ; and Baudoïn Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later, in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

Page 55. *Stately dames, like queens attended.*

When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed : "Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines."

When the burghmasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction ; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions ; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burghmaster of Bruges, replied, "We Flemings

are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner."

Page 55. *Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal on the 10th of January, 1430 ; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 55. *I beheld the gentle Mary.*

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles le Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Marie was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg* as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pänzing's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 55. *The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry ; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day, to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Eperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray ; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, they vowed to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

Page 55. *Saw the fight at Minnewater.*

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *Chaperons Blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by laboring two or three days in the week,

and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb chateau of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Nevèle; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned by the Count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the Count retired to faithful Bruges.

Page 55. *The Golden Dragon's nest.*

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*" My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

Page 57. *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus:—

*Nurnberg's Hand  
Geht durch alle Land.*

*Nuremberg's Hand  
Goes through every land.*

Page 57. *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*

Melchior Pfizing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning Emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See preceding page.

Page 57. *In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who labored upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

Page 57. *In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the

sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colors.

Page 58. *Wiset of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

Page 58. *As in Adam Puschman's song.*

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision:—

An old man,  
Gray and white, and dove-like,  
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,  
And read in a fair, great book,  
Beautiful with golden clasps.

Page 58. *As in Adam Puschman's song.*

[In a letter to Freiligrath, written in the spring of 1844, Mr. Longfellow says: "Here I send you a poem on Nuremberg. . . . I trust I have not mistranslated wie ein Taub Jermas. It certainly stands for *eine Taube* or *ein Tauber*, and is *dove* and not *deaf*, though old Hans Sachs was deaf. But that Puschman describes afterwards when he says:—

Dann sein Red und  
Gehör begunnt  
Ihne abzugelien, etc.

Therefore *dove-like* it is and shall be, for F. says 'I would have it so at any rate!' and at any rate I will."]

Page 64. *Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder.*

A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia, during the Revolution, on matters of business, after these had been discussed and settled in council, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Saltlicks on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and, with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, 'that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians: that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighboring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were

slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side; whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day." — Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*, Query VI.

Page 66. *Once some ancient Scald.*

[In commenting on this poem in his diary, Mr. Longfellow writes: "What is said of the Scald refers, of course, only to some of the melodies, which may possibly be as old as the days of Hakon Jarl, or older. Hamlet and Yorick are only symbolical of any old king and his jester."]

Page 66. *Vogelweid the Minnesinger.*

Walter von der Vogelweid, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

Page 69. *Like imperial Charlemagne.*

Charlemagne may be called by preëminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, "to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns."

Page 72. *List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.*

[In the earliest records Acadie is called Cadie; afterwards it was called Arcadia, Accadia, or L'Acadie. The name is probably a French adaptation of a word common among the Micmac Indians, signifying place or region, and used as an affix to other words to indicate the place where various things, such as cranberries, eels, seals, were found in abundance. The French turned this Indian term into Cadie or Acadie; the English into Quoddy, in which form it remains when applied to the Quoddy Indians, to Quoddy Head, the last point of the United States next to Acadia, and in the compound Passamaquoddy, or Pollock-Ground.]

Page 74. *Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow.*

["If the eyes of one of the young of a swallow be put out, the mother bird will bring from the sea-shore a little stone, which will immediately restore its sight; fortunate is the person who finds this little stone in the nest, for it is a miraculous remedy." Pluquet, *Contes Populaires*, quoted by Wright, *Literature and Superstitions of England in the Middle Ages*, I. 128.]

Page 74. *"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called.*

Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte-Eulalie  
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie."

PLUQUET in WRIGHT, I. 131.

Page 75. *Flashed like a plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.*

See Evelyn's *Silva*, II. 53. [The story runs back to Herodotus, VII. 31, the "Persian" being Xerxes.]

Page 77. *For he told them tales.*

[The stories of the *Loup-garou*, or were-wolf, and the *Létiche*, and the miraculous properties of spiders, clover, and horseshoes, may be found in Pluquet, *Contes Populaires*, who conjectures that the white fleet ermine fox gave rise to the story of the *Létiche*.]

Page 77. *Well I remember a story.*

[This is an old Florentine story; in an altered form it is the theme of Rossini's opera of *La Gazza Ladra*.]

Page 85. *Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses.*

There is a Norman saying of a maid who does not marry — *Elle restera pour coiffer Sainte Katherine*.

Page 86. *On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.*

[Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1765, about six hundred and fifty Acadians had arrived at New Orleans. The existence of a French population there attracted the exiles, and they were sent by the authorities to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas. They afterward established themselves on both sides of the Mississippi from the German Coast to Baton Rouge and even as high as Pointe Coupée. Hence the name of Acadian Coast, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears. See Gayarré's *History of Louisiana, the French Dominion*, vol. II.]

Page 102.

*Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place.*

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage, by stating that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully sparred and rigged. I have availed myself of the exception as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus: —

"In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully sparred and rigged. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and — was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!"

Page 105. *Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed.*

"When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the *Hind* to say, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land.' In the following night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in

the other vessel kept a good lookout for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22d of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral."—Belknap's *American Biography*, i. 203.

Page 107.

*These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise.*

"Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground."—*Job* v. 6.

Page 109. *Witlaf, a king of the Saxons.*

[In an entry in Mr. Longfellow's diary is the source from which the legend was derived. "Here is the part of King Witlaf's charter to the Abbey of Croyland relating to his drinking-horn, cited in Maitland's *Dark Ages*. I also offer to the refectory the horn of my table, that the elders of the monastery may drink out of it on the festivals of the Saints, and may sometimes amid their benedictions remember the soul of the donor, Witlaf."]

In point of fact, Witlaf was one of the Angle kings of Mercia, who made a gallant stand against the Saxon invaders. It was while falling back before Egbert that Witlaf took sanctuary at Croyland, where he was for four months kept hidden by Siward, third Abbot of Croyland. At the end of three years Siward's influence procured the restoration of Witlaf, who became tributary to Egbert. In gratitude to the monks, Witlaf greatly added to the grants and privileges of the house.]

Page 113. *THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.* This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition, prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenia-wagon and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Alpic Researches*, vol. I. p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

#### VOCABULARY

Adjidau'mo, *the red squirrel.*  
Ahdeek', *the reindeer.*  
Ahkose'win, *fever.*

Ahmeek', *the beaver.*  
Algon'quin, *Ojibway.*  
Annee'kee, *the thunder.*  
Apuk'wa, *a bulrush.*  
Baim-wa'wa, *the sound of the thunder.*  
Bemah'gut, *the grapevine.*  
Be'na, *the pheasant.*  
Big-Sea-Water, *Lake Superior.*  
Bukada'win, *famine.*  
Cheemaun', *a birch canoe.*  
Chetowalk', *the plover.*  
Chibia'bos, *a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits.*  
Dahin'da, *the bull-frog.*  
Dush-kwo-ne'she, or Kwo-ne'she, *the dragon-fly.*  
Esa, *shame upon you.*  
Ewa-yea', *lullaby.*  
Ghee'zis, *the sun.*  
Gitche Gu'mee, *the Big Sea-Water, Lake Superior.*  
Gitche Man'to, *the Great Spirit, the Master of Life.*  
Gushkewau', *the darkness.*  
Hiawa'tha, *the Wise Man, the Teacher; son of Mudje-keewis, the West-Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.*  
Ia'goo, *a great boaster and story-teller.*  
Inin'ewug, *men, or pawns in the Game of the Bowl.*  
Ishkoodah', *fire; a comet.*  
Jee'bi, *a ghost, a spirit.*  
Joss'akeed, *a prophet.*  
Kabibonok'ka, *the North-Wind.*  
Kagh, *the hedgehog.*  
Ka'go, *do not.*  
Kahgahgee', *the raven.*  
Kaw, *no.*  
Kayoshik', *the sea-gull.*  
Kaween', *no indeed.*  
Kee'go, *a fish.*  
Keeway'din, *the Northwest Wind, the Home-Wind.*  
Kena'beek, *a serpent.*  
Keneu', *the great war-eagle.*  
Keno'zha, *the pickerel.*  
Ko'ko-ko' ho, *the owl.*  
Kuntasoo', *the Game of Plum-stones.*  
Kwa'sind, *the Strong Man.*  
Kwo-ne'she, or Dush-kwo-ne'she, *the dragon-fly.*  
Mahnahbe'zee, *the swan.*  
Mahng, *the loon.*  
Mahng-go-tay'see, *loon-hearted brave.*  
Mahnomo'nee, *wild rice.*  
Ma'ma, *the woodpecker.*  
Maskeno'zha, *the pike.*  
Me'da, *a medicine-man.*  
Meenah'ga, *the blueberry.*  
Megissog'won, *the great Pearl-Feather, a magician and the Manito of Wealth.*  
Meshinan'wa, *a pipe-bearer.*  
Minjekah'wun, *Hiawatha's mittens.*  
Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water; a waterfall on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.*  
Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha.*  
Minne-wa'wa, *a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees.*  
Mishe-Mo'kwa, *the Great Bear.*  
Mishe-Nah'ma, *the Great Sturgeon.*  
Miskodeed', *the Spring Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica.*  
Monda'min, *Indian Corn.*  
Moon of Bright Nights, *April.*  
Moon of Leaves, *May.*  
Moon of Strawberries, *June.*  
Moon of the Falling Leaves, *September.*  
Moon of Snow-Shoes, *November.*  
Mudjeke'wis, *the West-Wind; father of Hiawatha.*  
Mudway-aush'ka, *sound of waves on a shore.*  
Mushkoda'sa, *the grouse.*  
Na'gow Wud'oo, *the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior.*  
Nah'ma, *the sturgeon.*

Nah/ma-wusk, *spearmint*.  
 Nee-ba-naw/baiga, *water spirits*.  
 Nenemoo/sha, *sweetheart*.  
 Nepah/win, *sleep*.  
 Noko/mis, *a grandmother; mother of Wenonah*.  
 No/sa, *my father*.  
 Nush/ka, *look! look!*  
 Odah/min, *the strawberry*.  
 Okahah/wis, *the fresh-water herring*.  
 Ome/mee, *the pigeon*.  
 Ona/gon, *a bowl*.  
 Onaway/, *awake*.  
 Ope/chee, *the robin*.  
 Osse/o, *Son of the Evening Star*.  
 Owais/sa, *the bluebird*.  
 Oweenee/, *wife of Osseo*.  
 Ozawa/beek, *a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Bowl*.  
 Pah/-puk-kee/na, *the grasshopper*.  
 Pau/guk, *death*.  
 Pau-Puk-Kee/wis, *the handsome Xenadizze, the Storm-Fool*.  
 Pauwa/ting, *Sault Sainte Marie*.  
 Pe/boan, *Winter*.  
 Pem/ican, *meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded*.  
 Pezheekee/, *the bison*.  
 Fishnekuh/, *the brant*.  
 Pone/maah, *hereafter*.  
 Pugasasing/, *Game of the Bowl*.  
 Puggawa/gun, *a war-club*.  
 Puk-Wud/ies, *little wild men of the woods; pygmies*.  
 Sah/wa, *the perch*.  
 Sebowish/a, *rapids*.  
 Segwun/, *Spring*.  
 Sha/da, *the pelican*.  
 Shahbo/min, *the gooseberry*.  
 Shah-shah, *long ago*.  
 Shaugoda/ya, *a coward*.  
 Shawgashee/, *the crawfish*.  
 Shawonda/see, *the South-Wind*.  
 Shaw-shaw, *the swallow*.  
 Shesh/ebwug, *ducks; pieces in the Game of the Bowl*.  
 Shin/gebis, *the diver or grebe*.  
 Showain/ neme/shin, *pity me*.  
 Shuh-shuh/gah, *the blue heron*.  
 Soan-ge-ta/ha, *strong hearted*.  
 Subbeka/she, *the spider*.  
 Sugge/ma, *the mosquito*.  
 To/tem, *family coat of arms*.  
 Ugh, *yes*.  
 Ugudwash/, *the sun-fish*.  
 Unktahee/, *the God of Water*.  
 Wabas/so, *the rabbit; the North*.  
 Wabe/no, *a magician, a juggler*.  
 Wabe/no-wusk, *yarrow*.  
 Wa-bun, *the East-Wind*.  
 Wa-bun An/nung, *the Star of the East, the Morning Star*.  
 Wahono/win, *a cry of lamentation*.  
 Wah-wah-tay/see, *the fire-fly*.  
 Wam/pum, *beads of shell*.  
 Waubewy/on, *a white skin wrapper*.  
 Wa/wa, *the wild goose*.  
 Waw/beek, *a rock*.  
 Waw-be-wa/wa, *the white goose*.  
 Wawonais/sa, *the whippoorwill*.  
 Way-muk-kwa/na, *the caterpillar*.  
 Wen/digoes, *giants*.  
 Weno/nah, *Htawatha's mother, daughter of Nokomis*.  
 Xenadiz/ze, *an idler and gambler; an Indian dandy*.

Page 114. In the *Vale of Tawasentha*.

This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

Page 115. On the *Mountains of the Prairie*.

Mr. Catlin, in his *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North*

*American Indians*, vol. II. p. 160, gives an interesting account of the *Côteau des Prairies*, and the Red Pipestone Quarry. He says:—

"Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

"The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red,—that it was their flesh,—that they must use it for their pipes of peace,—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee and Tso-mec-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

Page 116. *Hark you, Bear! you are a coward*.

This anecdote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the Indian Nations, he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words. "I was present," he says, "at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it. 'Oh,' said he in answer, 'the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked while I was upbraiding him?'"—*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, vol. I. p. 240.

Page 118. *Sent the robin, the Opechee*.

[In his first edition, Mr. Longfellow printed, *Sent the Opechee, the robin*, but apparently was corrected in the pronunciation of the Indian word. A similar change was made by him in the line, *All the Wendigoes, the giants*, which at first read, *All the giants, the Wendigoes*.]

Page 120. *Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!*

Heckewelder, in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, vol. IV. p. 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares. "Their reports," he says, "run thus: that among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied; all

over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white color) naked. . . .

"The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a-hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: 'Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.'"

Page 123. *Where the Falls of Minnehaha*, etc.

"The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians called them Mine-hah-hah, or 'laughing waters.'" — Mrs. Eastman's *Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux*, Introd. p. ii.

Page 138. *Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo*.

A description of the *Grand Sable*, or great sand-dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 131.

"The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in the desert."

Page 138. *Onaway! Awake, beloved!*

The original of this song may be found in *Littell's Living Age*, vol. XXXV. p. 45.

Page 139. *Or the Red Swan floating, flying.*

The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, vol. II. p. 9.

Page 143. *When I think of my beloved.*

The original of this song may be found in *Oneota*, p. 15.

Page 143. *Sing the mysteries of Mondamin.*

The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. "They esteem it so important and divine a grain," says Schoolcraft, "that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it Mon-da-min, that is, this Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of the kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

"It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering, at least among all the still *uncolonized* tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed

by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labor of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honor her husband's hospitality in the entertainment of the lodge guests." — *Oneota*, p. 82.

Page 143. *Thus the fields shall be more fruitful.*

"A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening to perform a secret circuit, *sans habillement*, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then, taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to insure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line." — *Oneota*, p. 83.

Page 144. *With his prisoner-string he bound him.*

"These cords," says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe keeping." — *Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 412.

Page 145.

*Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,  
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear.*

"If one of the young female huskers finds a *red* ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be *crooked*, and tapering to a point, no matter what color, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa-ge-min* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the cornfield. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favorite *mondamin*. . . .

"The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a cornfield. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why

it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

"This term is taken as a basis of the cereal chorus, or corn song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*, — a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb *pim-o-sa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is, *he who walks*, or *the walker*; but the ideas conveyed by it are, *he who walks by night to pilfer corn*. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term." — *Oneota*, p. 254.

Page 149. *Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.*

This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives a particular account of it in *Oneota*, p. 85. "This game," he says, "is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society, — men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *Ienadizze-wug*, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power."

See also his *History, Conditions, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes*, Part II. p. 72.

Page 154. *To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone.*

The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 124. From this I make the following extract: —

"The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising, in most places, vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager, coasting along their base in his trail canoe, they would, at all times, be an object of dread;

the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording for miles no place of refuge, — the lowering sky, the rising wind, — all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the lake, which for centuries has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant hues.

"It is from the latter circumstance that the name, by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller, is derived; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs ('Les Portails') is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

"The term *Pictured Rocks* has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colors on the surface than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . . .

"Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the *Menni-bojow* in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories without end of the achievements of this Indian deity."

Page 162. *Toward the sun his hands were lifted.*

In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, Section V.

Page 166. *Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla.*

[Among the names of the Mayflower company are those of "Mr. William Mullines and his wife, and 2 children, Joseph and Priscilla; and a servant, Robert Carter."]

Page 167. *She is alone in the world.*

"Mr. Molines, and his wife, his sone and his servant, dyed the first winter. Only his daughter Priscila survived and married with John Alden, who are both living and have 11 children." — Bradford: *History of Plymouth Plantation.*]

Page 169. *Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around him.*

[The Mayflower is the well-known *Epigæa repens*, sometimes also called the Trailing Arbutus. The name *Mayflower* was familiar in England, as the application of it to the historic vessel shows, but it was applied by the English, and still is, to the hawthorn. Its use here in connection with *Epigæa repens*, dates from a very early day, some claiming that the first Pilgrims so used it, in affectionate memory of the vessel and its English flower association.]

Page 175. *With Stephen and Richard and Gilbert.*

[These names are not taken at random. Ste-

phen Hopkins, Richard Warren, and Gilbert Winslow were all among the Mayflower passengers, and were alive at this time.]

Page 183. *After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.*

[“May 12 was the first marriage in this place, which, according to the laudable custome of the Low-Cuntries, in which they had lived, was thought most requisite to be performed by the magistrate, as being a civill thing, upon which many questions aboute inheritances doe depende, with other things most proper to their cognizans, and most consonante to the scripturs, Ruth 4, and no wher found in the gossell to be layed on the ministers as a part of their office.” — Bradford: *History of Plymouth Plantation*, p. 101.]

Page 186.

*That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder.*

The words of St. Augustine are, “De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calamus.” — Sermon III. *De Ascensione.*

Page 187. *In Mather's Magnalia Christi.*

[The passage in Mather upon which the poem is based is found in Book I. chapter vi., and is in the form of a letter to Mather from the Rev. James Pierpont, Pastor of New Haven.]

Page 190. *The Emperor but a Macho.*

*Macho*, in Spanish, signifies a mule. *Golondrina* is the feminine form for *Golondrino*, a swallow, and also a cant name for a deserter.

Page 192. OLIVER BASSELIN.

Oliver Basselin, the “*Père joyeux du Vaudeville*,” flourished in the fifteenth century, and gave to his convivial songs the name of his native valleys, in which he sang them, Vaux-de-Vire. This name was afterwards corrupted into the modern *Vaudeville*.

Page 193. VICTOR GALBRAITH.

Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry; and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common superstition among soldiers, that no balls will kill them unless their names are written on them. The old proverb says: “Every bullet has its billet.”

Page 194. *I remember the sea-fight far away.*

This was the engagement between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer* off the harbor of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side in the cemetery on Mountjoy. [The fight took place in 1813. The *Enterprise* was an American brig, the *Boxer* an English one. The fight, which could be seen from the shore, lasted for three quarters of an hour, when the *Enterprise* came into the harbor, bringing her captive with her.]

Page 197. *The palm, the lily, and the spear.*

“At Pisa the church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture, by Sabatelli, representing the Saint as a beautiful, nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her interces-

sion.” — Mrs. Jameson, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, II. 298.

Page 200. *Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer.*

[“Rabbi Eliezer hath said: ‘There is an Angel who standeth on earth and reacheth with his head to the door of Heaven. It is taught in the Mishna that he is called Sandalphon.’”

“There are three [angels] who weave or make garlands out of the prayers of the Israelites . . . the third is Sandalphon.”

“There be Angels which are of Wind and there be Angels which are of Fire.”

“The holy and blessed God creates every day a multitude of angels in heaven, who, after they have sung a hymn before Him, do perish. . . . Except Michael and Gabriel . . . and Sandalphon and their equals, who remain in their glory wherewith they were invested in the six days’ creation.”

“The prophet Elias is the Angel Sandalphon, who twisteth or bindeth garlands out of the prayers, for his Lord.”

The above passages from J. P. Stehelin’s *The Traditions of the Jews* were marked by Mr. Longfellow, and evidently furnished the material upon which he based his poem.]

Page 205.

*Writ near a century ago*

*By the great Major Molineux*

*Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.*

[The lines are as follows: —

What do you think?

Here is good drink,

Perhaps you may not know it;

If not in haste,

Do stop and taste!

You merry folk will show it.

On another pane appears the Major’s name, Wm. Molineux Jr. Esq., and the date, June 24, 1774. The allusion is to Hawthorne’s tale, *My Kinsman, Major Molineux*. Hawthorne, writing to Mr. Longfellow after the publication of the *Tales*, says, “It gratifies my mind to find my own name shining in your verse, — even as if I had been gazing up at the moon and detected my own features in its profile.”

Page 207. *The midnight ride of Paul Revere.*

[It is possible that Mr. Longfellow derived the story from Paul Revere’s account of the incident in a letter to Dr. Jeremy Belknap, printed in Mass. Hist. Coll. V. Mr. Frothingham, in his *Siege of Boston*, pp. 57-59, gives the story mainly according to a memorandum of Richard Devens, Revere’s friend and associate. The publication of Mr. Longfellow’s poem called out a protracted discussion both as to the church from which the signals were hung, and as to the friend who hung the lanterns. The subject is discussed and authorities cited in *Memorial History of Boston*, III. 101.]

Page 209. THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.

[The story is found in the *Decameron*, Fifth day, ninth tale. As Boccaccio, however, was not the first to tell it, so Mr. Longfellow is not

the only one after him to repeat it. So remote a source as *Pantschatanira* (Benfey, II, 247) contains it, and La Fontaine includes it in his *Contes et Nouvelles* under the title of *Le Faucon*. Tennyson has treated the subject dramatically in *The Falcon*. See also Delisle de la Drévetière, who turned Boccaccio's story into a comedy in three acts.]

Page 214. THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

[Varnhagen refers to three several sources of this legend in the books *Col Bo*, *Ben Sira*, and *Ketuboth*, but it is most likely that Mr. Longfellow was indebted for the story to his friend Emmanuel Vitalis Scherb.]

Page 215. KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

[This story is one of very wide distribution. It is given in *Gesta Romanorum* as the story of Joviman. Frere in his *Old Deccan Days*, or *Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India*, recites it in the form of *The Wanderings of Vicram Maharajah*. Varnhagen pursues the legend through a great variety of forms. Leigh Hunt, among moderns, has told the story in *A Jar of Honey from Mt. Hybla*, from which source Mr. Longfellow seems to have drawn. Dante refers to the King in *Paradiso*, Canto VIII.]

Page 240. THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

[Killingworth in Connecticut was named from the English town Kenilworth in Warwickshire, and had the same orthography in the early records, but was afterwards corrupted into its present form. Sixty or seventy years ago, according to Mr. Henry Hull, writing from personal recollection, "the men of the northern part of the town did yearly in the spring choose two leaders, and then the two sides were formed: the side that got beaten should pay the bills. Their special game was the hawk, the owl, the crow, the blackbird, and any other bird supposed to be mischievous to the corn. Some years each side would bring them in by the bushel. This was followed up for only a few years, for the birds began to grow scarce." The story, based upon such a slight suggestion, was Mr. Longfellow's own invention.]

Page 245. THE BELL OF ATRI.

[See Gualteruzzi's *Cento Novelle Antiche*.]

Page 247. KAMBALU.

[See Boni's edition of *Il Milione di Marco Polo*, II. 35 and I. 14.]

Page 255. LADY WENTWORTH.

[The incidents of this tale are recounted by C. W. Brewster, *Rambles about Portsmouth*, I. 101. After the publication of Mr. Longfellow's poem, Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote to one of Mr. Longfellow's kinsmen a version of the story sent him by Mrs. Mary Anne Williams, who had the story from her grandmother, née Mary Wentworth, who was niece to Governor Wentworth, and a child at the time of the incident. "I have seen Mr. Longfellow's poem," writes Mrs. Williams, "but I should think he would be afraid some of the old fellows would appear to him for making it appear that any others than the family were pres-

ent to witness what they considered a great degradation. Only the brothers and brothers in law were present, and Mr. Brown; and the bride, who had been his housekeeper for seven years, was then 35, and attired in a calico dress and a white apron. The family stood in wholesome awe of the sturdy old governor, so treated Patty with civility, but it was hard work for the stately old dames, and she was dropped after his death." Governor Wentworth was born July 24, 1696, and his marriage was on March 15, 1760.]

Page 265. CHARLEMAGNE.

[In his diary, under date of May 12, 1872, Mr. Longfellow writes: "Wrote a short poem on Charlemagne from a story in an old chronicle, *De Factis Caroli Magni*, quoted by Canth, *Storia degli Italiani*, II. 122. I first heard it from Charles Perkins, in one of his lectures."]

Page 270. ELIZABETH.

[As intimated in the Interlude which follows, the tale of *Elizabeth* was founded on a prose tale by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, entitled *The Youthful Emigrant*, which fell under Mr. Longfellow's eye in a Portland paper. Besides this he had recourse to *A Call to the Unfaithful Professors of Truth*, by John Estaugh, with Preface by his widow. E. E.'s Testimony concerning her husband J. E. Several expressions in the poem are derived from this little book.]

Page 282. THE MOTHER'S GHOST.

[A Danish ballad to be found in Grundtvig's *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, II. 478, was the basis of this poem.]

Page 310.

"O Cæsar, we who are about to die  
Salute you!"

[This use of the phrase *Morituri Salutamus* agrees with the treatment of Gérôme in his painting, beneath which he wrote the words, *Ave Cæsar, Imperator, Morituri te Salutant*. The reference to a gladiatorial combat, however, is doubted by some scholars, who quote Suetonius and Dion Cassius as using the phrase in connection with the great sea-fight exhibition given by the Emperor on Lacus Fucinus. The combatants were condemned criminals, and they were to fight until one of the parties was killed, unless saved by the interposition of the Emperor.]

Page 311. All save one.

[Professor Alpheus Spring Packard, since deceased.]

Page 314. *In Attica thy birthplace should have been.*

[Cornelius Conway Felton, at one time Professor of Greek, and afterward President, at Harvard College.]

Page 314. *Piteously calling and lamenting thee.*

[Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz, the eminent naturalist, whose summer home at Nahant was near Mr. Longfellow's, while they were also fellow-townsmen in Cambridge.]

Page 315. *A friend who bore thy name.*

[Charles Sumner, one of Mr. Longfellow's closest friends.]

Page 318. *Here lies the gentle humorist.*

[Washington Irving. It is interesting to note the influence which this writer had upon Mr. Longfellow, as shown not only in his early prose, but in his direct testimony. In presenting the resolutions upon the death of Irving at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, December 5, 1859, Mr. Longfellow said: "Every reader has his first book; I mean to say, one book among all others which in early youth first fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me, this first book was the Sketch-Book of Washington Irving. I was a school-boy when it was published, and read each succeeding number with ever increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie, — nay, even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of its titles, and the fair clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of its style. How many delightful books the same author has given us, written before and since, — volumes of history and of fiction; most of which illustrate his native land, and some of which illuminate it and make the Hudson, I will not say as classic, but as romantic as the Rhine! Yet still the charm of the Sketch-Book remains unbroken; the old fascination remains about it; and whenever I open its pages, I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth." . . .]

Page 319. PARKER CLEVELAND.

[A distinguished naturalist who was senior professor at Bowdoin College, where Mr. Longfellow was first a student and afterward an instructor. The father of the poet was an intimate friend of Professor Cleveland, and when the son went to Brunswick he found in the older man one of his most cherished associates. When he went back to give his poem, *Morituri Salutamus*, he made his stay at the Cleveland mansion, with the daughter of the deceased professor.]

Page 323. *Poet! I come to touch thy lance with mine.*

"When any came to take the government of the Hundred or Wapentake in a day and place appointed, as they were accustomed to meet, all the better sort met him with lances, and he alighting from his horse, all rise up to him, and he setting or holding his lance upright, all the rest come with their lances, according to the ancient custom in confirming league and public peace and obedience, and touch his lance or weapon, and thereof called Wapentake, for the Saxon or old English *wapun* is weapon, and *tac, tactus*, a touching, thereby this meeting called Wapentake, or touching of weapon, because that by that signe and ceremonie of touching weapon or the lance, they were sworn and confederate." — Master Lamberd in *Minshew*.

Page 336. *Of the White Chief with yellow hair.*

[General George A. Custer, who was surprised

and with his entire force put to death by the Sioux, June 25, 1876.]

Page 342. *Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb.*

In the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

Page 343. FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

[This chair bears the inscription,

To  
THE AUTHOR  
of

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH,

This chair, made from the wood of the  
spreading chestnut-tree,  
is presented as

An expression of grateful regard and veneration by  
The children of Cambridge,  
Who with their friends join in best wishes  
and congratulations  
on  
This Anniversary.  
February 27, 1879.

In 1880, when the city of Cambridge celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the town, December 28th, there was a children's festival at Sanders Theatre in the morning, and the chair stood on the platform in full view of the thousand children assembled. Mr. George Riddle read the poem; then, to the surprise of all, the poet himself came forward and made this little speech: —

"My dear young Friends, — I do not rise to make an address to you, but to excuse myself from making one. I know the proverb says that he who excuses himself accuses himself, and I am willing on this occasion to accuse myself, for I feel very much as I suppose some of you do when you are suddenly called upon in your classroom, and are obliged to say that you are not prepared. I am glad to see your faces and to hear your voices. I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you in prose, as I have already done in verse, for the beautiful present you made me some two years ago. Perhaps some of you have forgotten it, but I have not; and I am afraid — yes, I am afraid — that fifty years hence, when you celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of this occasion, this day and all that belongs to it will have passed from your memory: for an English philosopher has said that the ideas as well as children of our youth often die before us, and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away."]

Page 355.

*So the Hexameter, rising and singing, with cadence sonorous,  
Falls; and in reflux rhythm back the Pentameter flows.*

[Schiller's lines will be recalled: —

In Hexameter steigt des Springquells flüssige Säule;  
In Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab.

In his diary, under date of February 24, 1847, Mr. Longfellow writes:—

"Walking down to Felton's this morning, seduced by the magnetic influence of the air and the approach to classic ground, I composed the following, a pendant to Schiller's, —

In Hexameter headlong the cataract plunges,  
In Pentameter up whirls the eddying mist.

In my afternoon's walk I changed it and added three more.

## I

In Hexameter plunges the headlong cataract downward,  
In Pentameter up whirls the eddying mist.

## II

In Hexameter rolls sonorous the peal of the organ;  
In Pentameter soft rises the chant of the choir.

## III

In Hexameter gallops delighted a beggar on horseback;  
In Pentameter, whack! tumbles he off of his steed.

## IV

In Hexameter sings serenely a Harvard Professor;  
In Pentameter him damns censorious Poe."]

#### Page 408. THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

The old *Legenda Aurea*, or Golden Legend, was originally written in Latin, in the thirteenth century, by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar, who afterwards became Archbishop of Genoa, and died in 1292.

He called his book simply *Legends of the Saints*. The epithet of Golden was given it by his admirers; for, as Wynkin de Worde says, "Like as passeth gold in value all other metals, so this Legend exceedeth all other books." But Edward Leigh, in much distress of mind, calls it "a book written by a man of a leaden heart for the baseness of the errors, that are without wit or reason, and of a brazen forehead, for his impudent boldness in reporting things so fabulous and incredible."

This work, the great text-book of the legendary lore of the Middle Ages, was translated into French in the fourteenth century by Jean de Vignay, and in the fifteenth into English by William Caxton. It has lately been made more accessible by a new French translation: *La Légende Dorée, traduite du Latin, par M. G. B. Paris, 1850*. There is a copy of the original, with the *Gesta Longobardorum* appended, in the Harvard College Library, Cambridge, printed at Strasburg, 1496. The title-page is wanting; and the volume begins with the *Tabula Legendorum*.

I have called this poem the *Golden Legend*, because the story upon which it is founded seems to me to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance. It exhibits, amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death. The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the

twelfth century. The original may be found in Mailáth's *Altdeutsche Gedichte*, with a modern German version. There is another in Marbach's *Volksbücher*, No. 32.

[Mr. S. Arthur Bent has annotated *The Golden Legend* with fulness and care, and the reader is referred to his volume for more extended notes than are here expedient.]

Page 409.

*For these bells have been anointed,  
And baptized with holy water!*

The consecration and baptism of bells is one of the most curious ceremonies of the Church in the Middle Ages. The Council of Cologne ordained as follows:—

"Let the bells be blessed, as the trumpets of the Church militant, by which the people are assembled to hear the word of God; the clergy to announce his mercy by day, and his truth in their nocturnal vigils: that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayers, and that the spirit of devotion in them may be increased. The fathers have also maintained that demons, affrighted by the sound of bells calling Christians to prayers, would flee away; and when they fled, the persons of the faithful would be secure: that the destruction of lightnings and whirlwinds would be averted, and the spirits of the storm defeated."—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Art. "Bells."

See also Scheible's *Kloster*, vi. 776.

Page 418. EVENING SONG.

[Mr. Bent, in his annotated edition of *The Golden Legend*, remarks that this is modelled upon the choral songs which the Reformed Church of Germany adopted from existing popular chorals, which had long been in use in the social and public observances of the German people.]

Page 420. *Who would think her but fifteen?*

[In *Der Arme Heinrich*, Elsie is but eight years of age.]

Page 421. *It is the malediction of Eve!*

"Nec esses plus quam femina, quæ nunc etiam viros transcendis, et quæ maledictionem Evæ in benedictionem vertisti Mariæ."—*Epistola Abaelardi Heloissæ*.

Page 429. *To come back to my text!*

In giving this sermon of Friar Cuthbert as a specimen of the *Risus Paschales*, or street-preaching of the monks at Easter, I have exaggerated nothing. This very anecdote, offensive as it is, comes from a discourse of Father Barletta, a Dominican friar of the fifteenth century, whose fame as a popular preacher was so great that it gave rise to the proverb, —

*Nescit predicare  
Qui nescit Barlettare.*

"Among the abuses introduced in this century," says Tiraboschi, "was that of exciting from the pulpit the laughter of the hearers; as if that were the same thing as converting them. We have examples of this, not only in Italy, but also in France, where the sermons of Menot and Maillard, and of others, who would make a better appearance on the stage than in the pulpit, are still celebrated for such follies."

If the reader is curious to see how far the freedom of speech was carried in these popular sermons, he is referred to Scheible's *Kloster*, vol. I., where he will find extracts from Abraham a Sancta Clara, Sebastian Frank, and others; and in particular an anonymous discourse called *Der Gräuel der Verwüstung*, The Abomination of Desolation, preached at Ottakring, a village west of Vienna, November 25, 1782, in which the license of language is carried to its utmost limit.

See also *Prédicatoriana, ou Révelations singulières et amusantes sur les Prédicateurs*; par G. P. Philomneste. (Menin.) This work contains extracts from the popular sermons of St. Vincent Ferrier, Barletta, Menot, Maillard, Marini, Raulin, Valladier, De Besse, Camus, Père André, Bening, and the most eloquent of all, Jacques Brydaine.

My authority for the spiritual interpretation of bell-ringing, which follows, is Durandus, *Ration. Divin. Offic.*, Lib. I., cap. 4.

Page 431. THE NATIVITY: a Miracle-Play.

A singular chapter in the history of the Middle Ages is that which gives account of the early Christian Drama, the Mysteries, Moralities, and Miracle-Plays, which were at first performed in churches, and afterwards in the streets, on fixed or movable stages. For the most part, the Mysteries were founded on the historic portions of the Old and New Testaments, and the Miracle-Plays on the lives of Saints; a distinction not always observed, however, for in Mr. Wright's *Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*, the Resurrection of Lazarus is called a Miracle, and not a Mystery. The Moralities were plays in which the Virtues and Vices were personified.

The earliest religious play which has been preserved is the *Christos Paschon* of Gregory Nazianzen, written in Greek, in the fourth century. Next to this come the remarkable Latin plays of Roswitha, the Nun of Gandersheim, in the tenth century, which, though crude and wanting in artistic construction, are marked by a good deal of dramatic power and interest. A handsome edition of these plays, with a French translation, has been lately published, entitled *Théâtre de Roswitha, Religieuse allemande du X<sup>e</sup> Siècle*. Par Charles Magnin. Paris, 1845.

The most important collections of English Mysteries and Miracle-Plays are those known as the Townley, the Chester, and the Coventry Plays. The first of these collections has been published by the Surtees Society, and the other two by the Shakespeare Society. In his Introduction to the Coventry Mysteries, the editor, Mr. Halliwell, quotes the following passage from Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*:—

"Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants, that were played therein, upon Corpus-Christi day; which, occasioning very great confluence of people thither, from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto; which pageants being acted

with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house had theaters for the severall scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators: and contain'd the story of the New Testament, composed into old English Rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS. intituled *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Conventrie*. I have been told by some old people, who in their younger years were eyewitnesses of these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city."

The representation of religious plays has not yet been wholly discontinued by the Roman Church. At Ober-Ammergau, in the Tyrol, a grand spectacle of this kind is exhibited once in ten years. A very graphic description of that which took place in the year 1850 is given by Miss Anna Mary Howitt, in her *Art-Student in Munich*, vol. I., chap. 4.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in his *Eldorado*, gives a description of a Mystery he saw performed at San Lionel, in Mexico. See vol. II., chap. 11.

In 1852 there was a representation of this kind by Germans in Boston: and I have now before me the copy of a play-bill, announcing the performance, on June 10, 1852, in Cincinnati, of the *Great Biblico-Historical Drama, the Life of Jesus Christ*, with the characters and the names of the performers.

Page 432. *Here the Angel Gabriel shall leave Paradise.*

[A stage of three stories was often erected, the topmost representing Paradise (hence in Germany this word is used for the upper gallery of a theatre, *anglicè*, "the Gods"); on the middle stage was the Earth; below were the "Jaws of Hell," sometimes represented by the opening and shutting of the mouth of an enormous dragon. Goethe introduces the Jaws of Hell to the stage machinery of *Faust* (V. 6). —S. A. Bent.]

Page 439. *The Scriptorium.*

A most interesting volume might be written on the Calligraphers and Chrysographers, the transcribers and illuminators of manuscripts in the Middle Ages. These men were for the most part monks, who labored, sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for penance, in multiplying copies of the classics and the Scriptures.

"Of all bodily labors which are proper for us," says Cassiodorus, the old Calabrian monk, "that of copying books has always been more to my taste than any other. The more so, as in this exercise the mind is instructed by the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and it is a kind of homily to the others, whom these books may reach. It is preaching with the hand, by converting the fingers into tongues; it is publishing to men in silence the words of salvation; in fine, it is fighting against the demon with pen and ink. As many words as a transcriber writes, so many wounds the demon receives. In a word, a recluse, seated in his chair to copy books, travels into different provinces without

moving from the spot, and the labor of his hands is felt even where he is not."

Nearly every monastery was provided with its *Scriptorium*. Nicolas de Clairvaux, St. Bernard's secretary, in one of his letters describes his cell, which he calls *Scriptorium*, where he copied books. And Mabillon, in his *Etudes Monastiques*, says that in his time were still to be seen at Cîteaux "many of those little cells, where the transcribers and bookbinders worked."

Silvestre's *Paléographie Universelle* contains a vast number of fac-similes of the most beautiful illuminated manuscripts of all ages and all countries; and Montfaucon, in his *Paleographia Græca*, gives the names of over three hundred calligraphers. He also gives an account of the books they copied, and the colophons with which, as with a satisfactory flourish of the pen, they closed their long-continued labors. Many of these are very curious; expressing joy, humility, remorse; entreating the reader's prayers and pardon for the writer's sins; and sometimes pronouncing a malediction on any one who should steal the book. A few of these I subjoin:—

"As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book."

"Sweet is it to write the end of any book."

"Ye who read, pray for me, who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus."

"As many therefore as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech you, if aught I have erred in accent acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God save you all! Amen."

"If anything is well, praise the scribe; if ill, pardon his unskilfulness."

"Ye who read, pray for me, the most sinful of all men, for the Lord's sake."

"The hand that has written this book shall decay, alas! and become dust, and go down to the grave, the corrupter of all bodies. But all ye who are of the portion of Christ, pray that I may obtain the pardon of my sins. Again and again I beseech you with tears, brothers and fathers, accept my miserable supplication, O holy choir! I am called John, woe is me! I am called Hiereus, or Sacerdos, in name only, not in union."

"Whoever shall carry away this book, without permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, of Saint John the Baptist, of the one hundred and eighteen holy Nicene Fathers, and of all the Saints; the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the halter of Judas! Anathema, amen."

"Keep safe, O Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, my three fingers, with which I have written this book."

"Mathusalas Machir transcribed this divinest book in toil, infirmity, and dangers many."

"Bacchius Barbardorus and Michael Sophianus wrote this book in sport and laughter, being the guests of their noble and common friend

Vincentius Pinellus, and Petrus Nunnius, a most learned man."

This last colophon Montfaucon does not suffer to pass without reproof. "Other calligraphers," he remarks, "demand only the prayers of their readers, and the pardon of their sins; but these glory in their wantonness."

Page 443. *Drink down to your peg!*

One of the canons of Archbishop Anselm, promulgated at the beginning of the twelfth century, ordains "that priests go not to drinking-bouts, nor drink to pegs." In the times of the hard-drinking Danes, King Edgar ordained that pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking-cups or horns at stated distances, and whosoever should drink beyond those marks at one draught should be obnoxious to a severe punishment.

Sharpe, in his *History of the Kings of England*, says: "Our ancestors were formerly famous for compotation; their liquor was ale, and one method of amusing themselves in this way was with the peg-tankard. I had lately one of them in my hand. It had on the inside a row of eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom. It held two quarts, and was a noble piece of plate, so that there was a gill of ale, half a pint Winchester measure, between each peg. The law was, that every person that drank was to empty the space between pin and pin, so that the pins were so many measures to make the company all drink alike, and to swallow the same quantity of liquor. This was a pretty sure method of making all the company drunk, especially if it be considered that the rule was, that whoever drank short of his pin, or beyond it, was obliged to drink again, and even as deep as to the next pin."

Page 444. *The convent of St. Gildas de Rhuy.*

Abelard, in a letter to his friend Philintus, gives a sad picture of this monastery. "I live," he says, "in a barbarous country, the language of which I do not understand; I have no conversation but with the rudest people. my walks are on the inaccessible shore of a sea, which is perpetually stormy. my monks are only known by their dissoluteness, and living without any rule or order. could you see the abby, Philintus, you would not call it one. the doors and walls are without any ornament, except the heads of wild boars and hinds feet, which are nailed up against them, and the hides of frightful animals. the cells are hung with the skins of deer. the monks have not so much as a bell to wake them, the cocks and dogs supply that defect. in short, they pass their whole days in hunting; would to heaven that were their greatest fault! or that their pleasure terminated there! I endeavor in vain to recall them to their duty; they all combine against me, and I only expose myself to continual vexations and dangers. I imagine I see every moment a naked sword hang over my head. sometimes they surround me, and load me with infinite abuses; sometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting

thoughts. I make it my endeavor to merit by my sufferings, and to appease an angry God, sometimes I grieve for the loss of the house of the Paraclete, and wish to see it again. ah Philintus, does not the love of Heloise still burn in my heart? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. in the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine, I speak the dear name Heloise, and am pleased to hear the sound." — *Letters of the Celebrated Abelard and Heloise*. Translated by Mr. John Hughes. Glasgow, 1751.

Page 452. *Were it not for my magic garters and staff.*

The method of making the Magic Garters and the Magic Staff is thus laid down in *Les Secrets Merveilleux du Petit Albert*, a French translation of *Alberti Parvi Lucii Libellus de Mirabilibus Nature Arcanis*: —

"Gather some of the herb called motherwort, when the sun is entering the first degree of the sign of Capricorn; let it dry a little in the shade, and make some garters of the skin of a young hare; that is to say, having cut the skin of the hare into strips two inches wide, double them, sew the before-mentioned herb between, and wear them on your legs. No horse can long keep up with a man on foot, who is furnished with these garters." — Page 128.

"Gather, on the morrow of All-Saints, a strong branch of willow, of which you will make a staff, fashioned to your liking. Hollow it out, by removing the pith from within, after having furnished the lower end with an iron ferule. Put into the bottom of the staff the two eyes of a young wolf, the tongue and heart of a dog, three green lizards, and the hearts of three swallows. These must all be dried in the sun, between two papers, having been first sprinkled with pulverized saltpetre. Besides all these, put into the staff seven leaves of vervain, gathered on the eve of St. John the Baptist, with a stone of divers colors, which you will find in the nest of the lapwing, and stop the end of the staff with a pomel of box, or of any other material you please, and be assured that this staff will guarantee you from the perils and mishaps which too often befall travellers, either from robbers, wild beasts, mad dogs, or venomous animals. It will also procure you the good-will of those with whom you lodge." Page 130.

Page 455. *Saint Elmo's stars.*

So the Italian sailors called the phosphorescent gleams that sometimes play about the masts and rigging of ships.

Page 455. *The School of Salerno.*

For a history of the celebrated schools of Salerno and Monte-Cassino, the reader is referred to Sir Alexander Croke's Introduction to the *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*; and to Kurt Sprengel's *Geschichte der Arzneikunde*, i. 463, or Jourdan's French translation of it, *Histoire de la Médecine*, ii. 354.

Page 504. *He must spell Baker.*

A local expression for doing anything difficult. In the old spelling-books, Baker was the first word of two syllables, and when a child

came to it he thought he had a hard task before him.

Page 525.

*To King Antiochus,  
The God, Epiphanes: a Memorial  
From the Sidonians, who live at Sichein.*

[The reader will notice in *The Divine Tragedy* the ease with which Mr. Longfellow adjusted the Scriptural phraseology to the demands of blank verse. So here, he has been able to use without change the words found in Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews*, Book XII. Chapter V. in Whistou's translation. The text of the Memorial is slightly condensed, but otherwise is almost a transcript from Whiston.]

Page 526. *THE DUNGEONS IN THE CITADEL.*

[This powerful scene is a dramatization of II. Maccabees, chapter 7, with the effective change by which the mother is shown apart from the sons, and the torture is made inferential.]

Page 538.

*And I at Fondi have my Fra Bastiano,  
The famous artist, who has come from Rome  
To paint my portrait.*

[In 1533 Cardinal Ippolito de Medici sent Sebastian with an armed force to paint the portrait of Julia Gonzaga. It was accomplished in a month and sent to Francis I. of France.

"The real portrait of Giulia Gonzaga is supposed to exist in two different collections. In the National Gallery, we have the likeness of a lady in the character of St. Agatha, as symbolized by a nimbus and pincers. Natural pose and posture and dignified mien indicate rank. The treatment is free and bold, but the colors are not blended with the care which Sebastian would surely have bestowed in such a case. In the Stædel Museum at Frankfort, the person represented is of a noble and elegant carriage, seated, in rich attire, and holding a fan made of feathers. A pretty landscape is seen through an opening, and a rich green hanging falls behind the figure. The handling curiously reminds us of Bronzino. It is well known that the likeness of Giulia was sent to Francis the First in Paris, and was registered in Lépicier's catalogue. The canvas of the National Gallery was purchased from the Borghese palace, the panel at Frankfort from the heirlooms of the late King of Holland. A third female portrait by Del Piombo deserves to be recorded in connection with this inquiry,—that of Lord Radnor at Longford Castle, in which a lady with a crimson mantle and pearl head-dress stands in profile, resting her hands on the back of a chair. On a shawl which falls from the chair we read, '*Sunt laquei veneris cave.*' The shape is slender as that of Vittoria Colonna in the Santangelo palace at Naples, but the color is too brown in light and too red in shadow to yield a pleasing effect, and were it proved that this is really Giulia Gonzaga the picture would not deserve Vasari's eulogy." — Crowe and Cavalcaselle: *History of Painting in North Italy.*]

Page 540.

*Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals  
Come here to lay this heavy task upon me?*

[The Last Judgment was begun in 1534 when Paul III., Alessandro Farnese, was Pope.]  
Page 540.

*The bones of Julius*

*Shook in their sepulchre,*

[Julius II., who became Pope in 1503. The Julius who appears in this poem is Julius III.]  
Page 541. SAN SILVESTRO.

[A miniature painter, Francesco d' Ollanda, was sent to Italy between 1530 and 1540 by the King of Portugal, and wrote an account of his experience. In this account he describes two Sundays which he spent with Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna at San Silvestro. His narrative, which is given by Grimm in his *Life of Michael Angelo*, II. 293-305, furnished Mr. Longfellow the material from which to construct this scene.]

Page 552.

*The Marquis of Pescara is my husband,  
And death has not divorced us.*

[Vittoria Colonna was born in 1490, betrothed to the Marquis de Pescara in 1495, and married to him in 1509. Pescara was killed in fighting against the French under the walls of Ravenna in 1512. It is not known when or where Vittoria Colonna first met Michael Angelo, but all authorities agree that it must have been about the year 1536, when he was over sixty years of age. She did not escape the espionage of the Inquisition, but was compelled in 1541 to fly to the convent at Viterbo. Three years later, she went to the convent of Benedictines of St. Anne in Rome, and just before her death, in 1547, she was taken to the house of Giuliano Cesarini, the husband of Giulia Colonna, her only relative in Rome. It was after she fled to the convent that she began to write sonnets to and receive them from Michael Angelo, whose love for her was not capable of being concealed. Hartford, in his *Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti*, includes a life also of Vittoria Colonna.]

Page 559.

*It was the Constable of France, the Bourbon  
That I had slain.*

[See the seventh chapter of *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini* for his narrative of this incident.]  
Page 572.

*They complain*

*Of insufficient light in the Three Chapels.*

[Grimm, II. 415, relates this bout between Michael Angelo and the cardinals.]

Page 578. *And ah! that casting.*

[Cellini gives an animated account of this incident in the forty-first chapter of his *Memoirs*.]

Page 587. COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

O World! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
Were life indeed!  
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when at last  
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
Veil all in gloom;  
Left desolate of real good,  
Within this cheerless solitude  
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
Or dark despair;  
Midway so many toils appear,  
That he who lingers longest here  
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
And weary hearts;  
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
But with a lingering step and slow  
Its form departs.

Page 600. THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

There is one poem in this volume to which a few introductory remarks may be useful.<sup>1</sup> It is *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér, a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an Idyl, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village, and belongs to the same class of poems as the *Laise of Voss* and the *Hermann und Dorothea* of Goethe. But the Swedish poet has been guided by a surer taste than his German predecessors. His tone is pure and elevated, and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple. [From this point, Mr. Longfellow proceeded with a description of rural life in Sweden which may be found in his paper *Frithiof's Saga* in vol. I. of his prose works, Riverside Edition.]

Page 601. *The Feast of the Leafy Pavilions.*

In Swedish, *Löfhyddohögtiden*, the Leafhuts'-high-tide.

Page 601. *Hörberg.*

The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

Page 601. *Wallin.*

A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Page 607. *Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar.*

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel a Vice Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or Thundershield. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high

<sup>1</sup> It will be observed that the note here given originally stood as Introduction to the poem when it was first published.

rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

Page 623. *The blind girl of Castèl-Cuillè.*

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland, — the representative of the heart of the people, — one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d' aouzelous*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

[When first printing this note, Mr. Longfellow added a long description of Jasmin and his way of life from Louisa Stuart Costello's *Béarn and the Pyrenees*. In more recent days Miss H. W. Preston has written sympathetically on the same subject. See *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, February, 1876.]

Page 628. *A Christmas Carol.*

[A description of Christmas in Burgundy from M. Fertault's *Coup d'Œil sur les Noëls en Bourgogne*, to the Paris edition of *Les Noëls Bourguignons de Bernard de la Mennoye* (Gui Barôzai), 1842, was quoted by Mr. Longfellow when first printing this poem.]

#### IV. A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF MR. LONGFELLOW'S POEMS

In the following list the poems are set down under date of the years in which they were composed. When the date of composition is undetermined, the poem, marked by an asterisk, is placed against the year of its publication. Translations are distinguished by italics.

1820. The Battle of Lovell's Pond.  
 1824. To Ianthe.  
     Thanksgiving.  
     Autumnal Nightfall.  
     Italian Scenery.  
     An April Day.  
     Autumn.  
     Woods in Winter.  
 1825. The Lunatic Girl.  
     The Venetian Gondolier.  
     The Angler's Song.  
     Sunrise on the Hills.  
     Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem.  
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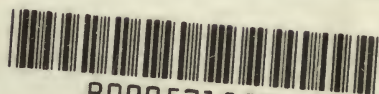
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